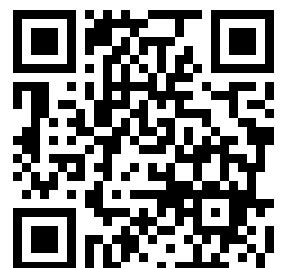


---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google<sup>™</sup> books

<https://books.google.com>



NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08229159 6

















# The Little Corporal

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

VOL. 5. }  
No. 5. }

Chicago, Ill., November, 1867.

## LEGEND OF DEVIL'S LAKE.

Away up in Wisconsin, about twenty-five miles from Mazomanie, on the Milwaukee and Prairie-du-Chien Railway, and fourteen miles from Portage, on the river Wisconsin, there flourishes a very pretty village, all embowered among trees, and named with a musical name, "Baraboo." The word isn't Indian—it is French; for, in the first place, it was *Baribeau*, from the Frenchman who first explored that region; but oftentimes words split their skins, like caterpillars, and assume more natural and easy accents for the tongue to speak, as the butterfly is more easy of movement than the caterpillar. So this word Baraboo arose from the ashes of Baribeau.

Going from Mazomanie, in summer time, you have nine miles of sand, knee-deep; nine miles of perfectly level and beautiful prairie road, Prairie du Sac; a struggle up the steep bluff, and five long miles of slow descent, which brings you to the fertile heart of a very rich farming country; and this is Baraboo. Here nestle those quiet little homes which the tall maples love to arch with wealth of green in summer, and with flaming fingers in autumn. Here are those charming plateaus—tables, which Nature spreads with strawberries, and says to you, little boy and girl, "come, and eat of my dinner." Here are riches—from the bag of meal which grows in the ground, called the potato, to the tasseled grain, which makes the bags of meal that come from the mill.

But are you wondering what Baraboo has to do with Devil's Lake? I'll tell you. Everything. We must always cross the threshold before we enter a room, and to Devil's Lake there are but two doors, of which Baraboo is one; for by no other means is it possible to reach the lake, unless one risks a break-neck plunge down perpendicular rocks, a hundred feet high. Between Baraboo and Devil's Lake, the

drive is three miles, through the shadiest of ravines. And all along by the roadside there sparkles the prettiest pebbled stream, which seems to be forever wooing the branches above it, to bend nearer and listen to its singing. When you first see Devil's Lake, it is a surprise to you; for I am sure you never saw or heard of such a lake before. Think of a basin of stone, with sides nearly a hundred feet high, rough, angular with all possible angles, so that Geometry might be studied there, very well; the bare points of rocks covered with gray lichen, and sprinkled with pine trees here and there, growing in almost impossible places. Now, away down in the bottom of this basin of stone, Devil's Lake peacefully sleeps; sleeps and dreams and smiles back at the sky a dark, sweet smile, the perfect expression of perfect repose. The distance across the lake isn't more than a mile in any direction. It has neither outlet nor inlet. But there's a mournful legend told of this water, which, perhaps, gives it greater interest than even its wild self. In very early times, before white settlers came to till the land, there was camped, on its shores, for a while, a roving Indian band. The dusky chief of the tribe had a lovely, bright-eyed daughter named Ke-she-ah-ben-o-quah, which, in our language, means the Early Dawn. She is described as having been beautiful as dawn, with a slender form of swaying grace, and dark, sweet eyes, full of love. It was in the "queen-month of summer, splendid June," when the Indian band lit their camp fires in the woods, just back from the one grassy slope of Devil's Lake. And by strange chance, a hunter, who had strayed here from vine-wreathed France, strolled, weary and woe-begone, longing for sight of some human face. He discovered the lake, and well pleased with so sweet a picture, wandered down by its shore. But Ke-she-ah-ben-o-quah had preceded him to that wild nook, for she loved the sky, and its twin sister in the water.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for us, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### LITTLE MAUDE.

Little Maude, among the clover,  
In a little cottage dwelt;  
Mother had she none to love her,  
Yet an angel bent above her,  
When at evening prayer she knelt.

And a consciousness of blessing  
Softly through the twilight fell,  
Sweeter than the fond caressing,  
When a mother's hand is pressing  
Ringlets that she loves so well.

Through the darkness and the dawning,  
While the little dreamer slept,  
Through the brightness of the morning,  
Like a charm her soul adorning,  
Little Maude this treasure kept.

And its sweetness lingered o'er her  
All the long and weary day;  
Pleasant visions thronged before her;  
And the hate that others bore her,  
Vanished, in its light, away.

Thus she grew so meek and holy,  
That her life was like a dream!  
Vision-like, it faded slowly,  
Ere it vanished from us wholly,  
Like the twilight's fading gleam.

Ada J. Moore.

So when Pierie's eyes caught sight of her, they were magnetized and spell-bound by her wonderful beauty. But the shy Indian maiden was startled by the unusual presence of a white hunter, and vanished among the trees like a scared bird. She was not averse to the stranger's face, and for a long time she pondered the mystery in her heart; but at night, she found the pale-faced hunter in her father's tent, smoking the pipe of peace. A blush of recognition and a downward glance of the sweet eyes, Ke-she-ah-ben-o-quā gave, in return for Pierie's admiring look. From this their acquaintance grew, and ripened into love.

For months the French hunter camped with the Indian braves, chasing the deer with them, hunting with them the bear, joining in all their sports. His skill in their savage arts and pastimes was higher than any of their warriors could reach; therefore he was looked upon with envy by some, and with love by many. And so the blue-eyed summer went by and the golden-robed autumn came.

When the corn was ripe and rustled on its stalks, and the moon hung full in the sky, Pierie went to the chieftain to ask of him his daughter; and Windago, a young brave, who had jealously watched Pierie, and loved Ke-she-ah-ben-o-quā from afar off, went also. The old chief gave a strange reply. Actuated by pride only, he took them to the side of Devil's Lake, and pointed to the opposite shore, to a pine tree high up in the topmost crags. He had seen an eagle seek her nest there. He said to them,

"The chosen suitor shall be he who can first bring to me, from yonder tree, an unfledged eaglet."

Windago and Pierie were in their canoes and across the lake in a trice; they were pretty nearly even in scaling the nearly impossible rocks to the base of the tree; but here Pierie gained on Windago and climbed the tree first; he went up, up—and, O victory! clasped the eaglet in his hand. But fierce Windago, seeing the pale hunter triumph, threw a glance of wicked hate upward, and gave the branch of the tree, whereon Pierie's foot rested, a wrench that sent poor Pierie headlong and bleeding and lifeless on the rocks below. A wild cry, in falling, like the cry of a broken heart, the pale French hunter gave. And Ke-she-ah-ben-o-quā. Ah! she saw it all from the opposite shore of the sweet little lake, and, with a wail of despair, threw herself in the water, and her spirit went to meet her lover's on the Shadowy Plain.

It is said that, on moonlight nights, the shades of the lovers may be seen floating over the water; so it was named at first Spirit Lake, which afterwards degenerated into Devil's Lake.

Last summer, a hotel was built on its shore, from whose windows you may look far up to the wildest disposal of rocks above you, and where you may hear the pine trees whispering all the summer day long.

Maud L. B.

Idleness never yielded the first mite of pleasure or profit; yet the body and limbs require rest, but this rest should be earned by legitimate manual labor.

## PUSS AND THE LOOKING GLASS.

Come here, little ones, with golden hair,  
And eyes that are deep and blue;  
And you, and you, with cheeks so fair,  
With dimples and roses clustering there,  
Yet fresh with life's morning dew;

Come here, and I'll tell you a story true,  
Of a kitty, in years ago,  
Who played and frolicked with children like you,  
Never dreaming that she would be held up  
to view,  
Long after her days were done.

Papa and mamma had been moving one day,  
And gone, very weary, to bed,  
Reserving for morning the putting away  
Of the household goods, which, in countless  
From attic to cellar were spread. [array,

When all were asleep, far into the night,  
Mamma heard a terrible sound;  
An army of cats led up for a fight,  
Could not have seemed worse, in her sudden  
affright,  
As she sprang from her bed with a bound.

She followed the sound to the parlor door,  
(The moon shed a radiant light,)  
And there, in great indignation, before  
A mirror, which stood 'gainst the wall, on  
Sat puss, arrayed for a fight! [the floor,

I never should dare to repeat to you, dears,  
The bad, naughty words that she said;  
But the cat in the glass, not having such fears,  
Returned word for word her taunts and her  
sneers,  
At which puss aimed a blow at her head.

Mamma's timely entrance her fine mirror  
saved,  
And puss, I am sure, was ashamed,  
When she found 'twas herself who so ill had  
behaved,  
Who had made the wry faces, and scolded,  
and raved,  
And the glass but reflected the same.

And now, little ones, with eyes like the night,  
Or violets hid in the grass,  
Whenever you think your mates are not right,  
When they make ugly faces, and call you-a  
"fright,"

Before you get angry or desperate quite,  
Remember "the Cat and the Glass."  
Kate Woodland.

## THE TURKEYS, AND WHAT THEY SEEMED TO SAY.

### A TRUE STORY.

We had just moved on a new farm, and thought we must have some turkeys, as well as chickens. How or where to get them, was now the question. Fortune, however, favored us; for father, going to town soon after our talk about turkeys, made some inquiries of Mrs. Thomas about them. She told him she would let him have a turkey hen, a black one, and Mrs. Collier said she had a gray one that he might have, and he soon had an opportunity for buying a gobbler.

There never was a more beautiful ornament for the yard, so grand and stately. It afforded me so much pleasure to see them, when on dress parade.

Mrs. Nancy and Mrs. Juliet were model

turkeys, and we soon had eggs enough to put under two hens, seven for each, and every one produced a little turkey. Mrs. Nancy was determined to have a nest of her own, and hatch her own turkeys. For this purpose she would steal away to a ledge of rocks, on the river shore, and almost hide herself and her nest. Little Dick had to be on the alert, or we should not have had an egg.

When the young turkeys which the hens hatched were grown as large as chickens are when weaned, they were so rambling in their dispositions, that the hens never seemed to enjoy taking care of them, as hens do of their quiet, little chickens.

One cool, windy, June morning, the two hens went about indifferently, as much as to say, "I've tried long enough to bring up those things to quiet, orderly, good habits, but it's of no use. I don't believe they're chickens. They may take care of themselves for all my trying any more. Just hear them, peeping around as if their house was on fire." So they went off, leaving the young things crying.

Mrs. Nancy had been a silent observer, all this time, and I think, from her actions, she felt bad, to hear the little things take on so. When the hens were fairly gone, she spread herself on the ground, on the warm side of the coop, saying to Gobbler Gregory,

"Did you ever see anything so shameful; to desert those little ones on such a cold morning?"

"Call them, my dear. I think those hens are disgusted with having been cheated," said Gobbler Gregory.

So she lifted her wings a little, and called them. It was wonderful to see her, and to see how soon she had the whole fourteen nestled under those motherly wings. Sir Gobbler Gregory put on airs. He strutted 'round and 'round her, putting on his holiday manners.

"I told you," said he, "those hens had been deceived, and that those were our little ones, or should have been, if they had not stolen our nest."

Mrs. Nancy never offered to divide with Mrs. Juliet, not she. Mrs. Juliet might help herself, as she had. And, indeed, Mrs. Juliet seemed only intent on having a brood of her very own, and was then on her nest.

Gobbler Gregory was most untiring in his efforts to provide for this new acquisition to his household. He seemed never to weary. And when they grew so large that Mrs. Nancy could no longer cover them, he took half of them and hovered them himself. In the morning, bright and early, he took them off to the grain field, picking up what the harvesters had left, or a stray grasshopper. And at sunset, you might see them in a black line of march, on their way to their lodgings in the poultry house. They all grew up to maturity without accident.

You will be glad to know that Mrs. Juliet succeeded in raising a company of grays, and raised them admirably, teaching them to be quiet and orderly. Indeed, her manner always seemed to say,

"You see I can raise a family, and not make such a noise about it."

Mrs. Cora May.

## LOU'S MISTAKE.

Lou Parker had an unfortunate window, at school, looking out at the broad, sunshiny country; at the woods, with their rustling billowy tops and purple-dark depths; at the little "run," that had green, buttercup-starred, pepperminted banks, at first, and after awhile broadened into the bright creek; at Aunt Rool's orchard, and the old "spring lane," where the yellow butterflies loved to hover upon the thistles.

Lou wasn't one of "The Girls." Nobody always wanted a desk right by hers. Nobody held long, delicious, confidential talks with her at recess. Nobody spent sly hours in school with her, making paper envelopes, and trimming them daintily with gilt paper begged at the stores down town. She hadn't any beautiful, perforated-paper mementoes in her "History," and not a single tender verse, scrawled in long-tailed letters, at the back of her "Reader," and signed "Ever."

She didn't wear cunning, little aprons, with bibs; she hadn't any coral necklace, with a gold locket, nor a cornelian ring. The teacher didn't like her much, either. He always said "You, I mean," when he spoke to her. He never called her Lou, nor even Miss Parker.

When they all gathered sociably around one desk, to sing "Willie on the Dark Blue Sea," in the cool, fresh, morning hour, before school began, nobody ever said, "Come, Lou Parker, we must have you." But Lou didn't care much. She had a kind of dogged disdain for them all.

It was rather hard, when she wrote a beautiful composition, to be told, right before the whole school, that it was "copied; meanly, unscrupulously copied;" just because there happened to be a miserable little poem, that had the same name, in the *Dollar Times*. Lou hadn't seen the poem, didn't know there was such a thing in the world; and had pored over and scribbled at her precious composition two long, feverish hours in her own little, low room at home, in among the old trunks and band-boxes and piles of bedclothes and the children's trundle-beds. But nobody would believe that, of course, and Lou hadn't the courage to tell it; and so she only stammered out, in one great, passionate sob, "I didn't!" and then her homely, bony, little face grew hot, and she trembled from head to foot, and sank down in her seat and was disgraced. Poor Lou! But that happened long ago, when the first came to school.

Lou was lazy. She knew that, but she meant to study, sometime. Away off in some enchanted time, she liked to think of herself a great, honored woman, queening it over the whole world. How, Lou didn't exactly know. Perhaps she'd be an authoress, perhaps an actress, or a lecturer, and wear her hair parted at the side, and speak at Washington, before the President and all the Congressmen. Perhaps she'd go to England, and be introduced to Victoria, and become an intimate friend of hers. She often cried, when she saw herself behind everybody in school, and maybe would have magnificent lessons for

a day or two; but by and by the old habit of thinking all manner of wild, fantastic thoughts, even with her lesson before her eyes, crept upon her like a delicious stupor, and the laziness folded itself about her, harder to break out of than bands of iron.

So it wasn't strange that, one day, the teacher said to her, "You may take your books and go home. We can't hope for you any longer, and we don't want any drones in school."

Lou quietly gathered up her books and walked out. She didn't care for the school, nor for the teacher; but how could she go home to her dear, trustful mother, and tell her that her daughter was disgraced? How could she ever meet her father, and the boys, there in the humble, plodding, little home, where they all looked up to her so, and believed in her so, and were so sure she was going to be an honor to them all, some day? Such a miserable, heartless, good-for-nothing she had been, and now they would all know it. And Lou thought, as she walked towards home, of her mother's hard, work-scarred hands, and her pale face, and her slow steps; and remembered how she always said, "Never mind the work, dear. You brought your books home, you know. I'll call Robbie down stairs, and you can go up there and be by yourself." Much she studied up there by herself! She only dreamed over her books, and how she despised herself for it, now! It seemed to her that she could never go home, and yet she had gone hundreds of times, when she was meaner than now.

There was a little, old house on her way home, that had once been a butcher's shop; but a little vest-maker lived there then, and she had scrubbed and white-washed, and nailed boards over chinks, and papered the walls with coarse, clean paper, till it was quite comfortable. She was a round-faced, rosy, simple-hearted girl, and Lou liked her. She always had a little bunch of flowers, in a glass upon the window-sill, beside her, and her calico sleeves always had a rim of dainty white, shading her firm, round wrists. She had to cook and eat and sleep in the little room where she worked, but back of that there was another little, wee room, kept daintily clean, though the floor was bare, and it had one plump, white bed in it, and a cunning little stand, and a cage of birds. They often chatted together, she and Lou, by the little front window, while she stitched; but Lou never went in.

There was always a tall boy, either walking monotonously out of one room into the other, or sitting by the wall, with his large, weak, sallow hands clasping and unclasping nervously over his big knees, and his sad eyes looking forever at the floor, while his lips uttered voiceless words to himself. Lou never asked any questions about him, and she always had a vague feeling that her presence in the room where he was might be an intrusion. Her friend was very loving to him, calling him Johnny; and often, when he was walking so perseveringly, and yet so wearily, she would lay one cool, firm hand upon his forehead, and the other upon his arm, and say, tenderly and decidedly, "Come, Johnny, you have walked too long. I

wish you would rest yourself—for me, Johnny." And he always obeyed her.

Lou's heart was very full, that day, when she came to the little window where the brisk hands and the rim of dainty white glanced back and forth; but the little vest-maker wanted to talk, so she called out merrily, "Stop, Lou!" But her face grew loving and anxious as a mother's, in a minute, when she saw how the great tears blurred Lou's eyes, and her hands trembled in their clasp over her books.

"Are you sick, Lou?" she asked.

"No, O no," sobbed Lou, bowing her head upon the sill; "it's worse than that. I wouldn't care for that."

Her old calico sunbonnet was pushed in a heap back upon her shoulders, and the little vest-maker gently stroked her straight, brown hair. Somehow her hands had learned to be so firm and motherly, their touch made Lou feel like telling her trouble to her.

"I'm so lazy, Ruth," she said, "and I can't help it. I'm too lazy to try to help it. And I'd be ashamed to tell you how great and wise I've always meant to be, sometime, and what splendid things I've meant to do. But I've never yet done one good thing in the world. I don't even help mother wash the dishes, when she's sick and tired. She always tells me 'not to mind them.' She'd offer herself up for the sake of my being somebody, sometime—I mean somebody great; and I do believe I'd let her, I'm such a mean, selfish creature. Now I've got to go home and tell how I'm disgraced, and she'll know how mean I've been, and never hope for me any more."

Ruth left the window a minute, to smooth Johnny's hair back from his forehead. It was a broad, white forehead, and she looked up to it lovingly when she touched it. Then Johnny went on walking and she came back to Lou. She was no wonderful, wise woman, with her head full of "creeds" and "theories," so she only asked Lou a little, sisterly, girlish question.

"What did you ever mean to be, Lou?"

It had never entered her head to "be" anything. She had just "been" what was given her to be, honestly and cheerfully and hopefully.

"O," answered Lou, tapping her German grammar with her fingers, and smiling in a half-ashamed way. "I don't know, exactly. Only I was always so bright about learning things when I was little, and I've always read so much, and I learn so quick when I do study, that our folks all think there's something in me; and I guess there is, only I'm so lazy, that whatever gift or capability there is in me won't do me any good. I wish you'd tell me about yourself, Ruth."

So Ruth did. She hadn't any girl but Lou to tell things to, and it is natural for girls to like to "tell" somebody, no matter how wise and womanly they are. She didn't think of comparing herself with Lou. She didn't try to "analyze" her, and never thought of giving her advice. For her it was only a loving, trustful confidential, little talk.

"I haven't any chance to be lazy," she



said. "Johnny and I are all alone in the world. I wish you could have seen how we used to live, Lou. Not that it was at all splendid, but we had a little house all our own, with grape vines and fruit-trees and flowers, that father planted before he died. We had hard work to get along, to be sure, just mother and I and Johnny; but then it was home there.

Mother always wanted Johnny to be a preacher, and he wanted to be one, too; and you should have seen how he studied, and how he worked between times, in order to get an education, and keep mother and me comfortable, too. We had an uncle that wanted to help us, only he wouldn't as long as Johnny meant to be a preacher, for he hated preachers. And we couldn't give that up, you know—we'd rather die first. So Johnny worked and studied himself sick. It was a long, fearful fever, Lou, and he isn't over it yet. It was his delicate brain the fever hurt most—our poor, beautiful Johnny. Then mother died, and I had to give up the house, and the garden, and the dear, old, blossomy front yard, and all; and Johnny was sent to an asylum. He was there a long time, and at last they sent him to me, cured, they said; but it's as you see, and I mean to keep him with me, now. He's more like himself with me than anywhere else, and I'm a great deal happier taking care of him. I'm a real good nurse, and, don't you see? I keep his little room in there just as fresh and bright as they do at the asylums. Every Sabbath afternoon we go to the woods, and gather flowers and leaves, to make wreaths to hang up in there till it's perfectly beautiful; and Johnny enjoys it so, when it's all done I can see that he's getting better every day; and, O, I am so glad! Such a very deep, perfect gladness it is, that I don't feel a bit like clapping my hands and singing over it."

Somehow, being with the earnest, heart-whole little vestmaker, was like being out in a clear, fresh, bracing air. She didn't parade the sorrow of her life before you, and yet she must have known much of it, and borne it bravely. Lou never had many friends. She was too shy and awkward with most people, for them to like her; so it was not strange that the new things that came to her now had never been suggested before.

"Why, Ruth," she said, looking at her friend almost reverently, "I've all my life been in a mistake. I've wanted to be great, not for the sake of greatness, but just for the homage it brings. You're great without knowing it. I do believe, after all, it's only in being good."

Her friend opened wide her clear, sunny-brown eyes, when Lou said that.

"Only to be good!" she said, seriously. "I think it's hard to be good, the hardest thing in the world."

Yes, that was true. Lou gloomily confessed it to herself. It meant a whole life of bitter struggling, and earnest, loving, unselfish work. But she said,

"Well, Ruth, tell me what to do next."

Ruth laughed a pleasant, little laugh. "Why, Lou," she said, "if I were you, I'd just go home and tell my mother all about it, just as you've told me; and then

I'd go to work and help her wash dishes, and cook, and bake, and do all the homely things about the housework, even if I didn't like it. That'll give you a relish for your books, when you've got a minute to spare to them; and I wouldn't think about *being* anything but a good, true woman. What if there is something fine and bright in you, if you only had the energy to cultivate it? That's no sign you're to be anybody celebrated and looked up to all over the world. It's just a blessing given to Lou Parker, for Lou Parker to make the most of, whether anybody ever knows it or not."

She hadn't meant to preach Lou such a sermon, but she did it, cheerily and honestly.

Ought I tell how Lou's loving mother, who had believed and hoped such great things for her so long, forgave her, and hoped better things for her, when Lou told her of her disgrace and her new resolves? Has any lazy, dreamy, little castle-builder seen the wrong in Lou's life? or have I told it vaguely, as Lou thought her thoughts? *Lucia Chase Bell.*

### ROBIE.

Winsome Robie, you are still,

While a sudden, sober thought

Touches you with honeyed bill,

Like a hum-bird, that has brought

Richest nectar to her brood;

Let no gayer thought intrude,

For I love you in this mood.

Twisted grapevines drop a shade

Changeful, cool, about the door;

And you counted, as you laid

Baby-wise upon the floor,

Clustered grapes that hourly grew

Darker with their misty blue,

Where the sun was looking through.

Do you hear that meadow-lark

Singing in the brook-side birch,

That your eyes flash out in "hark!"

Like two bluebirds from their perch?

Though the song is softly sweet,

Follow not, impatient feet,

For the bird has wings as fleet!

Hither flits a butterfly,

Like a pansy on the wing;

Pausing, for a moment, high

On a nodding leaf to swing.

No, you cannot reach the place!

Now it brushes by your face—

Will you give the truant chase?

Through the grass, in dizzy rings,

'Round and 'round again you go;

Butterflies are naughty things,

That they mock my Robie so.

Here it is! ah! what a shout!

What a laugh a-rippling out;

Look! 'tis followed by a pout.

Ah! the pretty thing is fled!

Robie grasped it over far;

Swiftly, in the grass, his head

Droppeth like a shooting star.

Shall the darling laugh or cry?

For a tear is in his eye;

Yet he laughs, he knows not why.

Gathered safely in my arms,

All his tears are chased away;

Slowly yielding to the charms

Of the drowsy, autumn day,

While the patient crickets keep

Piping, in the clover deep,

Little Robie drops asleep.

*Felicia H. Ross.*

### A TALK WITH A DIVER.

"So you would like to hear what I have to say about the sea," said Mr. Trimble, when the smoke wreaths from his pipe began to curl up from his mouth and circle about his head.

"Yes," answered John, eagerly. "How you went down to the bottom of the sea, and what you saw there, and how long you stayed down at a time, and—"

"One thing at a time, my boy; one at a time," interrupted Mr. Trimble. "In the first place, the way I came to go to sea was this: I hadn't been brought up a regular sailor, you know. I was brought up in these parts, among the mountains. Your father and I were boys together, and I was pretty near as large as you are, before I ever saw the sea. But I had some knowledge of the ways of a seafaring life, before I shipped for a diver, because I had been for some years at work in a yard where they built ships. While I was there, I heard of some ships that were fitted out for a cruise in southern seas, and that they were to take out a score or two of men to go down in a new kind of diving armor, to bring up treasures sunk in wrecked vessels. And as my health was failing a little, and I thought I should like a change, I went and shipped as a diver."

"Weren't you afraid you wouldn't like it, or that you might get bitten in two by a shark, or that something dreadful might happen, while you were down in the water?" asked Nancy.

"Why, no; I didn't suppose there was much of any danger in it, and the wages were very good; and, as I said before, it was a change. So I was a little excited about it, but I don't think I was afraid. In fact, I didn't know much about what the business was till I got fairly under weigh. We had a very pleasant voyage, fine weather all the time, and we soon reached the Caribbean Sea, where it was expected we should find some of the treasures we had come after. We anchored pretty near the coast of Venezuela, which, you know, is one of the northern states of South America. Here for the first time I saw the suits of armor in which we were to go down to the bottom of the ocean."

"How did it look?" said John.

"Well, it was a queer-looking thing, and no mistake. It was made all of rubber, very thick and strong, and almost the size and shape of a man. The legs were rubber, and the arms and body; only in the head there was a large, round glass, made to cover the face, so that any one shut up in it could see all about him. You see, the rubber being water-proof, a person inside could keep perfectly dry and tight, and the glass over his face would permit him to see as plainly as if he were not shut up in his water-tight case."

"But how could he breathe?" asked Nancy, who knew something about ventilation.

"Ah! that's a question, now," said Mr. Trimble. "That's just what I was going to tell you. Out of the top of the armor came a round pipe—a rubber tube a great many feet long—and at the end of this tube was a pump, which rested on the

ship's deck, and through which a man constantly pumped air to supply the diver down below. So there was air all the time supplied and plenty of it."

"Now tell us, please, how you went down," said John.

"I forgot to tell you," said the diver "that we wore about our waists a good many pounds of lead, which sank us rapidly to the bottom, as soon as we were in the water. In our hand we carried a long stick, with which we felt about us to see if there were any obstructions in the way. The bottom of the sea, you know, is rough, like the land. Sometimes there would be a precipitous place right before us, sometimes a row of sharp rocks rising up from the sand; but often the sandy bottom was like a marble floor, it was so smooth and hard. There were things growing there, too, which made it look sometimes like a garden. I saw often beautiful branches of coral, red and white, and great beds of sea weeds, or sea flowers, of all colors."

"Didn't the fish stare at you?" asked Nancy, who had listened to the diver with her lips parted, and her blue eyes very round.

"They generally swam a safe distance off, when they saw me coming," said Mr. Trimble. "I reckon the sharks must have thought I would be a tough morsel, for I scarcely ever saw any, and they never attempted to attack me."

"Well, what did you do down there, sir?" said John. "Did you get any of the treasure?"

"O yes; that is another part of the story, which you will like to hear. I told you, didn't I? that there had been some valuable vessels wrecked just about the place where we anchored. The company who fitted out the ships, in one of which I had sailed, had formed a plan to recover, not only the valuables with which the ships were loaded, but even the hulks of the lost vessels. So, as we got comfortably used to the armor, a party of us were sent down with everything used in caulking up the leaks and holes under water, and making her as near as possible water-tight. When we had done this so thoroughly that she was free from leaks, we fastened a piece of machinery to the only part of the ship which we had not made water-proof, and commenced to pump out the water with which she was filled. This machine was a Yankee invention, of course, and would pump up hundreds of barrels of water a minute, so that you can see it was not very long before the weight which had kept the hull down was all pumped out, and she rose to the surface and floated on the water. Thus we had not only the silver and other valuables with which she was loaded, but the main part of the vessel beside. The old crafts were often in very good condition, too, because wood doesn't decay under water, as on land. I've seen vessels which had been submerged a long time, for many years, even, whose wood showed no symptoms of decay."

"How very strange it seems, to think of working an hour or two at the bottom of the sea," said John.

"But did nothing dangerous ever happen

to you?" asked Nancy. Did you never get frightened by a shark, or by a whale?"

"Well, no, I never had any very serious accident but once, and that happened in this way: I was working, one day, upon a ship's side, a good many feet under water, and in some way the tube, through which the air was pumped to me, got twisted, or caught on a rock, so that the air failed to reach me. The first I felt of it was a sort of choking, and a feeling as if my head was getting a great deal too large. There was a small rope let down with me, which I was to pull in case of accident, and I had just presence of mind to pull that. They hauled me up as fast as possible, and when they got me on deck, and opened the armor about my face, so that I got the fresh air, I was very nearly gone. But I came out of it after a while, and that was the only serious alarm I had during the whole season."

Here Mr. Trimble commenced to knock the ashes out of his pipe, and then placed it carefully in his pocket.

"Just let me ask one more question," said Nancy. "How could you see under water. I should think it would be dark there."

"O no, indeed. The light was not quite as strong, perhaps, but it was quite light enough. The water seemed heavier and thicker than the atmosphere, but otherwise it didn't seem very different, as long as it couldn't touch our bodies. And whether it was the effect of looking at things through the water, or through the thick glass which was over my face, I never could tell; but everything looked a little larger than it was, and a little nearer, as if it were seen through a magnifying glass. I very often put out my stick expecting to touch a rock, which was really several feet away. But it was very much like walking on the land. And I suppose the water feels to the fishes, as the air does to the birds. Now, children, I'm going out into the field to your father, but I'll spin you another yarn one of these days."

The children thanked him very much for what he had told them, and John confided to his sister his resolve to go to sea and be a diver, as soon as he was old enough, while Nancy went to find the place, as near as possible, on the map, where Mr. Trimble had been down to the bottom of the ocean.

Mrs. A. S. McFarland.

### THE CROW.

Who loves the crow?  
Do the farmers? O no,  
They call him a vagabond born;  
Of no use to any,  
And not worth a penny,  
A black-coated stealer of corn!  
They raise an old hat on a broom or a cane,  
And think they shall frighten him out of the grain,  
But "croak! croak! croak!"  
There he sits on the oak,  
And he laughs to himself, "who's afraid?"  
"Caw! caw! caw! caw!"  
And he don't care a straw  
For the silly, old scare-crow they made.  
It will take something more than a hat and a cane  
To frighten the crow from the farmer's grain.

Mrs. A. M. Wells.

### "WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?"

When we opened our eyes at the Bird's Nest, this morning, we all knew that we were to be shut up for the day. How it did rain! Not one of your slow, lazy drizzles, that keeps on and on, as if it might come to an end any minute, but never meant to; this was a real pouring, soaking, hurrying rain, that made one feel as if Mother Nature was in for a regular frolic of cleaning and scrubbing.

Papa thought dismally of the distant office, and muddy streets, and dripping umbrellas. Mamma thought of the washing that couldn't be done, and of the little people that would want to have a show in the parlor, and play cars in the dining room, and "bell-ringer's concert" in the bedroom.

But the little people themselves—dear me! how happy they were. They climbed out of bed in a frolic of talking and laughing, and huddled their little tumbled heads together at the window, flattening their noses against the dripping panes; wondering where the river began and ended that tumbled along the gutter, and whether all the pears would be beaten off the big tree, and if mamma would let them wade in the puddle by the garden gate.

After breakfast, Jenny brought out her dolls; the boys their building blocks; and little Ted sucked his thumb a while over his last picture-book, and then strolled into the kitchen, where Bridget gave him a red apple, and told him that it sometimes rained down "hop-toads." So Teddy set his new mug out the door and waited patiently to catch one; but it didn't rain "hop-toads," and by and by he got tired with waiting, and came to mamma, asking, very disconsolately, "Don't you know what'll muse me?"

That was just what mamma had been expecting, and when Jenny put away her dolls in disgust, and the boys got tired of building wind-mills and canal boats, mamma said very mysteriously, "I'm thinking about something in this room, and you can't any of you guess what."

"It's me," said Teddy, triumphantly.

"No, it isn't any thing alive."

"How big is it?" asked Jenny.

"Well, about two feet high and one foot wide."

Teddy looked down at his chubby feet in a vain attempt to understand how large that might be. The boys asked question after question, as to color, form, use, and, after a long time, Jenny cried out, in triumph,

"O, I've found out! it's the clock; that goes without any feet, and tells secrets in its face; of course it's the clock."

It was very easy, then, to get them all interested in playing the game among themselves, and with the help of cutting out pictures awhile, this lasted them until dinner. After dinner, mamma read them a story, and then they played at seeing who could mention the greatest number of things made of glass, and of iron, and of wood; and how many kinds of fruit and of nuts they could think of; and then they had a great box of letters printed on pasteboard, and one of them would pick out the letters of a word, mix them up together and give them to the rest to find out the word. They took their box of pictures, and played panorama; and mamma was one of the spectators, and laughed heartily at Will's funny explanations. Papa came home early to supper, and in the evening we all played at shadows, and Ted was sure that Jenny peeped over the sheet because she knew him in a minute, with papa's hat and coat on. We rather like rainy days at the Bird's Nest, and some time I'll tell you what else we do.

Matty.

## EARLY TIMES IN OHIO.

## NUMBER III.

Uncle D. had six boys; and when he heard, in his home among the New Hampshire hills, about "them fellers" going to the Ohio country, and what letters they wrote home about their great crops of corn and potatoes, and the abundance of wild game, and the splendid land to be had so cheap, a new feeling stirred within him; and looking out at grand Monadnock, with its head among the clouds and its sides hung with rainbows, and then down on the rocks that covered one-half the fields, that, spite his picking and pilling, would keep working to the top, until he declared they ground the sheep's noses to a "pint," getting the grass that grew among them, he gave a great sigh, twitched up his trousers, shook his straw hat a little more closely over his ears, and started old Kate, the bay mare, off in the furrows between the white beans, which was about the only crop his land would produce.

After plowing a round or two, he stopped short, pulling Kate up with a jerk, and said, aloud, standing alone in the field,

"I vow, I'll ask Mary about it this very night, when I get home, and if she likes it, (and she's just the wisest little woman I know,) we'll pull up stakes and go."

Uncle D. was as good as his word. When the sun went down, old Kate was put in the stable, and the chores were all done. Mary washed the dishes, and the faces of her boys and girls, and sent the children to bed with a prayer and a blessing, and seated herself to crumb up the crusts of the old-fashioned rye-and-Indian bread, to boil in the milk porridge for their breakfast in the morning; singing her cradle song all the while to little Mary, and keeping the old hemlock cradle (in which she had been rocked herself) steadily moving, for the little one was restless. Then there were some buttons to be sewed on Will's breeches, (*pants* were not known in those days,) and a patch to be put on the knee of Luther's, before she could go to bed. A thrifty, careful, industrious woman, was Mary D.

What did ail Uncle D.? He kept walking about, and couldn't sit still nor stand still. By and by he came around behind her chair, and though there was a great choking in his throat, he swallowed it down, and out with it at last.

"Mary, how'd ye like to go to 'hio'?"

"Like to go to Ohio? Why, William, are you possessed?"

"No, Mary, I'm not possessed, 'cept it be with a determination to better myself and you and the boys; and ever since that letter of General Tupper's was printed in the paper, tellin' how amazin' everything is there, I've been determinin' to pull up stakes and go."

Mary hung back a little, as was natural, for Ohio was farther from New England than, in her estimation, than the moon is now from the earth.

Surely there is no part of the known world where people go now without expecting to return; but then, to bid "good bye" to New England for Ohio, was to go to a bourne from which no traveler ever

expected to return, if he went with wife and children. But hard as it was and afar off, these two decided to try it; and in the autumn, after piling up wood enough to last through the winter, and leaving a store of corn and rye, white beans and pork, to insure against starvation, Uncle D. and the two oldest boys, Will and Luther, respectively sixteen and fourteen, set out on their long and perilous journey, with a pair of young oxen, and a tight cart, covered with linen to shield their small stock of goods from the weather.

They had a few changes of clothes, a sack filled with straw for a bed, some good, home-made blankets and quilts, two or three good axes, a plow, and other implements, a few cooking utensils, a barrel of flour, and a cow tied by the horns to the end of the cart. Thus equipped, with stout and resolute hearts, they bade farewell to their native hills, and turned their faces westward.

It was a sad day for Mary, left with five children to care for, no chance of hearing from the absent ones for at least six months, unless by merest accident; yet she soon dried her tears, and went resolutely to meet her cares and duties, trusting in God.

The journey, now that the Ohio Company had cleared a path, consumed six weeks. The boys walked nearly every step of the way. Morn, noon, and eve, they milked their cow, and ate their bread and crackers and cold pork and beans, which their mother had put up for them, until the supply was gone; and then, at towns and villages on the way, they got what they could.

When they got into the Alleghanies, there were pretty hard times for them. They had often to take their oxen across the gorges, unload the cart and carry every article by hand, take the cart apart and roll a wheel at a time over some frightful pass, and convey the other parts one by one, and, when all was ready, build up, load, and go on.

O, it was delightful, years after, to hear Will and Lu tell of their adventures, when they lay out, night after night, or slept by their camp fire, with only old Pife, their dog, to watch.

But they ended their journey at last, on the beautiful level of land called by the French, on their first journey down the Ohio, Belle Prairie, or beautiful plain, which is now cut short to Belpre. It is located just below the mouth of Little Kanawha, and opposite the head of the famous Blennerhasset island.

They were not long in choosing their home, and it is to this day one of the sweetest and best. Nor did it take long to roll up their cabin. Will and Lu worked like young giants. They cut down trees, rolled logs into heaps, piled brush, gathered barrels of walnuts and hickory nuts, shot deer, and dried the venison for winter use, set quail traps, put up sheds, and piled up wood with which to meet the coming season. They were delighted, if only mother, and Ed and Steve and Charley and John and Mary had been there! Then how they would string buckeyes and acorns for Mary, and fix up things in expectation of their coming. And wouldn't father go back for them?

So they planned and begged and worked away, until father promised to go back in November. And off he trudged, leaving Will and Lu to take care of themselves; to fence in the field and burn the brush and log heaps, and do all they could to make ready for the spring.

Uncle D. went back on foot, and gathering up his own and half a dozen other families, they were all ready by the first of January for their first and his third journey over the wild and perilous way.

One day, while the boys were out in the clearing at work, having left their cabin safe and sound in the morning, a canoe, full of Indians, came floating down the Ohio; and, being anxious to get a little powder with which to kill game, the Indians came ashore, and made their way cautiously to the cabin. Finding it unoccupied, they entered, helped themselves to the cold Johnny cake and milk left on the table for dinner, and took all the boys' clothes, not leaving them a rag with which to change; and when the poor, little fellows came home, they were sorely distressed at their loss. More than all the rest, they lamented their only pot for boiling meat. Their bread they baked on a board before the fire, and it was the richest and sweetest bread ever eaten. Now they must roast or broil their meat, and they soon learned how to hang up a turkey or haunch of venison before the fire in their great chimney, and to twirl it around and around, until it was roasted to the center. If they only had a quail or partridge to cook, they laid it on a flat stone before the glowing firestick, or bright bed of coals, and when one side was done to a turn, whopped it over, and it was soon in order for their table.

Not a shred of clothing had either, but the suit on his back; but being capital, kind, good fellows, and never at a loss for expedients, they soon planned it all right. Lu went to bed, and snugly under the blankets, (which the Indians had not taken, because they were locked up in the heavy moving chest,) he slept away while Will washed his only shirt; and then it was Lu's turn to do the same for Will the next night. So once a week they were clean. The shirts, hung before the great, maple-wood fire, were dry by morning; and the ironing did not matter much, as there were no churches to attend, and no girls to be afraid of. After all, I guess the boys are more afraid of the merry laugh of the girls, if it is against them, than they would be of bears and lions.

They did not think of being discouraged, the brave, resolute youngsters, with old Pife, the watch dog, always lying by the fire, with one ear turned up as if listening for sounds of danger. A grand, old fellow, was Pife; mottled all over, black and gray upon a white ground. He knew in an instant what enemy was near. If it was only a coon or fox, after the hens, his bark was quick, imperative, and impatient, as if he would say, "Up with you, boys, and be after them!" If it was the oxen, or old Kate, getting into mischief, he gave a bow-wow-ow-ow-w, scolding away like a house on fire. But when the wolves came creeping toward the house, after the two sheep they had secured, or to assail

the pig-pen, then old Pife's low, threatening, long-drawn-out growl, and his muffled bark, told the boys of danger in the wind.

Mr. Stone lived just through the clearing, on one side, and Mr. Bradford on the other. Each had a great dog to join old Pife for a skirmish. Watch, Grip, and Pife were a host. The boys slept soundly, unless the dog's voice woke them. At a hint from him, they sprang to their feet. If he said, "Only varmints, youngsters," they raked open the coals on the hearth, threw on a few handfuls of hickory bark, had a glowing light in ten seconds, pulled their fox-skin caps over their ears, and rushed out to shake down the intruder, and old Pife made short work of him. But, if his ominous growl said wolves, or bears, they stood upon the doorsill, and, making trumpets of their hands, sounded out on the frosty air a loud and long "Yo-oh-oh-oh!" to Jesse and Sam, who soon shouted back, encouragingly,

"Ye-oh! ye-oh! ye-oh!" which said, "All right, my hearties, we'll be on hand directly." *Grandma Gage.*

#### HOW FRED GOT HIS LEARNING.

If you want anything, you must get it. That is the way Fred did. Some boys don't ever expect to have anything, unless it comes floating up on the tide and washes ashore just at their feet. Such boys as these are as round and soft as a toadstool. Why don't you harness up your ideas, if you have any, and drive ahead?

Fred was a poor boy. He was born and brought up among the rocks and hills of New England. The rocks there are very plenty, as all New-England boys know very well. But I don't think there is any gold in them, as there is in the rocks of California. Fred never found any there. But there is something better than gold—that is, *work*. Fred soon saw how the thing went. He saw men digging the rocks out of their fields to let the corn grow. Once, he saw a great mountain of rock, all alive with men and hammers. They were splitting out great, square stones, and columns, and shafts. The men all worked, and drilled, and sweat; and every chip went off with a song. Fred saw that this was the way to do it. Work and sing—sing and work. Pillars and columns, grand and beautiful, came forth from the mountain sides, and were carried away to distant cities.

"That is the way," said Fred; "everything is made by work. I can work as well as the rest of them. I will see what work will do."

So Fred went to work to make a man of himself. Here are the rules that he laid down: 1. Work *first* and then play. 2. Make the *most* of things. 3. What I do, do *well*. 4. Remember that God sees me.

This was the flag that Fred marched under. He was poor. He had no rich father to smoothe his way, and to help him along over the rough places. But he made a man of himself, for all that.

So I say to you, soldiers of the Corporal's Army, *WORK!* If you are all like Fred, none of you ever need to say "fail." The God of heaven will always help those who help themselves. *W. O. C.*

#### THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

It rises in manifold, bubbling waves,  
In a cup-like hollow among the hills,  
Through feathery ferns, at its brim, distils,  
And wanders in echoing, sunless caves.  
It washes the wild grapes' farthest shoots,  
While the juices swell in their globes of blue;  
And steals to the sun from the maple roots,  
In the wayside shade where the wood-doves coo.

Autumn and winter, summer and spring,  
It loiters not in its tawny sands;  
Sending its outlets in ribbony strands,  
Moist-lipped, through deserts and wastes to sing.  
When the crocuses open their lustrous folds,  
When the breezes are faint with the violets' smell,  
When the robin his earliest carnival holds,  
It rings on the stones like a fairy's bell.

When the pink-flushed heart of the forest rose  
Awakes to the winds, that are blown from the south;  
It lifts to the traveler's feverish mouth  
The cool, bright drippings of mountain snows.  
All the long days of summer the mower is blithe,  
He lengthens the swaths with a steady swing;  
And nightly, he drops the half moon of his scythe  
In the daisies, and drinks at the wayside spring.

When the scarlet maple leaves checker its bed,  
Reft from their boughs by the earliest frost,  
The voice of its music is lowered, not lost—  
A plaint for the summer that lieth dead.  
Never contented to lie and look,  
Like a prisoned heart, through its icy bars,  
It leaps through the fetters it cannot brook,  
Up to the bright of the wintry stars.

It images many a school-boy's face,  
Rosy and laughing, enframed in its curls;  
It mirrors the brown-cheeked beggar girls,  
Who smile at their red lips' pictured grace;  
Eyes that are hollow with crime and want,  
Look in the water, that whirls and shines;  
And a brimming cup of its tide, they vaunt,  
Is brighter and sweeter than Rhetian wines!

It sings in its channel, a handbreadth wide,  
Ages on ages, in sun and rain;  
And its carol has ever this brave refrain—  
"Patience and honor are closely allied."  
The green, tender mosses are kissing its feet,  
The flowers their garlands of praises bring,  
And the poor and weary are glad to greet  
The sight, and the sound of the wayside spring.

*Felicia H. Ross.*

#### MORNING RHYMES.

Wake, little girl, for the sun is high,  
And each little flower has opened its eye;  
The robins sing in the cherry trees,  
And the clover bloom is a-buzz with bees.

Wake, little boy, the cattle are lowing,  
Down in the pasture old bossie is mooring,  
Carlo is barking good-morning "Bow wow!"  
So up, little boy, and be after the cow.

But first, before going to work or to play,  
With grateful hearts let us kneel and pray;  
Thanking the dear, good Father above  
For His ceaseless care and His tender love.

Then we'll go down with sunshiny faces,  
Ready to work, to sing, or run races;  
And all day long we will seek to do  
Only the things that are right and true.

*Alta Grant.*

#### SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

##### NO. XIII.—CHARCOAL.

I told you, in a former number, about a gas that comes out of your lungs, and flies off in the air to the leaves. This gas is made of two things. One of them is the lively oxygen which, as I told you last month, makes things burn, and so keeps our fires and lights a-going. Now, what do you think the other thing is? You would suppose that it must be some gas, for it would seem that if any gas were made of two things, it must be two gases. But no. Here we have a gas that is made out of a gas and a hard solid; and the solid is one that you are very familiar with—it is charcoal.

You can make some of this gas yourself, with some charcoal. All that you will have to do will be to set fire to it.

"Poh! Uncle Worthy," you will say, "that only burns up the charcoal; it doesn't make anything."

It does not, it is true, make anything that you can see. But it does make something—not a jot of it is lost, but it only turns into another kind of thing. It turns from a black solid, that you can see, into a gas that you cannot see; or, rather, it makes a part of a gas, the oxygen in the air making the other part.

What is then the burning of charcoal? Just this: heat makes it unite with oxygen, and together they form a gas. It is all done very quickly, and there is a flame made—the marriage is celebrated with an illumination. But with all the heat and light, not a bit of the charcoal is destroyed—the only thing done is uniting it with oxygen, and sending them off on a journey in the air as a gas.

The same thing is done inside of you, only there is no flame. The oxygen that you breathe into your lungs goes into your blood. Then it courses around in it, and finds charcoal in you, and unites with it. The gas that is made in you in this way, is sent forth into the air every time that you breathe out. Every animal, even the smallest insect, is making this gas all the time, and breathing it out into the air.

There are always, you know, some ashes left when charcoal is burned. These contain things that are mixed up with the charcoal, for common charcoal is never entirely pure. The chemist calls the pure part, that which unites with oxygen in burning, carbon. It is this that is burned up, as we express it.

You see, then, the difference between common charcoal and carbon. But sometimes, when the chemist means carbon, he uses the word charcoal. This is because charcoal is almost all carbon, and it is a substance that is very familiar to us.

Carbon makes up the chief part of some other substances besides charcoal. The hard coal that we burn is almost all carbon. What is called black lead is very nearly pure carbon—all that is mixed with it is a little, very little, iron. You write, then, with carbon, whenever you use a lead pencil. It is carbon or charcoal put together, as we may say, in a different way from common charcoal. There is not a particle of lead in this substance, and



it got this wrong name before people knew what it really was, because it bore some resemblance to lead.

And now I will tell you something that will surprise you, if you have never been told of it before. The diamond, the most costly of all the precious stones, is nothing but pure carbon. How much, then, is it like charcoal and hard coal, and yet how different! How it flashes in the light! How hard it is! It cuts glass, you know. The glazier, as he fits glass to the window sash, is sometimes obliged to cut off a little strip. He has a tool for doing this, with a very small diamond fastened in one end.

Diamonds cost a good deal. It takes fifty dollars to buy quite a small one. The largest that has yet been found is about half the size of a hen's egg. The Queen of England has one about half this size, and it is worth three millions of dollars.

What a fortune you would make if you could only find some way of turning charcoal into diamonds! You breathe out enough charcoal in a single day to make you very rich, if it could be taken from your breath and changed into diamonds. But no one has ever yet found out how the Creator made them, and I do not think any one ever will.

We cannot burn up a diamond in the air, but we can in a jar of pure oxygen gas. It has been done, but the experiment is so costly, that it has not been tried many times. The gas that is made when a diamond is burned is the same as when we burn charcoal; and there are no ashes left, because the diamond is carbon without anything mixed with it.

The gas that comes from burning carbon or charcoal, we call carbonic acid. It has a slightly acid, pleasant taste. I presume that you have tasted it. You have if you have ever drank soda water. It is the gas that makes the bubbling in it. It goes down into your stomach, and is very refreshing; but if it should go into your lungs, as I told you in the August number, it would be a poison to you.

There is carbon in a great many things. The white, rounded shell of an egg is partly charcoal. So are chalk and marble. You do not see it, as carbon, in them, any more than you do in the carbonic acid gas. This is because it is united with some other things. If we could separate it from them—take it out from them—we should see it as carbon. It is in oyster shells, and in all kinds of shells. It is in wood, in leaves, flowers, and fruits. Indeed, it is in all vegetable substances. When you eat sugar you eat charcoal. There is a good deal of charcoal in bread. You find this out when it is burnt in toasting. This brings out the carbon—separates it from the other things with which it is united in the bread. So, too, there is charcoal in all the meat you eat, as the cook lets you know when she burns it; and as you eat so much charcoal, it makes up a great part of your body. It is in your skin, your muscles, your nerves, and in your very bones.

The charcoal that we use we get from wood. It is not in the wood as charcoal, but it is united with other things to make the wood; and in getting charcoal from it, we just separate it from those other

things. To do this, the wood is put in a heap and is covered up with turf and dirt. There are small openings left in this covering, so that when the wood is set fire to, it burns in a smothered way. This burning drives off the things that are united with the charcoal, and leaves that alone. Some of the charcoal, however, is lost in this smothered fire, for it unites with the oxygen of the air, and they fly off together as carbonic acid gas. *Uncle Worthy.*

#### NUTTING.

Just such an Indian summer sky  
Bends blue above us now, as then,  
When you and gold-haired Nell and I  
Went nutting, to the dear, old glen.  
Along the fields, the garnered sheaves  
Had left the stubble bare and brown;  
And in the wood the maple leaves,  
Like scarlet banners, floated down.

The sunlight cast a slanting beam;  
Mute was the forest warbler's mouth;  
And overhead we heard the scream  
Of wild geese flying toward the south.  
The chestnut burrs around us lay,  
Obedient to the early frost,  
Their rough folds open to the day,  
And all their precious secret lost.

We filled our baskets to the brim,  
And shook till they could hold no more;  
The while a squirrel, on a limb,  
Reproved such plundering of his store.  
Like "babe i' the wood," with leafy shroud  
We covered Nell, who sudden sprang  
And shook it from her like a cloud,  
And laughed till all the echoes rang.

Then, sitting by the noisy brook,  
Three little boats, of birchen bark  
Stripped from a fallen tree, we took,  
And launched them on the current dark.  
And you remember how a wave  
Swept bare the decks of yours and mine;  
While gold-hair'd Nellie's, staunch and brave,  
Bore on her freight of moss and vine?  
*Mary A. P. Humphrey.*

#### THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

Last evening, baby Allie,  
With her great, blue, laughing eyes  
So full of fun, and shining  
Like stars in evening skies,  
Came to me, bright smiles dimpling  
Her sweet face, as she threw  
Her white arms 'round me, whispering,  
"I duss I'm Torporal, too!  
'Cause, when my kitty scratched me,  
I never cried at all;  
Nor when my brother Willie  
Runned off with my new ball.  
I only said, so gently,  
'I 'stonished at you, sir!  
I 'fraid you've lost your manners,  
And better buy some more!  
'Cause, if you join our army,  
You must behave yourself,  
And all the bread and cheese you get  
Must put upon a shelf!"

Dear Allie—mixing queerly  
In her baby thought, at times,  
The older children's motto  
And Mother Goose's rhymes—  
Is still, in earnest, seeking  
The Beautiful and True.  
And, (in her way of speaking,) *We think she's "Corporal, too."*

*Antoinette S. Moffatt.*

#### CAMP BRUCE.

##### A SEQUEL TO "THE BEARS' DEN."

##### CHAPTER V.

The schools at Camwood commenced their winter session in November, and Camp Bruce furnished three pupils. It was too far to walk, and the idea of going to school on horseback was a new one to the boys; but they were pleased with the arrangement, and Sim was put to daily service.

Eddy was a little discouraged, at first, to find that the best he could do was to go over again the old lessons upon which he had been so thoroughly drilled at home.

"They always do it, every winter," said Sam Wilson; "there's just so many steps to the ladder, and when you get to the top, you have to turn around and go down, or else step off."

"Then let's step off," said Eddy. I don't see any use in going down."

"There's one thing we might do," said Sam. "There's Mr. Whitney, the minister; he used to teach a kind of select school, before he got so old, and I don't believe but what he'd give us lessons, and let us come every day and recite to him."

"We might ask him, any way," said Eddy. "If I'm going to study this winter, I want to accomplish something."

Mr. Whitney seemed really pleased with the idea of taking the boys as pupils, and promised to give them assistance, if they could find two or three more to join them.

"I suppose you'll want to take Latin, and maybe Greek," he said.

"No, sir," said Sam, bluntly; "at least I don't. One language is enough for me."

"Ah! and what one do you intend to learn?"

"Anglo-Saxon, sir," said Sam. "I expect to need that language the most."

"Then you must be careful not to say 'expect,' for that is Latin, from *expecto*; or 'language,' for that is Latin, from *lingua*."

Sam looked a little confused, but the minister laughed pleasantly, and said,

"I think we can compromise matters. I advise you boys, by all means, to acquaint yourselves with Latin, but I can guess that chemistry and philosophy will please you better, so you shall have them for pastime when you are tired of dry classics. Will that do?"

Neither of the boys felt quite satisfied, so it was finally arranged that they should only have lessons in Latin twice a week, and give their attention mainly to what Eddy called "real live studies."

Then the minister showed them his library, and his little laboratory, and treated them to some delicious, late pears. He showed them how he had set out all his ground in grapes and other fruits, that were just coming into bearing.

"There'll be a railroad through here in a few years, and then some lucky man will make his fortune out of this fruit," said the minister. "It'll not be me, but the Lord sends us all into the world to do our work well, so as to prepare the way for those that come after us. 'One soweth and another reapeth;' that is the Lord's rule, and a very good one it is, too."

"It would be, if everybody did their fair share," said Sam. "But suppose the fellow that was to sow for me didn't do it; then, it seems to me, I get cheated."

"Yes, you get cheated, but that is no reason why you should cheat the man that is to reap after you. And there's one very pleasant thing about it; the very surest way of laying up treasure for ourselves is to work unselfishly for others."

"That's what Captain Grimes told us," said Eddy. "He used to say that a man could make a dozen other people happy easier than he could himself."

Mr. Whitney turned a keen glance upon Eddy, and gave him a nod of approval, saying, "That is very true. It has been wisely arranged that selfishness should defeat its own purpose, and love should share the blessings it seeks to bestow on others."

Three boys were easily found who were glad to join the minister's class, and many happy hours were spent in the little study—hours of pleasure and of real solid gain to them all.

"I only wish't I was 'boutten years younger," said Tim, as he turned over the leaves of Eddy's books. "A man ought to be worth something more than what he can put in his pocket."

"You might study, I should think," said Eddy. "This chemistry isn't hard; it's only a kind of reading."

"It's easy enough to you, because you've been trained to it. Now, I like to read the farmers' papers, when some common-sense feller puts it straight for'ard jest what way he goes to work on his farm. I've learned a sight of things about farmin' out of the papers, but this chemistry stuff is all bosh to me. I don't say there ain't sense in it, though; for I never got the hang of a pump, till you showed me about it in your philosophy."

"I know what ailded Aunt Edie's pump," observed Wally, eagerly. "Me and Ida penned up a hop-toad in the spout to it. We rammed a potato in, so's the toad couldn't hop out."

"That was nice," said Tim; "what did they do about it?"

"Got as mad as anyfing, Aleck did, and spanked me, 'cause I ought to know better. He didn't know very much hisself, 'cause he couldn't find out what was the matter, till I told him. I knew in a minute, and so did Ida; and she's a girl, too."

## Because He Loved Me So.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.  
Written for *The Little Corporal*.

Musical by Geo. F. Root.

MODERATO

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,  
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - ior Was once a child like me,  
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet - est songs I'll raise,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell:  
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be:  
And though I can - not see Him I know He hears my praise!

I am both weak and sin - ful But this I sure - ly know,  
And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,  
For He has kind - ly prom - ised That I shall sure - ly go.

The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.  
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.  
To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

"Must be pretty near Thanksgiving, up to Aunt Edith's," said Robbie. "I just wish we lived near enough to go."

"We shall have Thanksgiving day here, too," said Mrs. Bruce, half sighing, to think how lonely the day would be without Charley.

"I didn't know folks had Thanksgiving out here, said Wally, in astonishment. "Will we have roast turkey, and plum pudding, and punkin pie? And in the evening, shall we—? O dear, no, we can't sit in Aunt Edie's kitchen and hear Grandpa Bruce tell such nice stories."

"We'll do something pleasant," said Mrs. Bruce, turning resolutely away from sad thoughts of happy Thanksgivings in the past. "At any rate, we'll try to remember how much we have to be glad and thankful for."

"I wish you'd ask the Wilsons to come over and take dinner with us," suggested Eddy. "It won't seem so lonesome, and I'm sure they'd like to come."

Mrs. Bruce was very willing to invite the Wilsons; and, in spite of her fears, the day passed off pleasantly enough. The boys rode down to Camwood, and brought back a long, merry letter from Charley, enclosing one from Janet, full of good

advice and kindly interest in them all.

"The Captain's failing mod'rately," she wrote. "He had a kind of stroke, a few weeks ago; the doctor called it appoplexy; but it's my mind he don't know any too much about it. Such medicine as he gives him wouldn't cure a sick fly; tastes sweet, and smells as nice as a rose. When old Doctor Wills got hold of you, I can tell you, you knew it. Folks felt his doses to the roots of their hair; and when they were cured they *knew* it. The captain ain't long for this world; but I never see any use in folks dying before their time; and so I want you to come down and spend Thanksgiving with him and cheer him up a little. Not that he's any way mis'rable, but it stands to reason a man can't be smilin' all the time when he hasn't a soul to speak to."

Charley wrote that he should spend Thanksgiving with the captain.

"So he's there this very minute," said Eddy, folding the letter. "I can think just how they look: the captain in his armchair, before the grate, and Janet near the door, with her knitting work. She always would sit by the door,

because, she said, 'she wasn't a salaman-der, if the captain was; and she wanted a sniff of air, once in a while.'"

"And maybe the captain'll tell Charley a story," said Robbie, regretfully. "Maybe he's telling him one now, about a fight with a tiger, that e't up two men and a elephant, and chewed up a gun barrel after he was shot dead."

"O my!" said Wally, "I wish't somebody would tell me a story; 'bout a tiger or a bear—"

"I'll tell you one about *two* bears," said Jenny Wilson; "should you like to hear about two bears?"

Emily Huntington Miller.

*Note.*—Mrs. Miller intended to give in this chapter the story of the two bears. But the next morning after she had written thus far she was quite unwell with a fever, which soon became so severe that her family and physician both feared she would not recover. While I was in New York, Mr. Miller wrote me how very sick she was, and on my return I spent three days at their beautiful home in Ohio. I found her slowly but surely recovering. Although so very weak, she delighted to talk of the work and the children of the Little Corporal. They seemed to lie almost as near her heart as her own two lovely boys, who seem much like Robbie and Wally, in the charming story of Camp Bruce. Late letters inform me that Mrs. Miller, whom you all love so well, and would love even more, if you could see and personally know her, is rapidly recovering now, and is already at work on the December chapter of Camp Bruce, and next year's story.

Alfred L. Sewall.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

Once, a thousand years ago, Queen Summer came out of the sky to reign over the earth. The soft, fleecy clouds floated forth to kiss her robe as she descended; the flowers blossomed to greet her; and, as she walked through the land, the verdure of hill and valley grew rich and deep at the tread of her fairy foot; the grain fields turned golden when she smiled, and the fruits flushed purple and red with sweet delight at a glance from her lustrous eyes. This queen loved and cherished all things. If but a flower drooped, she shed soft, tender tears over it; she strengthened the weak and cheered up the weary; and joyfully poured forth her own rich, warm life to make glad the earth; and all men blessed her.

But when three white moons had waxed and waned in the heavens, the beautiful queen was led away from earth. The crown was still on her brow, the royal robe trailed grandly over the earth, and, with stately tread, she swept through the crimson-barred gates of sunset, with a radiant smile that flushed the whole round world. Then she covered her face and wept; and they led her away, through the darkness, to the dreary regions of the past.

A sad queen she was now. The beauty and triumph were gone from her face; it was old and pale with weeping and longing. The jewels had fallen from her crown, her robe was faded and threadbare. She was dying. Then she prayed, with great longing, that the Ruler of the Seasons would let her look once more upon her well-beloved earth—look once more, and die.

Her prayer was granted. The broken-hearted queen arose and gathered her dull, old garments about her thin form, and, with trembling steps, tottered to the verge of earth.

But the hills and the valleys had heard she was coming, and they said to the mist, "O weave us a robe of gossamer sheen, for our glory has departed, and we would hide our desolation from the eyes of our beautiful queen." So a veil of soft, blue vapor lay on the hills, and a mantle of dreams covered the valleys.

The sad, old queen stood, at dawn, by the gates of day. The heavens were gray and cold, the wind was chill, and vale and mountain were hid from her sight, and she knew that the glory of her realm had departed. But she loved the earth she had cherished; she loved it still, and she stretched her yearning hands over it, and blessed it, and smiled, not the warm, glowing smile of triumph, but the smile of one who has suffered—infinately tender, and loving, and sweet.

Then the air grew warm and soft, and the heart of the earth throbbed and thrilled with tenderness, and the mist on the far, blue hills was full of visions, and sad, sweet thoughts and yearnings floated down from the trembling, old hands that blessed the earth, and filled the hearts of men.

For three days the queen looked upon the earth, then she died.

This was a thousand years ago; but always, in November, the old Summer comes back to look at the earth she loved, and this is Indian Summer. *Patience Waite.*

## THE CHICKEN LITTLE STORIES.

## NO. III.—THE PICKANINNY.

It was a rather warm day in autumn. Aunt Cheerie had given the sewing machine and the piano a holiday, and was sitting in the woodshed, paring apples for preserves. Wherever Aunt Cheerie is, the children are sure to be; and so there was Sunbeam, knife in hand, and Fairy, cutting a paring something less than half an inch thick, while the dear Little Chicken was wiping apples for the others to pare, and little Tow-head, baby brother, was trying to upset the peach box, in which were a couple of pet chickens, that were hatched out too late, and that had to be kept in doors to secure them from Jack Frost. For you must know that at "The Nest" Sunbeam is called the "Old Hen." That is, she has charge of the chickens. They know her so well, that when she feeds them they fly up on her shoulders and eat out of her hands. And if there is any unfortunate one, it is well cared for. One poor, little, wayward pullet wandered into our neighbor's garden. She was very naughty, doubtless, but she got severely punished; for our neighbor thinks a great deal of his garden, and not much of chickens unless they are fricasseed. He shot at our little, runaway pullet, and the poor thing came home dragging a broken and useless leg. Now if any chicken ever had good care, our little "Lamey" has. After weary weeks of suffering in the hot weather, it is at last able to walk on both feet, though the broken leg is sadly crooked. The children do not object to having the other chickens killed for the table, but little Lamey's life is insured. I wouldn't dare kill it. There would be a rebellion in the house.

But how did I get to talking about chickens? I was going to say that when I came home, and found the folks paring apples, I went out in the shed, too, and sat down by the Little Chick.

And Chicken Little jerked her head and looked mischievously out of her bright eyes, and said, "See how nice we is peelin' apples. We's makin' peserves, we is; 'cause 'ey is good to eat, 'ey is. And you mus' tell me a story, you mus', 'cause I'm a-helpin' Aunt Cheerie, I am."

For you must know that the Small Chick is not very polite, and doesn't say "please," when she can help it.

"Lend us a hand at the apples, too," said Aunt Cheerie.

"No, I can't tell stories and pare apples, too."

"Does you need your fingers to tell stories wid, like the duffers that we heard talk without saying anything?"

Chicken Small had been to an exhibition of Prof. Gillett's deaf and dumb pupils.

"Well, no," I said; "but you see, Chicken, I never could make my tongue and my fingers go at the same time."

"I should think you had never done much with your fingers, then," said Aunt Cheerie; "for I never knew your tongue to be still, except when you were asleep."

I felt a little anxious to change the subject, and so began the story at once.

Little Sukey Gray—

"What a funny name!" cried the Fairy.

Yes, and a funny girl was Sukey Gray. She had yellow hair, that was tied up in an old-fashioned knot, behind, though she was only eleven years old; for you must know that Sukey lived in a part of the country where chignons and topknots of the latest style were unknown. Now Sukey's way of doing up her hair in a great knot, behind, with an old-fashioned tuck comb, was not pretty. But I think it was quite as handsome as the monstrous, big cabbages that you can see on the ladies' heads on Lake street, in Chicago. But Susan Gray lived in what was called the "White-Oak Flats;" a region sometimes called the "Hoop-pole country." It was not the most enlightened place in the world, for there was no school, except for a short time in winter, and the people were very superstitious, believing that if you carried a hoe through the house, or broke a looking glass, somebody "would die before long," and thinking that a screech-owl's scream and the howling of a dog were warnings; and that potatoes must be planted in the "dark of the moon," because they grew under ground, and corn in the "light of the moon," because it grew above ground; and that hogs must be killed in the increase of the moon, to keep the pork from frying away to gravy!

As Sukey had always lived in the White Oak Flats, she did not know that they were dreary, for she was always happy, doing her work cheerfully. But one of Susan's cousins, who lived a hundred miles away, had made her a visit. This cousin, like Sukey, lived in the country, but she had plenty of books, and had read many curious and wonderful things, with which she was accustomed to delight Sukey.

But when Cousin Annie was gone, Sukey found the Flats a dreary place. She wished there were some pagodas, such as they have in India, or that there were some cannibals living near her. She thought, if she were rich, she would buy an omnibus, with four "blaze-faced," sorrel horses, to drive for her own amusement. She got tired of the pumpkins and cabbages, and longed for grizzly bears and red Indians. She hated to wash dishes and feed the chickens, but thought she would like to be a slave on a coffee plantation in Ceylon.

"O dear!" she sighed, "I wish I was out of the Hoop-pole country. There is nothing beautiful or curious in these flats. I am tired of great, yellow sunflowers and hollyhocks and pumpkin blossoms. I wish I could see something curious or beautiful."

Now, isn't it strange that any little girl should talk so, with plenty of birds and trees and sunshine? But so it is with most of us. We generally refuse to enjoy what is in our reach, and long for something that we cannot get. Just as Chicken Little, here, always wants milk when there is none, and always asks for tea when you offer her milk.

"Well, 'cause I'm firsty, that's the reason," said the Chicken.

Now, when Sukey said this, she was up in the loft, or second story, if you could call it story, of her father's house. She sat

on a bench, looking out of the gable window at the old, stick chimney, made by building a square *cob-house* arrangement of sticks of wood, tapering toward the top, and plastering it over with clay. The top of the chimney was surmounted by a barrel, with both ends open, through which the smoke climbed lazily up into the air. Near by stood an oak tree, in which a jay-bird was screaming and dancing in a jerky way. Sukey then looked away into the blue sky, and the clouds seemed to become pagodas and palm trees, and golden ships floating drowsily away. All at once she heard somebody say, in a queer, bird-like voice—

"Pray, look this way, little Sukey Gray. May I make bold to say you are looking grum, to-day. You neither laugh nor play; now, what's the reason, pray?"

Sukey started up to see where this funny jingle came from. There, in the oak tree, where the jaybird had stood a few minutes before, was a queer-looking, little chap, in blue coat and pants, with a top-knot cap and a rather sharp nose. He looked a little like a jaybird, but had a most comical face and blinkey eyes, and brought his words out in short jerks, making them rhyme in an odd sort of jingle. And all the time he was dancing and laughing and turning rapid somersaults, as if the little, blue coat could hardly hold so much fun.

"Well, now," broke out Sukey, "you are the only curious thing in all this Hoop-pole country. I've been wishing for something odd or strange, and I am glad you have come, for there is nothing beautiful or curious in all the White Oak Flats."

"Why, Sukey Gray! What's that you say? You must be blind as a pumpkin rind, or a leather-winged bat; this White Oak Flat is just the place to look the beautiful right in the face. Now come with me, and we will see that the little bee, or this great oak tree, or the bright, blue skies, are beautiful things, if we open our eyes."

All the while the little fellow was getting off this queer speech, he was swinging and tumbling along up the great limb that reached out toward the window at which Sukey sat. By the time he had finished it, he was standing on the window sill, where he had alighted after a giddy somersault. He laughed heartily—so heartily that Sukey laughed, too, though she could not tell why. Then he took off his cap, and said,

"A pickaninny, at your service, Sukey Gray! Will you take a walk with me to-day? Now jump, while you may!" and he took hold of her two hands and jumped, and she jumped after him, feeling as light as a feather.

They alighted on the branch of the oak tree. He immediately began to pull lichens off the bark, and show Sukey how curious they were. He showed her how curiously one kind of lichen grew upon another, omitting its own stalk and leaves, and making use of those of the other. Then he laughed at her, because he had found curious things within ten feet of her window.

Next he took her to her own rosebush, and showed her how the limbs were swelled

in some places. Then breaking off the twig, he placed it against a tree and began to pound it with his fist. But his little arm was not strong, and he had to strike it several times before he could break it open. When it did fly open, Sukey started back at seeing it full of plant lice, or aphides.

"Now," said the pickaninny, "in this little house what curious things! These little aphides have no wings. But their great-great-grandfathers, and their great-great-grandmothers had. Their mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers had none, and their children will have none, and their grandchildren will have none, and their great-grandchildren will have none; but their great-great-grandchildren will have wings again, for every ninth generation can fly."

"How curious!" said Sukey.

Then the pickaninny found a swamp blackbird's nest, and showed her how curiously it was made; then they climbed down the chimney of the schoolhouse, and he showed her how the chimney swallow glued her nest together; and he coaxed a katydid to fiddle with his wings, that she might see that. At last they entered the pumpkin patch.

"Well," said Sukey, "there's nothing curious here. I know all about pumpkins."

With that the pickaninny commenced to jump up and down on one, but he was so light that he could not break it. He kept jumping higher and higher, now he was bouncing up ten feet in the air, then fifteen, then twenty, until at last he leaped up as high as the top of the oak tree, and coming down, he stuck his heels through the pumpkin. Sukey laughed till the tears ran off her chin. The pickaninny thrust his arm in and took out a seed. Then breaking that open, he showed Susan that the inside of a pumpkin seed was two white leaves, the first leaves of the young pumpkin vine. And so an hour passed while the pickaninny showed her many curious things, of which I have not time to tell you.

At last he said, "Now, Sukey Gray, pray let me fly away!"

"I shall not keep you, if you want to go," said Susan.

"Then pluck the mistletoe, and let me go."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I cannot go until you pluck the mistletoe."

Sukey pulled a piece of mistletoe from the limb where they were standing, and he bowed and said,

"Now, Sukey Gray, good day. Don't waste your sighs, but use your eyes."

With that he leaped into the air. Susy looked up, but there was only the bluejay, crying "Jay! jay! jay!" in a peevish way, and herself looking out the window.

"What a wonderful country the White Oak Flats must be," she said. And the more she used her eyes, the more she was satisfied that the Hoop-pole country was the most wonderful in the world.

"I wish I lived in the White Oak Hoops," said the Wee Chick.

Edward Eggleston.

## WAYSIDE NOTES.

Taking my walk, this morning, I heard behind me the patter of little feet, and, looking back, two sunny faces greeted me.

"Aunty, aunty," cried Gracie, "guess what Fay's got!"

Of course, I guessed a new doll.

"Something better than that," said Gracie.

"A new set of china dishes, then," I suggested, remembering that, the last time Fay asked me to tea, three of the little cups had broken handles, and the teapot was without a nose. But the children shook their heads and laughed knowingly.

I made one or two more attempts, but failed to hit the mark.

"Can't you guess, aunty?" said Fay.

"Why, it's a little baby brother."

"It's just as cunning!" said Gracie.

"And it has such a funny, little nose," chimed Fay.

"I wonder if your mamma'll let you hold it," said Gracie, softly, thinking of a wee mound in the grave yard. "My mamma used to let me hold my baby brother, when I was a good girl."

"Wasn't that nice?" thought Fay, out loud, her little nerves all in a flutter at the possibility of being allowed to carry the dainty, baby brother in her arms.

"Aunty, I mean to do just as zackly right as ever I can, so mamma'll think I'm good enough to hold the baby."

The ringing of the school bell called the children in another direction, and I went on alone, pondering little Fay's words.

A boy's rough voice broke in upon my thoughts.

"Come here, you little nuisance! It's a pity mother couldn't tend you herself;" and the owner of the voice, in no very gentle way, snatched up from the sidewalk a toddling, two-year-old child, the sight of whose grieved lip touched my heart.

"Ah! boy," I said to myself, "little Fay, I am sure, would not think you good enough to hold the baby."

Presently my walk led past a cottage.

At the gate, a woman with a babe in her arms stood talking to a trembling girl, who had in some way angered her, using tones so loud and harsh I did not wonder that the bird, on the branch above her, stopped his song and flew to a tree in the neighboring yard; nor did I wonder that there were tears on the young girl's cheek. How could a woman speak such ungentle words, with a little child's sweet eyes looking up into her face? Surely she was not "good enough to hold the baby."

Reaching home, I was greeted with the plaintive coo of Baby Bess, waiting to be taken up in somebody's loving arms. Impatient to reach my room, where a new book waited to be read, I was half tempted to leave the child to herself, knowing that nurse would be there soon; but remembering little Fay, a kinder mood prevailed.

What new book in all bookdom was worth the dimpling smile that rewarded me, as I lifted the birdie from her nest? And thinking penitently of my impatience, I wondered who of us are "good enough to hold the baby?" who of us gentle and patient and pure enough to carry in our arms Christ's little lambs? *Alia Grant.*



## CHESTNUTTING.

From the trees the leaves are falling,  
And the wind comes 'round the hill,  
Roaring, whistling in our faces,  
With a right good will.

What d'ye think, my little children?  
Last night, when the stars were out,  
Shining in the far-off heaven,  
Jack Frost was about.

He's been peeping at the chestnuts,  
Smacking his thin lips with glee;  
Ah! I heard him whispering, softly,  
"They're just right for me!"

So come, Kitty, Bessie, Willie,  
Come, come, Charley, that's a man!  
We will rob Jack of his treasures—  
Hurry, little Nan!

What a sense of life and freedom  
Thrills along the clear, fresh air!  
God is very good; and Autumn,  
It is wondrous fair!

How the sumach burns and glitters,  
Like a bush aglow with fire!  
Waiting for the snow, it donneth  
All its best attire.

Here's the forest; these old oak trees  
Have endured the sun and storm,  
Greeting both alike the tempest  
And the south wind warm.

Bright-eyed squirrels peep out at us,  
As we tread the fallen leaves;  
And the wind among the branches  
Sighs like one who grieves.

Ah! the trees are overflowing;  
Downward fall the prickly burrs;  
He shall be the king who filleth  
Full his basket first.

You and I know, little Kitty,  
What will come about to night,  
When the hearth-stone fire is burning,  
Curtains all drawn tight;

Chestnuts popping in the embers,  
In a fiery sea immersed;  
Boiling in a brazen kettle,  
Till their jackets burst.

Now the work is done; and homeward  
Gaily we will take our way;  
You and I, Kit, don't we call it  
A right merry day?

J. A. Bellows.

"THE PATHOS AND HUMOR OF HUMAN LIFE," is the title of a new Lecture, just finished, by our old and valued friend, NATHAN SHEPPARD, of the *Chicago Republican*. His lectures on "The Tongue," "The Disposition," "Motives," etc., have been very popular, calling forth many commendatory notices from papers in Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, New York, and other places, and we can but feel sure that this new lecture will prove a delightful treat to lecture goers during the coming season. Those who would secure Mr. Sheppard during the winter, should write him as soon as convenient, as he is now making up his appointments. He may be addressed "care of *The Republican*, Chicago."

CLUBS FOR THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is made up before sending on any subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as taken.

THE  
Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1867.

## TWO MONTHS FREE.

Now is the time to raise Clubs. You can tell everybody that all new subscribers for 1868, sent to THE LITTLE CORPORAL during November, will receive the November and December numbers of this year FREE.

Send your own name for next year, and let it count in your club.

Let the motto be "One Hundred Thousand New Subscribers for 1868."

We offer many beautiful premiums. If you work faithfully, you may gain a large premium. If you do not succeed in gaining a large one, the smaller ones are all beautiful.

RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE  
WOLF.

## THE GREAT PRIZE.

Several months ago, I gave a commission to an eminent painter in New York, to paint a picture for the children of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Just as we were putting the finishing touches to the pages of the October number, a letter came which showed plainly that the picture would not be done in time. What should be done? It would never do for THE CORPORAL to be foiled by any flank movement of the enemy, or by any sleeping sentinel, or dilatory officer. The case was decided on the spot. The letter came Monday noon; on Tuesday evening I took the train, rode two nights and a day, and on Thursday morning took breakfast in New York. Should I visit the painter who had failed me? Not by any means; let him severely alone, for I found he had several superiors in this great, wonderful city of New York. Down among the strong safes and money bags bordering on Wall street, in a quiet office, where ten millions in a day pass from hand to hand with scarcely more thought than pennies would, I found in the principal chair a cheerful, happy-looking gentleman, who has a heart as fresh and green and warm as when he and I were boys together, in the same little, old country town in Ohio—he one of the big boys and I a little one, in the same school, years and years ago.

Greenheart is familiar with other things, besides bonds and millions, as certain publishers might tell you if you had their confidence, and he knows, also, where ART lives in the great city. So, with him for an appreciative companion and guide, I spent several blissful days among the studios and galleries of paintings, until we had studied everything of art we could find in New York. We found many gems of beauty which would gladden the eyes and rejoice the hearts of THE CORPORAL's children who must have the best and brightest, no matter at what cost. At last, in the studio of W. H. Beard, on Tenth street, we found a picture lately finished, of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF"

—the most beautiful study of that delightful old subject that any painter ever made—size 18 x 24 inches—price \$1000.00—(just twice as much as the price of the picture I *was to have had*.) Nothing could be finer. Even if we had not seen everything, there was no need to look further. So I paid the money and the picture is mine. No living artist can equal Beard in painting animals; and in this piece you almost fancy that you can hear the wolf speak. The scene is where he meets Red Ridinghood in the thick woods. Away off to the left, through a little opening between the trees, you can just discover the mother's cottage, and all along you trace the winding path over which the little girl has come, happy and cheerful, intent only on obeying her mother and carrying to her loved grandma the good things on her arm. The great, gnarled trees show that this is a dense part of the forest, and here in the center of the painting the sly old wolf meets the unsuspecting child with "Good morning, pretty miss, and what a beautiful little lady you are; and where are you going this fine day?" Red Ridinghood is startled and alarmed. She drops her basket on the ground, and while she clings to her jar of butter in her left arm, she turns a curious and affrighted look upon the mean, old villain, who, with one of his most crafty and deceitful smiles, seeks by flattery and cunning to draw her into conversation, until, forgetting her mother's command, she tells him what she has in her basket and where she is going. You all know the story of Little Red Ridinghood and you would all be delighted to have this thousand dollar picture by W. H. Beard to hang in your parlor, to show to your friends and to look at yourselves while you tell the tragic story to the younger children.

Do not start in surprise, when I tell you that you may each one have it for your own, this beautiful creation of art, with all the delicate shades and colors, the dim green of the woods, the frightened look of the little girl, and the crafty face of the old wolf, just the same size, and in all the beauty that the painter made them. And this is the way: Artists have discovered a process by which the most beautiful oil paintings can be duplicated, so as to give as many copies as are wanted. These Oil Prints, or "Chromos," as they are sometimes called, may be made to resemble the original so nearly, that, at the distance of a few feet, it is difficult to distinguish which is the painting and which the oil print.

The oil painting, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," is now in the hands of a competent chromo artist, and by the 15th of November we will be able to furnish the Oil Prints as desired. They will sell for eight dollars each, and will be sent by mail, on strong rollers, as premiums to every one who will send a club of ten subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, at the regular price of one dollar each. Thus, for a club of ten, you may secure as a prize an Oil Print, an exact copy, in size, color, delicacy of tint and shade, and looking so nearly like the thousand-dollar oil Painting, that few people would notice the difference, when it is framed.

This surpasses all our other premiums, when we consider how much you receive for a little work. No finer prize was ever offered, and we are sure it will be eagerly sought after by our many thousand readers. The chromos can be safely sent by mail, on rollers, anywhere in the world, and no one can even guess the amount of education, refinement, elevation of taste, and happiness this genuine work of art will carry into the homes of our land. Thus THE LITTLE CORPORAL seeks to work a double good, and thus will he bring to the children another joy.

Alfred L. Sewell.

## NOVEMBER.

Almost every day, just as the clock is striking eleven, I hear a noisy, little fellow come scrambling up the stairs towards my study. He isn't quite sure of his center of gravity yet, so he always comes up on "all fours;" and then come two hands tugging at the slippery door knob, and a roguish little face peeps in to ask, "Want me in here, mamma?"

Of course I say "yes," though he sends my strings of rhymes flying out at the window; puts my writing desk in "nice order," by mixing everything together; borrows all my letters to play post office; and knocks at my chair every five minutes with a special despatch from the "Little Corporal," or a "letter from drama—says be sure and come home last week, and bring Freddy 'long w'id you."

He hasn't an idea he interrupts me, and it is good to hear the satisfaction with which he says, "I don't 'sturb you a bit, do I?"

Just about now it is getting toward eleven o'clock of the year; November, December, then the twelve hours will be full. In a few mornings more, a sturdy, blustering fellow will come knocking at our doors to say, "Here I am! Do you want me?" Of course we shall give him a hearty welcome, though he'll nip all the color out of the last flowers of October, and rattle down what few red and yellow leaves are left in the woods. But we couldn't afford to spare him. We want him to give our blood a hearty stirring, and send it tingling clear to the ends of our fingers and toes. We want him to brighten our eyes, and fill our lungs with good, fresh, bracing air. So don't be afraid of him, dear little people; don't hide away in your warm beds, and lounge over the parlor fire. Go out for a race, these fine, frosty mornings, and you'll find this "dull November," that some people talk about, is a hearty, frolicsome fellow, after all.

Emily Huntington Miller.

## THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

This superb steel line engraving, which we send as a prize for a club of three subscribers, is growing more and more in favor, as its original has done for four hundred years. The more people see it, the more they appreciate its wondrous beauty, as is the case with all true works of art.

**SPECIMEN NUMBERS FREE.**—Where you wear out a copy of your paper by using it as a sample in soliciting subscriptions, write to us and we will send you a new one free.

All sample copies applied for before January first, will be sent whether the ten cents be inclosed or not.

**SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES WORKING FOR THE PIANO OR ORGAN PREMIUMS** will please correspond with us at once, as we have a number of items to suggest which will be of great benefit to them, and help to bring success.

**MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW**, of Ottawa, Ill., has nearly completed the manuscript of a book, *The History of the Work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission*, which, judging from the portions of the work we have been permitted to read, gives promise of being the most graphically written, and the best book yet produced in the west. It will be published in Chicago during the coming winter.

**AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE** to canvass for the Sale of Chromes or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.

**THE LITTLE CHIEF** copies, without credit, Mrs. Bugbee's poem, "Going to the District School," written for *The Little Corporal* of August, 1866. In another paper, we find Mr. Stauffer's story, "Thoughtful Master Talbot," written for our number of last February, rechristened as "Death of the Little Factory Girl," and credited to *Ladies' Repository* for July. In a magazine published in Massachusetts, we find, without credit, Deane Wallace's story, "John Brownwell," written for *The Little Corporal* of last November. *Arthur's Magazine* published Mrs. Miller's "My Good-for-Nothing," from *The Corporal*, without credit. And we think we could safely say that hundreds of our choicest gems, for which we have paid high prices, are floating over the country with no credit whatever.

Now, dear, kind friends, we are glad to lend from our store, but please remember that *The Corporal's* articles are all original, and give us credit. Do we ask too much?

## THE STEINWAY PIANO PREMIUM.

Read the following extract, and then turn to the column in this paper, where we offer these Pianos as Premiums. Everybody can now afford to have a first-class piano.

## OFFICIAL PROOF FROM PARIS. STEINWAY &amp; SONS TRIUMPHANT.

STEINWAY & SONS are enabled positively to announce that they have been awarded

## THE FIRST GRAND GOLD MEDAL FOR AMERICAN PIANOS.

*This Medal being distinctly classified first, over all other American exhibitors.* In proof of which the following

## OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE

of the President and members of the International Jury on Musical Instruments is annexed:

## TRANSLATION.

I certify that the First Gold Medal for American Pianos has been unanimously awarded to Messrs. Steinway, by the Jury of the International Exposition. First on the list in Class X.

## MELINET,

President of International Jury.

GEORGES KASTNER,  
AMBROISE THOMAS,  
ED. HANSLICK,  
F. A. GEVAERT,  
I. SCHIEDMAYER,

Members  
of the  
International  
Jury.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, Chicago, Ill.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

1. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on strong rollers, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

2. For a club of ten, at \$1 each, we send in the same way, an Oil Print, (an exact copy, with all the original colors, and same size as the original, 18 x 24 inches,) of Beard's great thousand dollar Oil Painting of "*RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF*."

3. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. See other articles in this paper.

4. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

5. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

We have completed arrangements with the American Watch Company, at Waltham, Mass., to offer their unsurpassed Watches as premiums. See editorial columns of October number.

For a club of twenty, we will send a copy of "Mitchell's New General Atlas," price \$10—for description of which see advertising page of April number.

Crandall's Building Blocks are offered as premiums. See editorial columns of October number.

For the Shot Gun Premium, for Boys, see the October number.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 5, (the club of six).

*The Little Corporal* and "*The Advance*" both sent one year for \$3. See advertisement of *The Advance*, in another column.

In all Clubs, every dollar sent in payment for "The Heavenly Cherubs," or "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," can be counted the same as a dollar sent for *The Little Corporal*. The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," is \$3.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND

## PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, large front, round corners, ogee mouldings, Patent Agraffe Treble, gothic or carved legs, price at the factory \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, as above, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

We will send the No. 2 Piano, which is the same as No. 1, except that the case is Black Walnut, instead of Rosewood, price \$575, to any one who will send us Eight Hundred Subscribers, as above; or to any one who will send Two Hundred and Seventy-five Subscribers and \$300 in money besides.

Larger and more expensive Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

To any person who sends us One Hundred and Fifty subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, for one year, at the regular rate of \$1 per annum, we will give a Peloubet Melodeon, five octave, Tremolante stop, walnut case, price \$95.

To any person sending us One Hundred and Seventy-five subscribers in the same way, we will send the same Melodeon, in rosewood case, price \$110.

Those who desire to raise a part of the required club, and pay the rest in money, for either of the Melodeons, will please write us, and we will make a proper arrangement.

At these rates, all money sent for back volumes, and for Premium Pictures, will count the same as though sent for the regular volume. Old and new subscribers will both count alike. You may have six months to complete your clubs, if you do not succeed before.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Let us know when you begin to work for Premiums.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

We can send testimonials to any who apply, which will satisfy all that the organs we offer are first class in every respect.

**NEWSDEALERS** will please send their orders for **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** to

The American News Co., New York.

The Western News Co., Chicago.

**THE OCTOBER PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL** contains Portraits and Characters of Mary Queen of Scots; Charlotte Bronte; Thomas Nast, the Artist; Ira Aldridge, Tragedian; Alfred L. Sewell, and others. Well-written articles on Anthropology; Married or Single? Boots and Beauty; Sick Headache, its Cause and Cure; The Fashions, Illustrated; Man's Spiritual Nature; Forming Character; The American Physiognomy; "Expression"; Whining Women; Grapes and Blackberries, Illustrated. \$3 a year, or thirty cents a number. Address S. R. WELLS, Editor, 389 Broadway, New York.

## BOUND VOLUMES AS PREMIUMS.

Our June number contained the following :

**BOUND VOLUMES.**—The second year of our paper being now complete, we can send bound volumes to any address, by mail, as follows:

- No. 1.—Two years (four volumes) bound in one, in flexible, embossed cloth, gold title, including the steel engravings of The Heavenly Cherubs and the Children's Portrait of Lincoln, and Index.....\$3.50  
 No. 2.—Ditto, without the Engravings..... 2.50  
 No. 3.—One year (either the first or second) with both Engravings..... 2.50  
 No. 4.—Ditto, without the Engravings..... 1.50

Either volume will be sent, unbound, at the regular subscription price. These volumes contain more to interest children than any book that can be bought for the same money. The above may be counted in any club, or sent separately.

Correspondents having asked how the above volumes may be had as premiums, we reply, they will be sent as follows. (We have numbered them for convenience.)

- No. 1 will be sent for a club of fourteen names.  
 No. 2 or 3 " " " " " " ten "  
 No. 4 " " " " " " seven "

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST

ENGLISH NEEDLES, put up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
 tf-oc P. O. Drawer 6058.

## MEDICAL AND ELECTRICAL INSTITUTE,

ESTABLISHED 1862, for the Treatment and Cure of CHRONIC DISEASES,

Crosby's Building, 84 and 86 State Street, Chicago.

The Medical and Electrical Departments are very elaborate and complete. The Electro-Thermal Bath we have to be superior to any yet invented, as to facility in changing and directing the currents, and is one of the most efficacious Baths in use. And we are also confident that its power in arresting Colds and removing local congestion is not surpassed by any other bath.

No one remedy is used to the exclusion of all others. The system of practice is to meet the exigency of the case with an appropriate remedy which science and experience have furnished for the suffering patient.

Prominent among the diseases treated are: *Nervous Diseases, Palsy, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Strabismus, and General Debility, Diseases of the Lungs and Heart, Catarrh and Bronchitis, Liver, Spleen, and Kidneys, and DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.*

Reference to a few prominent citizens of Chicago, who have had a practical knowledge of our treatment:

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Rev. H. L. Hammond,      | Jos. Medill, Esq.,      |
| " Jos. Haven, D.D.,      | Wm. E. Rolfe, Esq.,     |
| " F. W. Fisk, D.D.,      | Henry Martin, Esq.,     |
| " R. L. Colyer,          | H. K. Elkins, Esq.,     |
| " O. H. Tiffany, D.D.,   | Chas. Culver, Esq.,     |
| " R. W. Patterson, D.D., | William Y. Allen, Esq., |
| " Jas. E. Roy,           | G. S. Ingraham, Esq.,   |
| " Wm. W. Evans, D.D.,    | C. M. Culbertson, Esq., |
| " Clinton Locke,         | A. G. Swift, Esq.,      |
| " J. R. Shipherd,        | Prof. A. A. Griffith,   |
| Judge R. S. Wilson,      | Dr. W. W. Allport,      |
| Hon. F. C. Sherman,      | Dr. Edwin Hill,         |
| David A. Gage, Esq.,     | Geo. W. Gage, Esq.,     |
| H. P. Smith, Esq.,       | O. D. Ranney,           |
| S. K. Dow, Esq.,         | Dr. C. R. Blackall,     |
| H. L. Lewis, Esq.,       | Dr. Andrew Hartupce,    |
| H. O. Stone, Esq.,       | Alfred L. Sewell.       |

J. HAYES, Resident Physician.



## GOODSPEED'S GOLDEN PENS.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Any Boy or Girl can sell them. Samples, three styles, sent for 10 cents.

GOODSPEED & CO.,  
 148 Lake street, Chicago.

**SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER,** by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 53d Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to

ap-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

**CHURCH CHOIRS ARE SATISFIED** that the best book for their use is "THE JUBILATE," by L. O. Emerson. Letters from all directions confirm the opinion that no collection of Church Music recently published has given such general satisfaction. Choirs the most fastidious in their tastes, and having the reputation of being "very hard to please," have acknowledged it to be just the book they want. Price, \$1.38 per copy. \$12 a dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.  
 It-nov C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—A Book that can be sold to Everybody. TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM, and What I Saw There. This powerfully-written book, one of the best by its popular Author, has met with an immense sale—ten thousand copies having been ordered within a month of publication. The following are a few of the many notices of the Press:

"We have read it with the most intense interest, and commend it as a work calculated to do an immense amount of good."—*Lancaster Express.*

"We wish that all lovers of bar-rooms and rum would read this book. It will pay them richly to do so."—*N. Y. Northern Blade.*

"There are many scenes unequalled for pathos and beauty. The death of little Mary can scarcely be surpassed."—*N. Y. Home Journal.* Address

GOODSPEED & CO., 148 Lake st., Chicago.  
 Ladies can sell this book rapidly. It-nov

## THE CHICAGO REPUBLICAN

THE PROPRIETORS of the *Chicago Republican* have the satisfaction of announcing to the public, that their success in establishing a first-class newspaper is unprecedented in the annals of journalism. The *Republican* has gradually progressed, till now it is acknowledged by even its rivals to stand in the front rank, and to be in all respects a first-class newspaper.

The enterprise displayed by the *Republican* in procuring, regardless of expense, the latest and fullest news, has enabled it to distance all its competitors, and it is now looked upon, by all parties, as the leader of the press in the Northwest.

Its commercial department is under the charge of the most experienced commercial editor in the West, and the **STATISTICS AND MARKET REPORTS**

are fuller than in any other newspaper, and may be relied on as correct in all their details. Particular attention is paid to the

*Grain, Provision, Lumber, and Cattle Markets,* and full and reliable reports of sales and prices are made up daily by experienced reporters.

Its political department is superintended by the ablest writer in the Northwest, aided by a corps of editors whose experience and ability are conceded by all to be of the highest order. Under the present management, the *Republican* has taken the lead in all matters of importance, whether State or National, and is now recognized to be the most radical newspaper in the United States.

Planting itself from the beginning on the broad ground of universal suffrage, regardless of color, it has become the beacon light of freedom to all.

**Protection to American Industry** against British free trade, in one of the cardinal doctrines of the *Republican*, and it will ever be found foremost in advocating measures which will insure fair wages to American artisans, mechanics, and laborers. It will contend against the free admission into our markets of the manufactures of foreign countries, the product of pauper-paid labor, by which American mechanics are impoverished and robbed.

The agricultural department of the *Republican* is under the charge of a gentleman well known throughout the west as one of the most practical as well as scientific agriculturists in the country.

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

*Daily,*  
 One year, by mail \$12.00 Three months, by mail \$3.00  
 Six months, by mail 6.00 One month, by mail 1.00  
 Delivered in the city, per week, 25 cents.

*Tri-Weekly,*  
 One year, by mail \$6.00 One month, by mail \$0.50  
 Six months " 3.00 Clubs of 5 copies, 1 yr 27.00  
 Three " 1.50 Clubs of 10 " " 50.00

*Weekly,*  
 One year, by mail \$2.00 Clubs of 5 copies, 1 yr \$9.00  
 Six months " 1.00 Clubs of 10 " " 17.50

Clubs of twenty copies, one year, \$35.00.

## REPUBLICAN COMPANY,

93 Washington st., Chicago.

## NORTHWESTERN FEMALE COLLEGE,

AT EVANSTON, ILL., thirty minutes ride from Chicago, will open its next year, or Fall Session of Fifteen weeks, on the 9th day of September. \$300 will pay all the expenses of a Young Lady, except the extra branches, for one year. The Teachers are: Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, A.M., President; Emily J. Bugbee, Luella Clark, Frances A. Fish, Harriet A. DeCoudres, Jennie M. Wheeler, Anne E. Fish, Prof. Nicholas Cauthorne, Mons. T. O. Loizeau, and Madam Eliza Pattiani.

For Particulars and Catalogues, address

Rev. LUCIUS H. BUGBEE, President,  
 tf-my Evanston, Ill.

## FOR THE YEAR 1867.

## IN POLITICS RADICAL AND RIGHT!

## A POPULAR PAPER, AT POPULAR PRICES!

## THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

Is unexcelled by any paper in the West, in the fullness and reliability of its Regular and Special Despatches, both by the Atlantic Cable and Local Lines, in the variety and vivacity of its Correspondence, in the extent, thoroughness, and accuracy of its

## Commercial Intelligence.

In the freshness, vigor, and outspoken character of its Editorials, and in the high tone of its Literary and Miscellaneous Selections.

Determined to secure the largest circulation of any paper in the Northwest, the Publishers of *The Post* recently reduced their rates during the campaign to the extremely low figure of Fifteen Cents a week. The astonishing success which attended this reduction, has induced them to continue this low scale until further notice, and subscriptions will therefore continue to be received upon the following extremely popular

## TERMS:

*Daily,*  
 By Carrier, pr week, 15 Cts. | By mail, six months, \$4.00  
 By mail, per year, \$8.00 | By mail, three mos., 2.00

*Weekly,*  
 One Copy, by mail, per year, - - \$1.50  
 Five Copies, to one address, - - 7.25  
 Ten Copies, " " " " " " 14.00  
 Twenty Copies " " " " " " 27.00  
 Forty Copies " " " " " " 50.00

Specimen copies furnished on application to

D. & C. H. BLAKELY, Publishers,

151 Dearborn st., Chicago.

Book and Job Printing of every description, executed cheaply, expeditiously, and well, at the office of the *Evening Post.* tf-my

## NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PAPER.

A NATIONAL RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER, to be called "THE ADVANCE," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity towards all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the *N. Y. Evangelist*. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name: their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments. While arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, THE ADVANCE will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2.50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address "THE ADVANCE COMPANY," P. O. Drawer 6374, Chicago, Ill.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## No. 136.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters—

- My 1, 2, 6 is a part of the human body.  
 My 3, 7, 8 is a cooking utensil.  
 My 8, 5, 10, 9, 8, 7 is a kind of garden fruit.  
 My 1, 9, 8 is a part of a gentleman's costume.  
 My 8, 5, 3 is a toy for children.  
 My 1, 5, 6 is a kind of vine.  
 My 4, 11, 10, 3 is useful when near water.  
 My 1, 9, 10 is part of a hog.  
 My 10, 9, 8 is often placed near a door.  
 My 10, 5, 3 is used by every housekeeper.  
 My 8, 7, 10 is a boy's nickname.  
 My whole is an animal inhabiting Africa.

M. S.

## No. 137.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters—

- My 4, 3, 10, 12 is a river in Italy.  
 My 11, 5, 9, 8, 9 is a country in South America.  
 My 9, 3, 12, 14 is a mountain in Missouri.  
 My 8, 9, 7, 1 is a town in Bolivia.  
 My 11, 12, 7, 12 is a lake in Italy.  
 My 2, 13, 6, 10, 11 is a mountain in Switzerland.  
 My 3, 12, 7, 4, 10, 9, 4 is a cape south of India.  
 My whole is a great and good American President.

L.

## No. 138.—RIDDLE.

Fairy sat upon the green,  
 Robed in purple, like a queen;  
 All around, to left and right,  
 Stood the spearmen, day and night;  
 Till the fairy, weary grown  
 Of her purple and her throne,  
 Laid aside her bright array,  
 Called her maids, and flew away.  
 And the children, one by one  
 Saw them passing in the sun,  
 Called aloud, with eager cry,  
 "See! the fairy ships go by!"

Prudy.

## No. 139.—CHARADE.—BOTANICAL.

Grim kitty a guard at your house door has set;  
 My first, let no dainties allure you—  
 If once on my second her paw she can get,  
 My velvet-leaved whole cannot cure you. M. A. P. H.

## No. 140.—MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

A schoolboy sat in an old log schoolhouse, "cyphering." He meditated a long time, scratched his head earnestly, thumped on his slate vigorously, and heaved a deep sigh. "What's the matter, Jeems?" said the "master." Jeems scratched his head more vigorously than ever, and replied, "Well, I've been a-thinkin', this last half hour, and to save my neck I can't tell how much will be left if you take 3 from 1." Who can tell?

Eau.

## No. 141.—A PROBLEM.

A. had five loaves of bread; B. had three loaves. C. came along, and they all ate together. C., as he furnished no loaves, paid eight cents. How much of the money ought A. to have, and how much is B.'s portion? This may seem very simple to you, but not one of a whole graduating class in a certain college gave a correct solution. Exepo.

ENGLISH PUZZLES.—For variety, we give in this number a few specimens of English puzzles, taken from "The Boys' Own Magazine," one of the ablest of the British juveniles. The rebus on our last page is copied from that magazine, as also are the following:

## No. 142.—ENIGMA.

A portion of craft and two-thirds of a row,  
 Give the name of a bird that you very well know.

## No. 143.—CAPPING WORDS.

I am the synonym for everything, but being of an omnigenous nature, my tastes are somewhat incongruous. I have more caps than one to fit me, and having donned a few, let me see if you can find me out under my new head gear.

1. The paradise of young ladies just coming out.
2. What moet people consider a duty, though disliking it.
3. What almost invariably happens to pride.
4. The concentration and seat of bitterness.
5. An important part of a lordly mansion.
6. A favorite game in the time of Charles II.
7. The last species of trappings humanity wears.
8. A favorite female diminutive with a sailor.
9. What short people generally vainly desire to be.
10. What quarrelsome people are very fond of taking.

Some of the English Juveniles give in their puzzle pages a great many Anagrams and Transpositions. The following are all from one number of Routledge's Magazine for Boys:

## No. 144.—ANAGRAMS.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- |                       |                                |                     |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Fat reward.        | Various.                       | 29. Sable.          |
| 2. One Drum.          | 15. Lo chare.                  | 30. Roselid.        |
| 3. Red paper.         | 16. O Mar! rap all legs.       | 31. So near.        |
| 4. Lest I bud.        | 17. Cradle hat.                | 32. See marts.      |
| 5. Sophy, I cry.      | 18. Stars! I in a tub ton ant. | 33. Mad Ned.        |
| 6. Set on a dish.     | 19. Push on, Nici.             | 34. Five lasts.     |
| 7. Fred, a fight.     | 20. String awe ci.             | 35. A sleep.        |
| 8. Invest in ore.     | 21. Peggy Hoar.                | 36. And cave.       |
|                       | 22. Pat on it, Met.            | 37. 'Cute plaid.    |
| West Indian Isles.    |                                | 38. A man's ruse.   |
| 9. A hot tin mass.    | Towns.                         | 39. Red leaf.       |
| 10. I mind to a song. | 23. Vile rop.                  | 40. Feed on crate.  |
| 11. Men, not rats.    | 24. Tronsepe.                  | 41. And fed ten.    |
| 12. I can ram it.     | 25. Sow, gal G.                | 42. Grants are men. |
| 13. A nail is cut.    | 26. Esther N. Cam.             | 43. Nice ham.       |
| 14. Dab a sore B.     | 27. Old Chare.                 | 44. Come point ser! |
|                       | 28. Slington.                  | 45. It a nice tap.  |
|                       |                                | 46. I dine at tim.  |

## ANSWERS TO PICTURE STORIES OF OCTOBER.

No. 134.—Tommy's mother was poor, and they two lived together in a little cabin by themselves. But Tommy's mother was taken sick, and died; and he was left alone in the wide world. So he started out to see if there was anyone in the world that would pity him or care for him. He traveled through gloomy forests, and slept at night under the shelter of the forest trees. At last, he came to a great city, and went wandering up and down its busy streets. But no one seemed to notice him or care for him. He felt himself more lonely now than when wandering alone in the woods. At night he crawled into an empty barrel, that lay upon the walk. He was awakened one morning by a rap upon his feet; and, rousing up, he saw a stranger standing by him.

"What are you doing here, my lad?" said the kind-hearted stranger. Out sprang Tommy, and standing up, he narrated to the man how his mother had died and left him alone, and how he had wandered about without any home. The good man heard his story, and then took him to his own beautiful home, where Tommy found those who would love him and care for him. W. O. C.

No. 135.—Did you ever hear how Uncle Jacob went to mill? The pony was harnessed, the bag of corn was put into the hinder part of the wagon, and Uncle Jacob said, "Get up." Away went pony, bright and gay. The road was smooth and the morning fair. But all at once pony became stubborn, and would not go. "Get up!" said Uncle Jacob; but pony would not mind. Then Uncle Jacob's anger began to rise. "The corn must be ground," said he, "and to mill we must go." So, if words would not do, the whip should. Harder and harder came the blows, harder and harder; but all in vain. "Then," said Uncle Jacob, "if the whip will not do, I will try something better. The corn must be ground, and to mill we must go." Finding a long, heavy stick, he beat poor pony cruelly; but it did no good.

In this state of the case, a man with a pitiful face came running up to Uncle Jacob, and caught him by the arm. "Stop!" said the man, "don't hit the horse." This, to be sure, was rather rude in the stranger, but he could not bear to see cruelty to animals. "Let me show you! let me show you!" repeated he. He ran first to the meadow and plucked a handful of sweet clover, and offered it to pony. Then he went to an orchard and brought a sweet, red apple. Pony reached out his neck and bit the apple. The apple was rich and juicy, and pony liked apples; so he forgot all about his trouble with Uncle Jacob. Uncle Jacob got in the wagon and said "get up!" and pony went on, as bright and gay as ever, up hill and down hill; and the corn was ground, and Uncle Jacob was a wiser man. The stranger, who came up, had read these directions how to cure a balky horse, in the newspaper. Now which plan do you think is the best? W. O. C.

## No. 145.—A PICTURE STORY.



W. O. C.

## No. 146.—A PICTURE STORY.

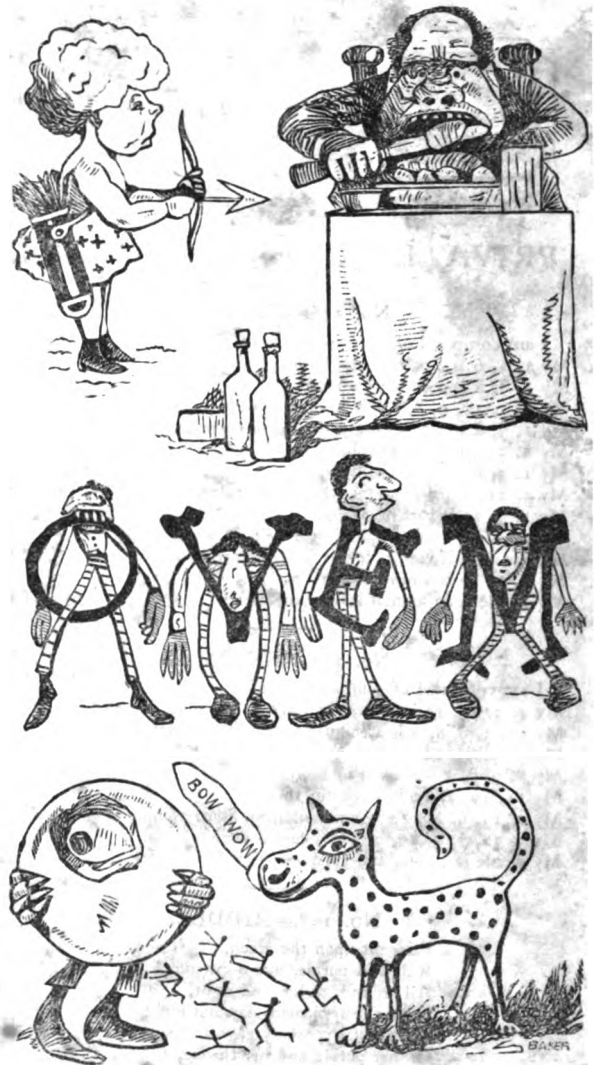


W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 124.—*Enigma*.—Hen, Ant, Apple, Ella, Pen; Elephant. No. 125.—*Enigma*.—Bud, Rice, Dee; Eddie Bruce. No. 126.—*Charade*.—Wheel-bar-row. No. 127.—*Charade*.—Water-lilies. No. 128.—*Charade*.—X-cues (Excuse). No. 129.—*Charade*.—Nap-sack (Knap-sack). No. 130.—*Charade*.—Botanical.—Yarrow; language, "Healing to a wounded heart;" Arrow. No. 131.—*Puzzle*.—Botanical.—Star of Bethlehem; language, "Light is brightest when it shineth in the gloom." No. 132.—*Riddle*.—Example. No. 133.—*Decapitation*.—Scold, Cold, Old.

## No. 147.—AN ENGLISH REBUS.



Please remember that the offer made with the first Picture Story is a standing offer. The one who sends the best poetical translation of any Picture Story, in time for publication in the ensuing number, will receive *The Little Corporal* free for 6 months.

## BOYS AND GIRLS! RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!

## TO ARMS! FOR THE NEW CAMPAIGN!

O that THE LITTLE CORPORAL had a silver bugle large enough, and lungs strong enough, to sound a note so loud that every boy and girl from Maine to Oregon could hear his call to arms!

We want One Hundred Thousand new subscribers for 1868. There are more than that many waiting to subscribe as soon as they are asked. Everybody knows something of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and it is easy to raise a club for him.

Our Premiums are rich and rare. While very many will want to work for Steinway's Magnificent Pianos and Peloubet's Cabinet Organs, the children *everywhere* can easily earn the "HEAVENLY CHERUBS," for a club of three, or "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF," (our beautiful, colored Oil Print, of Beard's great thousand dollar painting,) for a club of ten; or some other premium.

Go to work, as soon as you read this paper, and you can complete a club very soon. Some do it in one day. Tell everybody that if they will subscribe now for the next year we will send

them the NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER NUMBERS of this year FREE; this will help you to raise your club. Your own renewal can count as one in the club; and when you can induce any to send, also, for the back volumes, they can also count.

Go to work *now*, while the weather is pleasant. Work with a will, and success is certain.

Send for extra Sample Copies, if you need them. Sample Copies will be sent until January first, whether money is enclosed for them or not.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ALFRED L. SEWELL.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copies, ten cents.

Office, 138 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

SEE LIST OF PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped and back numbers can always be furnished.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,

Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



# The Little Corporal.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

VOL. 5. }  
No. 6. }

Chicago, Ill., December, 1867.

## ON THE HEARTH RUG.

It was New Year's Eve. A cold, stormy evening, gusty and fitful enough at times, the snow whirling in tall, ghostly columns around the street corner. Though there was supposed to be a moon, she gave but a sickly light behind the clouds, and the wind whirled the light, feathery snow, in stinging, little puffs, into the faces of the passers by, piling it up on their caps and whitening their shoulders, and soaking into the brown-paper parcels, which most

of them were carrying. The shop windows glimmered and sparkled through their frost curtains with a genuine holiday luster, showing bright, beautiful colors, red, blue, and yellow, where the showy dry goods or the brilliant toys were displayed. Elegant dolls were performing on the slack rope, and all of Noah's family, of every shape and color, but of one voice, sat staring very hard at the anxious gazers, as if they would have said, "Come buy me! come buy me!" if they could only have spoken.

In the principal street, stood a large, cozy, comfortable, red, brick house; not a fashionable mansion, but one whose outside suggested ample good cheer, and easy purses inside. The bright firelight gleamed out into the snowy street, with a warm, red glow, through the heavy, crimson-damask curtains which shaded the parlor windows. Inside, the firelight danced over the dark, old-fashioned furniture and the quaint, old portraits, and sparkled and flashed with diamond-like luster from the pendants of the girandoles, and bloomed with rosy brilliance from the ruddy cheeks of the little girl who had just entered the room.

It was Lily's home, where she lived with grandpa and grandma and her two aunts, Aunt Lucy and Aunt Kitty.

Lily was ten years old, but small and quiet—one of those children who creep off by themselves to read, or sit shyly in the

corner, listening eagerly to the half-understood talk of their elders, afterward thinking it over, trying hard to understand it, and finally make up their minds to "wait till they are older," when all things will be made clear.

"What a splendid thing it must be, to be grown up, like Aunt Kitty, and not have to change her Sunday frock at noon!" thought Lily, sometimes; and the golden country of Big Folks looked farther off than ever. I suppose Lily felt so because she was so lonesome. No little brothers and sisters, no companions; for grandma, with all her love for Lily, discouraged other children from visiting her, and Lily suffered untold misery because of her solitary life; and her aunts, being handsome, lively, young ladies of twenty and twenty-two, might as well have been sixty, for all the companionship Lily felt with them.

To-night they were very, very busy. Grandma and the two young ladies were in the kitchen, preparing and assisting about the refreshments, with which they were to regale their friends who might call on New Year's day.

"That is," as Aunt Lucy said, with a sly look at the mirror, "if anybody comes."

Meanwhile the oval table had been set in the back parlor, with the choice, linen-damask cloth, which used to belong to Aunt Winchester, and the gold-banded china, and the silver and cut glass, and the mighty punch bowl, which Captain Vanderhost brought home from Japan more than one hundred years ago, and which was to be filled with "trifle," to-morrow. There was nothing to eat on the table, as yet, but to-morrow there would be ham and turkey and tongue and chicken salad, and feathery, light biscuit, and jellies, quivering and sparkling like rubies and topaz, and no end of cake, charlottes, ice cream, and coffee, not to mention nuts and cream chocolate. But it was a sight worth seeing, even now, as the bright firelight

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for us, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### CALLING NAMES.

I've a sweet, darling boy, who is five years old,  
With loving, brown eyes, and ringlets of gold;  
And often, at evening, we play merry games,  
Or he climbs in my lap, and I call him sweet names.

"Let us play *Calling Names*," he whispers to me,  
And his face is all lighted with love and with glee;  
So I catch him and kiss him, and squeeze him so tight  
[delight.]  
That he struggles, and crows, and shouts with

"Well, who is my Chick?" (now this is the play);  
"And who is my Kit?" is again what I say;  
"And who is my Lammie?" he whispers "'Tis I."  
"And who is my Duckling?" (the self-same reply.)

"And who is my Darling, and who is my Dove?  
And who is my Blossom, and who is my Love?  
And who is my Bird and my Flower and my Bee?  
And who is my Pet?" He answers, "'Tis me."

'Tis thus I *Call Names*, and thus he replies,  
Till suddenly sleep looks from out his sweet eyes;  
With arms round my neck, he droops his fair head,  
And then comes our Maggie, and puts him to bed.  
Sydney E. Holmes.



flashed and danced over the delicate china, and the sparkling crystal and silver, and contrasting the snowy, damask cover with the warm crimson of the window draperies.

It looked very pretty to the little girl, who stood there, with her long curls shading her rosy cheeks—much pleasanter than the dull schoolroom, with its stupid lessons; and she walked carefully around the table.

"What a splendid thing it must be, to be grown up," remarked Lily, to herself. "It isn't nice to be little and lonesome."

Just then she caught sight of a graceful, little girl, in shadow, on the wall. Lily danced up to her and spread out her white apron and blue frock in a grand courtesy. The shadow girl did the same. Away flew Lily in a wild dance about the room, here and there, up and down, this side and that, and the glass tinkled and the china clinked; and the shadow girl grew big and uncertain or small and distinct, according as she came near the fire or went away from it.

"Well, after all, it isn't very good fun," thought Lily, "rushing about with nobody to speak to but my shadow, and New Year's Eve at that."

So Lily sat down on the hearth rug, and began to study the fire; and the shadow girl grew so tall that her curls went up among the curves of the great chandeliers. As Lily sat there, hugging her knees, a big lump of coal split suddenly from end to end, sending out spirits of flame and jets of smoke, and from the fissure there leaped the oddest, little fellow she ever saw—leaped, turned a somersault, stood a moment on his head, then, taking off his pointed, yellow cap, made Lily a low bow, and seated himself on the top bar of the grate, and swung his feet, as much at his ease as if he had known her all her days.

"What a droll, little fellow you are!" cried Lily, who, somehow, was not in the least afraid of him.

"Am I?" said he, in a voice like the snapping of a wood fire.

"Yes," said Lily; "and I don't see how you live in such a hot fire. Don't it burn you, sometimes?"

"Don't you get frozen, sometimes, out there?"

"No," said Lily.

"And I never get burnt. I'm a Fire Spirit."

"Well, Mr. Fire Spirit, I wish you a Happy New Year! Is it New Year's Eve in the fire?"

"Of course it is!" cried the little fellow, nodding his head as if he would shake it off. "New Year's Eve everywhere—lots of fun among all my family—some of us down in the kitchen, cooking, and some of us help ring out the old year. Jolly times up in the steeples, there! Roaring, grand, magnificent times! My cousin, Santa Claus—"

"Is Santa Claus your cousin? O dear! how nice! And what relation is Thanksgiving, and Fourth of July?"

"Thanksgiving is my cousin, too; but the Fourth of July is my youngest son—a pretty wild fellow, too. We aren't the steadiest family in the world, any of us. I often do things that I don't approve of myself. I'm a kind of odd one in the

family. I'd like to be friendly with you, Lily. Sha'n't I show you some pictures?"

"Why, can you? *real* pictures?"

"Certainly. Look here! I'm going to show you the old homestead, now."

So the Fire Spirit blew into a puff of black smoke, and it divided, and showed Lily the loveliest kind of a picture. A wide bay of the bluest of water, a city sloping up its banks, with churches and spires and white palaces shining in the clear light, and behind it a huge mountain clad with vines, and verdure at its foot, its head wrapped in flame and smoke; and even as Lily looked, a fiery river crept down its rugged sides.

"That is my old home," said the goblin. "Mine, and that of hundreds like me. But I have not lived there for ages; long before that beautiful city was built."

"What an old man you must be," said Lily. "I wish you'd please show me some more."

There was a little stone altar in a field, now, in the picture which spread itself before Lily. A kid had been killed and laid upon it, and, as the smoke arose, fire ascended from the sacrifice.

Lily saw two men striving together, and presently one fell upon the ground, and the other fled away, with a terrible countenance.

"It is Cain and Abel," said the Fire Spirit, sighing. "I was there. See here!"

There was now a great temple in the midst of the flame picture, and other altars, and priests in gorgeous vestments were burning the sacrifice, while others chanted the service to the Most High.

"Yes, I was there, too," said the little man, in answer to Lily's look of inquiry. "And here, too."

And then still another altar, and still other priests, and still another sacrifice; but here was no temple, only a splendid oak grove; and the white-robed priests were crowned with mistletoe, and a ghastly shape lay on the altar, over which strange songs and services were chanted. Lily covered her face.

"And here, too," continued the mournful voice. And the vailing smoke parted, and showed the open market place, with stakes and faggots, and a doleful procession of pale but steadfast-looking men and women, clad in horribly fantastic dresses, walking steadily along to their fiery death. And here, too, were priests, and crosses, and chantings.

"I could not help it," the sad voice went on. "I could only shorten their pain, and I did that poor service, and their pure souls went up to God, who judges differently from men."

"Don't show me any more such pictures!" cried Lily. "I hear a strange music, like the hymns in church."

"It is the song of the Martyrs. They sang in those flames, which, thank heaven, have now died out forever. Men do not now burn each other for a difference in names. See what they did where they had never heard of Christ. See! this is the great Yule Feast."

Lily saw, as the smoke parted, a vast hall, in the center of which stood a table loaded with huge joints of meat, smoking hot, great loaves of bread, and fantastic

pastries; and in the wide chimney, which was almost like a cavern, the blazing logs roared and snapped, and sent up volumes of smoke and flame, lighting up the great chamber with a red and fitful glare; while stout men in armor, with heavy beards, carved and ate with savage-looking knives, and drank the foaming ale from deep drinking horns, which could not be laid aside until they were emptied, and roared out, in voices that sounded like the blowing of a nor'wester, songs of Odin and Woden, and the joys of heroes who had died in battle, and had been transported to Valhalla, to be served and attended by the golden-haired Valkynies.

"What is this awful song they sing?" asked Lily, shuddering. "It sounds like a storm blowing through the trees. And who are Odin and Woden? and what is Valhalla?"

"It is the heaven of a savage and warlike people, who knew nothing of Christ; and Odin and Woden are the gods they believed in, in what some call the 'Good old times.' The bad old times! the savagely-wicked, vile, old times!" And as he spoke, the little man gesticulated so violently and fiercely, that he came near falling over backward into the fire again. "But I have been there, too. I helped to burn the last Yule log. Shall I show you a burning city, now?"

"O no, no!" cried Lily; "please don't!"

"Nor a ship on fire?"

"No, no! surely not!"

"Then look here," said the little man, smiling. "Isn't this better than the Yule Feast and the drinking songs? I could show you many others; but look here!"

Another vast hall, set with tables filled with good cheer, and walls draped with spruce and hemlock and cedar. But, instead of savage songs, there were hymns of praise to Christ; instead of mailed warriors with their wild beards, there were crowds of little children, all comfortably and warmly clad, and kind-hearted Christian friends were helping to serve them at the tables, and the great Christmas tree bore wonderful fruits, and for every child there was a gift.

"These are orphans," said the little man; "orphans that Charity herself shudders at when first found. These friends have gone into the highways and byways and hedges, and compelled them to come in; even into the crowded tenement houses, where fathers and mothers forget their children in drunkenness and vice, until God put it into the hearts of Christians to care for them. I was there, too! I helped cook the dinner! I warmed and lighted the room. I helped light up the Christmas tree. I saw the girls hug their dolls, and the boys rejoice over their jackknives and tops. I romped and roared in the furnace down cellar awhile, but I had to get up into the chandeliers, presently, and there I saw it all."

"It must be the Howard Mission!" cried Lily, clapping her hands, as the pleasant scene faded away.

O, if I were to write a week, I couldn't tell you of all that the Fire Spirit showed Lily, of pleasant Thanksgiving dinners, with whole families, from grandpa's white

head down to the new baby, winking and blinking on its mother's lap, and the cheery fires winking and blinking back again; of plays at Blind Man's Buff, and all sorts of merry doings; of a fireside and a group, which Lily recognized as her dear grandpa's parlor, and the tired, curly head nestling under his white beard, as her own little, rosy self.

Then there was a dark, cold, cheerless room; low, dingy, and only tolerably neat; for how can a room be neat, with six little children in it, and mother gone all day? It was dark, too, for they had no candle, and no fire, either. Presently a poor, little woman came in, and then such a shout of complaints and cries of hunger! yet, after all, they were so glad to see her that they could hardly be controlled. And all for a brown loaf and a dip candle! Fire was out of the question, for that night, at least.

A knock at the door. Nobody but a lady. Somebody who wants Maggie to wash, I suppose. Not at all. A lady and a boy; and the boy rolls in a big wheelbarrow, full of wood; and out of her basket the lady lays a fat goose, with bread, onions, potatoes, and a big cake, with sugar on it, for the delicate, little Nora.

"Why, it's Maggie, our washerwoman!" cried Lily; "and that's grandma. I know her velvet hood with fur trimming. And that's Pete, our boy."

"That's what will happen to-morrow," said the goblin, performing more feats than Blondin. "I shall be there! I shall be there! A Happy New Year to you all!" and with a parting somersault he vaulted into the center of the glowing coals.

"I declare, if here isn't Lily!" exclaimed Aunt Lucy, as she lifted the child from the rug. "Why didn't you go to bed, child? You might have been burnt to death, here."

"Where is the little man?" asked Lily, rubbing her eyes. "I'm sure he jumped into the fire."

"And now, Pinky, you must jump into bed; and to-morrow—"

And, to-morrow, the little girl crept into grandma's bed, and told her all of her wonderful vision, before she was up.

"And now, grandma, let me go with you when you take the goose to Maggie?"

Grandma smiled, and promised. After breakfast, Lily put on her gray basque and squirrel furs and her little hat, and took her own little purse, out of which she purchased several pairs of woolen stockings and mittens, (shoes were beyond its depth); and Pete went ahead with the wood, so that when Lily and grandma got to Maggie's house, it was all warm and nice, and the poor, little, cold toes and fingers thanked Lily so heartily. And Lily could almost have declared that she saw her little, brown friend, with his red coat and yellow, pointed cap, nod and grin and bow to her, through a crack in the stove.

And if you could only have seen those six poor children sit around that fire, and rush around that room, with all their new possessions, and if you could only just have heard that goose hiss in her own gravy, and only just have smelt those

savory onions, (we all like them, only we hate to own it,) and seen how grateful poor Maggie was to Lily and her grandmother, you would have agreed with me, that the little Fire Spirit has seen few pleasanter sights than this one, and that Lily has seldom had so happy a New Year's Day.

Aunt Laura.

*Note.*—Aunt Laura wrote this story for *The Little Corporal* several months ago, but we have saved it for the December number, because we want *The Corporal's* children always to remember, at Christmas and New Year's times, what the Fire Spirit showed to Lily, and try to do as Lily did.—Editor.

## DECEMBER.

The squirrel has made up his winter bed,  
And in it is snugly lying;  
The chestnuts have ceased to drop overhead,  
The ducks have sailed by with wings outspread,  
The clouds are all painted in purple and red,  
And the autumn in glory is dying.

Hurrah for the winter! down from the sky  
Comes the snow, in a noiseless hurry;  
O the snow does so much, so quietly!  
And the bells they jingle, the sleighs they fly;  
The skaters shout when the moon is high;  
And the stars look surprised at the flurry.

Who says that Winter is grim and old?  
He's a royal, merry, good fellow!  
What games are like his, so gay and bold?  
What stories like his were ever told?  
His nuts—they are worth their weight in gold;  
His apples are choice and mellow.

Have out the mittens! put up the ball!  
See that the mufflers are ready!  
Get down the sled from its nail on the wall;  
Sharpen the skates for fear of a fall;  
The river is frozen! will soon be the call;  
And then, who will think to be steady?

Then give him welcome! bid him draw near;  
Enwreathed with pine and with holly,  
He brings you presents—he brings you good cheer;  
'Tis in fun that he slyly nips your ear!  
He freezes your nose to make it look queer;  
For Winter is good, and is jolly.

Sydney E. Holmes.

## LITTLE WILLIE.

Some years ago, a little dark-eyed orphan boy came to my house, to stay a few weeks. There was a little, puny kitten about the house, continually poking its nose into places forbidden, and thereby calling down upon its head the wrath of the housekeeper. Several times, it had been sent whirling through the window or door into the yard. One day, when it had been thus treated, Willie beheld the scene. He took the kitten up in his arms, stroking its back tenderly, and came into the house. His dark eyes were full of tears. Pity and indignation mingled in his tremulous tones, when he said, "You must be kind to the little kitten now, for it hasn't got any mother!"

Later in the evening, Willie lay asleep on the carpet, in one hand a knife, and in the other a half-eaten apple. Directly the little kitten came in, and went whining around, until it saw Willie, when, without delay, it ceased its piteous mewing, crawled up close to his bosom, and went to sleep, too.

Mary Fletcher Beavers.

## THE CHICKEN LITTLE STORIES.

### NO. IV.—THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF.

Chicken Little was a picture, sitting on the floor by the window, with the stereoscope—"the thing 'at you look fru," she calls it—in her hand, and the pictures scattered about her.

Now some of the children think that I have been "making up" Chicken Little, and that there is no such a being. A few weeks ago, after I had been talking to a great church full of people, in Jacksonville, Illinois, there came up to me a very sweet, little girl.

"Do you write stories in THE LITTLE CORPORAL?" she asked.

When I told her I did, she looked up, and asked, earnestly, "well, is there any real, live Chicken Little?"

Now there may be others of the great army of THE LITTLE CORPORAL that want to know whether there is any "real, live Chicken Little." I tell you there is. If you could see her merry, mischievous face; if you could see her when she stands up on my shoulders like a monkey; if you had heard her, yesterday, explain that God could see in the stove when all the doors were shut; if you could see how she always manages to do what you don't want her to do, and then find a good excuse for it afterwards; you would think there was "a real, live Chicken Little." If you could have seen the old, funny twinkle in her eyes, when I found her with the stereoscope, you would have thought she was a real, live Chicken, sure enough.

"Now, then, you've got to tell me a story," she said.

"Got to" don't tell stories."

"Well, please tell me one, then."

"Yes," said Sunbeam, peeping in, "about the Great Panjandrum himself."

"Ah! you little mink," I said, "how did you get hold of my secret?"

"Why, I knew it all the time." Now, you see, the case was this: I did not know that the children understood where I got the names of the Garuly and the Joblily, and the Pickaninny from. But Sunbeam, who dips a little here and there into a great many books, and who never forgets anything she hears, had, somehow gotten hold of my secret. It was this. There was a man who could repeat whatever he read once. One of his friends undertook to write something that he could not remember. So he wrote nonsense, and the man with the long memory failed to remember it. The nonsense, which I read when I was a boy, is, if I remember it rightly, as follows:

"She went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie; and a great she bear coming down the street thrust its head into the shop. 'What, no Soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present the Garulies, and the Joblilies, and the Pickaninnies, and the Great Panjandrum himself, with his little, round button-at-the-top; and they all fell to playing the game of 'Catch-as-catch-can,' till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."



Now you see where the Garulies and the Joblilies and the Pickaninnies came from. And that's why the children thought the next story should be about the Great Panjandrum. And so I began:

I was wandering, one day, in the Land of Nod in that part of it known as the State of Dreams, and in the County of Sleep, and in Doze township, not far from the village of Shutetown, in Sleepy Hollow, where stands the Church of the Seven Sleepers, on the corner of Snoring Lane and Sluggard Avenue, near Slumber Hall owned by the Independent Association of Sleepy-headed Nincompops.

"What a place!" said Fairy.

Well, as I was going to say, I was walking through Sleepy Hollow, when I met some children.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"We want to find a four-leaved clover and a beetle with one eye," said one of them. "For if we can find them, we shall be able to get into the Great Panjandrum's place, and there we can learn whether there is a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, or not."

Now, I was seized with a great desire to see the illustrious Panjandrum for myself, and to know what he had to say of that wonderful bag of gold, that was to be found at the place where the rainbow touched the ground. And so I fell to work with the happy boys and girls, looking for a one-eyed beetle and a four-leaved clover. The clover we soon found, but it was a long time before we got the beetle. At last we came to a log on which two of that sort of beetles that children call "pinch-bugs," were fighting. Whether they were prize fighters, engaged in a combat for one thousand dollars a side, or whether they were fighting a duel about some affair of honor, I do not know; but I did notice that they fought most brutally, scratching away savagely on each other's hard shells, without doing a great deal of damage, however. But one of them had lost one eye in the fight, and so we seized him and made off leaving the other to snap his tongs together in anger because he had nobody to pinch. It must be a dreadful thing to want to hurt somebody and have nobody to hurt.

When we had gone some distance, we came to a gate that had a very curious sign over it. It read, "THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF." There was a Garuly with a club standing by the gate, and a Pickaninny, in a blue coat, with a long tail, hopping around on top of it. We showed the one-eyed beetle and the four-leaved clover, and the Garuly immediately hit the gate a ringing blow with his club, and shouted, "Beetle! beetle! beetle!" in a wonderfully sharp and squeaking voice, while the Pickaninny on top jerked a little bell rope, and sung out "Clover." Then we could see through the gate a Joblily lifting his head up out of a pond, inside the enclosure.

"How many eyes?" he asked.

"One," said the Garuly.

"How many leaves?" he said, again.

"Four," returned the Pickaninny.

"Then let them in that they may see The Great Panjandrum himself, and learn whether there be a bag of gold at the end

of the rainbow." Saying this, the Joblily went under the water and the gate opened.

We passed three gates, that were opened in the same manner, and found ourselves in front of a queer, old house, with seventy-seven gables and ever so many doors, and over every door was written, "THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF." There was a great bustle about the place, dried-up Garulies running around, dandy-looking Pickaninnies hopping about, and Joblilies swimming in the lake. We asked what it all meant, and were told that "She was going to marry the barber;" and then they all tittered, and we could not for the life of us tell what it all meant. When we told a Garuly that we wanted to see the Great Panjandrum himself, and to find out whether there was a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, he took our one-eyed beetle, and gave the four-leaved clover to a Pickaninny. Together they took them into the house, and a Joblily came out in a moment to tell us that the Great Panjandrum was having his little, round button-at-the-top brushed up, and that if we chose we could wait for him in the museum.

The museum was a queer place. It was just inside the seventy-seventh gable of the house. There was an old Garuly who acted as showman. We first stopped before a cage that contained a crazy mouse.

"This," said the showman, "is the mouse that ran up the clock. Just as he got up there, the clock struck one, and though the poor fellow ran back again, he has never been right since. This long, slender cow, that you see, has a great taste for music. She is the one that jumped over the moon when the cat played the fiddle. The cat has never been allowed to play since. This is the little dog that laughed on that occasion. He was so much amused that he has never been able to get his face straight since. In this pot you see some of the cold plum porridge, with the eating of which the man in the South burnt his mouth. Here is a portrait of the man in the moon, taken when he came down too soon to inquire the way to Norwich. In one of the other gables of this house I can show you Mother Goose's cap frill. And here is the arrow with which Cock Robin was cruelly murdered by the sparrow. This is the original and genuine arrow, all others are humbugs. This is the bone that Mother Hubbard went to look for, but failed to find. Here are the skates on which the

Three boys went a skating  
All on a summer's day;  
They all fell in,  
And the rest ran away.

And here is the skin of the wolf that Little Red Ridinghood met in the woods."

I was just going to inquire of him which was the true version of that story, whether the wolf really ate Little Red Ridinghood up, or whether she ate the wolf; but before I got a chance, a Joblily came in to say that the Great Panjandrum Himself was coming, and soon the queerest little, old, round, fat man came in, puffing like a porpoise, and rolling from side to side as he walked. His hair looked like

sea grass and was partly covered by a queer concern, nothing less than the celebrated "little round button-at-the-top."

"And so you want to see whether there is really a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, do you? well, I'll show you, though I haven't much time, for he died last week and she very imprudently intends to marry the barber."

This is what the Panjandrum said, and we never could tell who "she" was, nor, indeed, whom he meant by the barber.

"Pickaninnies, bring out the wonderful Pantoscopton, and let them see."

The wonderful Pantoscopton was brought out, and we were allowed to look in it.

#### THE FIRST RAINBOW.

I looked into one of the "peep holes," and I seemed to see a rainbow a long way off. Over the top of it was written "Wealth." I saw a boy running after it. I looked, and the picture, which was a dissolving view, faded away, and there came another, which showed me an old man, sick with the world, just ready to die and hating the gold he had gathered. And I saw then that the gold he had gathered was not gold to him.

#### THE SECOND RAINBOW.

In the next place, I saw another rainbow. Over the top was written "Eat and be merry." I saw ruddy-faced children seeking the gold at the end of it. Then the rainbow faded away, and I saw the same children, with faltering steps and sunken eyes, beaten upon by the pitiless storm, and finally swept away by a flood; and I knew there was no gold at the end of that rainbow.

#### THE THIRD RAINBOW.

Under the third rainbow I saw a beggar. Over the top of the arch was written "Trust God and do good." The beggar was very poor and very sick, but his eyes were always fixed upon the bow, which was exceedingly beautiful, and which seemed to him a bow of promise indeed. Out of the rainbow, at last, came three-score white-winged beings, and caught up the beggar and bore him to Paradise, and we saw then that there was gold at the end of that rainbow.

The Great Panjandrum himself, with his little, round button-at-the-top, was just about to show us a fourth view in the wonderful Pantoscopton, when a Garuly came in to say that the she-bear had brought the soap, and that the barber was waiting. The Great Panjandrum, in a great state of excitement, hurried away from us, and we, not knowing what else to do, stood looking at each other. Just then a Joblily went by with a cabbage leaf.

"What is that?" asked one of the little girls of our party.

"A cabbage leaf to make an apple pie," he replied without looking around.

Presently a Pickaninny came hurrying by with a small keg in his hands.

"What is that?" asked the same curious little girl.

"Gunpowder for the heels of their boots," he answered and went on.

And a spark of fire from one of the

seventy-seven chimneys fell into the keg, and there was a frightful explosion, blowing up the house and scattering the museum; and the last I saw was the barber and the great she-bear falling into the lake.

"What made 'em burst up so bad?" said the Small Chick.

"Gunpowder, of course," said Fairy.  
*Edward Eggleston.*

### "WHAT IS THE USE?"

This is a favorite question with boys and girls, at school: "What is the use in studying Latin?" "What is the use in writing compositions and learning poetry?"

Now, my answer depends very much upon *how* you ask the question. If you have been lounging on your elbows and gaping around the schoolroom half the morning, then come whining up to me, looking as if you had the colic in your face, with "Mr. Skinem, what's the use in my learning this fine print?" I should send you whizzing back to your seat, and tell you that there was not much use in your knowing anything. You can drone and whine, and eat three meals a day, when some one else earns them, and sleep well nights, without knowing anything. Any well-conducted idiot can do that, and I presume you can.

But, if you are an earnest, working boy or girl, and ask for information, because you really do not see whither your school training is tending, and how it is going to increase your working capital in life, I should not send you away. I would draw you nearer, and with your bright eyes flashing their young fire into my old, dull ones, I should tell you, in the first place, that the actual knowledge you acquire by study is a good deal; and, in the second place, the habit of doing well what you are set to do, and not flinching from it or sneaking out of it, is worth a great deal more than the knowledge; and, thirdly, that regular mental discipline gives you an immense vantage ground in the battle of life. You know the raw recruits of an army require much stern military discipline before they are ready for work. So Reason, Memory, Judgment, Imagination, Power of Expression, are your raw recruits in the way of mental forces. They must be drilled, trained, cultured, and made to work in the harness and to obey orders; and then, when you come to the grand set to of life, the commander-in-chief—that's *you*, of course—will find a band of tried veterans, upon whom you can rely; who will not flinch or fall into confusion; and if you are on the right side you shall write on your banner "VICTORY FOREVER!" *J. Skinem.*

**ETIQUETTE OF STAIRS.**—There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. In going up stairs, gentlemen go before the ladies; in coming down, the lady goes first. In Mr. Stewart's great New York store, a clerk who violates this rule is subjected to a fine. *J. S.*

"Deeds of violence inevitably place the one who does them morally below the one who suffers them."

### THE LITTLE ARMIES.

There are two little armies,  
On the world's great battle-field;  
Though unnoted oft by mortals,  
To the eyes of God revealed.  
Though we hear no shouts of triumph,  
Though we see no fearful fray,  
Those little armies battle  
For the Right, or Wrong, each day;  
The Right, or Wrong, each day.

They *must* fight; no ground is neutral;  
And I watch the sides they take;  
One little army chooses  
To fight for Truth's dear sake;  
The banner floating o'er it  
Rises grandly up to view;  
And I read this glorious motto:  
"Fighting for the Good and True,  
The Beautiful and True."

How brave, that little army;  
What a halo o'er it shines!  
And even angels welcome  
Every soldier to its lines;  
How sweet the stirring music  
Of the tramp of little feet,  
That in God's holy highway,  
Swiftly onward, upward beat;  
Onward, and upward beat.

Alas! the other army,  
'Neath a gloomy flag unfurled,  
Marches with the ranks of evil;  
Treads the dark ways of the world;  
Not for the True, and Beautiful,  
Does it grow brave and strong;  
For lo! upon its banner  
I read, "Fighting for the Wrong;  
Old, surly-hearted Wrong."

*Mary Fletcher Beavers.*

### JENNIE'S MEMORY STRING.

"Button, Button—who's got the Button!"

Have *you* got a Memory String?

Nearly every child has one in this part of the country; even little ones that cannot speak plain want to have a "*tarm-ting*;" and one little boy has been wearing a string of empty spools, and calls it a "mem-bry string."

Perhaps you are not fashionable enough to understand it, or the fever may not have raged where you live; for not long ago, at a hotel at Cape May, a little girl from a great eastern city thought it very strange that a child from Kentucky wore a queer ornament, a heavy string of buttons around her neck. It was soon explained that those buttons were all gifts of love, strung together in a "dear, precious, memory string."

"O, you must have one," said she; "all the girls do. I will give you some to begin. Just ask all your friends for a button, and you'll soon have a memory string."

So, over Miss Ky.'s buttons they declared everlasting love, and Miss Ky. sent Miss Phila. some, all the way from home, and by this time Miss Phila. is wearing her memory string, and all the girls in her *set* are getting one, too. You must not suppose that it is made of such buttons as your mother lets your three-year-old brother string to keep him quiet. None of your porcelain buttons, nor agates; there would be no charm in anything so plain; the

brightest and handsomest are required. The only one we ever saw that did any *real* good, was Jennie's memory string; though we have heard of one more.

We always knew they were called "charm strings," and the children said the charm would be, if they could get nine-hundred and ninety-nine; though Jennie's was a real charm string, and it had only *seventy* buttons. But we learned from THE LITTLE CORPORAL, (and he can always teach you something,) that a little girl said it was a charm to be worn on the neck, so if you were tempted to be angry, you must stop and count the buttons, and that would charm away your anger. Perhaps so—but we know of one girl who has over a thousand buttons; and a girl in St. Louis has a string with twelve hundred on it. Don't you think their anger would cool if they should count them over? Since we knew about Jennie's memory string, we never see one without wishing every button was a brick, or a plank, or even a nail. Not hanging on the dear necks; O no, but in value.

On this street is a Mission Sunday School, where, in a miserable, rented room, nearly a hundred people are crowded every Sunday. For three years they have wanted to build a house; but where was the money?

Every Saturday, some good ladies meet together and have a ragged school, where they teach poor girls to sew, and then give them the garments they help to make. On Sundays, they gather in these ragged, street children, and teach them the way to heaven. These schools have been meeting about, wherever they could find a place. But the good people want to build a house, to be a depot of supplies, as well as a school-house and chapel. How the angels would look on and rejoice; and He who said, "Naked and ye clothed me," would come and bestow His blessing.

We do need these houses; but where is the money? Around the children's necks; for the amount paid for buttons would have built two such houses.

"A house out of button money! No, indeed!" did you say? We said they were dear, precious buttons; we can prove it. There is one girl who kept asking her father for buttons. What did he know about buttons? He built steamboats, and knew more about ropes and iron chains and boilers. So he gave her *forty dollars*, and told her to *buy* a memory string, if she wanted it. She spent it all; and through the hot summer, when she thought a heavy dress was torture, she wore across her shoulders and neck several pounds of buttons, and was happy.

Another girl said she wanted, for her birthday gift, only buttons; and on her twelfth birthday, received twelve dozen buttons of the costliest kind. Many that are worn are like an acorn in a cup, made to open, and have a picture on the inner side; and sometimes devoted friends have had gold ones made.

Jennie's memory string had no such buttons, nor did it come by buying two or three dozen at a time. She had been getting it for weeks, until just at the beginning of spring it had *seventy* buttons on it. One Sunday afternoon, Jenny went to the "Children's Church," and, instead of

the usual sermon by the pastor, a lady addressed the children. She came to ask for help for the starving orphans of Mississippi. You, who were never hungry in your lives, do not know what that means; but they were *starving*. An asylum had been opened at Lauderdale, where there were then five hundred orphans, most of whose fathers had been killed during the war. Some of them had mothers who were too poor to feed them, and, every day, ragged, wretched women were coming there and begging them to take in the children before they died of starvation. Mrs. Reed begged for clothing, but most urgently for money to buy bread, and that quickly, for they were dying of hunger every day.

Jennie's heart was full of pity, but she knew, what some grown people forget, that pity and tears alone cannot help. Jennie loves the Union as truly as THE LITTLE CORPORAL, or anybody else; but whatever their fathers did in that dreadful war, these poor children were innocent. And she had learned, too, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him;" and she resolved to do. But what? Even her mother did not know how hard Jennie was studying to do some real good. She went to her Sunday-school superintendent, and talked it over; and the result was this letter to Mrs. Reed, which tells the whole story:

*Dear Mrs. Reed:* A little friend of mine, who has heard your appeals for the orphans, is trying to do all she can to relieve their suffering. She has collected all the clothing she could, and has given all her own spending money. Her busy, little mind has been hard at work to find out how she could most quickly, by some work of industry, or some act of self-denial, realize something more.

But what could she do? She is not very old, scarcely nine years—what could she give? Next to her precious Bible, she has one treasure—it is her "memory string." Perhaps those who deal in stocks and bonds do not know how dear to the heart of a little girl is such a memory string. How she loves every button on it. The darling little hands have fondled and fingered every one with the devotion of a young nun counting her beads. And this is *such* a beauty—it has bright buttons of gilt and silver, medallions with Roman heads, cut glass, jet and crystal, emerald, topaz, and ruby color, all gifts from loving hearts. But with it around her neck, looking admiringly on it, the tears fell, when she remembered the children in this same land crying for bread. Oh! joyfully she gives her treasure to relieve their sorrows. She sends it to you, feeling that you can sell it to better advantage than anyone else. Surely, some one will buy. The tears that fell on it make it a necklace of gems; the love which hallows it makes it a chain of jewels. Will not some rich parent buy it for a large price, to teach some child of wealth a lesson of self-sacrifice and true benevolence? May the blessing of heaven rest on the gift, and carry plenty and peace to the dear children for whom you plead; and through your labors may a future life reveal to us many a holy gift of self-denial, and many chains of sacred memories.

Truly yours,

Mrs. Reed took the memory string to the schools; she told the story to the children. See what one good example can do. They brought toys and balls, knives and marbles, to send to the children whose lives are so sad. In the public school where Jennie goes, they gave twenty-three hundred garments, and several hundred dollars in money. That string of bright buttons seems, somehow, to have unbuttoned the purses wherever it went.

Mrs. Reed declared she never could part with it; it should be a gift to the orphan children, and hang upon the wall of some room at the asylum.

The very day it was given, a gentleman offered her five dollars for it. She sold it, because he promised to give it back as a present to the orphans; and so it has been

sold over and over again. Through several States she has carried the string, and told the story. One evening, when she was making an address, she held up the glittering string in the bright light, and asked the children present to come up and lay five cents on the table by it. Nearly all the children did so, and several gentlemen put down each a five dollar bill, making, in all, one hundred and thirty dollars that evening. The last time we heard from the string, it had brought *four hundred and eighty dollars!* How many loaves of bread would that buy, at five cents a loaf?

Besides the food it has given to those hungry orphans, who can ever tell the many acts of loving charity that have already come and will come from this sweet example.

A gentleman in New York had the little girl's name and the facts printed in gold letters, and put in a frame, to be hung upon the wall in the asylum, beside the memory string.

We send it to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, that all the vast army who are learning to love and to *do* all that is "good, and true, and beautiful," may learn a lesson from Jennie's memory string. In that moment, when the true and the good in her heart whispered to her to *give it up*, she little dreamed of all it would accomplish. But the blessing of Him who "maketh rich" went with it. So will that blessing follow every such act, though it may not be written in letters of gold in a shining frame, nor be heralded from east to west in print. The best deeds are often unseen and unknown in the world; but if they should be praised, do not let one breath of pride tarnish the bright record; rather let a deep spirit of thankfulness make your heart glow, if you have helped others in the right way.

Do you know that you are every day really making enduring "memory strings?" Pure thoughts, kind actions, gentle words, little self-denials, a few steps for mother, a kind word for brother or sister, a smile or flower for the sick, a tear for the sorrowing; all these twine precious but unseen memories in the hearts of others, that will stretch out far beyond this life. These are the *golden* moments and hours, such as watching angels love to string and bear away to the sunlight of heaven. Will *you* strive to weave and wear such memory strings, day by day? Sometime we shall see them, not in the perishing, gold letters of earth, but on an everlasting page, we shall find them all written before Him "in the day when He makes up His jewels."

Faith Latimer.

Beware, my dear children, how you give utterance to unkind words. Although at first they may seem of little moment, yet they wound deeply; and if the wound is healed by time, a drop of poison is apt to linger in the scar, and this little drop will almost surely return its virus, at sometime, and in some way, to him who first caused the wound. "O how mean I feel!" said a little boy, one day, "for speaking unkindly to little Joe. He's always so good to me!" Never, then, be the cause of "feeling mean" by using unkind words.

## BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure that you don't forget;  
The dear, little, dimpled darling!  
She never saw Christmas yet.  
But I've told her all about it,  
And she opened her big, blue eyes,  
And I'm sure she understood me,  
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear! what a tiny stocking!  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold.  
But then for the baby's Christmas  
It never will do at all;  
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking  
For anything *half* so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby;  
I've thought of the very best plan,  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma;  
The longest that ever I can,  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner—so.  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here;  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year;  
But she's just the blessedest baby,  
And now, before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies  
From the top clear down to the toe."  
Emily Huntington Miller.

## EARLY TIMES IN OHIO.

### NUMBER IV.—KILLING THE PANTHER.

One cold, frosty night in December of 1788, about a week before Uncle D. and mother and the children were looked for, the boys were awakened by Pife's low and frightful growl. They were very tired, for they had been piling and burning brush all day. They hoped to finish burning their brush heaps next day, and begin grubbing. They wanted to get all done they could before the grand freeze-up for winter, as the cold weather that year had not yet set in.

Will was the first to bound to the floor.

"Hurrah! Lu; there's something more than common afoot to-night. Pife's back is up, and every hair stands on end. No skunk or possum this time."

Pife turned his head half way around, laid his left ear back, licked his broad chops, and showed his long, white teeth as never before. While the boys were dressing, he walked to and fro, jerking his stump of a tail with awful ferocity, every now and then giving almost a yell of defiance, and seeming to hurry up the boys.

"Now, Will, what are we to do? Sam and Jesse and the old folks, and all the dogs, have gone to Marietta, to-day, in the canoe, to bring down the new comers from Connecticut."

"If it's a bear, we're in a bad fix, and no mistake. Pife might drive him up a tree, and maybe keep him till morning; but then he might tree us, in the dark."

"Wolves would run. 'Tain't wolves. That's not his growl for wolves."

Just then Pife made a beseeching moan

to be let out. Already the burning hickory made the cabin as light as day. Lu opened the door, and Pife bounded out, ten feet at a jump, in a direct line to the great walnut that shaded the pigpen, in which there slept cozily a faithful, old mother, with nine half-grown shoats.

All the way from New Hampshire she had followed the cart, and a precious animal she was to the settlers. They dared not let her out in the woods, lest they never should see her again. Will and Lu had erected for her a palace of a home, surrounded by a brush fence ten feet high, with a bedroom, and a deep bunk of dried leaves between two logs, and a dining room, which Mrs. Hog kept as neat as a pin, and an outer room, that sloped down the bank and took in the stream just below the spring, where her ladyship had made herself a comfortable bath room. Over all this hung the great walnut tree, that showered down for her its abundant harvest during the autumn days.

"Something after old Spot," said Will.

"Something shan't have her," said Lu, "if I fight a bear on my own hook."

"It's up the walnut. Listen how old Pife raves. It's something awful, Lu."

"Well, something awful or me has got to suffer. Tain't going to have them pigs. I didn't drive that old sow over the Alleghanies to have her eaten up by a wildcat."

By this time they were all ready to sally out.

"Is the gun loaded?"

"Yes, prime. I did it the last thing before I went to bed."

"Well, are you afraid? We must carry a steady hand to-night. Something more than common in that old walnut. Never knew Pife so awful before."

"Don't know as I'm afraid, Lu; but I feel kind of cold about the heart. How can a fellow help it, here in the woods alone?"

"O pshaw! spunk up. When a chap isn't afraid, he can always do a great deal better. Bet it's only an old coon, with her young one at her tail."

In the meantime the boys were carefully making their way toward the tree. Pife came bounding from one side to the other, like a dog bewitched. The boys called to him, but he would not heed. Back and forth, around and about he flew. The night was moonless, heavy clouds hung about the horizon, while a patch of clear starlight, over the tree, blinded instead of helping them.

Carefully they made their way, straining their eyes to see among the bare limbs what it could be that made the dog so furious. Step by step they approached, until they stood almost under the limbs of the walnut, and yet could see nothing. Pife seemed desperate, and all at once bounded back two or three rods beyond them, to the foot of a sapling, and began to call their attention in that direction. The boys did not quite understand the movement, but hurried back, and Will fancied he saw a dark object, and cried out,

"Here's a 'possum up the mulberry, and that old fool is making all this fuss about it."

"Don't you cheat yourself," said Lu,

with a husky voice, as he drew back. "There's the creature he's after, crouched on the end of that limb. See; it's not a bear. It's none of your small game."

"Stand back," whispered Will. "Take the gun, Lu. Your hand is steadier than mine, and we must make a sure shot."

"Will, isn't that a cluster of dead leaves? It doesn't stir."

"It does stir. It's a panther, out on those limbs for a spring. Don't you remember what Nat Johnson, the scout, said? that they crawl to the outside limbs and leap down on their prey. If we wound him he will kill us. We must make sure work."

"Pife will help us. We must stand close together. Have you your knife?"

"Yes, and my club."

"Keep still. Nat said their eyes would gleam like fire. Watch for his eyes."

Silence, but not fear, crept over the boys. Will, who was not as good a marksman as Lu, had handed over the gun. A rod apart they stood, watching the dark object.

Lu raised his rifle to his shoulder, lifted its point, brought it in range with the animal, and waited. Pife came near his feet, and seemed urging him further away. All at once there was a motion. The black spot seemed elevating itself, as if the creature was gathering up for a spring, and the glitter of the eyes, brought below the shadow of the back and glowing directly upon him, told Lu where to aim.

Crack! went the rifle. In the same instant a heavy substance bounded down within two feet of him. Lu sprang out of reach, and Pife attacked the wounded animal. A terrible fight ensued. It was too dark to see what the creature was. The bulk seemed enormous. Lu loaded at once, shouting to Will, who sprang toward the combatants,

"Don't go near!"

"Pife will be killed."

"Better Pife than you."

But before the boys had time to decide what had better be done, the scuffle ended, and the great creature lay stretched out, still and breathless. Pife drew off, limping and whining pitifully. The boys brought a torch from the house and applied it to a brush heap. Soon the whole scene was aglow with light. Cautiously Will approached the enemy, and stirred him with a long pole, to see if he were really dead, while Lu stood ready, if he moved, to give him another greeting with his rifle.

There seemed no sign of life, and they approached and found that they had really killed a huge panther, that had been the terror of the settlement since their first arrival. He was a monster; and, telling Pife to watch him, after they had dispatched the 'possum in the mulberry sapling, they went in and went to bed.

"That painter," said old Nat Johnson, (he always called them "painters," and used often to tell this story at the settler's fire over his mug of cider;) "that painter was the biggest I ever seen. I helped them two brave boys to skin him the next week. They hung him up on the gable log and let him freeze, and kept him there, a terror to all varmints, till father and mother came. Lu's rifle took him right between the eyes.

Two seconds more, and he'd a-sprung on one or t'other of 'em. He was all ready, or Lu would never have seen his fiery eyes. Just when he threw his head down to see, and brought his legs up under him for the jump, Lu shot, and saved himself. He measured nine feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail.

"You see, the old varmint had gone up there to leap down into the pigpen. She couldn't climb over, for them boys was smart, and had made the brush fence to lean outward; and even a painter can't climb with its back down, so his only way was to climb the walnut, you see.

"Ah! but old Pife was cunning. If he'd a-stood still one second to bark, the painter would have been down on him; but the old fellow humped it lively. You ought to have seen the ground the next day. It was torn up, as if it had been dug with a mattock, for a rod around."

And old Nat would lift his brown mug, take a long swig, and declare that there was "fun in them days."

"Such things was worth living for, and there was more courage and pluck in them two boys of Uncle D.'s than would stock a hull college of youngsters in these days."

The first of January was made joyful by the return of Uncle D. and his wife, and all the boys and the baby sister, and half a dozen families, that his glowing descriptions of soil, climate, and productions had tempted with him into the wilderness.

Mary's eyes filled with tears and her heart with gratitude to God, when she saw that great panther, stretched beneath the end of the ridge pole of the cabin which was now to be her home.

Her brave heart almost quailed at the dangers about her, as the boys told their stories of the panther and their loss by the Indians, which, to her mother's thought, as she looked at the little ones clustered about her, seemed the more terrible of the two.

"Phoo! phoo! mother, the Indians won't hurt us. Don't borrow any trouble on that score. They may steal our shirts and blankets now and then, as they float down the Ohio in their canoes; but we'll look out for them, treat them kindly, and they'll not trouble us."

Thus far the Indians had been rarely seen. No parties had yet come down from the lakes and made their encampments near the settlements. New families were arriving every few days, and adding strength to the white forces; and a feeling of security and peace crept into the hearts of the pioneers.

*Grandma Gage.*

Emerson B. is now a thoughtful, intelligent boy of thirteen years; a reader and lover of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. When only three years of age, noticing it snow for the first time, he exclaimed, "O mudder! de salt is spillin' all over de ground." Observing it snow the second time, he said "It's saltin' agin, mudder." M. F. B.

Right and Justice are always on the winning side. This is as sure as the truth of God.

*Private Little.*

## THE

## RHYME OF LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD.

Founded on the popular Legend, and W. H. Beard's  
Painting now in the possession of Alfred L. Sewell,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

## I.

Fast by a sombre forest stood,  
With rough, brown walls and oaken floor,  
And ivy clambering o'er the door,  
The cottage of Red Ridinghood.

## II.

"Put on thy hood," the mother said,  
"And take the little butter jar  
And basket full of goodies rare  
To grandame, lying sick in bed."

## III.

"And hasten through the darksome wood,  
And tarry not upon the way;  
And when you reach the door you'll say,  
'Grandame, it is Red Ridinghood.'"

## IV.

The little maid, with merry tread,  
The welcome errand glad to do,  
Pushed back the brown curls from her brow,  
And donned the riding hood of red;

## V.

The crock of butter quickly took;  
One chubby hand the brown jar grasped,  
While one the basket handle clasped,  
As on the stones she crossed the brook.

## VI.

But when she reached the lonesome wood,  
'Neath spreading elm and gnarled oak,  
And shuddering at the raven's croak,  
Crept timid, little Ridinghood;

## VII.

And deeper still the shadows grew;  
The falling acorn made her start,  
The deepening shadows reached her heart;  
Her frightened feet the faster flew.

## VIII.

Till peering right and left she found,  
Fast by the roots of old oak tree,  
What made her hair stand up to see,  
A gloomy opening in the ground.

## IX.

Frightened, but curious still, she said,  
"I'll peep in there, and I shall know  
What 'tis that makes the oak tree grow,  
And how the roots and rocks are made."

## X.

Alas! poor, thoughtless Ridinghood!  
Did not thy careful mother say,  
"To tarry not upon the way,  
But hasten through the lonesome wood?"

## XI.

For soon from out the cave there came  
A wolf, that bowed and softly said,  
"Now, pretty miss, with hood so red,  
Where do you go? and what's your name?"

## XII.

She dropped her basket in the road,  
Her heart beat loud with fear and pain;  
She wished that she were home again,  
In the brown cottage by the wood.

## XIII.

But the were-wolf's voice was soft in sooth;  
He called her pretty, called her good;  
Asked where she was going thro' the wood;  
(The smoothest tongue hides sharpest tooth.)

## XIV.

"My name is little Red Ridinghood,"  
With quivering voice the maiden said;  
"My grandame's lying sick in bed,  
I'm going to take her something good."

## XV.

"And when I reach my grandame's home,  
'Who's there?' she'll say. I'll answer loud,  
'Grandame, your little Red Ridinghood.'  
'Then lift the latch,' she'll say, 'and come.'"

## XVI.

"Well," said the wolf, "you're young and strong,  
Here are two paths, let's run a race,  
And see which first shall reach the place;  
You take the short road, I the long."

## XVII.

'Twas a shabby trick as ever was played;  
He took the short road, gave her the long;  
And with his four legs, fleet and strong,  
The wily old rascal outran the maid.

## XVIII.

He knocked at the door of the grandame's home,  
'Who's there?' she said; he answered loud,  
'Grandame, your little Red Ridinghood.'  
'Then lift the latch,' she said, 'and come.'"

## XIX.

A little while later, and Red Ridinghood  
Came panting and puffing with basket and jar;  
The path she had taken had carried her far;  
She laughed to think she was first through the wood.

## XX.

She knocked at the door of the grandame's home,  
'Who's there?' said the wolf; she answered loud,  
'Grandame, it's little Red Ridinghood.'  
'Then lift the latch,' he said, 'and come.'"

## XXI.

Little Red Ridinghood entered the room,  
The were-wolf lay in grandame's bed,  
In grandame's feeble voice he said,  
'Put down your things, my dear, and come;

## XXII.

"Come and lie down by me," he said,  
"Lie down awhile and take a nap"—  
The wolf was wearing grandame's cap  
And spectacles on his wolfish head.

## XXIII.

Once in the bed she began to talk;  
And feeling the hideous, wolfish claws,  
Said, "Grandame, why do you have such paws?"  
"Of course, my dear, the better to walk."

## XXIV.

"And, grandame, why are your eyes so bright?  
And your nose so long?" "My nose is to smell,  
My eyes are so bright that I see quite well  
In midst of the very darkest night."

## XXV.

"And why are the teeth so sharp in your jaw?"  
"To eat you up!" And the fierce wolf stood  
Over the poor, little Ridinghood,  
Ready to tear her with teeth and paw.

## XXVI.

Just at that moment a huntsman good  
Through the window fired, and the wolf lay dead  
With cap and spectacles on his head,  
By the trembling little Red Ridinghood.

## XXVII.

And entered then the good grandame,  
Who out of the house had swiftly fled,  
As soon as the wolf put in his head,  
And hastening back with the huntsman came.

Edward Eggleston.

## CAMP BRUCE.

## A SEQUEL TO "THE BEARS' DEN."

## REMAINDER OF CHAPTER V.

"Two Bears!" exclaimed Wally; "yes, indeed. Was it you, your own self?"

"Who, the bear?" asked Jenny, laughing.  
"No, the one that—that—the bear eat up," stammered Wally, in some confusion.

"Yes," said Jenny, gravely; "it was me and my great-grandmother. We were coming home from school, and she cried because I ran away from her; and all they ever found of us was a copper-toed shoe and two thumbs of a red mitten."

"Now you're just talking nonsense. I know better'n that my own self," said Wally.

"Well, then, don't ask such foolish questions," said Robbie, "and wait till Jenny tells us about it."

"Once there were two bears that lived in a great cave in the side of a mountain—"  
"Jenny, did you know we used to live in a Bears' Den, 'fore we came here?"

"I'm not in the least surprised to hear it," said Jenny.

And Robbie added such a reproachful look to his "Now, Wally," that Wally determined nothing should tempt him into speaking again.

"These two bears spent almost all the year in sleeping; but every fall, just about the last of October, they began to rouse up."

"It's time for me to be stirring," the smallest bear would say; "I've a great deal to attend to in the next four weeks."

"It's a great deal too warm to go out yet," the other bear would say; "but if you will go, don't forget your bag."

"Then he'd curl himself up for another nap, and the little bear would strap his bag over his shoulder, and go down from the mountain."

"Bless me," he would say, "what a muss things are in, to be sure."

"So he would go to work and gather up all the dead leaves, and whisk them away into the hollows and corners, and he'd blow away all the fogs and vapors from the meadows, with his great, strong breath, and leave the air as fresh and sweet as spring. When he saw a lazy farmer, who hadn't finished taking care of his crops, he would roar in his ear, 'Take care, the Great Bear is coming!' And wherever he found an empty woodshed, he would go roaring through it, 'Lay in your wood! the Great Bear is coming.' Feeble, old people shivered when they saw him, and hurried into their houses; but strong men only nodded at him, and the merry, red-checked children liked to run and romp after him over the hills. Sometimes he shook them with his great paws till their breath was half gone, but their cheeks only grew the redder, and their eyes brighter every day. There was one thing they all wanted to get, and that was the bag that was strapped across his shoulder; but the little bear always kept it as long as he could. But there always came a day when he took off the bag and threw it down for all the children, and the grown folks, too, to scramble for. Such a bag as it was! All full of roast turkeys and chicken pies, and plum cake and nuts and popcorn; and



everybody got a share, and everybody laughed and had the merriest times over it. While they were all feasting and talking about old times, the little bear folded up his bag and marched away with it to his cave, and hung it up for another year. On the outside of the bag it said, in big letters, 'THANKSGIVING.'

"Is that all?" ventured Wally, as Jenny stopped a minute.

"No. As quick as he got back, the Great Bear woke up, and said, "Bless me! back already? Well, I must be moving."

"So he would take two bags and go down the mountain; and as he went he would scatter showers of white feathers over everything. 'Are you all ready for me?' he roared to the trees; and the trees said 'Yes, we are ready. The young buds are snugly wrapped up in a dozen warm coats, and nicely varnished over to keep out the wet.'

"Then he threw them a mantle of down, and went on.

"Cover us up warm," said the fields and the meadows; 'the little grass roots are dying of cold.'

"Cover us warm," called the crocus and the daffies, 'we want to be awake bright and early in the spring.'

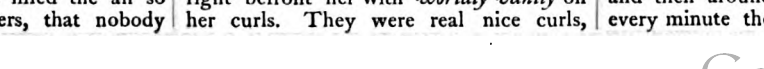
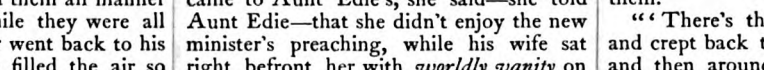
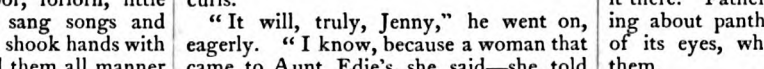
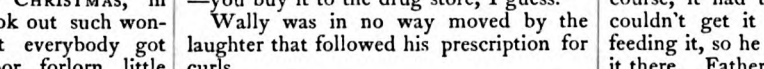
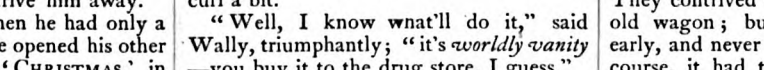
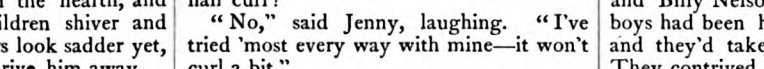
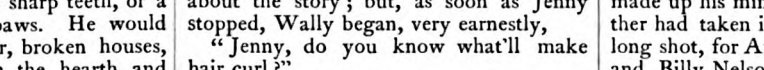
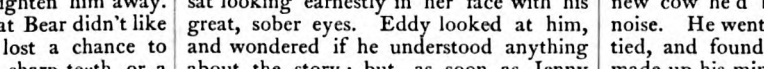
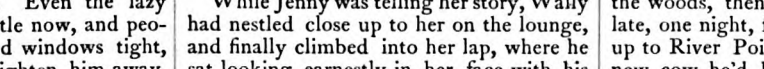
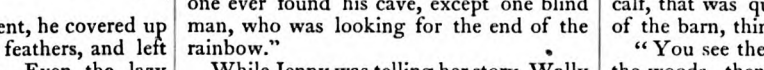
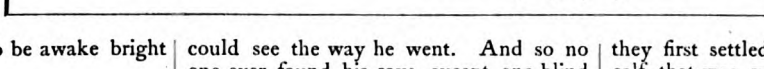
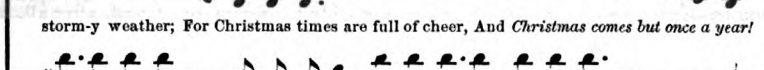
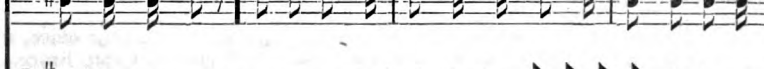
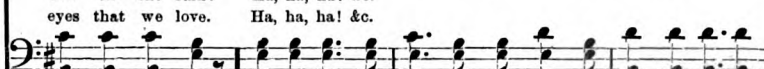
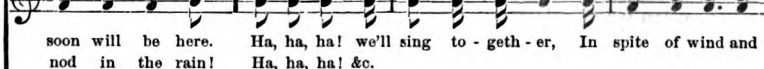
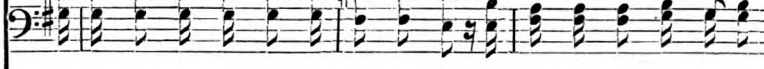
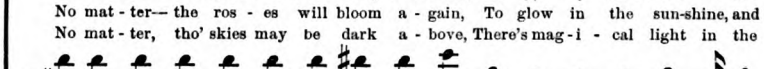
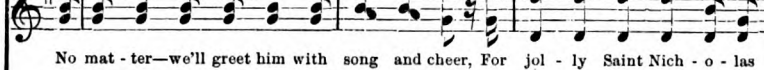
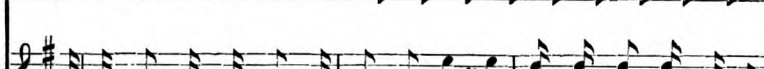
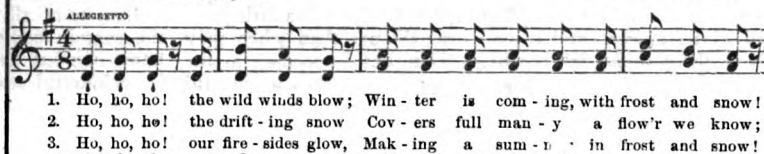
"So, everywhere he went, he covered up the earth with his white feathers, and left it to sleep until spring. Even the lazy farmers shut up their cattle now, and people made their doors and windows tight, and built great fires to frighten him away. I'm sorry to say the Great Bear didn't like poor people, and never lost a chance to give them a nip with his sharp teeth, or a shake with his great paws. He would growl around their poor, broken houses, and put out the fire on the hearth, and make the poor, little children shiver and cry, and their sad mothers look sadder yet, because they could not drive him away.

"But, after awhile, when he had only a few more days to stay, he opened his other bag, that was marked 'CHRISTMAS,' in great letters, and he shook out such wonderful things! Almost everybody got something, even the poor, forlorn, little children; and everyone sang songs and was glad and merry, and shook hands with his neighbors, and wished them all manner of happiness. And while they were all rejoicing, the Great Bear went back to his cave, and as he went he filled the air so full of the white feathers, that nobody

## Christmas Song.

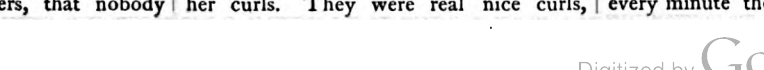
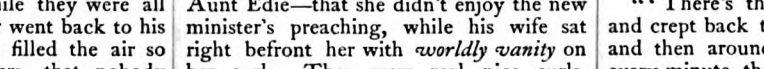
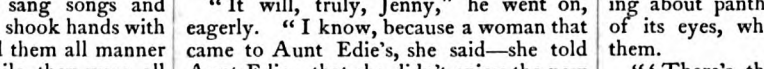
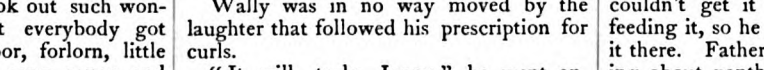
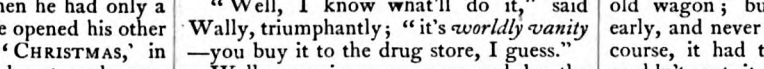
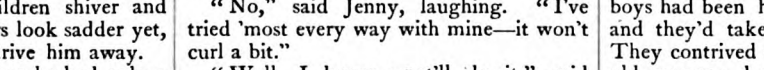
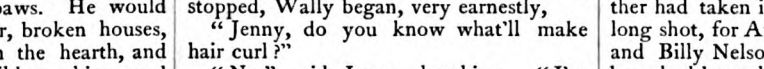
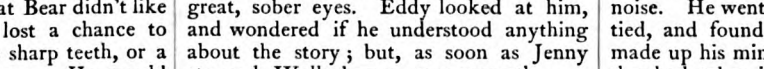
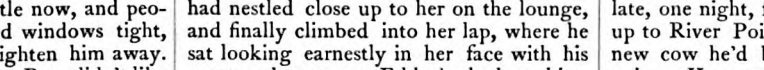
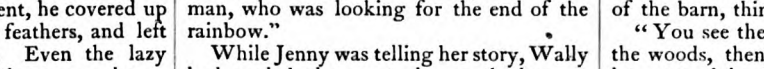
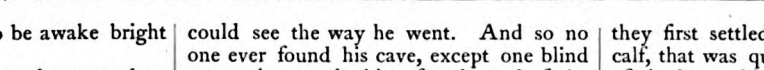
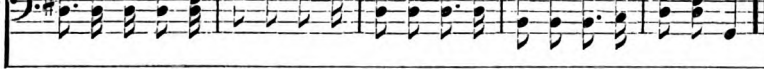
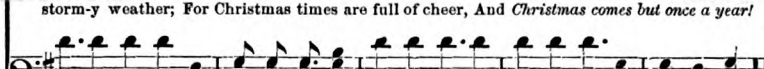
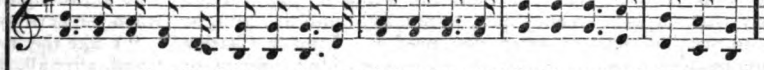
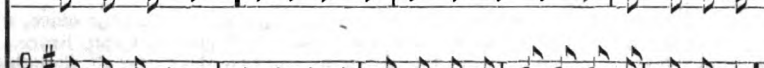
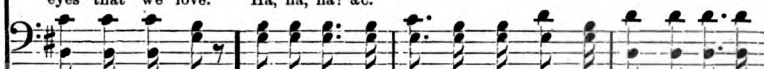
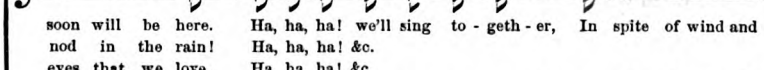
Words by Emily Huntington Miller.  
Written for *The Little Corporal*.

Music by Geo. F. Root.



No mat-ter—we'll greet him with song and cheer, For jol-ly Saint Nich-o-las  
No mat-ter—the ros-es will bloom a-gain, To glow in the sun-shine, and  
No mat-ter, tho' skies may be dark a-bove, There's mag-i-cal light in the

### CHORUS.



storm-y weather; For Christmas times are full of cheer, And Christmas comes but once a year!

could see the way he went. And so no one ever found his cave, except one blind man, who was looking for the end of the rainbow."

While Jenny was telling her story, Wally had nestled close up to her on the lounge, and finally climbed into her lap, where he sat looking earnestly in her face with his great, sober eyes. Eddy looked at him, and wondered if he understood anything about the story; but, as soon as Jenny stopped, Wally began, very earnestly,

"Jenny, do you know what'll make hair curl?"

"No," said Jenny, laughing. "I've tried 'most every way with mine—it won't curl a bit."

"Well, I know what'll do it," said Wally, triumphantly; "it's *worldly vanity*—you buy it to the drug store, I guess."

Wally was in no way moved by the laughter that followed his prescription for curls.

"It will, truly, Jenny," he went on, eagerly. "I know, because a woman that came to Aunt Edie's, she said—she told Aunt Edie—that she didn't enjoy the new minister's preaching, while his wife sat right befront her with *worldly vanity* on her curls. They were real nice curls,

they first settled there, when shot a little, black calf, that was quietly lying in the corner of the barn, thinking it was a panther.

"You see they used to hear panthers in the woods, then, and father came home late, one night, from town—that was 'way up to River Point, then—and he heard a new cow he'd bought making a strange noise. He went to the shed where she was tied, and found her calf was gone. He made up his mind in a minute that a panther had taken it! but he missed it, by a long shot, for Andrew (he was home then) and Billy Nelson, and some more of the boys had been having a *show* in the barn, and they'd taken the calf for the bear. They contrived to push and lift it into an old wagon; but the others went home early, and never thought of the calf, so, of course, it had to stay there, for Andrew couldn't get it down. He was used to feeding it, so he gave it its supper and left it there. Father came into the barn, thinking about panthers, and caught a glimpse of its eyes, when the lantern shone on them.

"There's the creeter, now," says he; and crept back to the porch for his gun, and then around to the barn, expecting every minute the panther would jump at

anyway, and I didn't think they smelt bad."

"Well, I'm real glad I know," said Jenny. "I shall be sure to think of it the next time I go to a drug store."

"Is that what makes your hair curl, Wally?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"O no," said Wally, dolefully; "it just curls like everyfing, its own self; and it gets the awfulest pulls in it; you ought to see. That's the reason Robbie always does beat me getting dressed. But when I'm a big man, I'm going to have a wig, like Mr. Norris Stevens. You just hang 'em on the bed post to comb 'em, and you can jerk like anyfing, and it don't hurt."

"I'm afraid you didn't like my bears very well," said Jenny.

"No," said Wally, honestly, "cause they didn't act like truly bears—only the roaring part—I liked that."

"Come, mother," said Mr. Wilson, to his wife, "it's high time we were on the road home. Sam, you go and see to the team."

There was no need of a lantern, for the moon was nearly full, and the boys made the old barn ring with their laughter, as they got out the horses. Sam told them how his father, when

him. Just as quick as he saw its eyes again he fired, and the poor thing gave one bleat, and then he died. Father never told us what he said when he found his panther. Mother ran out, half scared to death, and he wouldn't tell her what was the matter, only he advised her to invite all her neighbors to a quilting, for he'd concluded not to raise the black calf."

The boys were still laughing over the story, when their father and mother and Jenny came out.

"You found some fun in the barn, I should think," said Jenny.

"O, I was only telling Eddy how father shot the panther," said Sam.

"Ain't any more panfers 'bout here now," said Wally, clinging very tight to his mother's hand.

"No," said Mr. Wilson, gathering up his lines, "we never shall hear panthers in the woods again. But I can tell you what we shall hear, before long—we shall hear *steam whistles*. That railroad will run through here in less than two years."

And so, with a prophecy of prosperous times to come, the Wilsons drove away, and Camp Bruce was left to the pleasant quiet that follows a merry party, when we can sit down by the fire and count only the faces of the old home circle.

#### CHAPTER VI.—CONCLUSION.

The following spring, when Tim and Eddy were the very busiest with their farm work, there came a letter from Janet to Camp Bruce, to tell Eddy that Captain Grimes was very anxious to see him on some business, and enclosing money to pay his traveling expenses.

"Be sure you don't put off coming," wrote Janet, "for there's no calculating on a sick man's life, and the master may drop off any day, though for the most part he seems to be pickin' up some lately."

Mrs. Bruce thought Eddy ought to go, so a man was hired to "keep the team running," as Tim styled it, and Eddy started on his journey, with many injunctions from his mother, though in her secret heart she thought, with pride, that she should not be afraid to trust Eddy's firm principles and good, common sense anywhere.

It was just at twilight when the train bore him into the depot, and he walked up the familiar streets, and past the dear, old Bears' Den, with a pleasant feeling of having come home again. He could see a light in Captain Grimes' room, and, going around to the kitchen door, he found Janet sitting on the clean, white porch, with her knitting. She got up quietly, when she saw him, took hold of both his hands, and looked at him a moment with the same proud, affectionate expression he had seen sometimes in his mother's eyes.

"Well," she said, presently, "it beats all how you've grown. But you're the same Eddy Bruce, yet, and I'm glad enough to see you here safe and sound."

She brought him into the kitchen, and asked him questions of all the family, while she lighted her lamp and prepared to take him up stairs.

"The master's feeling uncommon well

to-night, and wants you to take your tea with him, and I couldn't cross him."

Eddy found the captain less changed than he had expected. He was a little paler and a good deal thinner than when they left the Bears' Den, but he seemed in the best of spirits, and gave Eddy a cheerful greeting. They had a pleasant talk over the nice supper which Janet served up to them on the captain's round table, and Eddy was too hungry himself to notice how little the old gentleman ate.

"Now," said the captain, when the meal was finished, "we may as well attend to our business and be done with it. I did think I'd wait till morning, but I'd like to make things sure; and lately, when I go to bed, I always think of the prayer my mother taught me when I was a little shaver,

"If I should die before I wake."

"There's always a chance for that, my boy, with all of us, and it's a good plan to make things ready. I don't expect to die, though, not yet," he went on, cheerfully. "There's stuff enough in me to stand the worst the doctors can do for a good while, yet."

He sent Eddy to his secretary for some papers, and spread them out on the table.

"I've been making my will; it's a good thing to do to save quarreling after you're dead; and I wanted to give you something, because there's enough for all, and I like you. I put it in here; but it occurred to me that I might live ten years yet, and by that time you'll be a rich man. So I just cut it out, and I'm going to pay you the money now, to put right into the farm, or wherever you need it. I made Charley own up that the house didn't amount to much."

Eddy was surprised out of measure, but the captain would not hear very much from him, and paid him the money in bank checks.

"It's all my own," he said, "and all the pleasure I can get from it now is to give it where I choose. Now go and get Janet to sew it up in your clothes, somewhere."

It took Janet a long time to decide upon what would really be the safest place, but she finally disposed of it, and then she and Eddy had a long, confidential talk. Eddy told her all their plans and hopes about the farm, and how, when the railroad was finished, they expected to raise fruit almost entirely.

"I shall put my money right into the farm," he said. "That's where I always mean to live, and I mean to make it the very best farm in the country."

"That's the way to do things," said Janet; "and I'm right glad the master gave you the money now, instead of waiting till he dies. There's no telling how long he may last, though he's liable to drop off any minute. He's ready enough to go, I can say that. He's left off all his old grumbling and scolding, though he's as set in his way as ever. Here's this cap, now; every winter and every spring I've knit him one, and he always would have 'em red, which isn't anyways suitable for an old man. It just fretted me to see him lying sick with such an outlandish thing on, and I made him some nice, white ones, but he wouldn't hear a word to 'em. Said he should feel cold in his coffin, if I put

one on him. He put me clear out of patience; and I do hope, when he gets to heaven, he won't insist on a red skull-cap."

In spite of all the objections Janet and the captain could raise, Eddy started for home in a few days, and was soon telling his wonderful story at Camp Bruce. A new house was at once decided upon, and Tim thought the old one might easily be built over into an excellent barn.

We must pass over five years in the history of Camp Bruce, and show our readers how it appears in its present light. A tasteful farm house stands upon the knoll in the wheat lot, where Eddy long ago set the first trees. Everything about it is neat and in good taste, and shows that the guiding hand on the premises is not that of ignorance or pretense. The railroad, which has been three years in operation, furnishes a ready market for the choice fruits with which the farm is stocked. Tim has gone still farther west, but the farm needs no better manager than the noble, intelligent, young man of twenty-one, in whom we can easily recognize Eddy, with the same rosy cheek, only a little bronzed, the clear, gray eye, and look of quiet decision that marked the boy. He has able helpers in Robbie and Wally, though Robbie is following Charley's example, and just now is away at school. Charley is a lawyer of great promise, and often runs away from his little office, at Camwood, to freshen up at Camp Bruce. They kept the old name after all, though there was talk of change when the new house was built.

"I like the name," said Mrs. Bruce; "and, after all, it is more appropriate than any other, 'for here we have no continuing city,' and it will help us to remember that we are only on our journey towards the home that will be eternal."

With the story of one more evening, my history must close.

The table was spread for tea, and Eddy and Wally sat chatting by the cheerful grate that brightened up the early autumn evening. Footsteps came up the walk, and Charley's handsome face peeped in at the door. Somebody was close behind him, and in a moment more a strong arm pushed him into the room, and Janet stood, half grim and half bewildered, staring at Eddy. Such a welcome as she received put Charley quite into the shade. She was quite gray, and her cheeks were more sunken, but her eyes were just as keen and her figure as erect and positive as ever.

"I always knew you'd come out to see us," said Eddy. "We planned a room on purpose for you."

"Well," said Janet, "you see after the captain went, I couldn't feel to stay about there and see things going into other hands, I'd laid by pretty considerable, and the captain he provided for me handsome, like a gentleman that he always was, and so I just wrote to Charley, and he told me how to come. It ain't so bad riding by railroad when you get the hang of it."

They gathered around the table, and Janet gave them a most amusing history of her adventures on the road.

"You've come to live with us now, hav'n't you," said Wally; "we shall all be glad."

"Wait a week and see," said Janet. "There was Becky Sharp; used to be a poor girl, and married a rich, old simpleton; the more fool she, to do it. She was always teasin' me to come and make her a long visit, so one day I went up there. They made a wonderful fuss over me at first, but after a few days they begun puttin' on their common knives and forks, and havin' a dirty, brown cloth at breakfast. So I knew they were tired of me, and I went home."

"You can't tell that way here," said Eddy, "for we don't have any *company* things; we use our best every day, though I do suspect mother of an extra tablecloth."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Bruce; "every good housekeeper does that; but I never could feel willing to serve my family with mean table furniture and poor fare, for the sake of being able, two or three times a year, to feast other people from china."

"Mother wouldn't have a parlor," said Eddy, as they went back to the handsomely-furnished sitting room. "We built this room so as to let the sunshine in, all we could get of it, and mother chose substantial furniture, and had the sofas upholstered with Brussels carpet, so we boys might lounge on them all we pleased."

Janet looked around the room, and thought she had never seen a place that wore, in every nook and corner, such a cozy, warm, *home look*.

"I tell you what, Eddy Bruce," she said, emphatically, "your mother is a *sensible woman*, and you boys owe all you ever come to in life to her."

The boys gave hearty assent to this, and then they all sat in silence for awhile, thinking over the past, until Wally said, with something of his old abruptness,

"Janet, did you know Charley was running for the legislature? He's sure to get in, too. Fred Wilson says so."

"No," said Janet, with the grim sarcasm Charley remembered so well; "I never thought Charley would be worth much at *running* for anything; but he's improved a sight, and so have you all. I always did expect Eddy would be a governor."

During the evening, Janet told them about the captain's will, and how he had given the Bears' Den to the widow and her idiotic child.

"Come, mother," said Charley, opening the old piano, "let's have some of our old songs together."

They sang together, and as Janet listened to the deep, rich voices of the boys, and their mother's sweet, clear notes, she thought she never heard such music.

"There's one thing more I want to hear," she said; "it's a hymn my mother sung at her spinning, and you sung it often at the Bears' Den. It begins,

"God is my strong salvation."

"That's mother's own hymn," said Charley. "I think sometimes it was written on purpose for her."

Janet listened to the grand, triumphal tones that filled the room, and her mother's singing in the humble cottage home came back to her heart. With the last verse her weak, thin voice took up the tune, and trembled through it. Her confidence in the Father's protecting hand was as

strong as theirs, and in spite of old age and loneliness, she could say, with the young and prosperous,

"Place on the Lord reliance;  
My soul with courage wait;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate.  
His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase;  
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;  
The Lord will give thee peace!"

Emily Huntington Miller.

## MOTHER AND SON.

### THE SON.

The morning walks upon the hills,  
It climbs the cliff with rosy feet;  
With piney smells the forest fills,  
And makes the mossy hollows sweet;  
But through the light, and odors rare,  
And through the waters' dashing sound,  
The fox, that crouches in his lair,  
Will hear the howling of a hound.

For, icy cold his master's face,  
His eyes are shut beneath the sun;  
He loiters from the morning chase,  
The dews are thick upon his gun.  
A wind is ruffling in his hair,  
A wasp has lit upon his wrist;  
What was it stirred the sunny air?  
A breath, or but a thread of mist?

A fawn is leaping through the rocks,  
It leaves a sound of dropping hoofs;  
He minds as much the rain that knocks  
By night upon the village roofs.  
A bird is wailing to its mate;  
The cascade shouts along its bed;  
O hound, you whine and howl and wait—  
Alas! you cannot rouse the dead!

### THE MOTHER.

The mist across the valley breaks,  
The early sunlight reaches through  
To touch the spotted lily flakes,  
That night winds scatter'd, where they grew.  
The lake grows brighter in its reeds,  
A sound it has, like dipping oars;  
The young larks twitter in the weeds,  
The sunshine streaks the cottage floors.

The lady birds are all astir  
In vines about the window grown;  
But, ah! they bring no joy to her  
Who waits behind them, all alone.  
There is no crackling in the pines,  
No shot of rifle, sharp and clear;  
No smoke ascends in trembling lines—  
He does not come—he is not near!

She sweeps the tresses from her cheeks,  
She cries aloud, "My son! my son!"  
A raven in the forest shrieks!  
O God, he was her only one!  
The sun is shining warm and wide,  
Her heart is chill within her breast;  
She says, "The poorest bird can hide  
One little one, within her nest."

Can you not sing, O hermit thrush,  
This song to soothe a heart that breaks?  
"About His own, in plain or bush,  
The Lord a strong encampment makes!"  
Can you not sing, with holy breath,  
That if He chooses, here or there,  
To lift them through the gates of death,  
His Heaven fronts them everywhere?

Felicia H. Ross

## "WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?"

It is a nice, rainy day, and out-door sports being impossible, "What shall the children do next?" becomes of immense importance in every household.

It is a good idea of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, to collect the experience of mothers in providing amusement and harmless occupation for the busy hands belonging to our little ones, and I, anxious to find some new employments for three pairs of the most active kind of little hands, am waiting with interest answers to the question.

By way of "doing as I would be done by," I will contribute my mite to the fund.

An amusement which has whiled away many a long hour in our nursery, is the making of scrap books. Have some old account book, which is better than any other because the paper is stiff, cut out every alternate leaf, and into the book paste pictures, puzzles, conundrums, and short stories, if the children are old enough.

I always keep a "scrap box," where I put pretty pictures taken from old magazines or papers, and when winter comes, the store is brought out and pasted up. A long-sleeved apron will keep all neat.

Besides the pleasure of filling the book, it is, when done, an unfailing source of entertainment to look at. When this begins to pall, and you have explained every picture, (as I warn you you will have to do,) just bring out a box of paints, and teach the uneasy fingers to paint the pictures. You have no idea of the amusement this will afford, for bright colors are very attractive to little eyes.

If you have some unsoiled pages in the book, you can vary the entertainment by forming pictures for yourself of figures taken from other pictures, forming groups of figures in various attitudes, which often has a very funny effect, and affords endless amusement.

Another play, found attractive by little girls expert with scissors, is the cutting out of paper dolls, furniture, cattle, horses, sleighs, wagons, and everything, from a kitten to a grand piano. A little practice will enable one to do this with ease, especially if you first cut out a set of the printed doll's furniture to get the idea. These, also, can be painted. In fact, I know of no investment so profitable in furnishing amusement as a few sheets of paper of different colors, the same of cardboard, a bottle of glue, and a pair of sharp scissors.

A careful child can make many little articles for a Christmas tree, both ornamental and useful.

A Chicago Mother.

*Note.*—The editor has a little, blue-eyed wife at home, who has made scrap books in this way for her "wee Willie Winkies," with the greatest satisfaction. Little Fred has one made in the cover of an old atlas, with pictures pasted on leaves made of pink muslin; and though he has played with it two years, and his baby brother Frankie often tugs at it for hours, it is almost as good as new, because they cannot tear the muslin leaves.

Let other parents follow the example set by this Chicago Mother. We call this an admirable article. Let us have one every month. "What shall the girls do?" "What shall the boys do?" Busy fingers will do something. If we don't teach them how to be useful, if we don't give them harmless and profitable amusements, we must not blame them if

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

Remember, too, that *The Corporal* pays for these articles, as well as for all others.—Editor.

CLUBS for THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is made up before sending on any subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as taken.



## THE Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1867.

### THE NEW YEAR.

The past year has been a prosperous one for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and he is prepared to enter on the new year in perfect health and vigor, with elastic step and hope the brightest. While everything in the past has conspired to give happiness and health, everything ahead looks joyful. We need not enumerate our contributors by name. Our readers know them, and a brighter list is not shown by any periodical in the land. With the exception of "Uncle Worthy," who has exchanged his pen for a palm of victory in the better land, all our old contributors will continue with us, and several new ones of rare worth will be added. A lady who has lately returned from a four years' sojourn in Italy, will contribute a series of articles about that sunny land. We are to have articles from Germany and other parts of Europe. Mr. Beecher, having returned from South America, resumes his place, and will continue with us throughout the coming year. As we tell you in another place, *MRS. MILLER* will throw her whole strength into our columns, writing for no other boys' and girls' periodical. No pains or expense shall be spared to make *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* as perfect and as delightful, as it can be made by human hands.

### THE GREAT PRIZE.

#### RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

To supply our large edition, we are obliged to send the pages of our paper to the electrotyper, and the electrotype plates to the press early in November, before the last touches can be given to our beautiful Chromo. By the time this article reaches the reader, however, the last delicate shading will be completed, and "*RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF*" will be ready.

It would be difficult for us to tell you with what intense interest we have watched the progress of this most delightful picture. We told you last month how we found the original painting in the studio of W. H. Beard, in New York, a masterpiece from the easel of that already famous young American artist, of whom Mr. Tilton writes, in his spicy letter in another column of this paper. Returning from New York, we placed the painting in the hands of Louis Kurz, the Chromo artist, of Chicago. Then began a work more curious and delicate and interesting than was ever wrought by fairy fingers. There were sixteen large, smooth, very fine-grained stones, brought from the quarries of Bavaria. On each of these Mr. Kurz traced most delicately the outlines of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf, and all the surrounding beauties of the picture. Then the first stone passed through his practiced hands, and he made a great many curious, seemingly unmeaning marks upon it; and when the stone was rolled with a pale, buff-tinted oil color, and passed through a chromo-lithographic press, with a sheet of thick, plated drawing paper, the sheet came out nearly covered over with the light buff tint, through which peeped, like skeleton ghosts, blind-looking faces of child and wolf, as well as trees, rocks, and shrubs. Then another stone passed through

the hands of Mr. Kurz, and when he had worked for several days upon it, that was put on the press, and when the sheet passed through upon it, there was a red hood on the ghostly-looking child's head, and, on the ground, were outlines of pink toes, and a red tongue in the mouth of the skeleton wolf, while all around were curious red marks. And thus the work went on, day after day, one color after another—and the trunks of the trees and the old rocks grew brown, and then a yellow tint tinged everything golden, and the speck of sky became blue, and the leaves and mosses flashed out in their delicate green tints, and the blush came on the cheek and the blue into the mild eye of the little maid, and she stood no more the ghostly, blind figure, but our beautiful Little Red Ridinghood, with bare feet pressing the mossy ground, and clustering brown curls peeping from beneath her hood. There she stands, terrified and curious still; and the mean old wolf, with glassy eyes and open mouth, while his deceitful tongue plies his artful words. Under the artist's magical touch, the hair has grown upon the wolf, and the flowers and grass and leaves have all come in their places, so naturally, that you almost stop to listen for the sound of the breeze among the branches overhead. And this is how a Chromo is made. Who shall say it is not more wonderful than fairy work?

A late article on Chromos, in the *New York Tribune*, says:

"The advancement made in this art is of interest and importance to every patriot and every friend of progress. For, whatever shall educate the æsthetic nature of our people—whatever shall teach them to love the beautiful for its own sake—whatever shall render them intolerant of crude and gaudy copies of great paintings, or of gaudy and crude originals themselves—whatever shall familiarize our children, not with the names only, but with the works of the Great Painters—is deserving of the promptest, heartiest recognition and encouragement from the leaders of public opinion, and the champions of universal culture."

The Chromo or Oil Print is made entirely with oil colors, as fine and rich and pure, and mixed in very much the same way, as those used by the great artists on the original works.

As we stated above, when you read this, our Chromo will be ready, and it surpasses even our sanguine hopes. We were sure it would be very fine, but we can say more than that—it is surpassingly beautiful. Read again our November editorial about it, and determine that you will not rest until a copy of this picture, the subject of which has charmed the children of all civilized nations for at least a century, shall adorn your home.

Any one sending a Club of Ten subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, at the regular rate of one dollar each, will receive a copy as a prize, sent by mail, on a strong roller.

Orders and clubs are coming in rapidly for this magnificent premium.

For cash they are furnished as follows

At *Eight Dollars* they are sent, ready for mounting (with directions for same), which can be done after they are received, by almost any mechanic.

They are furnished mounted on canvas and stretchers, like Oil Paintings, or on heavy Photographic boards, at one dollar in addition to the above-named price. In either of these latter styles they cannot, of course, be put on rollers, or mailed, but would have to be sent by express, the receiver paying express charges.

Chromos do not need a glass over them when framed, and may be cleaned with a damp sponge, when necessary, the same as an oil painting.

**THEODORE TILTON'S LETTER.**—Read, on the next page, the letter from the editor of *The Independent*. Mr. Tilton is a gentleman of refined taste, and knows how to value a really excellent painting. He shall have a copy of the Chromo.

### "UNCLE WORTHY."

**DR. WORTHINGTON HOOKER**, of Yale College, our "Uncle Worthy," who walked so lovingly with us the pleasant path of 1867, has finished his work on earth, and gone to his reward in Heaven. We do not weep for him, for he was a Christian worker, and for him to die was gain. He has only stepped joyfully from his workroom to the glorious home which Christ has gone to prepare for him and us, where we hope to join him by and by. We mourn for the loved ones whose home is darkened, and for ourselves, because a teacher and friend, in whose love we rejoiced, is taken from us for awhile.

We have received from Miss S. J. Pritchard an article about Dr. Hooker, which came too late for this number. It will appear in our next.

### MRS. MILLER'S NEW STORY FOR 1868.

Our Associate Editor will begin, in the January number of *THE CORPORAL*, a new story, to be continued through the volume, entitled "*THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE*," showing how a poor boy made his way in the world. This is intended to be one of the best stories she has ever written. Its object is, not only to interest those who read it, but to show the boys and girls in *The Little Corporal's* family how they, too, may achieve success in life.

Mrs. Miller is now visiting her old home in New England, and has just sent us the January chapter of "*The Royal Road to Fortune*." We are already deeply interested in the fortunes of Jimmy Marvin, the orphan boy, and predict for him a career as full of interest and as honorable as that of Eddy Bruce of the Bears' Den.

Mrs. Miller has determined to write for no boys and girls' periodical during the coming year except *The Little Corporal*.

### HAS YOUR TIME EXPIRED?

Dec 7 OR Dec 67.

Notice the direction label on your paper—the little yellow label on which is printed your name. The figure or figures just after your name show the time to which your subscription is paid. Dec. 67, or Dec. 7, mean that your time is out with the present number, December, 1867.

We hope you will renew your subscription at once, early in the present month, if possible, before we change our list for the January number, as this would save us a great deal of work.

### TWO MONTHS FREE.

We have concluded to continue the offer of *two months free* to all new subscribers sent to us during December.

Tell everybody this, that *all new subscribers* for 1868, sent to *The Little Corporal* before *January first*, will receive the *November and December numbers* of 1867 *FREE*.

This will help you in raising clubs; it applies to all sent in clubs, as well as to all sent singly.

**WE WILL SEND ANOTHER, FREE.**—If you wear out or soil your regular number of *The Corporal*, by using it to canvass with, just tell us so when you write sending subscribers and money, and we will send you another free. Tell us what number it is, so that we will know which one to send.

**FANNY M. DELAPLAINE** sends the best Picture Story readings, but her letter came after the puzzle pages had gone to the electrotyper. Thank you, Fanny. Try again.

## THEODORE TILTON AND "RED RIDINGHOOD."

Theodore Tilton, Editor of *The Independent*, is not only much interested in all works of art, but is well acquainted with Mr. Beard and his paintings. Knowing this, and knowing, also, that his words will receive great respect and consideration from everybody, we wrote to Mr. Tilton, asking for his opinion in regard to our painting by Mr. Beard of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," (which, we have already told you, is being copied—printed in oil—as a premium picture for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*.) We are delighted with his reply, and print it below:

OFFICE OF THE INDEPENDENT,  
New York, Oct. 21, 1867.

Mr. Alfred L. Sewell—My Dear Sir:

I am glad you have asked my opinion of the beautiful picture of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," by my friend Mr. William H. Beard, of New York.

In looking among all the pictures in this city, I am sure you could not have found one to please *The Little Corporal's* children better than this. I have a German picture of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," but yours is far more dainty and delightful. If your little readers could only know Mr. Beard himself, and could once hear him tell a story, or give one of his hearty laughs, they would like him forever after. He is as fond of children as Rip Van Winkle was, who carried a pack of them on his back. But even though none of your numerous youngsters should ever happen to make a visit to this good-natured gentleman's studio, I am sure they will all enjoy his entertaining picture of the Wolf meeting Red Ridinghood in the old woods. Everybody who sees this picture says, "I wish I owned it." I am glad, my dear Mr. Sewell, that you are going to make so many copies of it, that every little reader of your paper, who is willing to make a little effort, can have one. I wish I were a boy, that I might have one myself!

Fraternally yours, THEODORE TILTON.

YES!

RENEWALS MAY COUNT IN CLUBS.

We publish the following note, because we want all to know the answer to the question asked:

NILES, Mich., October, 1867.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: \* \* \* \* \* One little girl says, "I've been up and down the street, and have only two new names. Auntie, do write to Mr. Sewell, and ask him if old subscribers who renew may count in a club? He don't tell us in the paper, and it would help so much, and I want the 'Little Red Ridinghood' so badly. Mary N. has been ahead of us in so many places, O dear! And the child sank into a chair, with a sigh worthy of a washerwoman. I hope in a few days to send you their list with twenty names, at least.

Respectfully, MRS. A. T. B.

ANSWER.—Renewals may count in making up clubs, if you state which are renewals. We have thought over the subject a good deal, and have concluded to open wide the door, and, where the full club is raised, let every dollar sent count, whether sent for renewals, or for new subscribers, or for back volumes, or if it is sent to pay for either of the premium pictures at the regular price.

Let those who are working for large premiums remember especially this last item: If you do not succeed as rapidly as you desire in making up your list by subscribers to the paper, you may add subscribers to "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," or "The Heavenly Cherubs." A subscriber for the "Oil Print" of "Ridinghood and the Wolf," at Eight dollars, will count the same on your list as eight subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, and one name for "The Heavenly Cherubs" at Two dollars, will count the same as two subscribers to *The Corporal*.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.—Until January first, we will send a sample copy free to any one who writes for it.

## PLEASE DO US A FAVOR!

SEND US YOUR FRIENDS' NAMES.—If any readers of our paper have friends at a distance who, they think, would subscribe for *The Corporal*, they will please send us those friends' names and mailing directions, and we will send to each a sample copy of our paper free.

Do not fear to burden us in this matter; we will consider that you are doing us a favor, for we would be glad to send off a good many thousand copies of our December number in this way.

## SOMETHING PRETTY!

A PRIZE TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS WHO RENEW DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.—It is an advantage to us, in the arrangement of our mail list for the new year, to have all old subscriptions renewed during this month, so far as possible. As an additional encouragement for you to do this, we have prepared and will send a very pretty prize to all old patrons who renew their subscriptions for 1868, (either singly or in clubs,) before the first of January. The prize is Mr. Eggleston's "Rhyme of Little Red Ridinghood,"—as found in this paper,—beautifully printed, on fine paper, with a fancy Border in Green and Gold, in pretty shape for framing. Those who have already renewed may have the same by writing for it. All who claim the prize must state the fact in their letters.

## THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

Old subscribers who will renew their own subscriptions and send two other names for one year, will receive, as a premium, a copy of our beautiful premium picture, "THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS."

Or, any person who will send three subscribers for 1868, will receive the same premium.

Or, any person who will send one name, with two dollars to pay for *The Little Corporal*, in advance, for two years, will receive the same premium.

This superb pure line engraving is declared, by the best artists and critics, to be one of the best steel engravings ever produced in this country, and we hope no subscriber to *The Little Corporal* will be without it. (The retail price of the picture is two dollars.)

We might give columns of testimony as to the beauty and real merit of the picture, for wherever it goes it speaks for itself.

## HOLIDAY PRESENTS FOR ALL!

You want to make a Holiday Present to some friend. You may earn a beautiful one, by raising a club for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and thus securing one of the premiums.

Our Premiums will make grand presents:  
*The Little Corporal* for one year;  
The Heavenly Cherubs;

Red Ridinghood and the Wolf;  
These, and all our other premiums, are appropriate for almost anybody.

And all may be earned easily, especially during this month, while we give the November and December numbers FREE to all new subscribers whose names and money are sent before January.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write us for particulars.

"THE BOYS IN BLUE."—Mrs. Hoge's book, entitled "The Boys in Blue; or, The Heroes of the Rank and File," is on our table. It is published by E. B. Treat & Co., of New York, and contains 477 octavo pages. It comes to us so late that we have not time to examine the contents critically before we send our pages to the electrotype foundry, but we are sure that, coming from the pen of one who labored so nobly for the heroes of whom she writes, the book must be full of interest.

## TOOL CHESTS AS PREMIUMS.

We have just made arrangements with Mr. GEO. PARR, of Buffalo, (whose card is in our advertising page,) so that we can offer his unsurpassed TOOL CHESTS as premiums for the Boys. These Chests will be so useful to boys of a mechanical turn, that we are glad to offer them. In our next number we will print a picture of Chest No. 161.

*The Gentleman's Tool Chest*.—No. 161.—Size 2 feet 4 inches long, 1 foot 2 inches wide, and 10½ inches high; made of cherry and ash wood, exterior French polish, brass trimmings and lifting handles, with partitions and drawers for each article. The tools are of the best quality, and sharpened for immediate use. Containing eighty different tools; weight 65 lbs. Price \$35.00 at the factory. This chest will be sent to anyone (by express) who will send a club of Eighty-five subscribers for one year to *The Little Corporal* at the regular price of one dollar each.

*The Youth's Tool Chest*.—No. 162.—Size 1 foot 10¼ inches long, 12¼ inches wide, and 9¾ inches deep, same shape, finish, etc., as No. 161. Containing 62 different tools; weight 45 lbs. Price \$25.00. This chest will be sent for a club of Sixty subscribers, as above.

*The Boy's Tool Chest*.—No. 163.—Size 1 foot 6¾ inches long, 9¼ inches wide, and 8¾ inches deep. Finish, shape, etc., same as No. 161. Containing 44 different tools; weight 30 lbs. Price \$15.00. This chest will be sent for a club of Thirty-eight subscribers, as above.

*The Juvenile Tool Chest*, with twenty tools, price \$7, will be sent for a club of Fifteen subscribers.

Anyone working for either of these prizes, and wishing to know more about the Chests and tools, what they all are, etc., can write to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

The chests will be sent by express, the receiver paying the express charges, as the prices named are those charged at the factory.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on strong rollers, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

2. For a club of ten, at \$1 each, we send in the same way, an Oil Print, (an exact copy, with all the original colors, and same size as the original, 18 x 24 inches,) of Beard's great thousand dollar Oil Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF."

3. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. See other articles in this paper.

4. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

5. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

For Tool Chest Premiums, see another article in this column.

For a club of twenty, we will send a copy of "Mitchell's New General Atlas," price \$10—for description of which see advertising page of April number.

Crandall's Building Blocks are offered as premiums. See editorial columns of October number.

For the Shot Gun Premium, for Boys, see October No. None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 5, (the club of six).

*The Little Corporal* and "The Advance" both sent one year for \$3.

In all Clubs, every dollar sent in payment for "The Heavenly Cherubs," or "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," can be counted the same as a dollar sent for *The Little Corporal*. The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," is \$3.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND

## PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, large front, round corners, ogee mouldings, Patent Agraffe Treble, gothic or carved legs, price at the factory \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, as above, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

We will send the No. 2 Piano, which is the same as No. 1, except that the case is Black Walnut, instead of Rosewood, price \$575, to any one who will send us Eight Hundred Subscribers, as above; or to any one who will send Two Hundred and Seventy-five Subscribers and \$300 in money besides.

Larger and more expensive Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

To any person who sends us One Hundred and Fifty subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, for one year, at the regular rate of \$1 per annum, we will give a Peloubet Melodeon, five octave, Tremolante stop, walnut case, price \$95.

To any person sending us One Hundred and Seventy-five subscribers in the same way, we will send the same Melodeon, in rosewood case, price \$110.

Those who desire to raise a part of the required club, and pay the rest in money, for either of the Melodeons, will please write us, and we will make a proper arrangement.

At these rates, all money sent for back volumes, and for Premium Pictures, will count the same as though sent for the regular volume. Old and new subscribers will both count alike. You may have six months to complete your clubs, if you do not succeed before.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Let us know when you begin to work for Premiums.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

We can send testimonials to any who apply, which will satisfy all that the premiums we offer are first class in every respect.

## NEW GLEE BOOK JUST PUBLISHED.

**THE GREETING**.—A Collection of Glees, Choruses, and Part-Songs. By L. O. Emerson. Author of "The Jubilate," "Harp of Judah," "Golden Wreath," "Merry Chimes," etc. The pieces contained in this book are nearly all new, and will be found to possess unusual attractions for Societies, Clubs, and Amateur Singers. Price, \$1.38. Mailed postpaid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.  
11-dec C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.



BOYS AND  
GIRLS USE

## GOODSPEED'S GOLDEN PENS.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Any Boy or Girl can sell them. Samples, three styles, sent for 10 cents.  
GOODSPEED & CO.,  
12007  
148 Lake street, Chicago.

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, Containing the best Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Fugitive Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, and Political Information, gathered from the entire body of English Periodical Literature, and forming four handsome volumes every year, of immediate interest and solid permanent value.

## EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES.

From the late President of the United States, John Quincy Adams.

"Of all the periodicals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and this country, *The Living Age* has appeared to me the most useful."

From N. P. Willis.

"'Tenderloin,' 'fals gras,' are phrases, we believe, which express the one most exquisite morsel. By the selection of these from the foreign Reviews—the most exquisite morsel from each—our friend Littell makes up his dish of *Living Age*. And it tastes so. We recommend it to all epicures of reading."

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, May, 1867.

"Were I, in view of all the competitors that are now in the field, to choose, I should certainly choose *The Living Age*. . . Nor is there in any library that I know of, so much instructive and entertaining reading in the same number of volumes."

From the New York Times.

"The taste, judgment, and wise tact displayed in the selection of articles are above all praise, because they have never been equaled."

From the Springfield, Mass., Republican.

"We can do those among our readers who love sound and pure literature no better service than by referring them to this sterling weekly. It is decidedly the best magazine of the class published in the United States, if not in the world."

From the New York Independent.

"No one can read, from week to week, the selections brought before him in *The Living Age*, without becoming conscious of a quickening of his own faculties, and an enlargement of his mental horizon. Few private libraries, of course, can now secure the back volumes, sets of which are limited and costly. But public libraries in towns and villages ought, if possible, to be furnished with such a treasury of good reading; and individuals may begin as subscribers for the new series, and thus keep pace in future with the age in which they live."

From the Syracuse, N. Y., Journal, 1867.

"The cheapest and most satisfactory magazine which finds its way to our table. It is a favorite everywhere."

From the Mobile Daily Advertiser and Register, June 30, 1867.

"Of all the periodicals ever issued in America, probably none has ever taken so strong a hold upon the affections and interest of the more cultivated class of people, none has done so much to elevate the tone of public taste, none has contributed so much genuine enjoyment to its thousands of readers, as *Littell's Living Age*."

From the Round Table, New York, Aug. 10, 1867.

"There is no other publication which gives its readers so much of the best quality of the leading English magazines and reviews."

From the Chicago Journal of Commerce, July 4, 1867.

"We esteem it above all price."

From the Illinois State Journal, Aug. 3, 1867.

"It has more real solid worth, more useful information, than any similar publication we know of. The ablest essays, the most entertaining stories, the finest poetry of the English language, are here gathered together."

From the Richmond Whig, June 1, 1867.

"If a man were to read *Littell's* magazine regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

[See next No. of *The Corporal* for additional Notices.]

Published every Saturday, at \$8 a year, free of postage,  
by  
LITTELL & GAY,  
21-dec 30 Bromfield st., Boston.

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST

ENGLISH NEEDLES, put

up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
tf-oc P. O. Drawer 6058.

GEORGE PARR, Merchant, and Manufacturer of  
Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS,  
TOOL CHESTS, Etc. Also, Carriers', Shoemakers',  
Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery.

Office and Factory,  
dec-tf No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N. Y.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which  
the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches,  
Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 53d  
Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to

ap-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

## A CHARMING FAMILY GAME, delighting Old and Young.



Was enthusiastically received everywhere last season, and will, this season, be **THE GREAT HOME GAME**. It is rapidly being introduced into the best social circles in every State. No other game has so great variety and interest. Sold by booksellers, stationers, and fancy goods dealers everywhere. An illustrated descriptive book will be sent to any address, on receipt of 10 cents to prepay postage, etc. Address

RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers,  
14 Bond street, New York.

## NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PAPER.

A NATIONAL RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER, to be called "**THE ADVANCE**," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity towards all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the N. Y. *Evangelist*. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name: their aim being to **ADVANCE** the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments, while arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, **THE ADVANCE** will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2.50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address "**THE ADVANCE COMPANY**," P. O. Drawer 6374, Chicago, Ill. tf-aug67

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, 138 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

## SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrolytically, and back numbers can always be furnished.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

Since frost has come again, I am so puzzled by his queer ways, that I have had little or no time left to study out the other puzzles which I find in the Knapsack. Let me tell the curious things about frost, that puzzle me.

One morning in October, I found all the tomato and pumpkin vines quite used up and killed by frost. But the bean vines, the potatoes, and the cabbages in my garden were in fine growing order still. Three weeks afterward, frost came again, and not finding any more tomatoes and pumpkins, he laid hold on my pole beans and my potatoes. They turned black and died, as if strangled. An old farmer said that this frost that killed the potatoes was a "real black frost."

"Ha?" said I, "black frost, white frost; do they ever mix?"

"You watch and you'll see the difference," said the old farmer.

And I began to watch. The cabbages in my garden are not killed yet. The chickens have a wonderfully good time nipping off the thick edges of the big, tough leaves. Well, I watched, to see what the frost would do next. One morning I noticed that the bridges and board walks were white as snow, but the dirt roads, gravel walks, and stone sidewalks could not show a single fleck of frost. And I saw that there was no frost on or near the spikes in the board walk, but wet spots instead.

Yet I remember, one winter day about noon, when things were thawing a little, that the board walks all dried off, leaving a spot of frost on every spike, and all the stone walks and dirt roads were cold and hard as ever with snow and ice! Every fall the boards are frosty, while the spikes and stones are warm and wet. Every spring the boards are warm and wet, while the spikes and stones are frosty! Funny frost!

One day the good woman who cooks for us made some doughnuts; some folks call them fried cakes, (they are good, no matter what you call them), and when she had done frying them, she set the hot lard out the door, along side of a basin of water, to cool. The lard and the water both of them froze solid that night, and the next morning I saw that the frost had made a *hollow* in the lard, and a *hump* on the water! Frozen lard shrinks, frozen water swells! Funny frost, how you do act. And out in the barn, on a beam, I had one bottle with castor oil in it, to oil my carriage wheels, another with neats-foot oil, for my harness, and another bottle half full of water. They all froze up solid, one cold night, and the water bottle split. But the others did not.

That old farmer said, "Yes, jess so—frost heaves mighty strong."

"Heaves?" said I. "What do you mean?"

"I mean jess what I say; frost heaves mighty strong. It heaved the posts of a fence of mine so that I had to build it all new last year!"

"Well," said I, "my gate posts keep coming up an inch or so every year, but not till spring and thaws come. It is thawing, not freezing, that heaves them!"

"P'raps so," said he; "but hard freezes will freeze anything right out of ground. I've seen clover froze out, jess as fine clover as you ever saw, all pulled out by the roots; and I've seen old stumps, old dead stumps, *histed* higher'n higher every winter, till by'n by you can pull 'em over and not half try!"

"Is that so?" said I. "Well, well, I must watch and see!"

I like ice cream; and so, one day, when our girl came in and said 'twas getting too cold to keep milk up stairs, for "it's all frozen over this morning, sir," "Good," said I, "I'll have some ice cream—frozen cream." But when I took the ice out of the milkpan, it wasn't frozen cream at all! It was not even frozen skim-milk. It was real ice, almost as thin and clear as water ice! It wasn't worth eating! I asked the old farmer about that, and he said,

"Why, of course, milk ice is kind o' watery like. Frost 'll freeze the water right out of anything. There's cider! You just freeze it all you can, and what's left 'll make your head snap if you drink it; it's clear and no mistake."

"Funny frost, so fond of water!" said I.

Off the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, sailors often meet icebergs a hundred feet high, and all the books say that there is nearly six times as much ice under water as there is above. But when I went

skating on our canal, the ice lay, all of it, on top of the water, and none of it that I saw was under water at all. And yet when I break off a piece of ice and put it in a pitcher of water, it floats just like an iceberg, six times as much under water as above it.

An Indian was found dead by the roadside, one very cold morning, with an empty rum bottle beside him. He was frozen stiff. The wise Indians came and examined to find what had killed him. They decided that there had been too much water in his rum, and the water had frozen hard and killed him. Rum never freezes, but men with rum in them freeze more easily than other men who drink cold water only. Queer, funny frost, again.

These are only a few of the curious things that frost has set me to thinking. If any of the Knapsack readers can explain all these curious things, they will be wiser than some professors in our colleges. And professors are the wisest people I know of! *Thos. K. Beecher.*

## No. 147.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters—

My 13, 5, 1, 27 is a territory of the United States.

My 7, 16, 13, 2, 10 is a river in North Carolina.

My 18, 10, 15, 24, 22 is a cape east of the United States.

My 17, 14, 10, 7, 12, 3, 15 is the capital of one of the Middle States.

My 4, 16, 19, 11 is a river in North Carolina.

My 15, 10, 23, 12, 3, 20, 7 is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 11, 6, 27, 9, 25, 22 is a town in New Jersey.

My 14, 21, 22, 8, 26, 3, 20, 7 is a river in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a proverb.

*George.*

## No. 148.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters—

My 7, 8, 9, 13, 14 is a beautiful substance found in the sea.

My 3, 2, 4, 14, 6 is the name of a book.

My 10, 6, 13, 9 is a delicious fruit.

My 12, 13, 3, 4, 14, 6 is a child's plaything.

My 7, 8, 5, 14, 13, 9 is something you have around your neck.

My 10, 6, 13, 12, 5 is something a great queen once swallowed.

My 10, 2, 14, 5 is something you don't like to swallow.

And you have the whole of all this in your hand.

*E. M. B.*

## No. 149.—CHARADE.

My first is something bright and far away;

My second when you're hurt you often say;

My third is what a Scotchman calls his king,

My whole, tho' wise, did many a foolish thing. *Johnny.*

## No. 150.—CHARADE.

My first is what the traveler cannot keep;

My second is where truth is hidden deep;

My whole is what we sometimes sadly say

When those we love are going far away. *Gerty.*

## No. 151.—CHARADE.

One is very distant,

Two is far from stout,

Three is gusty, windy,

And the flapping sail fills out.

My whole was worn by stately dames,

In the time of good king James Fitz James. *E. K.*

## No. 152.—CHARADE.

1. St. Andrew's cross.

2. Where a prisoner sleeps.

3. A church fast.

All. What this charade tried to be. *E. K.*

## No. 153.—RIDDLE.

I have two windows, narrow, clear, and round,

No curtain shades them, but they're iron bound.

He who looks *out* may gaze at what he please—

He who looks *in* one picture always sees. *Gerty.*

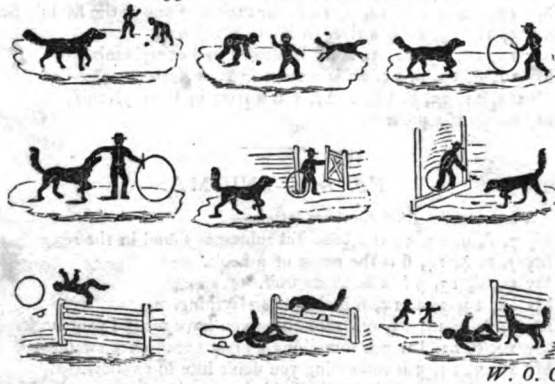


## No. 154.—A PICTURE STORY.



W. O. C.

## No. 155.—A PICTURE STORY.



W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO PICTURE STORIES OF NOVEMBER.

No. 145.—*The Story of a Quarrel*.—"Tis a sad, sad story. When once begun, nobody can tell where they will end, or the sorrow they will bring. Frank was a cheerful, honest boy, but quick to be angry. He could not bear an insult. Quietly walking along home one day, a rude, bad boy met him, and insulted him by calling him

names. His anger came up in a moment. Picking up a stone from the ground, he threw it spitefully. Both boys now became fierce, and their anger grew hotter and hotter every moment. They ran upon each other like two tigers, with cruel, wicked feelings burning in their hearts. O boys! how dare you be such fiends! how dare you let that tiger spirit rule your hearts even for a moment!

Mark is the strongest, and, blind with rage, he has struck a blow with all his might, and Frank has fallen to the ground. He lies pale and still. There stands Mark, no longer angry, but filled with a dreadful fear, and a strange terror creeping over him. Frank was dead! The fatal blow had fallen upon his temple.

Once in my life I threw a stone. A boy had made me angry, and I wanted to hurt him. When the school was called, he came in with his face all bruised and bloody. Oh! what if I had killed him! It was the last time I ever threw a stone in anger. I trust God has forgiven me so great a sin.

I need not tell how the mother wept over her lifeless boy. I need not tell how the officers came, and carried the guilty boy away; and how dark were the hours that he spent in the gloomy prison cell.

W. O. C.

No. 146.—*The Lost Child*.—A family had moved into a cottage just on the edge of the wood. Among the children was little Anna, now just beginning to run about alone. One day, while the woman was busy about her work, little Anna slipped out of the door, ran down through the garden, and crawled under the fence. All was new and wonderful to little Anna. She stood and gazed at the beautiful, bright birds, as they merrily sang upon the boughs, and her little heart was all full of joy. Thus she wandered away through the long, wild-wood paths, charmed by so many pretty things.

Then Anna was missed. The mother hastened down to the garden fence, and called, and looked away off into the deep wood. But there was no sight or sound of Anna. She ran down to the brook, where the path crosses on the bridge, and looked down into the water. She ran out to the great rock, and looked over the edge into the fearful deep below. But there was no sign of Anna anywhere.

But now there comes a loud barking from the deep wood, and she springs forward to the call. Rover had tracked the footsteps of the little wanderer, and had found her asleep among the bushes. The mother thankfully clasped her little child to her arms, and went home with tears of joy.

W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 136.—*Enigma*.—Hip, Pot, Tomato, Hat, Top, Hop, Pump, Ham, mat, mop, Tom; Hippopotamus. No. 137.—*Enigma*.—Arno, Chili, Iron, Lima, Como, Blanc, Romania; Abraham Lincoln. No. 138.—*Riddle*.—Thistle seed. No. 139.—*Charade*.—Botanical.—Mouse-ear. No. 141.—*A Problem*.—A. 7 cents, B. 1 cent. No. 142.—*Enigma*.—Crow. No. 143.—*Capping Words*.—All; 1 Ball, 2 Call, 3 Fall, 4 Gall, 5 Hall, 6 Mall, 7 Pall, 8 Sall, 9 Tall, 10 Wall. No. 144.—*Anagrams and Transpositions*.—1 Afterward, 2 Mourned, 3 Prepared, 4 Buildest, 5 Hypocrisy, 6 Astonished, 7 Affrighted, 8 Inventories, 9 Saint Thomas, 10 Saint Domingo, 11 Montserrat, 12 Martinica, 13 Saint Lucia, 14 Barbadoes, 15 Cholera, 16 Parallelograms, 18 Transubstantiation, 19 Pin-cushion, 20 Writing case, 21 Geography, 22 Temptation, 23 Liverpool, 24 Preston, 25 Glasgow, 26 Manchester, 27 Rochdale, 28 Islington, 29 Bales, 30 Solder, 31 Reason, 32 Steamers, 33 Demand, 34 Festivals, 35 Please, 36 Advance, 37 Duplicate, 38 A surname, 39 Federal, 40 Confederate, 41 Defendant, 42 Arrangements, 43 Machine, 44 Contemporaries, 45 Anticipate, 46 Intimidate. No. 147.—*An English Rebus*.—Love me, love my dog. (Love meal-ove m-eye dog.)

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

	Page.
A Bunch of Wild Apple Blossoms, Lucia Chase Bell.	6
Another True Ghost Story.....Aunt Ann	43
A Peep into my Jewel Cases.....Mrs. E. H. Miller.	60
A Story about Milly.....Lucia Chase Bell.	27
A Talk with a Diver.....Mrs. A. S. McFarland.	68
A True Incident.....L. S.	43
Camp Bruce.....Emily H. Miller.	8, 17, 33, 56, 72, 88
Children's Letters.....	12
Counsel to Boys—Choosing a Vocation.....	24
Daisy's Friends.....Prudy.	7
Early Times in Ohio.....Grandma Gage.	38, 49, 70, 86
Editorial.....	12, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92
Etiquette of Stairs.....J. S.	85
Freddy's Doors.....Kate Woodland.	24
Grandma Gage's Childhood—The First Memory.....	22
Hem!.....W. O. C.	25
How Fred Got his Learning.....W. O. C.	71
Indian Summer.....Patience Waite.	74
Jennie's Memory String.....Faith Latimer.	85
Legend of Devil's Lake.....Maud L. B.	65
Legend of the Man in the Moon.....J. A. Bellows.	24
Letter from Dick.....Mildred Bentley.	7
Letter from Mrs. Frances D. Gage.....	5
Little Willie.....Mary Fletcher Beavers.	83
"Lo, I am with You Always".....Alta Grant.	60
Lou's Mistake.....Lucia Chase Bell.	67
Madge; or, The Broken Wine Cup, Julia M. Thayer.	1
May and Fay.....H. E. B.	26
Mittie's Charm.....Alta Grant.	41
My Stepmother.....Patience Waite.	51
Natural Philosophy.....The Corporal.	50
No God in our Home.....H. E. B.	4
November (Editorial).....Mrs. Emily H. Miller.	77
Old Tardy.....Patience Waite.	35
On the Hearth Rug.....Aunt Laura.	81
Our Letters.....	45, 61
Private Quaker's Knapsack.....	15, 31, 47, 63, 79, 95
"Red Ridinghood and the Wolf".....Editor.	70
Salutatory (Editorial).....Mrs. Emily H. Miller.	28
Science for Children.....Uncle Worthy.	8, 21, 58, 71
Scraps from Life.....Nellie Niobe.	60
Stop Thief!.....Lst.	43
Taming Grasshoppers.....	A. 26
The Bumblebees' Nest.....Queen Bee.	26
The Chicken Little Stories.....	20
No. 1. Simon and the Garuly.....E. Eggleston.	36
No. 2. Lazy Larkin and the Jollibies.....E. Eggleston.	36
No. 3. The Pickaninny.....E. Eggleston.	74
No. 4. The Great Panjandrum Himself.....E. Eggleston.	83
The Dew and the Daisy.....Mildred Bentley.	42
The First Engine.....W. O. C.	51
The Fly Family.....Dr. D. W. Flora.	40
The Four Elements—from the German, Luella Clark.	4
"The Good, the True, and the Beautiful," and "The Red, White, and Blue".....Waltha.	11
The Little Missionary.....Patience Waite.	3
The Lonely Eagle.....Oliver C. Ferris.	38
The Model Boy.....Waltha.	42
The Old and the New (Editorial) Mrs. E. H. Miller.	92
The Turkeys, and what they seemed to say.....	66
Tim, our Pet Crane.....Adelaide Tracy.	53
Two Kisses.....Faith Latimer.	54
Two Tears.....Faith Latimer.	5
Uncle Ike.....Alta Grant.	59
Wayside Notes.....Alta Grant.	75
Weeds.....L.	26
Welcome Announcement.....Editor.	12
What shall the Children do Next!.....Editor.	28
Do.....Mrs. E. E. P.	59
Do.....Matty.	69
Do.....A Chicago Mother.	91
What is the Use!.....J. Shinem.	85
What the Martin Saw in Virginia.....Felicia H. Ross.	23
Where is Bunny.....W. O. C.	6

	Page.
December.....Sydney E. Holmes.	83
Early Morning.....Mrs. E. A. Harriman.	59
Going to School.....Felicia H. Ross.	59
In the Garden.....Julia C. R. Dorr.	19
In the Swing.....	E. 23
Little Maude.....Ada J. Moore.	65
Morning Rhymes.....Alta Grant.	71
Mother and Son.....Felicia H. Ross.	91
Nutting.....Mary A. P. Humphrey.	72
On the Way.....Oliver C. Ferris.	38
Our Good Father—from the German.....N. M. Culla.	22
Pictures in the Fire.....Oliver C. Ferris.	3
Puss and the Looking Glass.....Kate Woodland.	66
Rhyme of Little Red Ridinghood.....E. Eggleston.	88
Robie.....Felicia H. Ross.	68
Romping Mattie.....Lydia Hunter.	21
Rosebuds.....	E. 22
Rover's Dreams.....Prudy.	26
Sunset.....M.	26
The Cedar Tree.....Aunt Fanny.	35
The Crow.....Mrs. A. M. Wells.	69
The Dance of the Fairies.....Emily H. Miller.	11
The Fisher Boy.....Felicia H. Ross.	4
The Grass.....Luella Clark.	51
The Little Haymakers.....Mary Fletcher Beavers.	85
The Lost Arrow.....Emily J. Bugbee.	27
The Morning Glory.....Mary A. P. Humphrey.	42
The Old Garret.....Prudy.	22
The Rainbow.....Prudy.	43
The Signal.....Emily J. Bugbee.	8
The Silly Young Rabbit.....Nathannie M. Culla.	7
The Wayside Spring.....Felicia H. Ross.	71
The Wishbone.....J. A. Bellows.	36
Three Little Birds.....Luella Clark.	11
Thy Will be Done.....Luella Clark.	38
Two Years Old.....Prudy.	58
The Young Recruit.....Antoinette S. Mofat.	72

Music—Gos. F. Root. Words by Emily Huntington Miller.	
Good Night.....	9
Sailing.....	25
The Little Corporal's Rallying Song.....	41
Autumn winds.....	57
Because He Loved Me so.....	73
Christmas Song.....	89



# The Little Corporal.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

VOL. 6. }  
No. 1. }

Chicago, Ill., January, 1868.

## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### CHAPTER I.

It was beginning to grow light, on a foggy, November morning, when Farmer Norton drove into the city with his great, covered market wagon. In the wagon were baskets of eggs nicely packed in oats, pails of yellow butter, bags of juicy pippins and rusty-coated potatoes, and, curled up on a blanket among them, was a little, brown-faced boy, about ten years old.

As Farmer Norton reined up his horses at the market house, he turned around and gave the little fellow a shake.

"Come, my lad," he said, cheerily, "here we are at last, though it goes against my conscience to think I've brought you here. But if you want to go back to-night, you just come up here about four o'clock, and I'll take you out and welcome."

The boy crawled out of the wagon, took the apple and gingerbread which the farmer gave him from his own dinner, and went slowly down the street, eating them, and looking about him.

Nobody knew very much about Jimmy Marvin. When he was only six years old, he was brought to Woodville by a queer, old man, who used to go around the country selling liniment and essences. The old man never gave any account of him, and Jimmy could not remember that he ever had any father or mother; so he went with the old man on his peddling excursions, or lived with him in his little shanty when he came back to the village, till, by and by, the old man died, and the little waif was turned adrift again. Deacon Pettibone took him for awhile, but he couldn't make anything out of him; and then the Widow Graves tried him for an errand boy, but she declared he was "Fuller of mischief than an egg was of meat." So Jimmy went from hand to hand, growing all the time more ragged, until Farmer Norton

yielded to his earnest request, and promised to take him with him to the city. Good Mrs. Norton fitted him up with a comfortable suit of clothes from the outgrown garments her great boys had left behind them, and sent him away with a world of misgivings.

"If he only wasn't so unsettled," she said to her husband, "seems as if we might make something of him; but he never was set to anything steady, and he ain't fit for anything for roving about."

"I don't know, mother," said Farmer Norton; "I ain't sure but Jimmy'll come to something yet. He's got some good *pints* in him, and he'll pick up a livin' as naterally as a blackbird, if he's only let alone; but it ain't in him to take to civilized ways."

Mrs. Norton shook her head, but she stood on the step and watched them drive away and couldn't help feeling, after all, a little as if she hadn't quite done her duty in letting the little wanderer go away.

"I hope the Lord'll take care of him," she said, as she hurried away to call up the girls to milk the cows, and in her busy day of work she soon forgot all about him.

When evening came, Farmer Norton lingered a little around the deserted market place, secretly hoping Jimmy would make his appearance; and after he started away, he looked back into the wagon to see if after all he might not be curled up among the butter pails. But no Jimmy was there, and so Farmer Norton tried to forget him, too, and the great city swallowed him up as the ocean swallows a bubble, and nobody cared anything about it.

Another foggy morning, early in April, found a ragged, little boy, with an old broom, sweeping a muddy crossing in one of the city streets. Jimmy Marvin had gone into business. It had been a frosty night, and the mud was a little stiff yet, and Jimmy worked slowly until he saw a lady coming down the street. She would

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867,  
by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

## ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

All articles in "*The Little Corporal*" are written especially for us, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "*The Little Corporal*." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### NELLIE'S GIFTS.

What shall the New Year bring you,  
Dear little baby Nell?  
Choose from his gifts and treasures,  
Something to please you well.

Gems for your brow so tender—  
Rings for your fingers white—  
Robes for your dainty wearing,  
Rich and costly and bright?

Dear, little, laughing Nellie  
Looks in my eyes with glee!  
Nothing she cares for jewels;  
Queen of my heart is she!

Nothing she cares for raiment,  
Rich and costly and rare;  
Close in my arms I fold her,  
Kissing her golden hair.

Year after year shall bring her  
Treasures of love untold,  
And the bud shall grow to a blossom,  
As the New Years follow the Old.  
*Prudy.*

come over his crossing he knew, for she came every day, rain or shine, and he hurried to give her a clean track. He always did that, and she paid him oftener in smiles than in pennies; but somehow Jimmy felt richer for them than he did for other folks' money. Jimmy had made a shrewd guess that pennies were not very plenty in her pocket. This morning, however, she had a penny for him; and as she put it in his hand she said,

"You and I begin our work in better season than most people, don't we?"

"Do you work?" asked Jimmy.

"To be sure I do," said the lady. "I work at setting type in a great publishing house. It isn't very pleasant work, shut up all day in the hot, close air. I don't know but I shall get me a broom and sweep crossings when I'm rich enough to afford it."

The lady passed on with a merry laugh, and Jimmy rested on his broom a moment and looked after her.

"*She's one of 'em!*" he said, decidedly, as he put the penny carefully away; and from the tone of his voice, it was very plain that to be "one of 'em" meant something very complimentary.

Sweep, sweep! the omnibuses began to rattle, the grocers' wagons to dash by, and soon the great city had fairly entered upon its day's work. The mud flowed in a black river through the street, and it kept Jimmy's arm busy to clear it from the crossing. The one penny soon had company in his pocket; but so many people seemed to think that Jimmy swept the crossing for his own amusement, and only gave him a scowl in pay, that he almost concluded it was a very poor business. Presently came a little girl, with two or three books under her arm, and stopped at the crossing to hail an omnibus. She set her pretty foot daintily into the muddy street, and sprang like a bird upon the step of the omnibus. One of her books fell from her arm, but she caught it quickly, and, as the door of the omnibus closed after her, a little, white card fluttered out from the book and dropped upon Jimmy's crossing. He picked it up just in time to save it from the feet of a drag horse, wiped it on the sleeve of his ragged jacket, and examined it curiously. Jimmy couldn't read very well, but he managed to spell out the words which were printed on the card:

"*The hand of the diligent maketh rich.*"

He read them very slowly, stopping to spell out the words, and very nearly giving up on "diligent."

"Something 'bout gettin' rich, anyhow," he said to himself; "I can make out that much;" and he put the card away in his jacket pocket. There it staid for more than a week, only once in a while Jimmy would take it out and study over that puzzling word, until one pleasant morning his friend from the publishing house came along, and stopped to give him a smile and a penny again.

"You keep my crossing so nicely for me," she said, "I wish I could contrive some way to keep a pocket full of pennies all the time. Then I'd give you a whole handful every morning, Jimmy. Only think how soon you'd get rich."

This made Jimmy think of his card, so

he took it from his pocket, and noticed for the first time how soiled it was.

"There's something here, ma'am," he said; "I can't quite make out the sense of it, but it tells about gettin' rich, and maybe if you'd read it you'd know."

The lady took the bit of pasteboard and read, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

"O, is that all?" said she, laughing. "I was in hopes you had found some magical charm; I knew all that, long ago."

"Then 'tain't true, is it, ma'm?" asked Jimmy, a good deal disappointed.

"True? to be sure it is—just as true as truth itself! It means that diligent hands, that is, hands that stick to their work all the time, and do it bravely and faithfully, just as well as they know how, are sure to be rewarded in the end with success. That's the only way to get riches that will do you any good; but sometimes they are a long time coming—a *very long time*," added the lady, with a weary, little sigh, but presently she smiled again, cheerily, and said, "You get your pay in comfort, though, as you go along. Never be afraid of work, Jimmy; it's good for people, and you'd better keep this card to help you remember it. It's *true*—never doubt it."

Away went the lady up the street, with her quick, energetic step, walking all the faster to make up for the moments she had lost with Jimmy. The next morning and the next the lady picked her way as best she could over the unswept crossing, wondering what had become of Jimmy. Then a girl with a pinched, hungry face took possession of the crossing, and the lady gave her the smiles and the spare pennies, and ceased to wonder about the little, brown-faced boy that had vanished.

Jimmy had changed his business. He had made the acquaintance of a good-natured boy who was in the rag-picking line, and his new friend had offered to find him a situation with the old woman for whom they worked.

Down in the cellar of a horrible den, in one of the meanest streets of the city, they found the old woman, smoking her pipe while she sorted over the pickings of the day. She had in her employ a large number of boys and women, each one of whom had a particular "beat." Every morning they hunted over all the sweepings from shops and saloons, ash heaps, kitchen refuse, and garbage of every description, and the stuff they collected was all taken to old Judy's cellar, to be assorted. She paid them a stipulated price per day, while she herself made her gain from the sale of what they brought.

"I've brought you a new boy," said the rag picker, introducing Jimmy.

The old woman took her pipe from her mouth and looked keenly at Jimmy.

"Ever been on a beat?" she asked.

"No," said Jimmy, at a venture, not at all understanding what she meant.

"I don't want greenies, and I wouldn't have nothin' to say to you, only Pat Donahue has just been sent up for stealin', and if you've a mind to try his beat you may have it."

She threw an old bag towards Jimmy, who was looking curiously about the room,

and wondering what could be the use of half the things collected there.

Perhaps my friends of THE LITTLE CORPORAL's army would not have known either, so I will tell them that the cotton and linen rags and the bits of paper go to the paper mills; the woolen rags, no matter how old and filthy, to people who buy them to sell again to be ground up and put into very nice-looking cloth, which comes all to pieces as soon as it comes to any wear. Then the trimmings of all kinds of fruit and vegetables have a market at the very lowest boarding houses, and so do fresh bones. The old bones go to the bone factories, to be ground up for the farmers' use; the ends of cigars and even *old quids* are put to some use by men who buy them, but we'll leave those interested in tobacco in its various forms to find out what. Half-burned cinders are sold for a trifle to the poor; and so I might go on and tell you of some use to which every trifle you reject from your plenty can be put.

But we must not forget Jimmy. After a few directions from old Judy, he started out with the little rag picker, who showed him his beat.

"You'll have hard work to suit old Judy on this beat," he said. "It's a good one, but Pat was a sly feller, and many's the handkerchief and small bundle he helped out of somebody's pocket, and pretended to finding in the sweepin's. Judy knowed well enough, but she never let on."

"I shan't *steal*, for her nor nobody else," said Jimmy.

"No more won't I," said his companion; "they allus gets jerked up after a while."

Jimmy didn't much fancy the rag-picking business, but it paid much better than sweeping crossings; and though old Judy was liberal with her scoldings, she never failed to pay him regularly, and even raised his wages at the end of the first month. Jimmy was getting rich. In the bosom of his ragged shirt he carried an old stocking foot, that held quite a little store of pennies and small coins, which he had managed to save from his earnings.

One morning, as he was busily exploring a heap of cinders in the gutter, somebody who was hurrying along the sidewalk stopped to say,

"I do believe this must be Jimmy."

Jimmy looked up in surprise to see his old friend of the printing office.

"Do you come down here?" he asked.

"Yes, and a good deal farther," said the lady. "I go down to W— street. But have you gone into *rag picking*, Jimmy?"

There was a tone in her voice that made Jimmy's brown cheek grow red, as he said,

"Yes'm; it pays first rate; and you said once there wasn't nothin' in work to be ashamed of, so't was honest."

"I know," said the lady; "but I've been hoping and fancying something *good* had happened to you. I made up my mind that you had gone away from this bad, dirty city into the country, somewhere, to smell the hay and the clover blossoms, and see the beautiful things that God is making now."

"I lived in the country once, ma'am," said Jimmy, wondering at her bright-



ening face, "and I didn't like it very much."

"I know a little boy," said the lady, sadly, "who would give every precious thing he has, only to smell the sweet, country air, and hear the birds sing, and see the green grass and the 'tlear, little brooks again."

"Why don't he go, then? 'tain't more'n two mile, the way Farmer Norton comes, till you're right amongst the farms."

The lady shook her head, and made no answer.

"Are you here often, Jimmy?" she asked, presently; "because I should like to see you once in a while, and know how you get on."

"Yes'm, this is on my beat, but I mostly begin down by the saloons, and so don't get this way so early. The saloons are the best pickin'."

"Well, if you ever want to see me you'll know where to find me; and if I can help you, Jimmy, I shall always be glad to do it."

"She's a spry one," said Jimmy, as the lady went on, with the same springing step; "but I reckon she's worried about something or other. Her eyes don't laugh the way they used to."

Jimmy went on with his work, and kept thinking over what the lady had said about the little boy, until all at once he hit upon a plan which seemed to please him very much. He nodded his head and laughed over his work, and when he finally threw down his bag of pickings in Judy's cellar, he said to her,

"I shan't be in to-morrow; I'm goin' off on a tramp."

"You needn't mind to come back, then," growled Judy; "I don't want no dealin' with trampers."

"If I like it I'll stay, then," said Jimmy, carelessly; for he knew Judy well enough not to care for her threats.

The next day, just as the gray light of the early morning began to steal in at the city windows, Jimmy crawled out of the close, hot cellar, where he slept with about twenty others, and set his face towards the open country, by the same road that Farmer Norton had brought him in his market wagon. Jimmy was dirty and dreadfully ragged, and his first thought was that he did not want to meet the farmer in such a plight. So he gave the market house a wide berth, and kept a sharp lookout for the span of gray horses, and the neat, covered wagon.

"I mean to go back there, some day," he said to himself, "when I can go respectable; and then I'll pay them Foster boys that always used to call me '*Foster of Catnip*' and '*Poor-man's Plaster*.'"

Outside of the city were rows of little shanties, surrounded by pig pens and little patches of vegetables, but very soon he came to the broad, open fields, where the rows of green corn were all glistening in the sunrise, and the clover hung its fragrant heads, weighed down with dew. Nearly two miles farther on was a small stream and a strip of woods which Jimmy remembered very well. He had been there many a time with the old peddler, in search of roots and herbs for his wonderful syrups and liniments, and gone home with a load

of wild plants. He climbed over the stone wall, and followed the brook till it led him into the thick shadows of the woods. He sat down on a little, green bank, all covered with moss and liverwort, and took off his battered old cap to feel the cool, moist touch of the wind upon his forehead. It was a pleasant place to rest on a warm June day, and Jimmy looked about him with a great deal of satisfaction.

"'Tis sort o' pretty, that's so," he said to himself. "Sounds just as if the water was tryin' to say somethin'."

Jimmy ate a part of the lunch he had bought at a cheap, little eating stall, and then began his work of gathering wild flowers. He was familiar with every nook of the woods, and soon had a large collection, and he sat down by the brook to tie them up.

"Right here's where the old man set, last time he was out here," thought Jimmy, "tyin' up spearmint and liverwort. I wonder now where he's gone to? 'tain't likely they'd want him up in heaven. I never seen no pictures of angels looked like him."

Jimmy laughed out loud, as he tied up his posies, thinking of the old man with his patches and his sawtooth face; and then a very pleasant voice asked,

"What are you laughing about?"

He looked up in surprise, to see a young lady with her hands full of flowers and ferns, and answered promptly,

"Thinkin' how the old man would look up in heaven, all over wrinkles and patches."

"Has he gone there?" asked the lady, reverently.

"The parson said so, to the buryin'; but 'tain't no ways likely to be true."

"His old clothes and his wrinkles would not go there," said the lady, sitting down to arrange her flowers; "but if his soul was white and holy, *that* would go there, and God would give it a new body and beautiful garments of white."

"I must be trampin'," said Jimmy, "or I shall be too late to meet *her*."

"Do you live in the city?" asked the lady.

"Yes'm," said Jimmy, as he put on his cap.

"And do you care so much for flowers that you come away here for them?"

"I wanted 'em for *her*," said Jimmy. "I don't set much store by 'em myself. She goes home about supper time, and I reckon on meetin' her by the crossin'."

"Let me fix them a little for you," said the lady; "those ferns will droop as soon as you go out of the shade."

She took the flowers and dipped them in the brook till they were thoroughly wet, then wrapped a wet handkerchief about their stems.

"You can keep the handkerchief," she said; and Jimmy thanked her, and went trudging back through the hot sun to the city. He could not help wishing that he was wrapped in a wet handkerchief himself; but at last he reached the city pavements, and looking up at the clock on one of the church spires, he saw that he had fully an hour to spare. He sat down in the shade of a building opposite the crossing to rest and watch. The lady came

rather earlier than common, and walked very rapidly, never once seeing Jimmy till she had passed him, and he ran and pulled her by the dress. As she turned he saw how weary and troubled she looked, though her face brightened as she saw the wild flowers Jimmy thrust into her hand.

"O Jimmy," she said, "they're *wild flowers*; real wild flowers out of the woods! where *did* you get them?"

"I went for 'em, ma'm," said Jimmy; "they're for him—for the little boy you know."

"For Charley," said the lady, in surprise; "they'll do him more good than medicine. Poor, little fellow, he begins to grow weaker with this warm weather."

"I must hurry home to him," she said, a minute after; "and I can't tell you how much we both thank you, Jimmy. It was so kind in you to think of it."

(To be continued.)

## LITTLE NELL.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

I must tell you about little Nell,  
Our wee, pretty, black-and-white kitten,  
So small she could frisk very well  
Inside papa's big woolen mitten.

She has three little paws white as snow,  
And another as black as a jet—  
She's too wee to catch mice, you must know,  
But is just the right size for a pet.

Half her funny and frolicsome ways,  
If I tried, I never could tell;  
But the children, with all their plays,  
Never seem quite so happy as Nell.

Only give her a ball—what a rout!  
For little Nell wants nothing more  
Than to tumble and toss it about  
All over the nursery floor.

Give her only a bit of a string,  
And just touch her pretty, soft paw,  
And she'll gambol and scramble and spring  
In a fashion you never saw.

But Nell is not always astir,  
For sometimes, when the room is still,  
She will sit in the sunshine and purr,  
As all good little kits will.

She will roll herself up in a ball,  
Shut tight her pretty, pink eyes,  
And lie fast asleep till you call,  
Then over the room she flies,  
Like a sprite, all alive with fun;  
And capering here and there,  
As if she would never be done;  
For kittens, you know, have no care.

And so she is full of her play;  
And, if ever her playthings fail,  
She will race, chase, and tumble all day,  
To get at the tip of her tail.

If you ever should come to see  
Maud, or Johnny, or May, I'll tell,  
As true as a story can be,  
A story of Babv and Nell.

Don't think that one part of your life is important and another unimportant, that one part of your work must be well done, while another part may be slighted. Every moment, at work or play, demands the best there is in you. Live full, true, honest lives—honest before God, as well as men.

Private Little.

## FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

## NUMBER I.

Fred and Fanny Rivers were born in Burlington, Vermont, and two merrier, happier children it would be difficult to find; so you may be sure they were great favorites among their companions, and no summer picnic, or winter's skating party, seemed complete without Fred's black eyes and Fanny's dimpled cheeks. Their mother had been for years a great invalid, and their father, hoping a voyage across the Atlantic and a few months in Italy might aid in restoring her to health, concluded it was best to try it, taking the children with them. Imagine the delight of the brother and sister when news was given them of the proposed journey—a delight scarcely dampened by a thought of parting with their little playmates and friends. Soon, however, good-byes were said, intermingled with many promises to write soon and often, and not many days after they took possession of their small staterooms, on board the *Fulton*, which was to sail in a few hours for France. Everything was so new to our little travelers that they were kept constantly busy looking at the strange people and things around them.

At last all was ready, and the steamer began to move slowly away from the wharf. The children watched the land as it gradually vanished in the distance, and only when nothing could be seen but the broad ocean, were they willing to go down to the saloon with their father.

The dinner-gong had sounded, and the passengers were gathering around the tables. The children were too much excited to eat, and were very glad to be taken again upon deck, where they could watch the waves beating around the vessel. At last, when it was quite dark, and they were too sleepy to look at the reflection of the stars in the water, or to wonder any longer at the myriads of brilliant flashes which seemed like fire-flies sporting in the white foam, they went below to their staterooms, where the little couches, looking more like shelves in a cupboard than places for people to sleep in, amused them very much.

Despite the pitching of the steamer they were soon asleep, and were awakened next morning by the sailors washing down the deck.

During the day they made many acquaintances among the young folks, and thought they should never tire of life on a steamer; but, when on the morning of the twelfth day they finally touched at Havre, they were quite ready to try some other mode of traveling.

The weather was very chilly, and as Mr. Rivers was in haste to reach a milder climate, they passed rapidly through France to Marseilles, there taking the boat for Genoa, thence journeying as far north as the Lake of Como. Among all the new and curious sights they were constantly seeing, the children did not forget their old playmates, and as you, also, may be interested in some of their letters written home, here is Fanny's first:

"*Dear Cousin Kate*: I can hardly believe it is only four weeks since we told you good-bye. It seems to me longer than all my life before. Everything we see is so different from what we were used to at home, that we can never stop wondering. I believe my papa has written to yours to say that we crossed in safety that great, tossing, pitching ocean, but he cannot have told you yet about our new home here. We stopped for a short time in the city of Como, to look at the pictures in the Cathedral, then we went to the wharf and found a little boat just large enough to hold us all quite comfortably. We told the boatman we wanted him to take us to the Villa d' Este, which is situated on the shore about two miles from Como. Fred wanted very much to row, but when papa told us we should have a boat of our own after a while, he was content to look with me over the side of the boat, and trail his fingers through the water, watching the little fish bite at them. The steamer had just passed up the lake ahead of us, ruffling the surface very much, so that our little shallow bark was tossed merrily from wave to wave. The shore is most exquisite. High mountains rise on either side, leaving only a narrow strip of land between their steep sides and the edge of the water; but this strip is covered with little villages nestled cosily beneath the cliffs, with beautiful villas, surrounded by gardens and delightful pleasure-grounds, ornamented by the tall cypress and the drooping pine. In about half an hour after leaving Como we rowed into the dearest little bay you can imagine. The water was as still and smooth as glass, the oars were drawn in, and our little boat glided silently along in the sunshine. A few rods before we rose what to our wondering eyes seemed a king's palace. It was an immense edifice, several stories high, resting on heavy stone buttresses whose foundations were deep in the water. Close behind it rose the mountains, so close, that from the second or third story windows one could have stepped out upon the rocks. When papa told us this was to be our home, and asked how we liked it, I was too delighted to say anything but, 'O, how beautiful.' A moment after and our boat passed under a dark archway, between two of the buttresses, then out again on the other side into the sunshine. Here we stepped ashore and were taken up to our rooms, which look directly toward Como. Our windows open out upon a broad balcony overshadowing the lake. I can hardly realize that we are actually in Italy, the country you and I have so often read and talked of. There seem to be many delightful walks around the villa, with all of which I hope we shall soon become acquainted. It seems very queer to hear every one around us speaking Italian. Fred and I have already picked up a few words, and we amuse ourselves by speaking them to the boatman. But now, good-bye, dear Kate.

"From your affectionate little cousin,  
FANNY RIVERS."

As Fanny handed the letter to her father to be inclosed in one he was writing, she heard Fred's voice calling to her from the hills behind. So she seized her sketch-book and pencils and ran out to join him. They climbed up a couple of hundred feet above the water, and then sat down in a little, shady nook to observe more closely the view beneath and around them. At their side was a tiny rivulet, hurrying along to add its mite to the quiet lake below, which was covered with little barks with their wing-like sails, some with white, some with brilliantly colored awnings, some large enough for half a dozen

persons, others capable of holding but one. As far up the lake as they could see, came the steamer, puffing along towards Como. They watched it gradually growing larger, and as it passed in front of them, although half a mile away, they waved their hats, and the salute was returned by those on deck.

Fanny's sketch, which she took down to her mother, was quite creditable. She took much pains with her drawing, for she had always been taught that whatever she attempted to do she must do as well as she possibly could. In this way she improved very rapidly, for a fault made one day would be corrected the next.

After a few days spent in wandering over the hills, rowing on the lake, and becoming acquainted with their new home, their father procured for them a competent Italian master, who came every day from Como to help them with their studies. One day, after lessons were over, the master asked the children if they had yet made an excursion to Monte Bisbino, a mountain some distance back from the lake. When they told him they had not, he described to them with much enthusiasm the beauty of the view, the number of lakes to be seen from the summit, Como, Maggiore, Orta, etc. That same evening Fred told his father and mother what Signor Rivelli had said of the mountain, and begged they might all climb it the next day.

Delighted with the plan, Mr. Rivers quickly granted the request, and preparations were made for an early start next morning—that is, guides were engaged, a portantina (a kind of arm-chair borne by two men) was secured for Mrs. Rivers, and a donkey ordered for Fanny. Fred declared his intention of walking with his father, though the guides told him it was a five hours' steady climb to the top. At six in the morning, armed with an alpenstock (or jumping pole, with a sharp iron in the end, such as is carried by all travelers in the higher mountains), he led the way up the mountain path, followed by the rest of the party. Fred made a good deal of sport of Fanny's droll appearance on her donkey, which was scarcely larger than a good-sized sheep. She took it all good naturedly, laughing merrily as she leaned over to pull poor Nanni's long ears, and assuring her brother he would be glad enough to exchange places with her before the day was over. The air was clear, and at every few hundred feet they would turn to look backward at the view which extended itself at every step; new villages seemed to spring into being, new mountain ranges to rise, one above another, beyond the one which bordered the lake. As they ascended, tiny patches of fleecy cloud would gather, dissipate and gather again, till finally, when they at length threw themselves down under the old chapel porch which crowned the summit, everything was so enveloped in cloud that not a mountain, or lake, or plain, was visible.

Nevertheless, they felt amply repaid for the climb, while they sat watching the heaving ocean of black mist as it rose and fell, beating about in the deep valley till some strong current of air, sweeping

through, would carry it upward to be tinged by the sunshine with every color of the rainbow, and then scattered away to cluster around the snowpeaks.

"Is there any chance of the mist soon clearing?" asked Mr. Rivers of one of the guides.

The man addressed, touched his hat respectfully, and replied, that in all probability no mountains would be seen that day. So with a parting look at the ever-shifting scene, they began the descent, which was much more quickly made than the ascent.

"Well, Fred, aren't you tired?" exclaimed Fanny, as she sprang from the saddle, when her little donkey came to a stop in the Villa d'Este gardens.

"Tired!" echoed Fred, who was busily engaged in pounding on, with a large stone, the iron of his alpenstock which had become loosened; "if I were in Yankee-land, I should say, 'I *guess* I'm not,' but as mamma quarrels so with that word, I suppose I mustn't use it in this case. But really, Fanny, if you only knew how much nicer it is to walk and leap over these rolling hills, and clamber up the steep places, you would dispense with donkeys forever after. Now, I'm quite sure, I'm not half so tired as you are."

"But, Fred, I *couldn't* walk so far."

"You don't know, till you try, little sis."

"Are we ever going to climb any more mountains?"

"Yes, indeed, I hope so; didn't you hear papa asking the guides about different peaks around here? I'm quite sure he means to climb them."

"Well, then," said Fanny, summoning up all her resolution, "I mean to climb them with you, and let poor Nanni remain at home."

"Benone!" admiringly exclaimed Fred; then added, merrily, "just see how fast I'm adopting Signor Rivelli's mother tongue!"

"Wouldn't cousin Kate laugh," returned Fanny, "to hear you say *benone*! when you only meant *well done*? But, Fred, what time is it?"

"The steamer leaving Como, yonder, decides the question; just a quarter past five, and quite time we were in the house preparing for dinner. Hasn't this been a day worth remembering!"

### GRANDMA'S DREAMS.

BY EMILY H. MILLER.

I wonder what grandma is thinking about,

As she sits in the corner there,  
With the firelight shining into her eyes,  
And over her silver hair?

She has laid her knitting across her knee,  
And folded her hands so thin,

And I know that her thoughts are far away,  
In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet

That brightens her eyes so dim;  
Perhaps she is seeing the golden gates,  
And hearing the angels' hymn!

And she smiles to think that she soon will cross  
Where the wonderful river rolls,  
And gather the rose of her youth again,  
In the beautiful garden of souls!

### SANTA CLAUS.

BY SIDNEY E. HOLMES.

Three little children, as daylight fled,  
Joyously hastened away to bed—  
Went in haste that night!

Soon by the merry fireside glow,  
Three little stockings hung all in a row,  
Tied fast that night?

At last bright eyes ceased to wink or to peep,  
And listening ears were closed in sleep,  
Happy sleep that night!

Then came Santa Claus! then came he  
With wonderful gifts for those children three,  
Gliding in that night!

Into each stocking, book, candy, and toy;  
And the children moved with a restless joy  
In their sleep that night!

And long before the coming of dawn,  
Blithe little voices announced that gone  
Was sleep that night!

Long live Santa Claus! childhood's king!  
Long to these three may he happiness bring,  
As he did that night!

Long may they look to the chimney tall  
For the presents he brings to great and small,  
As he brought that night!

For when that blissful illusion is done,  
Childhood is over, and care is begun—  
Is begun from that night!

### DIAMOND.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

I wonder which the children who read  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL like best, true or  
made-up stories? If I were to ask blue-  
eyed Lora, who stands here at my knee,  
so quiet and womanly, (for Lora will be  
ten next summer,) or little Eddie, who  
shakes his golden curls, as he begs pite-  
ously for "More 'tory, Mamma!" the  
same question, they would say, "O, a  
*true* story, please!"

Now I think that children are much  
alike everywhere, so I am going to tell  
you about little May's dog, Diamond.

But first, I must say something about  
May herself. She is not "little May"  
now, but a woman, tall and grown up;  
yet I can remember very well when she  
was a merry, little, country girl, on the old  
farm at home. How she loved the great  
fields—the pastures with their soft green  
grass, which the cropping of the patient  
cattle, day after day, kept smooth and  
velvety as the park of an English noble-  
man; the beautiful meadows where the  
tasseled timothy grass seemed like the  
waves of a broad lake, when the wind  
blew and the sun shone upon it; where,  
too, the wild strawberries grew so large  
and red and juicy. May knew very well  
where they were thickest, for every summer  
her papa said, "No one but May must  
go into the meadow; I do not think that  
she will trample the grass badly, she is  
such a careful little girl." That was sweet  
praise for May, you may be sure.

Then there were the woods, the cool,  
dark, grand, old woods! May has seen  
the magnificent elms of New England,  
and the giant oaks of the West, since

then, but she has never found any trees  
that seemed so tall and stately as those.  
She spent many half days among them,  
sometimes gathering wild flowers and  
sprays of checkerberry, and twisting them  
into garlands; sometimes running through  
the last year's dead leaves, and laughing  
to see them fly away like winged things  
on every side; sometimes weaving a cup  
of the great basswood leaves, and dipping  
up the cool water that trickled down from  
the spring in drops clear and sparkling as  
diamonds; or, again, sitting for hours on  
some mossy knoll, and watching the happy,  
living creatures, to whom God has given the  
forest like a little world all to themselves,  
in which to dwell and grow and rejoice.  
They did not mind the quiet little girl  
very much; perhaps some gentle instinct  
taught them that she loved and would not  
harm them. Looking up, she could see  
the bright wing of the scarlet oriole glance  
in and out among the leaves, like a gleam  
of sunshine; the bluejays chattered and  
scolded, and the sober little ground-sparrow  
almost brushed her face with its brown  
wings, as it started up from its five eggs  
in the grass.

The chipmunk, or chip-munk, as some  
people spell it, (he is such a little hermit,  
you know,) ran to and fro only a few  
yards off, and up in the branches, the gray  
squirrel held a nut in his cunning paws,  
stopping his feast now and then to bark  
and chatter at May.

May was not afraid even of the little,  
striped snake, with his bright skin and  
diamond eyes, which she sometimes found  
coiled up inside a hollow log, for she re-  
membered that God made and loved him  
like the rest.

I might tell you about the haying and  
harvest times, when May went out with  
her papa and the men, and, like a little  
Maud Muller,

"Raked the meadow sweet with hay;"

of the orchard where she helped to gather  
the rosy-cheeked apples in the autumn; of  
the great barn, with swallows' nests in the  
eaves, and the fragrant mows, whose every  
mysterious cavity May suspected of hold-  
ing a treasure of hens' eggs at bottom;  
but I should make my story too long.

You are thinking, by this time, that  
May was a very happy, little girl, and so  
she was; and yet, strange as it may seem,  
she was sometimes very lonely, and longed  
for a playmate. She had no brothers or  
sisters. Her cousins, Charlie and Willie  
Gray, came up for a month, every summer.  
How May counted the days until the time  
for that visit, and how sad she was when it  
was over! She could hardly look, without  
crying, at the little houses of shingles  
under the pear tree, where they had played  
building a city.

One bright day of the summer, when  
May was eight years old, she had been  
playing in the garden for an hour, and  
wishing very much for the dear cousins,  
who had left only the week before, when  
she heard her mamma's voice calling,  
"May! May!"

"Yes, mamma!" cried May, and she  
ran in as quickly as she could.

Her mother stood in the porch, waiting  
for her, and there, in her arms, was the

most beautiful, little dog May had ever seen. His glossy coat was black as jet, but his soft paws were spotted with white, and there was a white star on his forehead, and just the most cunning, little, white tip at the end of his frisky tail. May could scarcely speak, but she just gasped out, as her mamma put the dog in her arms, "*Mine, mamma?*"

"All yours, my little daughter," said her mamma, with a smile, and then May found the use of her tongue, which she had never been known to lose, even for a moment, before; and such a torrent of gratitude and joy as followed, I shall let you imagine, because I cannot describe it.

At last, when she had grown more quiet, and was sitting in her little chair, beside her mamma's work table, stroking the dog's silken ears, and letting him lick her hand, she said, suddenly,

"O mamma! what is his name?"

"He has none yet; you must give him one," said her mother.

What an important question was this! If you could have seen how May knitted her brows, you would have thought that the fate of a nation might hang upon the decision. Papa was called in to aid in the consultation, but May herself ended it at last, by exclaiming,

"O mamma! Carlo, and Fido, and Trip, are all well enough, but-I can't have any *common* name for my beauty. There's the story you told me of Sir Isaac Newton's dog; the one that tore up all his papers, you know, (though this one would never be so naughty, I am sure;) his name was Diamond, and I shall call my dear pet, Diamond, too!"

"Bravo!" said her father; and the little dog gave a musical bark, as if he understood and accepted the name.

I can never tell you how dearly May and Diamond grew to love each other. You never saw one without the other, except at church; and even there, the door would often open softly, just about at the time when the minister was reading the first hymn, and poor, little Diamond, with his ears and tail hanging down deprecatingly, would creep up the aisle, on velvet feet, and sink down in the pew just at May's feet; lying very still all through service, and then frisking home with most extravagant joy, cutting circles around May, and looking up into her face, as if to say, "*You are glad I came, after all, aren't you?*"

May slept on a low cot, in her mother's room; and every morning, Diamond went and stood beside her bed looking into her mamma's face, with an occasional low whine, until she would say, "*You may wake May, Diamond.*"

Then Diamond would lift up one fore-paw first, and then the other, moving each so tenderly and carefully, until he could just reach over and softly lick May's rosy face. How he wagged his tail and trembled with joy, when her sleepy eyes opened wide, and how mad with frolic he was, when she was really on her feet, catching at her bare toes, and tearing through the house with her shoes and stockings in his mouth, and May herself laughing and screaming in vain pursuit.

May was sure that Diamond under-

stood all she said to him, and if you could have seen his grave, earnest look as he listened to her, with an occasional twitch of his long ears, or quick rapping of his tail upon the floor, you would have thought so, too.

He could play "hide and seek," or run races as well as Willie or Charlie; he could walk all about the room on two feet, or sit up in a corner, with his funny fore paws hanging down; he could draw May's doll cart, in harness, like a real pony. Sometimes May dressed him like a baby, and put him away to sleep, and he would always lie very quietly, until she was ready to take him up.

One day, May and Diamond were both fast asleep on the sofa, when all at once May's auntie heard a quick, hard bump, and there lay poor Diamond on the floor, so pinned up in blankets that he could not move a paw. May had turned over in her dreams, and so pushed him off without ceremony.

Once, May had a long illness, and her papa and mamma feared that their dear, little girl would die. Diamond pined almost as fast as May; he would scarcely eat or sleep, but lay beside her bed, or moaned at the door of her chamber, with such a pitiful, wondering look in his wide, brown eyes, as would have made your very heart ache to see.

At last May's fever left her, and she began to grow better. God, who knew how lonely her dear parents would be without her, was bringing back the little girl, from the very gates of death.

"Please, mamma, let Diamond lie on my bed," May would say, in her weak voice; and the dog would look on eagerly, while her mamma spread a blanket over the pillow. Then, when he was lifted up, it was beautiful to see him nestle close to May's face, licking her cheek softly, and then lying quite still, as if he knew she was too weak even to bear caresses. How proud and happy he was, when she was first able to go out. No real words could have been half so eloquent, as the love and joy that beamed in his bright eyes, and spoke through every quick movement of his body.

May's grandpapa used sometimes to drive the cows from pasture, in the early morning, before the bright sun had dried away the dew from the grass. Diamond could bring them from the field very nicely, if only some one were at the road side to take down the bars, but Diamond did not like to wet his feet any more than Grandpapa; so, after a little, he refused to leave his comfortable morning nap on the matting, to make such damp excursions before breakfast. But Grandpapa found a way to overcome his prejudices. Every morning, he took one of Aunt Clara's splendid, crisp doughnuts from the jar, and showing it to Diamond, fed him a tempting morsel at short intervals, and so coaxed him to the field. Once there, no truant cow could escape his quick eyes. But we must not judge Diamond too harshly, for many boys and girls, and grown-up men and women, too, who ought to know better, want to be *paid* for doing right. In one way, though, dear children, every right action does always bring its

own sweet reward. You all know what it is, for you have felt it in your hearts.

Almost every little boy or girl has some "dearest friend," you know, and so had Diamond, though he was only a dog. His friend's name was Ringgold. Ringgold was a white-and-tan terrier, whose mistress was an acquaintance of May's mother, and lived half a mile away. May always thought there must be a great deal of good in Ringgold, because Diamond loved him so dearly; and yet it was hard for any one else to see it, for Ringgold was a suspicious little fellow, always on the look out for repulses, resenting, sullenly, a familiar word or a pat on the back, and was never, by any means, to be coaxed inside a strange door. But his love for Diamond was the good quality which redeemed very much that was unpleasant in his nature. The two were like Damon and Pythias. Your mothers will tell you who they were, if you do not know about them already.

Whenever Diamond had any choice morsel, he buried it carefully in the ground, until his little playfellow came to make him a visit; then, after much jumping and wagging and frisking, the two would sally forth, with an air of intense pre-occupation, unearth the precious tidbit, and share it in common.

Another dog, called Caper, lived near by. Ringgold and Diamond were his avowed enemies, but neither of them were large enough to attack him alone. But woe to poor Caper, when the two chanced upon him in company! They charged upon him with the boldness of lions, and he was forced to beat an inglorious retreat.

All through one long winter, Ringgold came every morning, at a certain hour, to call upon his friend. Diamond knew very nearly at what time to expect him; but finding it disagreeable to wait in the cold porch, he contented himself with sitting at the door, and scratching at it every three or five minutes, until May would open it and let him run out to look down the road. At last May would see the expected visitor, often toiling laboriously through the drifts of new-fallen snow. Then Diamond was wild with excitement. You should have seen him tear out of doors, and greet his friend with all the joy and love of which the dog's sign-language is capable. A few minutes' play would follow, then Ringgold would turn away, Diamond trotting beside him as far as a certain fork in the road, where, after another embrace, the two would separate until the next morning.

I could tell you many more pleasant things about Diamond, if I had time, but I should all the while be thinking of the sad ending of my story.

Little May was away from home on a visit, when a letter came from Grandpapa, with the sorrowful news that her dear little Diamond could never play with her again. He had been very, very ill; so ill that no nursing could save him, and now he was dead. That was May's first great grief; and though she has had many since then, and has learned that the world is full of care and sorrow, as well as of beauty, yet, in her childish inexperience, she thought that no other trouble could ever be like hers as she sobbed herself to

sleep, on the pillow wet with her bitter tears.

"O mamma," she said, "if only Diamond had a soul, I should not grieve so much, but now I shall never, never see him again!"

And so my true story is ended, and I think that May, as she looks back over all the long years since that first hopeless sorrow, thanks God, that with ever deepening shadows and losses, have come new hopes as well, and that some other vanished treasures she may hope in the "better country" to see again.

#### ROSEBUD'S FRIEND.

BY MRS. A. S. MOFFATT.

"I shall tell my Jesus all about it."

The little speaker's voice trembled, and great tears stood in her blue eyes, as she slowly turned from her companion, and ascended the broad flight of steps leading to the hall door.

Rosa, or Rosebud May, as she was generally called, was a winsome little fairy of five years, the cherished darling of her parents, and pet of the household. Her parents had gone to the city, for a few hours, and left her to the care of her cousin, Edmund, a bright, active boy, several years older than herself. For a while, they played quietly upon the lawn, in front of the house; Edmund adapting himself to her tastes, and choosing such plays as he thought most likely to interest her.

But, by and by, Edmund, who was naturally a restless boy, tired of these quiet plays, and proposed a game of hide and seek, in the grove back of the house. In a few moments Rosebud's little figure was seen flitting here and there among the trees, in swift pursuit of her cousin, or peeping cautiously from behind a rock, or beneath a screen of leafy branches. Soon, exercise had warmed Edmund's blood, and he forgot to be careful of the little feet following his so swiftly, and, without thinking, left the centre of the grove, where the ground was smooth and unobstructed, and ran close to the walls, treading safely, with his thick boots, among the vines and underbrush. Suddenly, darting ahead, he scaled a high rock, and disappeared from sight by jumping into a deep hollow, filled with brake, hiding himself beneath their tall, waving plumes.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! find me if you can!"

The clear, ringing tones sounded afar off to Rosebud, who had stopped to disentangle her dress from the thorny branch of a blackberry vine, against which she had run in her haste. The branch was stout and long, and had twined itself in her dress from the hem to the waist. As she disengaged it from one part, it caught at another; its sharp, needle-like briars lacerating her tender fingers and arms till they were sore and bleeding. Still, she made no outcry, but patiently sought to release herself, more careful to save her dress from a rent, than her delicate hands from the cruel briars.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! find me if you can!"

"O, dear! how *can* I find you, all tied up in this bush so!"

The little lips quivered, and the eyes filled so fast with tears, that Rosebud could not see distinctly, and in pulling off one end of the branch it caught in a fresh place, taking with it a large piece of her dress. With a desperate effort she now clasped the branch with both hands, and succeeded in throwing it from her, with the long piece of muslin still clinging to it. Once free, she started for the centre of the grove, and waited quietly for some sound to guide her in her search.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Come, old lady, hurry up, and find me!"

Guided by the sound, Rosebud ran across the grove, and stood by the foot of the great rock.

"Edmund! Edmund! Call once more!"

"Well, here I am. Come quick, if you want me; I'm tired of waiting."

Edmund was feeling impatient, as well as chilly; the ground where he knelt, under the brakes, was damp and cold, and he thought Rosebud was a long time in finding him. Never before had he spoken to her so impatiently; and he was not aware how strangely his voice sounded to his little cousin, as she stood but a few feet from him, looking up to the great rock in perfect bewilderment, her delicate face flushed with excitement, her dress soiled and torn, her poor hands and arms smarting and bleeding. Then his voice seemed floating in the air above her, while, far in the distance, another voice, soft and sweet, repeated, "tired of waiting." She looked up into the tall trees, and away off beyond, into the clear blue sky, but she saw nothing but a little bird flitting to its nest, and a swarm of gnats dancing in the sunbeams.

Delicate as Rosebud was, she had a resolute spirit; so she scrambled up the steep side of the rock, holding on by its rough edges, till she reached the summit, and then stood motionless, listening intently.

"Halloo! Halloo! Halloo-oo-oo!"

The sound seemed to come from beneath the rock. Stooping down, and looking cautiously over the further edge she saw the long plumes of the brake waving to and fro, and the next instant Edmund's curly head rose above them.

"O you tiresome, little, old woman! What made you keep me waiting so long? Just look at my pantaloons, all green, and muddy! I shall catch cold and be laid up with the rheumatism, and have to walk on crutches. It will be all your fault, and you will have to pay the doctor's bill, Rosebud May."

Edmund said this half in play, half in earnest, as he stooped down to brush his clothes with his pocket handkerchief, thinking only of his own weariness and spoiled clothes, and not observing his cousin's distressed face or scratched hands. If he had done this, he would not have spoken so harshly. As it was, this strange unkindness proved the overflowing drop in Rosebud's cup of grief. She had patiently borne the lacerating of her tender hands and the spoiling of her dress; bravely put aside her fear to climb the rough rock and (to her) dizzy height, that so she might

answer Edmund's impatient call. And now, to be called a "tiresome, old woman;" looked upon as perhaps the cause of his having the rheumatism and walking upon crutches! This was too much. Her little heart was breaking at the very thought; and laying her head upon the hard stone, she burst into an agony of tears.

Not fully comprehending the cause of her grief, yet conscience stricken, as he remembered his careless words, Edmund attempted to lift her in his arms; but she motioned him away with her hands. As she did so, his eye fell upon the long, red marks that discolored her delicate skin. Uttering an exclamation of alarm, he forcibly lifted her from the ground, and ran swiftly with her to a seat in the grove, blaming himself for so thoughtlessly leading her beyond the limits of their play ground, and more especially for his impatient, and, as he now felt, unkind words. Asking her forgiveness, he dipped his handkerchief in the cool water of a little rivulet near by, tenderly bathed her hands and arms, carefully extracted several ugly briars that had worked themselves deep into her flesh, and then walked slowly with her to the house.

If the child's mother had been at home, her first impulse would have been to run to her, unburden her grief upon her bosom, and tell the whole story of her misfortune, at the same time shielding her cousin from blame; for she loved him too well to expose him to censure. Just as they reached the house, Edmund remembered, for the first time, that her parents were absent, and feeling she needed care and attention, he asked, suddenly,

"But what will you do now, Rosy, dear? Uncle and aunt are not at home, and something must be done for your poor little hands. What *can* you do?"

She had answered, as we said at the commencement of our story, "I shall go and tell my Jesus all about it."

Edmund could not speak; something in his throat choked him; he turned away, and throwing himself upon the grass, wept bitterly.

"Gone to tell Jesus!" why should that make him weep? It was the natural expression of Rosebud's trusting, affectionate heart. And yet who else *could* take the place of her mother? Ah! that was the secret of Edmund's tears. *His* mother was gone, not like Rosebud's, for a few hours only, but forever, to dwell with that same Jesus who was so real a friend to his little cousin. This mother's last words, urging him to make Christ his friend, came fresh to his memory. Had he done it? No. But he resolved he would for the future, and drying his tears, as Rosebud called him, he waited with her upon the steps till her parents returned, and then told them all, taking all the blame of Rosebud's mishap to himself. Without a word of reproach, his uncle kindly answered,

"You will be more careful, I know, in the future, my dear boy, and bear in mind that Rosa's little feet cannot always follow where yours may tread safely. You were not wilfully careless."

That night, Rosebud's arms clung close to Edmund's neck, as she whispered,



"I told Him all, Eddie, and He has taken away all my pain. And nurse has mended my dress, so don't feel sorry any more."

Edmund never forgot her words; for not long after, another night came when her arms clung close around his neck, and she whispered as distinctly as her failing breath would allow,

"I've been talking to *my Jesus* again. I am going to live with Him, up there, in his beautiful home. You will come, by and by, Eddie?"

These were her last words. Edmund never forgot them. He is a man now, but amid all his cares and trials and business perplexities, he has learned to go for help to that same kind Friend little Rosebud loved so well. Often, too, he visits the little grave, beneath the drooping willow, and reads upon the white marble head stone the simple inscription,

ROSEBUD MAY.  
"Gone to tell *Jesus*."

### PLAYING RED RIDINGHOOD.

BY ELLA L. WOLCOTT.

The story of Little Red Ridinghood has been said, and sung, and pictured, and sculptured, wherever the English language is spoken, and I know not in how many countries besides.

Our little girls *tableau* it. Do you know what it is to make "*tableaux*?" It is to form a group of real persons and things to look like a picture. Everybody in the *tableau* must keep perfectly still, or people will say, "The picture moves; that is no picture." It is one of the most amusing plays I know, if it is well arranged.

A great many times we have tried to make "Little Red Ridinghood," for it was very easy to fix a nice, little girl with red cloak and hood, and basket of good things for grandma, but the trouble was always to find a wolf. A real, live wolf, even if we could get one, would be almost as terrible in our parlor as he was in grandma's bedroom; and if we found a dog that looked like a wolf, as some dogs do, he would be sure to bark or jump just when we wanted him to be still. But our little girls made the most perfect *tableau* I ever saw, wolf and all. Now I will tell you how they did it.

Last winter, somebody made them a present of a little, young fox. Now the fox is a cousin of the wolf, and much resembles him; only he is smaller and a great deal more cunning. I think he must have taught his big cousin the sly trick by which he caught dear, little Red Ridinghood and her poor, old grandma.

This little Reynard was very young, when he and his five brothers were found in the woods, one cold, winter day, and carried away captive. But nobody thought of eating him up. O no! They put him in a warm place, and covered him tenderly, and fed him with milk, and patted his rough sides, and stroked his sharp nose, and built him a nice house, and called him "dear, little Renny," just as if he

had belonged to the family of his more distant cousin, the good, generous, faithful dog.

He grew up quite tame, for a wild beast, and the children had many a happy frolic with him. But he always showed something of his native traits. As soon as he came into a room, he would run on full trot all around it, behind every chair, under every sofa, into every nook and corner, searching every inch with that sharp, suspicious nose of his, over and over, twenty times, never standing still one minute till he was fairly tired out. If he found a door ajar, or a drawer a little way open, or any crack which he could not get into, he would scratch, and sniff, and purr, and come back a hundred times to try what he could make of it. O, he was the most suspicious fellow you ever saw. Cunning people usually are.

At last, when he was tired and out of



breath, he would curl himself up and shut his eyes; then the children might take him in their arms, or draw him in the wagon, or do pretty much as they pleased with him, and he would make no sign of knowing what they were about; only, when they did not expect it, the narrow eyes would open and look about, and close again, so that they were always in doubt whether he were really asleep or only "making believe."

One day a bright idea came into their heads. They brought out the doll's bed, and made it smooth and nice, and dressed Reynard in a doll's nightgown and put a cap on his head, laid him quietly in the bed and covered him with the quilt. Then they put a red cloak and a red hood on doll Minnie, and a basket on her arm, and knocked at the door, and walked her in to the bedside and stood her there to wait till grandma should wake up and take the nice things she had brought.

If Minnie had looked very closely, she would have seen the round, bushy tail curling out from the foot of the bed, but she never noticed it. I suppose she was too busy wondering at the great mouth and sharp teeth and rough face of grand-

ma, to perceive it. Sometimes they laid her in the bed beside the sleeping fox, or wolf. Then they called us to see; and really it was a very perfect picture.

After that, whoever came to the house wanted to see Minnie and Renny play "*tableau*." So Reynard would be brought in and put to bed, but he would be out again in an instant on his usual explorations. Sometimes they had to chase him an hour before he would consent to play sleepy. But when he did, everybody laughed, and said, "charming!"

Poor, charming, naughty Reynard! Spring came, and young fowls. He loved them "not wisely, but *too well*." Small puppy fox as he was, the smaller, downy chicks became his prey. We tried to shut them at home with their mothers; but the silly things crept out to meet their fate. We locked him in the woodshed, and he scratched out under the sill. We put a chain around his neck, and he slipped it. We tightened the chain, and he broke it. We bolted him in his own house, a close prisoner. He howled and whined and cried, and made fine promises. But he broke his promises, and we could not trust him.

So we sent him back where he came from, and I suppose that now he ranges the woods, a wild fox again.

But winter has come, and the first snow. When the snow grows deep, and food is scarce, I wonder if he will remember the home where they took care of him, and tried to make him honest and respectable. Perhaps some night he will come prowling around.

The children have forgotten their resentment, and think kindly of their old playmate. If they should see him, they would hold out their hands and say, "Come, Renny! come, Renny!" But I do not think he would come. He knows he is a

thief, and he would be afraid. He would drop his head and his tail and slink away as fast as his brisk little feet could carry him. It seems very strange, but it is true, that, after all, the bad are more afraid of the good than the good are of the bad.

### STORY FOR THE BOYS.

BY RALPH G. LEONARD.

"Boys," said Squire Humphrys to us, one night in September, twenty-eight years ago. "Boys, you may tell about this night's doings, if you want to; I shan't ever tell about it. I can keep my own secrets—and a few other things of my own. But if you feel disposed to tell of it, you can do so."

Notwithstanding this generous permission, I have never told the story from that day to this. I don't know about the other fellows. I know we all struck hands on it that night, never to mention it. But Bob Morgan put in a saving clause. "I say, the joke is against us; but it is a good one, and if I ever get over feeling sore about it I may want to tell it."

"You need not tell my name," said one.

"No, sir, nor mine either; my name has got to last me as long as I live—best be a little careful of it."

"Never mind the names," cried Bob, "you may tell mine all you want to; spell it with a B-O-B, and say I stood it jolly."

"Well, leave it that way, then, we won't tell the names." And we promised.

A promise is a promise, and binding still, I hold, though it was made so long ago; I will keep it now, and, except Bob's and my own, I will not tell the names, though two of them are mouldering on grave stones to-day, one I have quite lost sight of, another—the one who was so careful of his name—is careful of it still, and signs it to bank notes with President after it. I believe I have accounted for them all; there were six, two dead, one missing, the banker and Bob and I, all academy boys. Indeed, our being academy boys was what led to the mischief. For years there had existed a sort of feud between the academy and district-school boys at Waterford. I do not know how it originated; it had become quite traditional when I went to school. I did not inquire into the merits of the case, but took up the quarrel with new-boy zeal, and did all I could to perpetuate it. I am glad I did, too—not that it was very reasonable, or amounted to much, any way—but I had rather see myself fighting, even on the wrong side, than sitting on the fence watching other people do battle, with no heart for either side, and no fight in me, ready to sneak over to the side that wins.

Once the angels at Bethlehem sang, "Peace on earth." But centuries of war and strife have come and gone, since then, and the world is not ready for peace yet. "First pure, then peaceable," says that arrant fighter, the Apostle Paul; but the world we work in to-day is neither pure nor peaceable. It is surely coming, sometime—that grand blossoming of the earth, when war shall cease, and the peace that is glorious shall reign on our righteous earth; till then, every one among you, who lives a life worth living, must do his own share of fighting—rebels within, evil habits and thoughts—open foes without. If you are half in earnest you will get a good many hard knocks, visible and invisible. Look well which side you are on; against wrong, and for the right, strike fair blows,

### The New Year's Song.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

ALLABRISTO.

1. Come, hearts in whose pulses the sum-mer is warm, Tho'  
 2. The Old year was sad with his bur-dens of care, The  
 3. O, won-der-ful gifts has the hap-py New Year! And  
 4. And tho' to some heart that is mer-ry and light, He

win-ter be drear-ful ly blow-ing, We'll greet with a car-ol the  
 New will be tru-er and bright-er; The Old had its griefs for the  
 smiles at his pres-ence are wak-ing; New joys for the lives that are  
 comes with a mes-sage of sor-row; We'll laugh as we sing him a

hap-py New Year, To-night, while the Old Year is go-ing,  
 gray-est to bear, The New Year will make them the light-er.  
 lone-ly and drear, And hopes for the hearts that are break-ing.  
 wel-come to-night, And trust to our Fa-ther the mor-row.

CHORUS

Toll, bells, for the year that has fled! Toll sor-row-ful chimes at his bier! Then  
 ring for the New in a ju-bi-lant strain, Ring, bells, for the hap-py New Year.

This school-boy rivalry of ours, was a pretty fair match in strength and numbers; in out-and-out skirmishes with fists and snow balls, we got as many blows as we gave, and were none the worse for them; but there is a prevalent opinion now-a-days, that a war of blows is not so respectable as a war of words. Those who incline to this belief will be relieved to know that, at one time, the young belligerents of Waterford tried to "fight it out" on a high, intellectual "line," and this was the way of it.

The academy once fell into the hands of a man who had made a spelling book, Mr. P. B. Fergusander, A. B., quite a grand-looking name, with initials at both ends, two to push and two to pull. It did not sound so grand as it looked, when we boys called it "Old Fergy," which I am sorry to say, we did very often. He was a little, choleric man, quite a monomaniac on the subject of spelling; he was possessed with the belief that the "Comprehensive English Speller"—his book—if taken in large doses, for sufficient length of time, would cure the most hopeless cases of mental weakness. He held that, like some patent medicines, it was equally effective whether applied externally or in-

ternally; for my part, after he had boxed my ears a few times with its green, slab-sided cover, I preferred the internal applications. Most of our fellows went through similar experience and came to the same conclusion. Then the zeal for spelling raged very high.

The district school caught the mania, went into special training, and at the close of the winter term, challenged the academy boys to a spelling match, to be held at their schoolhouse. Mr. Fergusander put the question of acceptance to vote among his boys, and we carried it with an overwhelming majority. So the preliminaries were all arranged, the important evening arrived, and we stood up to spell, the academy boys ranged in a line on one side of the room, the district boys on the other. It was the old fashion of spelling down; every one who missed took his seat, and the side that remained standing longest, won the championship. We kept up well for the first few rounds, but gradually the ranks thinned out until there were four left on one side and but three on the other; presently, Tom Arnot—one of our boys—missed on "phthisic;" then we

stood three to three for a long time. I could not but think of the battle between the Horatii and Curiatii in the old Roman days; but boys at a Yankee spelling school had best keep their ideas where their heads are. It was thinking about this that made me get snarled up in "metempsychosis," and down I went, amid two or three sympathetic groans from our side, and looks of triumph from the other. How hot and uncomfortable I felt. It chokes me now to think of it. But there was nothing I could do. I had not even a dog to kick. I could only thrust my hands deep in my pockets and watch the conflict. Mr. Granger, the district school master, was putting out the words, long, break-neck words, of eight and ten syllables, and sly little words abounding in silent letters, and other pitfalls. After a time there were only two boys left. Charley Holton for the district, and Fred Banks for us. The excitement deepened, all noise ceased in the room but the clock in the corner, which ticked loudly. Mr. Granger's face was red with excitement, his wig was all awry with intense mental action; faster and faster came the words. The boys stood it splendidly—their clear voices ringing back the letters and syllables with-



out a faltering accent. They had kept it up ten minutes—it seemed ten hours. Why didn't Charley Holten miss?

"Spell 'opaque,'" cried the master to Fred.

"O-p-a-q-u-e," said Fred, and then in the same breath he went on, "there is another way to spell it, sir; 'o-p-a-k-e.'"

But Mr. Granger did not wait for the second spelling.

"Wrong, sit down," he called out, in an excited tone; "Charley Holton, spell 'opaque.'"

"O-p-a-k-e," said Charley.

"Right," said Mr. Granger, "the district school wins."

At this announcement, our boys burst out in groans and hisses, the district side clapped and cheered lustily, till the old walls fairly shook. In the midst of the confusion, Bob Morgan—appointing himself umpire, after the manner of impulsive people—sprang to his feet, and confronting Mr. Granger, began to sputter forth a remonstrance.

"That was not fair. I—I—say it was not fair. Fred spelled it both ways, and either way is right, and we are not beaten—not beaten at all—not fairly."

"What do you mean, young man?" said Mr. Granger, wrathfully, glowering at Bob.

"I mean it isn't fair, and you have got to take it back! we won't stand it!"

"Sit down, Morgan, you are not respectful," said Mr. Fergusander, coming forward and laying his hand on Bob's shoulder, "I'll see to this matter." Our teacher was angry enough, we could see that, but he acted like a gentleman, and talked in a moderate tone.

"Mr. Granger," he said, "I was not satisfied with your decision, will you reconsider it?"

But Bob's rash words had roused Mr. Granger's anger, he would not retract or reconsider, he would only persist with dogged stubbornness, that it was right, and should be considered final. He would not even put it to vote and stand by the decision of the crowd. Then Mr. Fergusander's wrath blazed forth, and for once in his life he made a popular speech. I don't know what he said, but our boys gave him three cheers for it, and it was very cutting on old Mr. Granger.

Defeat is always hard to bear, I never could take it calmly, in those impulsive, eager days of boyhood. If we had been fairly beaten, in this affair of the spelling, we could have choked it down some way—we boys—and made the best of it. But there was nothing fair about it, it was a piece of injustice and partiality. I thought so then, and I think so now. I don't see how Mr. Granger could have been guilty of it, for he was counted an honest man; certainly he was one, as far as paying his debts was concerned. But I hold, that a man who is honest, through and through, don't stop with paying his debts; he is honest in his opinions and beliefs, and he don't let passion, or fear, or hope of gain, or known ignorance, keep him from just judgments, or fearless expression of them. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Do you write that in your copy books now-a-days, as I

used to? Well, well. It is true, honest men are the work of God, but they don't come ready made from the hands of the Creator. You must do a deal of striving with ignorance, and prejudice, and cowardice, and pride, and selfishness, and a thousand base motives, before you can attain to the height of an honest manhood. You can reach it—God helping you—every one of you. Will you try?

Mr. Granger owned a small farm on East Hill, about three miles from the village. For seventeen years he had worked this bit of rocky land in the summer, and taught the district school in the winter. He was a close, hard-fisted, pedantic man, very proud of his learning. The neighbors said he talked grammar to his oxen—parsing compound double relatives at them, when they were plowing an unusually stiff piece—and that he planted his cabbages by the rule of three. Be this as it may, he certainly was just the sort of man that boys would delight in teasing, and, after this affair of the spelling school, we felt that it was open war between us, and we used to play all manner of tricks on him when he came to market that summer. We pinned papers to his back on the first of April; we took the tail-board out of his wagon and let his potatoes lose out along the road. We stole his scare-crows, and girdled some trees he had set out, by contract, on the village common. We cut holes in his meal bags, as he was trotting home from mill with his grist. But these achievements, brilliant as they were, did not satisfy our thirst for vengeance.

"He is a mean, old curmudgeon, any way," said one of our fellows, one day, after we had been recounting our exploits; "mean as anything. We have not paid up the old grudge yet, and we never shall, do all we can. I say, let's make a raid on his melons, he has a splendid patch."

"All right, I'm in for it," said one heedless fellow.

"I, too," said another.

"And I," chimed in the others.

"We shall have to wait until the moonlight nights are gone," resumed the first speaker. "We wouldn't like to get caught, and there is no danger of it either. Old Granger goes to bed at sundown to save candles, and he will have to sleep with both eyes winking to the tune of Yankee Doodle if he catches us."

"I don't see how I am to get off," said one, "I have to be in by half-past nine, and tell the folks where I have been besides."

"I guess we don't any of us know how we are to get off. I expect to come pretty close on to lying, myself."

"I don't mind going into his old melons, but I don't like to deceive father," said Bob Morgan, regretfully.

"Ask him to go along then, ha! ha!" and as Bob's father was county sheriff, this was an excellent joke. "Any way, we must all get off the best way we can. It won't hurt us to lie a little in a good cause, and we've pledged to it, and it won't do to back out now. We'll meet at ten o'clock, next Thursday night, down by the three oaks, at the half-mile run, and 'mum' is the word."

The boy who had planned this expedition, was a queer, vagabondish sort of fellow, with very loose notions about the right and wrong of action, but he had a great fund of rollicking good humor; he was lawless and independent, and we liked him; he led us into a good deal of mischief that I suppose we should not have thought of without him. Still I am not going to lay the blame of my wrong doing upon him or any other person. I knew right from wrong, and had power of choice between the two; the weakest soul has that, and that is what makes life solemn and earnest. I knew that it was stealing, to help myself to Mr. Granger's melons. I knew it was a lying action—which is quite as bad as a lying word—when I retired early to my room, and I felt like a Judas when I kissed my mother good night; and when I was alone in my room, and had thrown up the window, and the fresh, cool air touched my brow, and through the darkness the stars looked down upon me, I wished for a moment that I had not promised the boys. But I thought of the fun, and I heard Bob's cheery whistle, and I could not withstand the temptation; at least I did not. I crept out upon the wood-shed roof, and down its sloping side, and swung myself from its low eaves to the ground. I met Bob at the next corner, and the other boys at the three oaks, as we had planned.

Our leader was on hand, full of good spirits and droll sayings. He had been reconnoitering the skinflint real estate over at East Hill, he said, and by using a highly concentrated, double-barrelled microscope had ascertained the exact locality of the old man's heart. "I tell you," he went on, "it is in his melon patch. He thinks more of one of his great, pet water melons than of his own right eye; and no wonder—that instrument of vision is not good for much, or he would have seen me skulking behind the bushes by the fence. I thought for certain my time had come, but I kept precious still, and the old fellow went right past me and never saw me at all. But I made a good use of my eyes, and I know just how to find the place again. It is a good way from the road, and when we strike into the fields, I'll go ahead. And now we are in for it, let us spoil every melon in the field; we don't want them to eat, of course, but just to bother that mean, old crusty, and pay him up."

So our band of avengers set forth. It was a pleasant walk along a quiet country road, under the starlit sky. I can see just how it all looked, and I would not object to taking that old walk again, if I could have my young limbs screwed on, in the place of these old ones, and could feel the young blood coursing through my veins and throbbing in my heart as of old. But I wouldn't want to walk on a like errand.

We had no adventures. The lights were out in the houses; the road was clear.

"Turn in here, and keep mum," said Syke, sinking his voice to a whisper, when we had come to the Granger farm, and over the old rail fence we went, and through the fields. We seemed to tramp a very long time in those fields, and I began to be afraid our leader did not know

what he was about. He began to think so himself, for presently he passed back word that we should wait where we were while he went ahead to reconnoiter. He was gone a good while, and we settled down in a corner of the fence and told stories until he came back.

"Come on, boys," he said, "I've found it." Then we followed him through two other fields and a piece of woodland, then over a high fence, and we found ourselves among the melons, sure enough. It was so dark that we could not tell ripe from unripe; but we slashed into them all, eating a few mouthfuls when we found them palatable, cutting and hacking the green ones till they were quite ruined.

"Look here," cried one of our boys, "here is a tremendous greeny. I am going to carve a bust of old Granger. There is his great nose," he said, giving a slash or two with his knife, "and here is his wig, and there is the eyes of him. Do you see?"

We could not see much, but we thought it a capital joke, stuck the water melon bust upon a pole, and proceeded to make a likeness of Mrs. Granger.

"Then there are the two Granger girls," said the prime carver; "they ought to come in on the family bust." So these young ladies were speedily executed and mounted, and we had gathered in a snug group about these remarkable works of art, and were talking loud, and very intent on our fun, when we were startled by the report of a gun just a few feet behind us. We started to our feet in consternation, and were about to run, when a stern voice called out,

"Boys, stay where you are. If any one runs, I'll fire on him."

This did not sound like an order to be disobeyed, so we stood still, while Squire Humphrys—for it was he, and two other men, one with a gun and the other with a lantern, came up to us. The light flashed in our faces a moment. "Well, boys," said the squire, "I believe I know you all. You are Ralph Leonard," he said, fixing his keen eyes upon me. "And you!" nodding to Bob, "you are Sheriff Morgan's boy, aren't you?" Poor Bob! a hard flogging could not have hurt him as those words did. So the squire went on quite around the group, calling us by name. He was an academy trustee; there is where he had seen us.

"Six of you," he said, summing up the case, "six of you, and honest men's sons. I've known your fathers twenty or thirty years. There is not a thief among them, and I find you, at midnight, on my grounds destroying my property. *Stealing*. I don't know any other word for it." He paused a moment here, and looked around on the melon rinds, and the group of statutory. I can tell you it did not look so funny to us as it had a few moments before.

"*Stealing*! A pack of thieves and vagabonds. If my melons and apples were lying in a shop and you took them without paying for them, it would be stealing. If you come at midnight and take them from my farm, it is stealing still. I am a magistrate. I cannot allow such offenses to go unpunished. Have you anything to

say why the penalty of the law should not be executed on you?"

"O, Squire Humphrys!" burst out Bob, in great agony of mind, "don't put us in prison, we did not know it was your ground, we thought it was Mr. Granger's."

"So you meant to steal from a poor man, who supports his family from thirty acres of bad land, did you?"

"It wasn't that, sir, we did not think any thing about that; but he used us mean once, and we wanted to pay him up."

"Ah! my boy, one wrong is never wiped out by another, remember that. If you have suffered a wrong, the paying up is in higher hands than yours. The law reaches most cases, I think it will reach this trespass of yours to-night." He looked very stern and very much in earnest, and the men on either side of him looked very glum and uncompromising.

"O, Squire Humphrys! don't have us up for stealing—it would kill my mother. Do let us off," pleaded one.

"Whip us awful hard, and then let us off at that. I'll stand an awful flogging if you only won't let my folks know about it," said another, and the rest of us chimed in and begged for the whipping, as if it had been as easy to take as plum pudding.

The Squire seemed inflexible at first, but at last compromised with us, and sent a man for some birch rods from the woods. I believe that waiting for a whipping, and dreading it, and knowing it has got to come, is worse than the actual bearing of it. But the man came back at last, with a savage bundle of sticks. The Squire took up one, and switched it from side to side, as if trying its fiber, and said that he did not whip us for his own pleasure, to gratify any feeling of revenge, but simply for our own good. I never took a whipping that they didn't say that at the beginning, did you?

Then, one after another, we took off our jackets, and took a dozen hard cuts across our shoulders. We stood it as manfully as we could. I carried the marks for weeks on my back. But I have carried the lesson I learned through all these years.

We boys arrived at our respective homes "sadder and wiser." Old Squire Humphrys was true to his promise, he never told of us, and we did not tell of ourselves.

#### THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S GREETING.

BY LOTTIE M. ROSE.

A Happy New Year! a Happy New Year!  
Happy, thrice happy to friends far and near.  
May their lives brighter grow with each swift-passing day,  
And the dark clouds of sorrow ne'er shadow their way.  
Though years that are past with joy have been fraught,  
Though choicest of blessings they each may have brought,  
May their light pale in that of the New Year begun,  
As the light of the stars in the rays of the sun.  
And when ye have drained the crystal life-spring,  
And drank all the joys which these New Years can bring,  
O may there begin, for each well-beloved friend,  
A New Year so happy it never shall end.

#### "UNCLE WORTHY."

BY MISS E. J. PRITCHARD.

Three days ago, in the city of New Haven, there lived a Christian gentleman, who was known to the readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* as "Uncle Worthy," who was known of the citizens among whom he lived, and of his patients, as Dr. Hooker; who was known of the church in which he worked and worshiped, as Deacon Hooker; who was known of the many students of the medical department of Yale College, as Professor Worthington Hooker; who was known to thousands upon thousands, as the author of scientific works, to the children of the nation, as the writer of the "Child's Book of Common Things," and the "Child's Book of Nature," who was known to one child, a boy of eleven years, as *my Father*.

Dear children of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, "Uncle Worthy" will never write for you again; never again will the familiar signature greet you in the columns it has done so much to brighten, for the hand that wrote it lies still in this hour over the heart that will never beat again. "Uncle Worthy" is wrapped in the silence and the mystery of Death. You may come with me to the pleasant home he has so long inhabited, with the full assurance that were he there, his kindly smile would give you welcome.

It is Saturday morning, November 9th, 1867, and the sun shines lovingly, as if its mission were to bless the world and us, as we walk down Meadow street, at whose eastern terminus, full before our view, lies the water of New Haven Bay.

The wide, pleasant home, No. 20, over which there lies a solemn hush, is the place where Uncle Worthy has lived. The old-time door plate bears his name. If it were not for the signal of death written in ribbon and crape, hanging still and straight, as if the very air of heaven refused to waft the story of *his* death, we should know by the hushed and reverential manner of those who enter and go, that some mighty presence was there.

This room at the right of the entrance is Uncle Worthy's Library. His books are in their stately order on the walls. The pictures look down at us from their accustomed places, the pretty ornaments and vases holding forth flowers, or growths of the nature he loved so well, are here, but alas! *he is not*.

The table whereon he wrote is swept of its stores; books, papers, manuscripts, are gone. There is nothing here now, but the pen-rack on which lies the pen he last used, the wax from whence the drop fell, on which, for the last time, he pressed his seal.

There is nothing in all the house, so eloquent of the *long silence*, as that library table and the empty chair beside it. From that chair, with his right arm leaning over the table, he had told us, but sixteen days earlier, what he had done, and of work he meant to do in the days before him.

He was "playing ill a little," he said, "only a trifle unwell, and a good time to work." He talked of the *CORPORAL*, of a late article he had prepared for it, talked long and pleasantly on various subjects. I told him of a lady I had met on the sea coast, who, learning that I knew him, begged me to give her love to him. "Tell him," said she, "that I long to meet him, he has been of such aid and comfort to me in the education of my children; he has provided me with common-sense answers to the thousand questions children seek knowledge by. Now, *don't forget!* give my love to him, and thank him for me."

Dr. Hooker said he had many similar mes-

sages, that they ever made his heart glad. On that day he wore the same bright, beaming smile, and talked as blithely as ever; yet he seemed changed; he did not look well, although he would not acknowledge anything beyond "playing ill."

We asked him if he had any patients with typhoid fever (a number of deaths from that disease had occurred among the students of Yale College.)

He had but one in his practice, he said, that of a young lady who had died after a peculiarly painful illness, but he carefully told us the premonitory symptoms of the fever, not knowing that it was even then working at the foundation of his own life. At our going, he stood in the doorway, and gave us farewell with hand, and word, and smile.

How ignorant of the future we are, that not one foreboding thought of ill to come, mingled with the breezy farewell that floated out with us into the great world, when we turned away for the last time from our friend, who lies now in the room across the hall.

A few days and the telegraph coming up from the coast told the sad story—"Dr. Worthington Hooker, of New Haven, died last night."

The face that was so handsome, so genial, so Christian, in life, we felt could not be otherwise than beautiful under the shadow of death, and the heart demanded that the eyes should once more rest upon it. Come gently, not because here lies a sufferer, to be troubled by human tread, but a mighty monarch, the last of the hosts with whom Christ Himself contended—death.

Beautiful! Silent and solemn, in his long repose, here lies, children of THE CORPORAL, your Uncle Worthy. That hair whitened while working for you—that broad, loving brow, covered thoughts for you; under these closed lids, lie the eyes that sought out and brought to light knowledge for you. Brave, clear eyes they were, that recognized the work of the Divine Father in everything of earth.

The portrait of the little boy with sunny curls, that hangs on the wall, and looks down upon Uncle Worthy, is the portrait of the little boy who called him, "my father."

Dear children, I wish I could make you see this face before it is put away from view, for upon it is written, "The good, the true, the beautiful." It would tell to you as words can never do, the end of such a life.

Uncle Worthy was carried from his home to the church he loved so well. He was honored by all the ceremonies fitting the death of such a man. The President of Yale College delivered a sermon that told of Uncle Worthy's life from the time he entered Yale College as a student when he was but fifteen years of age; but not all his life of usefulness, (President Woolsey said it had often been said that Dr. Hooker could accomplish more work with less strain upon his physical and mental being, than any other man in New Haven), not all his scientific attainments, seemed to weigh even in the balance, with his life as a Christian physician and gentleman. All else seemed to fade away in presence of that. Why, children, it seemed to me the very life story of Dr. Hooker in one sentence, when the voice of President Woolsey said, "*Dr. Hooker could not come near his patients without causing them pleasure.*" When he entered the room you felt as if goodness and beneficence were come in, and he never went, without dropping words of sympathy, comfort and courage, and why was all this? It was because of his heart of love toward God and man.

More touching than eulogy, was the emotion

of Dr. Hooker's Pastor, whose voice faltered and melted into tears, when pleading for submission to bear the sore sadness of the parting. Men with grey hairs and bended forms sobbed and wept in that church, as the service died away, and the form of him who had so often trod those aisles, bearing the symbols of eternal life, was borne out, never again to enter into any tabernacle made with hands.

They carried him to that old cemetery in New Haven, where is carried so much of the precious dust of the earth, and left him there waiting for the resurrection.

Will it comfort your heart, as it did mine, to know that the beautiful, white, pure light of the flowers went down with him into the grave; that no hand was put forth to gather them back from the brink? It was a little thing, but it gives me pleasure to know that the flowers are with him in his last rest, even while he is wandering in the new and fairer gardens prepared for those who keep the commandments and walk in God's love.

Dear children of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, don't forget Uncle Worthy. I am certain he will not forget you, not even in Heaven, that seems in some new way, a happier home since he went into it.

### NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

BY EMILY J. HUGBEE.

Cold and cloudless rose the New Year's morning,  
Diamonds sparkled on the crested snow,  
And the smoke from out the village chimneys  
Upward curling, caught the sunrise glow.

All the hills were burning like a topaz,  
And the ice-bound river at their feet,  
While the great bell, from the old church steeple,  
Rang its pleasant chimes adown the street.

Old hearts thrilled with new inspiration,  
Young hearts bounded with life's morning glee,  
Little children o'er the crackling snow-paths  
Cloaked and mittened, skipped right merrily.

New Year, New Year, happy happy New Year,  
Merry voices shouted through the town,  
And the old hills catching up the cadence,  
Sent the echoes from their tops around.

Tinkling bells, from necks of prancing horses,  
Sounding through the clear and frosty air,  
Then a huge sleigh filled with boys and maidens  
Under the warm, fur robes placed with care.

O the happy songs and merry laughter!  
As we glided on the sparkling snow,  
How they come to me this far-off morning  
From the golden shores of long ago.

Far away, the dear old quiet village,  
Nestled down among the circling hills,  
And the voices that awoke those New Year's greetings  
O, how many are forever stilled.

How the years that followed swift and changeful,  
Scattered far and wide those bounding feet,  
In spirit only on a New Year's morning  
Will those old companions ever greet.

Says Mr. Laboulaye, the great French savant, "We must expel from the whole world slavery, violence, ignorance, and want; and *we must have for this work the co-operation of the humblest of mankind.*" That takes us all in—you and me, and all the rest of the boys and girls.

Private Little.

### SNOW BIRDS.

When the roses all are dead,  
When the summer birds have fled,  
Greener woodlands seeking;  
Then the snow-birds' dusky throng,  
Cleaves the wintry air with song,  
Thoughts of courage speaking.

Short their note, but full of glee,  
Sitting in the leafless tree,  
Storm and cloud above them:  
Happy birds! no cares have they—  
Cheering all the winter day,  
Every heart must love them.

Flitting, flitting everywhere,  
Though the snow-flakes fill the air,  
Merry is your measure;  
Teach my heart to lightly sing,  
Spite of all that life can bring,  
Days of storm or pleasure.

Prudy.

### FRANKIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

"Mamma," said Frankie, New Year's morn,  
"I had a dream last night,  
Which waked me O, so long before  
The coming of the light.  
While lying on my bed, I thought,  
It really must be true,  
And longed to have the daylight come  
To tell it all to you.

"You said, last night, you were too poor  
A New Year's gift to buy,  
And when you gave a good-night kiss,  
A tear was in your eye.  
You need not sorrow any more,  
An angel brought one down,  
Last night, that's better far to me  
Than all I saw in town.

"I fell asleep, while looking at  
That pretty, golden star,  
Which twinkles at me every night  
From its blue home afar.

When all at once upon its rays  
A white winged angel came,  
And standing by my little bed,  
She softly spoke my name;

"Then handed me a golden sword,  
'This, Frankie, is for you.'  
I read upon the sheath, 'The Good,  
The Beautiful, and True.'

I drew it out; upon the blade,  
'Fighting against the Wrong,'  
In large, raised letters, met my eye,  
And then she said, 'Be strong.'

"I'm but a crippled boy," said I;  
'This sword is not for me.'  
I am not good, or beautiful,  
My scar marked face you see;  
And very much, kind one, I fear,  
That I'm not *always* true;  
I'm not the boy the sword is for,  
I'll give it back to you.'

"Then, mamma, dear, she sweetly said,  
'Your ill-scarred face I see,  
But if you're good and true, my boy,  
Then beautiful you'll be.'  
She put the sword in my weak hand,  
Said, 'Fight against the Wrong.'  
And then, mamma, I promised her  
I would, the whole year long.

"I could not find it when I woke,  
Tho' I looked all around,  
But something whispered, 'In your heart  
Your New Year's gift is found.'  
The sword is there, I'll use it well,  
I'll fight against the wrong,  
Be good and true, and God will make  
Me beautiful and strong."

## THE Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1868.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A Happy New Year! the CORPORAL cries; a Happy New Year to old friends and new!

Old friends, who have taken the CORPORAL to your hearts and loved him in the months gone by, we thank you for your friendship and kindness; we have tried to deserve your regard, and are very happy to know, by the many beautiful words you write us so often, that our efforts are appreciated.

Our hearts have often been made sad during the past year, when we have heard of little soldiers in our army who have been gathered by the grim reaper, who,

"With his sickle keen,  
Gathers the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between."

Almost every week a letter comes and says to us, "Willie is dead;" "Our darling Minnie has gone to live among the angels;" "The pale boatman has come and ferried little Frankie over to the shining shore;" "The Savior sent His angels down, and our Birdie found her wings;" and then we tell you in this paper how our "Uncle Worthy" passed away to his better home. We grieve to-day, when we know that these precious ones will march and fight no more with us in the world's great war against the wrong; but then we are glad and rejoice, when we remember that they have found the brighter glories of "the Good, the True, and the Beautiful," and this makes us happy again, and stronger to fight on.

New friends, we greet you with a soldier's cordial welcome. A Happy New Year is this to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and he intends to make it the same to his new recruits, who come crowding in, whole regiments in a single day. "Eyes to the front! To the right, dress!" comes the order. There's room enough on our muster rolls for "three hundred thousand more."

Let all our new friends understand what our old ones already know, that when they join THE CORPORAL's army, they must obey their leader's commands. We want no cowards or sluggards on our rolls. A great war has been raging in this world of ours ever since our first parents were tempted to forsake the beautiful and good, and were driven from Eden. THE LITTLE CORPORAL's name and motto were not chosen to please an idle whim. We want all the girls and all the boys to adopt our motto as their own, and, as long as they live, be found "Fighting against the Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful." Do good in every possible way, and persuade others to do the same. Whenever you feel prompted to do anything that you are not sure is right, measure it by THE CORPORAL's motto, and if it doesn't stand the measurement, take care! There may be many of our new subscribers who have not seen Mrs. Miller's Song in our last September number, (you will find the music, by Mr. Root, in that paper.) We wish it could be sung and remembered by every child. We re-print the words below:

Come brave little soldiers, who stand for the right,  
Whose hearts they are valiant and true;  
There's many a battle for heroes to fight,  
But victory is waiting for you  
Chorus—For truth over falsehood prevails,  
And wrong shall be vanquished by right;

And the Good and the True, and the Beautiful too,  
Shall conquer the world by their might.

There's many a tempter to lure you astray,  
Forgetting your leader's command;  
No matter how sweetly they call you away,  
Be sure that a foe is at hand.  
Chorus—For truth over falsehood prevails, etc.

There's many a danger, if idly you sleep,  
Forgetting the evil to face  
But nothing can harm you, if boldly you keep  
Your watch as you stand in your place.  
Chorus—For truth over falsehood prevails, etc.

### AN EASY WAY TO DO GOOD.

All readers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL desire to do all the good they can.

Perhaps no one among you can easily do your neighbors and friends so much good in any other way as by inducing them to subscribe for a good paper, which shall silently and constantly instill into their minds good lessons all through the year. The aim and effort of THE LITTLE CORPORAL is not only to interest its readers, but to instruct and elevate and purify, so that all may be made happier and better. Is not this object worthy of an effort on your part to spread this purifying influence all over the land? Your effort may cause it to go into the hands of some who will by it be taught to love to read, and learn for all their lives to "Fight against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful." So that inducing people to subscribe for THE CORPORAL is really a kind of missionary work.

Then we pay you well for the work, besides. Our premiums are all very fine, especially the magnificent "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," and the beautiful "Heavenly Cherubs."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf:

"This Chromo is the largest and the finest ever made in the United States, and the first of the kind ever executed in Chicago. It is certainly a beauty, and well worthy a place in any parlor and picture gallery. *The Little Corporal* is an excellent paper for young people, and we are glad to see it going widely abroad in company with such a fine specimen of art."

The *Chicago Daily Journal*, in an article written by Mr. Shuman, managing editor, says:

"Few could discover, when looking at it a few feet distant, that it is not an oil painting. A more admirable Chromo has probably never been produced in America. It is certainly the largest that has ever been successfully produced in this country. We hope that Mr. Sewell will receive thousands of subscribers by offering these delightful Chromos as prizes to the industrious and ambitious among the children, and that many hundreds of the pictures will thus be made to adorn the homes of those who could not afford to purchase them. We like this plan of popularizing the fine arts."

Mr. Sewell has, within two years, through *The Little Corporal*, done more towards elevating and refining the juvenile tastes and ideas of this country than any other one man had ever done before him. His paper inculcates wholesome moral sentiments, and, while full of reliable entertainment for the little folks, imparts much good instruction. The tens of thousands whom he is thus amusing and instructing, will certainly 'rise up and call him blessed'; and we are sure that many a heart will be made glad by receiving 'Red Ridinghood and the Wolf.'

Dr. W. W. Patton, in an article in *The Advance*, writes:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *fac simile* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Prang's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars! Mr. Sewell intends to use it also as a premium for those who swell the army of his subscribers."

The *Chicago Daily Republican* says:

"We have received from Mr. Alfred L. Sewell, publisher of *The Little Corporal*, at 138 Lake street, this

city, a beautiful chromo of a painting by Wm. H. Beard, of New York, entitled, "Little Red Ridinghood." Mr. Beard is well known as one of the best painters of animals—especially wild beasts—in the country, and the picture Mr. Sewell has had engraved is a fair specimen of the happiest efforts of that artist. It represents the Little Red Ridinghood we all knew so well in younger days, meeting the wolf in the forest; and no one who sees the chromo can fail to be impressed with the success with which the artist has done his work.

But it is not so much the painting itself we propose to notice, excellent as it is, as the chromo which is, as nearly as possible, a *fac simile* of the original. Most of our readers are familiar with chromo-lithographic pictures, and know how admirably they serve to embellish the walls of a drawing-room; multiplying, as they do, copies of paintings inaccessible to the masses, just as types multiply the writings of the wise and gifted. This chromo was engraved and printed wholly in Chicago; and, besides being the largest ever printed in the United States, compares very favorably with the best ever seen in Chicago. It resembles the original oil painting as closely as the fine lithographs recently made resemble steel engravings. The chromo is 18 by 24 inches, the same size as the original painting, and would please many even more than the painting itself, as it beautifully reproduces every color and tint from Beard's canvas, without showing the traces of the brush, which oftentimes detract from the beauty of an oil painting. In fact, the chromo is an oil painting, to all intents and purposes, except that the colors are not applied with a brush.

We congratulate Mr. Sewell upon having produced the largest and one of the best chromo pictures ever made in America, and we feel a pardonable pride in the Chicago Lithographic Company which has given to the world so splendid an illustration of the progress of Chicago skill and enterprise. The chromo was primarily gotten up for premiums for subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, the very best child's paper, by the way, published in the United States; but he has some copies for sale, which are offered at the low price of \$8 each, or \$10 mounted—less than the price charged by other publishers for much smaller pictures."

RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.—We print on this page a few "notices" our beautiful chromo has received. We will print others next month. Our friends will see in our list of premiums that this is prominent.

We want canvassers to sell this picture in every county in the United States. Write for particulars.

### OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on strong rollers, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.
2. For a club of ten, at \$1 each, we send in the same way, an Oil Print, (an exact copy, with all the original colors, and same size as the original, 18 x 24 inches,) of Beard's great thousand dollar Oil Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF."
3. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. Send for circulars about these.
4. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.
5. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

For Tool Chest Premiums, see another article in this paper.

Crandall's Building Blocks are offered as premiums. See editorial columns of October number.

For the Shot Gun Premium, for Boys, see October No.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 5, (the club of six).

In all Clubs, every dollar sent in payment for "The Heavenly Cherubs," or "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," at the regular retail prices, can be counted the same as a dollar sent for *The Little Corporal*. The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," is \$8.

CLUBS for THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is made up before sending on any subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as taken.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Two pictures hang upon my parlor wall, right where the firelight shines the brightest to-night. They are called Night and Morning. Night, with her garments folded about her, and her face bowed down in the shadow, is carrying two little, sleeping babes in her arms; while Morning, with laughing face, and hands that scatter flowers, bears in a merry child, with a lighted torch in his hand.

Now, if I were an artist, and wanted to make a picture of the Old Year and the New, to put right here in *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, I would take a hint from the great master who first fashioned Night and Morning. I wouldn't make a picture of an old man, with a long frosty beard, a bald head, and a wrinkled face; but I'd draw a stout, lusty, little fellow, wrapped up in a big blanket, and carried away to bed very much against his will. Why, bless you, the year isn't old! I can remember all about him myself. He's only lived *twelve months*—just as long as little Dot, who is just beginning to toddle about the carpet; and the idea of anybody's calling her old! But for some reason or other, everybody seems to agree in talking about the Old Year. Perhaps it is because that is one of the things we love best when they are old—such as Grandmothers, you know. We always want them to be old; nobody would give a cent for a grandmother who wasn't old. When I was a little girl, I had the dearest, sweetest, loveliest grandmother that ever lived. She had the gentlest of blue eyes, the softest gray hair, and the kindest of wrinkled faces—it wasn't very much wrinkled either—and when we kissed her, it felt like the baby's. Well, our dear mother used to tell us that she remembered very well when grandma's cheeks were as red as roses, and when she used to pull down her glossy hair, and roll it into shining curls. We used to listen and wonder, and we could think of the beautiful lady with the red cheeks and the shining curls; but then it wasn't our grandma, for her cheeks were thin and faded, and her hair was put smoothly away under her plain, white cap. And if anybody could have made her young again, why, it would have spoiled her entirely for a grandma, you know. Why, she was alive in the old, old days, when the colonists were fighting with the Indians; and she knew such wonderful stories about them! And her oldest brother was in the Revolutionary war, and fought at the battle of Bunker Hill; and when he came home from the army, he taught his little sister to sing the songs the soldiers sung in the camps. One of them, which we used to think was very funny, began

"Ye free-born Americans! stand for your rights!  
We'll drive these old Highlanders all to the kites."

Some day, maybe, when the rosy little girls who read *THE CORPORAL* grow to be dear, old grandmothers, they'll sit in the chimney corner, (if chimneys don't go out of fashion,) and tell the merry, little grandchildren how their brothers went to fight in the great Rebellion, and sing them the old songs they sung, such as "Rally round the Flag," and "Brave Boys are they;" and the children will listen, and think it must have been grand to have been living in those days.

Well, here I am, clear at the end of my chat, which began with Night and Morning. I hope the old, stormy, sad times of war, that made Night for all this nation, have passed away forever, and that Morning, bright, sunny, and peaceful, has dawned for us now forever.

Emily Huntington Miller.

## TOOL CHESTS AS PREMIUMS.

We have now made arrangements with Mr. GEO. PARK, of Buffalo, so that we can offer his unsurpassed TOOL CHESTS as premiums for the Boys. These Chests will be very useful to boys of a mechanical turn, or for men as well.

*The Gentleman's Tool Chest.*—No. 161.—Size 2 feet 4 inches long, 1 foot 2 inches wide, and 10½ inches high; made of cherry and ash wood, exterior French polish, brass trimmings and lifting handles, with partitions and drawers for each article. The tools are of the best quality, and sharpened for immediate use. Containing eighty different tools; weight 65 lbs. Price \$35.00 at the factory. This chest will be sent to anyone (by express) who will send a club of Eighty-five subscribers for one year to *The Little Corporal* at the regular price of one dollar each.



*The Youth's Tool Chest.*—No. 162.—Size 1 foot 10¼ inches long, 12¼ inches wide, and 9¼ inches deep, same shape, finish, etc., as No. 161. Containing 62 different tools; weight 45 lbs. Price \$25.00. This chest will be sent for a club of Sixty subscribers, as above.

*The Boy's Tool Chest.*—No. 163.—Size 1 foot 6¾ inches long, 9¼ inches wide, and 8¼ inches deep. Finish, shape, etc., same as No. 161. Containing 44 different tools; weight 30 lbs. Price \$15.00. This chest will be sent for a club of Thirty-eight subscribers, as above.

*The Juvenile Tool Chest,* with twenty tools, price \$7, will be sent for a club of Fifteen subscribers.

Anyone working for either of these prizes, and wishing to know more about the Chests and tools, what they all are, etc., can write to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

The chests will be sent by express, the receiver paying the express charges, as the prices named are those charged at the factory.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## THE NEW NOVELTY MICROSCOPE,

PATENTED, May 14, 1864. This is the only magnifying glass ever invented which is adapted to the examination of living insects, confining them within the focus, feet up or down. It is also suitable for examining bank bills, engravings, flowers, leaves, seeds, minerals, cloth, wool, the skin, &c., being adapted to a greater variety of purposes than any other microscope. Every Banker, Merchant, Farmer, Gardner, Bee-keeper, Seedsman, Naturalist, Botanist, Miner, Druggist, Student and Pleasure-seeker should have one. It is also an instructive and amusing gift to a friend or child. It can be folded up and carried in the pocket—ever ready to make examinations from Nature's great laboratory. Price \$2. Liberal terms to agents and dealers. Sent in a neat box, prepaid, to any part of the world, on receipt of \$2 and 5 three cent postage stamps. Address,

GEORGE MEADE,  
Box 80, Racine, Wisconsin.

11-Jan

## BOYS AND GIRLS,

HERE'S A WONDERFUL BOOK. Will sell rapidly, as it is cheap and everybody needs it.

HOW TO GET RICH; or, a Key to Honest Wealth. Being a Practical Guide to Business Success. Applicable to all Trades and Professions.

An invaluable aid to Merchants, Clerks, Ministers, Students, Artists, Mechanics, Apprentices, Female Operatives, Farmers, Tradesmen, Men of Leisure, and all who desire to unlock the storehouse of wealth, and promote the best interests of the country and the world.

"The road to wealth is as plain as the road to market."—Ben Franklin.

A book of the most absorbing and universal interest. Sale unlimited. Sent, Post Paid, for 50 cents. Circulars Free. Liberal terms to Agents.

J. W. GOODSPEED & CO.,  
11-Jan 148 Lake St., Chicago, and Memphis, Tenn.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS  
AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

WM. GOODSPEED & CO.,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.



IT is an UN-FAILING REMEDY in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than two or three pills.

No other form of Neuralgia or nervous disease has failed to yield to this

**A SAFE,** wonderful Remedial Agent.

**CERTAIN,** Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements,—of many years standing,—affecting the entire system, its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure.

**AND ALL** It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can always be used with perfect safety.

**NERVOUS DISEASES.** It has long been in constant use by many of our most eminent physicians, who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.

**Its Effects are Magical.** One package, \$1.00, Postage 6 cents.  
Six packages, 5.00, " 27 "  
Twelve packages, 9.00, " 48 "

It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,  
15-Jan 120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

## BOYS AND GIRLS, LOOK HERE!

"THE TEACHER OF PENMANSHIP" tells "how to Write," "how to Flourish," "how to Draw." Subscribers for 1868 receive the October, November, and December numbers for 1867, free. Valuable and attractive premiums offered to subscribers and those who raise clubs. Only \$1 per year. Send 5 cents to pay postage for sample numbers to

11-Jan L. S. THOMPSON, Sandusky, Ohio.





## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

### QUIT CROWDING!

I never heard it myself, but they told me out in Illinois, that on still nights, you can "hear the big potatoes scolding the little ones for crowding so." The little fellows are growing, and there is not room for them all in one hill, and so the big ones scold, and bid the little ones keep still. I do not believe all of this story, because potatoes have no mouths, and cannot talk. They have eyes, and if they had mouths they would scold if they could, for potatoes do get terribly crowded sometimes—crowded all out of shape.

My garden is not like an Illinois garden. All my potato hills have more stones in them than potatoes. I have seen boys in Illinois who never saw a stone in any field or garden. They would laugh to see what queer shapes the potatoes have when they grow among stones. A little potato gets between two stubborn stones, and grows itself flat as my hand trying to push the stones away. It is all just the same when little Indian papposes have their soft heads between two stubborn boards; they grow up flat-head Indians. And the Chinese girl babies have their soft, little feet squeezed into sore, little lumps by tight bandages; the bandages crowd them all out of shape.

There is a good deal of crowding, and worse than crowding, going on all around me. A hill of corn came up beautifully and grew a foot high, and then stopped and turned yellow and died, all because there was a maple tree that crowded it and took away its sap and sunshine. The other corn-stalks a little way off saw it, and said it was a shame for that great, big tree to steal a living away from a little corn family not six weeks old! But when those scolding corn-stalks were grown up, I noticed that they spread out their blades and drank up the sunshine, and would not let the little turnips grow between their rows! and a squash vine got so mad at the corn-stalks that he came up, and ran away beyond the outside row of corn, before he'd stop to finish out a big leaf, or grow a blossom, and then he stopped and grew so rich, and fat, and big leaved, that not a leaf of clover, nor a blade of grass could grow, he covered all the ground so.

There is a crowding and a quarrel going on in my garden all summer long. The thistles quarreled with my strawberries, so that I had to go out and hit them with a hoe, and then they would not keep still for more than a week at a time. Then my hens crowded on to my corn, and, do all I could, they ate it all up, leaving me not an ear, no, not a kernel. The cabbages did well until after frost; then a neighbor's cow came to gnaw at them, and leave them nicely white and open for bugs to creep in. So my cabbages got crowded.

That is not all. One night some sort of an animal crowded my setting hens, and sucked every egg, leaving the poor birds sitting sleepily on the shells. Afterward I got a gun and crowded him off and buried him. But how he hated to go! What an awful smell he made. Then I began to notice and to think, what a crowding, quarreling world we do live in, to be sure. The bugs and worms were nibbling the leaves away. The robins came and picked off the bugs. The cat came and caught the robins. The dog came and caught the cat and broke her back. What a time!

In the woods the large trees keep the little ones from growing up. In the waters the big fish eat the little fish. In the air the hawk catches the little bird. On land the cattle eat up the growing grass, and by and by men eat up the cattle. That's the way it is and always has been in this world. The stronger crowds the weaker and uses him up.

Once a mad Elephant came rushing along a village street in India, knocking down the little bamboo shanties, pitching men into the air with his tusks, and slapping down the women in to the dirt with his trunk. Suddenly he stopped at a little baby in the very middle of the street, looked at him, picked him up tenderly, and set him in at a house door safely; and then went raging along down street again. Wonderful! beautiful! to see such a monstrous creature so kind to a little baby.

A doctor in England, had a fine, large, black dog, larger than any dog anywhere around. One day he broke his leg. The doctor set it and took care of him until his leg was quite strong again. A month afterward this great, big dog, fat and black and curly, brought home a little

sore, red eyed doggy, running on three legs, and showed him to the doctor to be cured! Wonderful! beautiful! to see a great, hearty dog, helping a poor, lame, half-starved cur! It is better than crowding or quarreling!

Once I knew a tall, stout, good-looking man, go to a picnic with at least eight little children, six women, and some boys and girls. He put up a swing between two trees, a long swing, and then for hours he stood there, giving all the boys and girls, and all the women and children splendid swings—away up into the air. He worked so hard that he could hardly keep awake long enough to get home; and the next day his arms were stiff and sore. But he is one of the best men I ever knew. He is so very strong that he helps everybody and so very kind that he never crowds anybody. He does not scold the little potatoes for growing, and he says *we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.* And when I tell him that everybody crowds everybody in this world, he says, *we don't belong to this world, but to the kingdom of heaven, where He that is chief is servant of all.* I've a great mind never to crowd or quarrel any more! *Thos. K. Beecher.*

### No. 1.—METAGRAMS.

DEAR PRIVATE QUEER: I wonder if any of your young friends would like to try their busy brains at the solution of a couple of Metagrams. A Metagram, they must know, is constructed by changing the letters of some word. The letters are called "feet;" the original word is first described, as in a Charade, and afterward other words formed by the change of some specified "foot" of the first word.

No. 1. Upon four feet I range the northern waste,  
Of by rash hunters o'er the ice-floes chased;  
Or, through the forests of the temperate zone,  
I lead my young, to heedless gambols prone;  
Ill suited is my form for grace or speed,  
Yet I can climb a lofty tree at need.  
Change my fourth foot, and, lo! a clinging vine,  
About my rude support I mount and twine;  
The food I furnished, succulent and rare,  
Made once three Hebrew captives plump and fair.  
Change my first foot, and you behold me now  
A luscious fruit upon a bending bough.  
My third foot changed, I'm called a harmless drink,  
Yet shun me, boys! for, ah! you little think  
What dire results may sometimes come to pass,  
From idly sipping the first social glass.

No. 2. My feet are four; like sentinel enrolled  
To guard the vale, I stand unmoved and bold,  
And foot-sore travelers see, with weary sigh,  
My rugged outline sketched against the sky.  
Change my first foot, and, see! a slender thing,  
I softly trickle from some upland spring;  
Yet wheresoe'er my gentle footsteps pass,  
The flowers bloom brighter, greener springs the grass.  
My second changed, with many a sounding stroke,  
The shipwright frames my sides of sturdy oak.  
Change then my fourth; how many a gallant hand  
Has held me fast for God and native land!

*Mary A. P. Humphrey.*

### No. 2.—CHARADE.

My first is a name for the father of evil,  
When people who mention him wish to be civil;  
My second expresses delight and surprise;  
My third is a lady in all but her size.  
My whole is a Saint, if good works have a merit,  
The love of the children he'll always inherit. *Johnny.*

### No. 3.—CHARADE.

My first is a small coin.  
My second is one of the windows of the soul.  
My third is tolled by a bell.  
My whole keeps guard for an encamped army. *E. K.*

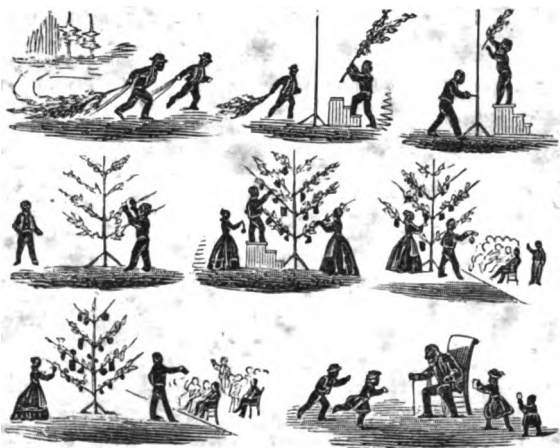
### No. 4.—RIDDLE.

From the snows of a far-off land I came,  
Nothing about me is black but my name.  
When I'm alive I am chased in the cold;  
When I am dead I am bartered for gold.

*Gerty.*

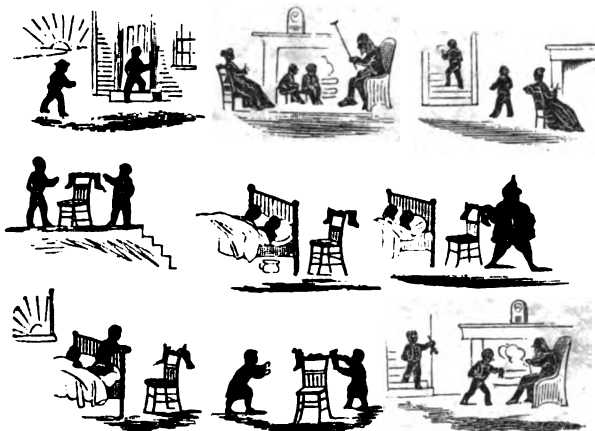


## No. 5.—A PICTURE STORY.—CHRISTMAS.



W. O. C.

## No. 6.—A PICTURE STORY.—NEW YEAR.



W. O. C.

## NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PAPER.

A NATIONAL RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER, to be called "THE ADVANCE," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity towards all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the N. Y. Evangelist. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name: their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments, while arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be

the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, THE ADVANCE will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2.50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address "THE ADVANCE COMPANY," P. O. Drawer 6374, Chicago, Ill. tf-aug67

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL TRUMPET.

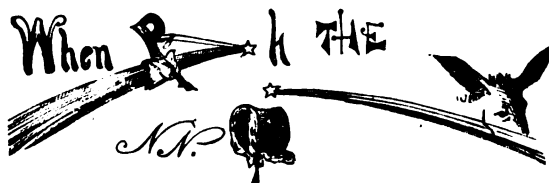
CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES, Chants and Anthems, and a New Juvenile Cantata. Price, paper, 30 cts., boards, 35 cts. Sent post paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,  
11-Jan 277 Washington St., Boston.

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND, Specimen Copy, 10 cents. THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Specimen Copy, 15 cents. Beautiful premiums offered to getters up of club lists. Send for Specimens to 11-Jan. W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

GEORGE PARR, Merchant, and Manufacturer of Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS, TOOL CHESTS, Etc. Also, Curriers', Shoemakers', Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery. Office and Factory, dec-tf No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N. Y.

## No. 7.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 147.—Enigma.—Utah, Neuse, Henry, Trenton, Fear, Newtown, Rahway, Raystown; A soft answer turneth away wrath. No. 148.—Enigma.—Coral, Tide, Pear, Rattle, Collar, Pearl, Pill; Little Corporal. No. 149.—Charade.—Sol-o-mon. No. 150.—Charade.—Fare-well. No. 151.—Charade.—Far-thin-gale. No. 152.—Charade.—X-cell-Lent (excellent). No. 153.—Riddle.—Spectacles.

## ANSWERS TO PICTURE STORIES OF DECEMBER.

No. 154.—A lamb, passing through a field of briars, left a little tuft of soft, white wool hanging upon a thorn. A yellow bird was building her nest in a peach tree, and she wanted something soft and warm for her birdies. So she flew down to the thorn, and carried off the little tuft. Then she flew to the cottage window, where Mary was sewing for her mother, and picked up some threads from the window sill. So with the threads and the soft wool she built her cozy nest among the green leaves; and one morning there were three cunning little heads in it. The first thing they did, was to open their mouths all at once, as much as to say, "We're all dreadful hungry."

Now Mary, who lived in the cottage, had a brother Robert who was fond of mischief. When the young birds began to peep in their nest, Robert found them out, and tore the nest away. Then there were great cries and flutterings and pitiful sounds among the branches. The old birds followed the cruel boy, and seemed to beg for the lives of their precious little ones. But Robert's heart was hard. He had no tender feelings. But Mary's heart was touched, when she saw the little helpless things robbed from their home.

"Poor birdies!" said Mary, "you shall go back again to your own dear home." And so she took Robert by the hand and drew him along, and begged him with tears in her eyes, until they came back to the tree; and Robert, ashamed of his mean and cruel act, climbed up and put the nest again in its cozy place, while the parent birds came back rejoicing. So, the next morning, they all sang a new song of thanksgiving, and were happy enough. W. O. C.

No. 155.—A harmless dog, going on an errand for his master, was trotting along the road. Two rude boys, seeing the dog, picked up stones to stone him. The dog was wounded and became a cripple, having to run on three legs. The rude boys laughed, and called it all fine sport. Going on a little farther, the poor dog fared better. Johnny Bright was rolling a hoop down the street, and the dog met him. Now you don't know what a dog thinks about. But I'm quite sure they have their own thoughts. Dogs can read faces, and Rover read Johnny's. Johnny's face was full of sunshine. He stopped and patted Rover, and called him a nice dog. Rover knew what he said, and thanked him with his eyes. Johnny called him through the gate up to the house, and then threw him out a nice bit of dinner. He did this because he liked to make every creature happy, and because he pitied even a dog in trouble. Kindness is the sweetest flower that blossoms in the human heart. This is why I like Johnny.

One day Johnny was climbing over a fence, when his foot slipped, and he fell backwards. It was a heavy fall, and it hurt him sadly. Rover, trotting around on his lame leg, happened along just in time, and seemed like a good angel sent to find him. He raised a cry of distress, and brought the neighbors to their aid. So the dog paid back all the kindness he had received. W. O. C.

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES, put

up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
P. O. Drawer 6058.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 53d Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to ap-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts. Office, 138 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

## SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of The Little Corporal, CHICAGO, ILL.



# The Little Corporal.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

VOL. 6. }  
No. 2. }

Chicago, Ill., February, 1868.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867,  
by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for us, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER II.

Jimmy watched the lady as she walked rapidly away, with a vague idea of following her, to see where she lived. But he changed his mind in a moment.

"It would look kind o' sneakin'," he said to himself; "I don't want her to know where I live, anyhow."

Judy was glad to see him back again, and said nothing about his day's absence; so he went on quietly with his old business, until the summer and autumn passed away, and the shop windows began to grow splendid with holiday gifts. Jimmy loved to spend his evenings in sauntering slowly through the streets and looking at the brilliant display; and, as he looked, he amused himself by choosing gifts for himself. But it never once came into Jimmy's

thoughts that any one would remember him, or that his Christmas would be any brighter and happier than the Christmas days that had come and gone every year since he could remember.

But when the morning of Christmas came, and Jimmy was strolling through the streets, not quite knowing how to enjoy his holiday, a pleasant voice wished him a "merry Christmas." He turned in surprise to meet the smiling face of some one who said, "I've been looking for you all the morning, Jimmy. I thought you would be sure to come up this street to look at the toys, and now I want you to come home with me. Charley wants to see you."

Jimmy followed the lady at a respectful distance, feeling more ashamed of his old rags than ever, and wondering who Charley might be, and what he could want of him.

The lady stopped at a great boarding house, and went up four flights of stairs to a little room almost at the attic.

"This is where I live," she said, motioning Jimmy to enter the door, "and this is my brother Charley."

Jimmy saw a very pale little face looking at him from the pillows of the lounge, and made an awkward bow, before he finished his examination of the room. It was very plainly, almost poorly furnished; but on a stand beside the little invalid was a fine orange, a bunch of hot-house grapes, and a tiny bouquet of bright flowers. They were Charley's Christmas gifts, and to buy them his sister had denied herself of almost every comfort for weeks.

"This is the little boy who sent you the wild flowers, Charley," said his sister, and Charley held out his thin hand to Jimmy, and gave him a bright smile of welcome.

"What is your name besides Jimmy?" he asked, pleasantly. "My name is Charley Fielding, and my sister is Mary Fielding—we take care of each other now."

"It used to be Jimmy Marvin; anyhow,

that's what the old man called me, and I reckon he knowed."

"Was that your father?" asked the lady.

"What! the old man? He wasn't no kin to me; he always said he took me from them that was abusing me, and hadn't no more claim to me than he had. He was good to me, the old man was. I can remember now sometimes about a woman knocking my head agin the curb stone, 'cause I told a peddler of a pocket-book he dropped; and the next I knowed I was lyin on a bed, with my head done up in rags and 'intment, and somebody a takin care of me. That was my old man—I never was took care of before."

"Do you live with him now?" asked Charley, looking at the little waif with pitying eyes.

"He's dead," explained Jimmy, briefly. Then, after a pause, he added, "I stayed round there awhile after they took him away. Some of the folks was sorry for me, and tried to have me work and be respectable, but every time I went of an errant there was them village boys throwin up the old man at me—callin of me 'Poor man's Plaster' and 'Essence of Catnip,' and I seen it was no use tryin to be anything where they knowed about me, and so I came here to make a livin."

"Poor boy," said the lady, compassionately; "you've found it pretty hard work, I dare say; I'm sure it's been hard for me."

"No, ma'am, I can't say it's hard," said Jimmy, cheerfully; "I'm doing right smart now, and layin up a bit most weeks; but then I don't look to live like this, you know;" and Jimmy glanced around the room as if he was comparing the clean, comfortable room with the cellar where he slept.

Charley drew his sister down to his sofa, and whispered a request in her ear. Whatever it was, she seemed a little unwilling to grant it, for, as she lifted her head she said, in a low tone,

"O Charley!"

"Do let me, Mary," he went eagerly on, keeping hold of her hand; "you know I haven't anything else to give, and I never shall make any one a Christmas present again."

"You shall do just as you please with the clothes, Charley," said the lady, kissing his little pale cheek, with tears in her eyes. Presently she went to a trunk and took out, one by one, a complete suit of boy's clothes, a little worn, but still very good.

"The cap, too, Mary," said Charley, seeing his sister lay back the cap, with its band of dark blue velvet.

But she only shook her head, and folded it up in its wrapping. She could not forget how many times she had watched from her window to see that dear little cap come dancing along the sidewalk, with Charley's bright curls under it. She could not forget the dead mother's hand that had shaped it with so many loving thoughts for her darling, and she knew that, very soon, when the sofa was empty, the precious little cap would be a sacred thing to her.

But she took the clothes and brought them to Jimmy, saying,

"Here, Jimmy, this is Charley's Christmas present to you. I should like it very much if you would make yourself as clean as you can before you put them on. I will fix some water for you in the next room."

Jimmy looked over the clothes, in perfect astonishment, hardly knowing what to say in acknowledgment. Then he laid them deliberately on a chair, and started for the door, saying,

"I'll be back in a minute or so."

In the course of half an hour he made his appearance, with his ragged locks clipped close to his head, and brushed into quite a comely fashion.

"You see, ma'am," he explained, "I didn't want to disgrace you by puttin on them things till I'd seen the barber; and Billy Geary, he shampooed me and trimmed me up nice, and only charged me a shillin, since 'twas Christmas."

Charley did not think his clothes at all disgraced by the neat looking boy who came out of the little kitchen, with his brown face shining, and his great black eyes bright with pleasure. He looked at himself with a great deal of satisfaction, and when Mary Fielding brought out the little mirror, which was all she possessed, he turned from side to side and seemed perfectly delighted with the transformation. He took up his old rags and from some mysterious place brought out an old stocking-foot containing his small hoard of pennies and silver coins.

"Give him my marble-bag, to put them in," said Charley; and the money was soon changed to the neat little bag, and placed in the inside pocket of the new jacket. Jimmy held his old cap doubtfully on his fist a moment, turning it around in silence.

"Wait a minute, Jimmy," said the lady. "I think I can manage it for you;" and she put on her bonnet and went hastily out. She went straight to a large clothing store in the next block, and walked up to the proprietor who was sitting by the desk, looking over his papers.

"Good morning, Miss Fielding," he

said, "can I do anything for you this morning?"

"Yes, Mr. Neil," said the lady, "I want you to make me a *Christmas present*."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Neil; "choose for yourself anything that pleases you, only don't take Mr. Warner, for I really couldn't spare him."

Mr. Warner looked up over his spectacles, with a faint smile, and went on with his writing, while the lady explained.

"Charley has a little rag-picker up stairs, whom he has fitted out with some of his cast off clothes, but I can't let him give the cap away, because mother made it, and I want you to give me an old cap that is not worth much—anything will do."

"Here's the very thing," said Mr. Neil, opening a box of warm plush caps; "these have been out of style these two years, but they are warm, and I dare say Charley's *protege* is not particular about the style. How is Charley, now? Any better?"

"No better," said the lady, gravely; and she thanked Mr. Neil for the cap, and hurried away.

"Here's the very thing for you, Charley," she said, as she came back; "Mr. Neil gave it to me for a Christmas present."

The new cap completed Jimmy's delight. He had never owned a new cap before, and it seemed too much to believe that he really was to be the owner of a whole suit, from top to toe.

"Now," said Charley, almost as well pleased as he, "you can bundle up your old clothes and throw them into the gutter—they've done *their* duty."

"Not by a long shot, Mr. Charley," said Jimmy, with a funny twinkle of his eye; "them clothes is worth money in the market. I shall sell 'em to old Judy, to-morrow."

"What in the world are they good for?" asked the lady, in astonishment.

"Good to make *broadcloth*," said Jimmy. "They'll grind 'em up into shoddy, and make 'em up into cloth, and some grand gentleman 'll go struttin about with Jimmy Marvin's old rags on his back! Wouldn't he squirm, though, if he knew it?"

"Is that really true?" asked Charley, in surprise.

"To be sure it's true as preachin; Judy told me, and she knows—it's what she makes her livin by—workin over stuff that other folks have thrown away."

Jimmy tied up his bundle, and then suddenly opened it, saying,

"I've forgot my card."

"What is that?" asked the lady, as he took a bit of dirty pasteboard from the pocket.

"My card, ma'am—the one you read to me on the street one morning—I can read it myself now—'*The hand of the diligent maketh rich*'—I haven't forgot what you said about it, neither."

"I wonder if you couldn't find some better work than rag picking, Jimmy," said the lady; "to be sure, it is an honest way of getting a living, but it must be dirty and disagreeable."

"Yes'm, it's dirty enough," said Jimmy, "and I've been thinkin about startin in the newspaper business, only it aint so *sure* as the rag trade, takin one day with another."

"But if you sell papers, Jimmy, they'll let you into the newsboy's lodging house; and you'd have a comfortable place to sleep, and a chance to learn a great many things, if you chose."

Jimmy's black eyes sparkled at the thought, and he got right up from his chair, saying,

"I'll go in for to-night, ma'am, so's not to bring my new clothes into low company."

Miss Fielding thought of the ragged little newsboys she had met on the streets, and could not help smiling to think of their being any more respectable than Jimmy, but she promised him a note of introduction to a gentleman who had control of one of the lodging houses, and recommended him to start with the evening papers.

"I expect you'll succeed, Jimmy," she said, hopefully, "and may be I shall live to see you sent to Congress. Do you know what that is?"

"No, ma'am," said Jimmy, innocently, "but I reckon 't aint to the lock-up, is it?"

"Not exactly; if you only make up your mind to be honest and industrious, I don't know of anybody that has a better prospect of growing up to be good for something in the world."

"I never cheated but once, ma'am, and I settled it once for all, that time," said Jimmy, with a very decided shake of his head. "That was when another cove and me sold some ashes to the soap factory. A woman gave 'em to us if we'd cart 'em off, and the other chap he showed me how 't we could mix coal ashes in, and make 'em weigh heavier, and we made 'bout a shillin more, I reckon; but every time it rattled in my pocket I thought of what the old man said. Says he, '*Jimmy, don't never touch a dishonest penny; it 'll be sure to burn a hole in your pocket.*' Thinks I, 't won't never do to keep that shillin; made me feel kind o' mean, too, and I couldn't look a policeman in the face, for fear he was goin to jerk me up, so I just took and flung it in the river. You don't catch me to try any dodges agin."

"The best way would have been to take it back to the soap factory, and tell them about it," said Charley.

"That shows how much you know about folks," said Jimmy. "They'd a called in the p'lice, and sent me right up."

"It's always best to be *honest*, though," persisted Charley.

"*That's so*," assented Jimmy, readily, "and now I guess I'll go and get my papers."

He went out at the door with his bundle of old clothes, and then came back to say, "You jest take notice to-night, and you'll hear some pretty loud yellin under your winder—I've got a screecher of a voice," and he astonished the lodgers all down the long halls by yelling as he went down the stairs,

"'Ere's the New York Lightnin Express; 'count of the Explosion of the City Park, and great fire in 'Lantic Ocean!'"

"I mean to keep a look out for that boy," said the lady, laughing. "I believe he's a born genius."

"I shall keep a look out for him, too," said Charley, thoughtfully; "he goes to work on the right plan, at any rate."

His sister looked at his wasted form, with a sharp pang at the thought that Charley's earthly watching was almost done, and she should soon be left alone.

"I'm so glad you thought to bring him here," said Charley, presently, "because it is so long since I've felt as if I was of any use to anybody—and it seems so good to make a merry Christmas for somebody, once more."

"You make all days good to me, Charley," said his sister, forcing back the tears with a bright smile; "so don't talk about not being of any use. I am sure I couldn't live without you."

"God knows; and He loves us," said Charley, in a whisper, leaning back wearily on his pillows.

(To be continued.)

### PLAYING LADY.

BY JULIA M. TRAYER.

Just twelve years old this very day—  
Thank Heaven! I'm not a baby—  
Next come my glorious teens—but stay,  
I'll put my playthings all away,  
Hoop, ball, and skipping rope, and swing,  
And dolly house, and everything—  
I'm going to be a lady!

A lady with bewitching air,  
And toilette à la Paris;  
And, now I think of it, I'll wear  
A sprig of something in my hair,  
And snatch my robe up daintily,  
And scream at every bug I see,  
And romp no more with Harry.

As mother says, with serious face,  
"Old Time flits fast and faster;  
'Tis first a walk, and then a pace,  
And then a madly hurrying race,  
So soon the prattler's smiles and tears  
Give way to woman's hopes and fears,"  
As if that were disaster!

Nay; press along, old charioteer,  
Thy coursers swift and steady!  
Through many a far and future year,  
Bear me on—I have no fear;  
For bliss or woe, for good or ill,  
With patient hope, and pliant will,  
My beating heart stands ready.

Farewell, ye trifling, childish toys,  
Mud pies, and all that folly!  
Farewell, ye little girls and boys!  
I smile at your small griefs and joys,  
For fancy soars on daring wings  
And beckons towards sublimer things,  
Than—goodness! there's my dolly!

O, Betsy Ann! your hat's askew,  
Your shoulder's dislocated,  
Your frock is torn, you've lost a shoe,  
That cruel pin has pierced you through,  
And, O, that fixed, despairing eye—  
Dear me! how can I pass you by—  
My heart is not case-mated

O, Betsy Ann! you've conquered—there!  
Adieu to grown-up fancies!  
Now Hal may laugh and Debby stare,  
And mother rave in wild despair,  
I'll be a little girl again;  
There's time enough for care and pain  
And all life's grave romances.

### MY FIRST DISOBEDIENCE.

BY AUNT FLORENCE.

"Remember this. If you think yourself ever so secure, you are in danger, as long as you are doing wrong. You may be unsuspected for a while, but sooner or later, your sin will find you out; and remember also, *God knows it all the time.*"

I heard this, sitting on the back steps, playing with my kitten. It was my mother who spoke. She was talking to my brother, who was very hard to manage sometimes. My father's business took him away from home a good deal of the time, and much of the care devolved upon mother. I did not think much of her words at the time, but I had occasion to remember them afterwards. By and by mother called me in.

"Florrie, you may run down and get 'Miah Wise to go and play with you in the south meadow. I am going over presently to do Aunt Milly's baking. Be a good girl, and don't go any farther than the south bars."

This was my mother's last injunction as she tied on my bonnet, and kissed me good-by. I went skipping along, hardly feeling the ground under my feet. I liked to play in the south meadow; there were half a dozen little brown-eyed calves to play with, and when we were tired, such pretty little groves of young walnut trees to rest in. And I liked 'Miah Wise (her name was Isamah, but I always gave her the pet name.) She was a sprightly little thing, who was always making me laugh "out loud" in school, and with whom I quarreled, and "made-up good friends" several times each week. But we were good friends now. She had given me the piece of yellow calico, I then carried, rolled up in a dirty little wad in my pocket, and I in return had presented her with about two inches of ribbon cut from the strings of my hat.

'Miah was not at home. The gate was fast, and I remembered that she had gone with her mother to visit an aunt who lived in a distant town. I turned back in disappointment, and when I came in sight of our house, the blinds were closed, and mother had gone. "O, dear," I said to myself, "I wish I might go to Aunt Milly's with mother." But Aunt Milly was an invalid, and did not like children, so I knew I must not go there. And then I turned down the road to the meadow.

"I don't care, I'll go alone. I don't s'pose the calves have gone off visiting," I said, half crying. They were not gone, but they were decidedly *lazy*, and would do nothing but lie in the shade, with the sunlight sifting through the leaves checking their glossy backs, and wink their big brown eyes sleepily, when I pushed them to make them get up. Everything was very beautiful and quiet out there, that still August morning. It was very beautiful, but it was very lonesome, too. I thought of Rasselas in his "Happy Valley," and did not blame him for trying to get out, as I leaned over the "south bars," and looked longingly down the green, grassy path, toward Uncle John's

Dear Uncle John, who never had anything for me but kind words and loving counsel, whose pockets were always full of apples, nuts, and stray pennies. He is living still—a little feeble to be sure, but the same kind, loving Uncle John, to all the children, that he was fifteen years ago.

I might have gone if I had asked mother in the morning—she always let me go to Uncle John's when I asked her—but she was not at home, and I thought I might go *just once*, without permission. That was my first wrong step. Dear little children, take care that you do not take that *first* wrong step, and you are *safe*! But I did it. I climbed over the bars and went toward the house, making my wicked plan by the way. What do you think it was? *I wouldn't tell mother*; she should think that I had been playing in the meadow all the morning. O, how mean I felt when I met Uncle John's cheery welcome! I hung down my head so guiltily that Uncle John asked, "Is mother sick?" "No;" "that's well. Now come, and help the old man with his berries. Your little body can squeeze in where mine couldn't begin to."

I was soon in the blackberry patch, with my tin pail on my arm, listening to Uncle John's funny stories, and picking berries with all my might. When my pail was full, I told Uncle John I must go home. "Mother expected me home at once," I told him. "That's right, child. Always mind your mother. But your dress is riddled. I'm afraid I'll have to answer for that. Anyhow, take home the berries; they're earlier than yours."

I tried to refuse, for how could I carry home the berries without betraying myself? But Uncle John insisted, and I took the pail, and walked slowly away. A thought occurred to me. I would *throw the pail away*. O, children, when you do one wrong thing, you must do so many more to hide the first. And then "*God knows it all the time.*" My mother's words came back to me with a force which startled me. Dear mother. I was every bit as bad as Jack, who played truant. How many, many times I had blamed him without mercy. Poor Jack. But I had started on the wrong road, and I foolishly believed I must follow it to the end. I never thought how full of forgiveness a mother's heart can be. So I went down to the creek that ran clear and sparkling along one end of the meadow, and followed it along to where a pool had been hollowed, and the water was deep. The village boys called it the "baptizin' hole," and there those who preferred it, were baptized by immersion. I poured my berries out in the grass and then threw the pail as far out into the water as my strength would allow, and then watched it as it slowly sank out of sight. I did not fall into the water, as I deserved to do. God took care of me even when I was sinning against Him.

"Why, Florrie, how you have torn your dress. Those calves will tear all the clothes off you, next. You must keep away." My poor little calves! I ate my supper, and went to bed when night came, but could not sleep. They were all so

good to me, and how little I deserved it. Even Jack brought me an armful of vines laden with beautiful red berries, that he found on the banks of the creek.

"And I say, sis, some fellow got a jolly tumble there; there was about three quarts of blackberries on the ground—spilled, I s'pose."

I got away, I don't know how, and hid myself. My sin was finding me—slowly, but surely. Two miserable days passed—I was not used to deception, and it almost killed me. A neighbor came in for a pattern, of one of my aprons, I believe.

"Mrs. Wise borrowed it some time ago," my mother answered. "Run, Florrie, and get it. She has done with it by this time." I got up as if my feet were tied. If the woman had not been there, I should have told my mother, as it was, I got my bonnet to go. But the woman broke out with—

"Why Mrs. Wise is not at home, she's been gone a week, Mrs. Allen."

"I guess not. Florrie and 'Miah were in the meadow together the day before yesterday. Were you not, Florrie?"

My mother looked up, and knew by my face that something was wrong, but she said nothing. She never corrected us before strangers, and as the woman went out of the gate Uncle John came in. He tossed a bundle into my lap as he passed me.

"There's a new dress for the one you tore up in my service the other day. She's a *stayer* at picking berries, Mrs. Allen, but she'd want a tow gown on. Did you like the berries I sent? Large, aren't they for such a dry season? I didn't expect half a crop."

So Uncle John talked. Mother looked at me. O, the pain expressed in that one look. I ran and hid my guilty face in her bosom.

"O, mother!" I sobbed, "'Miah *isn't* at home. I went alone to the meadow, and it was lonesome, and I saw Uncle John's, and—and—oh! I've been so naughty—and God saw me throw the pail in the water, and pour out the berries—you said he could see us all the time. Let me be," I said to Uncle John. "I'll *die* if I don't tell. You needn't try to stop me. You and mamma can't love me anymore—nobody can love me any more;" and I sobbed on unrestrainedly. Mother, and Uncle John, were both crying too. It would make my story too long, to tell you of all that my mother and dear Uncle John said to me that morning, or of the prayer that went up from that little room in my behalf. When I left the room with mother's kiss of forgiveness on my lips, I went and found Jack, and told him all about it. "I won't never blame you any more for being naughty, Jack, but O, be careful, for it is so *dreadful* to be wicked."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor's buggy went by, just now, and in it sat my brother Jack—not Jack any more now to any one but me, but "J. Allen, M. D." A good physician, an honest man, and a christian. But neither of us have forgotten my first *disobedience*.

A sluggard takes a hundred steps because he would not take one in time.

## SEEING THE ANGELS.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

The snow has a glitter, like steel in the sun,  
Down from the hemlock it falleth in sheaves;  
The brooklets are wakening, one by one,  
And the icicles drop from the farm house eaves;  
But the eyes of the baby are drowsy and dim;  
Tho' the snow-birds chirp at the window sills,  
Tho' they peck at the panes with their slender bills,  
They can win no smile nor shout from him.

The logs on the hearth are engirdled with flames, [and leap;  
In the steep, smoky chimney they brighten  
The kitten is playing its frolicsome games—  
But he sees not, for slumbers that over him creep.  
Softly the coral is loosed from his hold,  
His eyelids are low, but a thread of blue  
Glimmers the golden lashes thro',  
Like a pool that the grasses half enfold.

His sleep-song ends with a fluttering sigh,  
He has set his white feet on the threshold of dreams;  
Let the evil shrink back and the worldly go by;  
He is pure! let him walk by the heavenly streams.  
He smiles—'tis a smile that an angel might wear—  
He seeth the angels, with beautiful wings,  
He heareth the song, that an angel sings,  
Over the hills, in the thin blue air.

O baby, awaken, and tell it to me,  
Repeat it, and carol it, word for word;  
Tell me how holy the angels be,  
Tell me the heavenly talk you heard;  
You awake, with your tender eyes wet with the dew,  
You smile, but alas! you can answer me not;  
And I fear that their speech will be long forgot,  
When the speech of man is taught to you.

## GUY.

Guy has just gone home!—to his new home, among the beautiful hills, where cows are eating the sweet clover, and at night come away from the green fields to give the precious burden of rich milk to the big boy who has the care of them. Those cows belong to Guy's father, and the pretty, black pony and great Newfoundland dog, are his, too. Can you guess why Guy is going there, and what he will find when he gets there?

His father has taken a new mother to this pretty cottage among the hills, and she is watching for her little son to come to her arms. Guy was for nearly three years motherless, but is motherless no longer, and the boy is pleased enough! He has never known what it was for him to have any one to care for him as only mothers can, for when he was a little bit of a baby, the one who loved him most, drew him tenderly to her breast, and with bitter tears kissed him, as only mothers can when they leave their precious babies, and go to heaven! Guy never knew why a tall, elderly woman, with a neat cap and white apron, sat by his cradle, or washed and dressed his baby limbs, or why his father sighed so heavily when he kissed his baby boy good-bye. He ate, and slept, and played with the sunshine, and stretched out his cunning little fat feet, and

sucked his thumbs, and crowed, and laughed, and said, "Da—da," just as most other babies do without knowing why, or wondering about his mother.

But when Guy was three years old—yes, that very day, for I remember well, Miss Lettie Blinn had carried him to have his photograph taken, and coming home called at the post-office, and there was a letter for Guy—in a full, round, handsome hand it was written,

## "GUY LAMONTE."

Miss Lettie opened it right on the street, smiling as she read it to him, and then she told him she was his cousin, for his new mother was her aunt, and she was to carry him home the very next Monday, in the cars, and then she let him put his letter into the pocket of his pretty crimson merino dress, and away the little fellow strutted, proud enough to think he had a mother all his own, like Caddy Maxwell, and Jimmy Strong, and other little boys.

It was well that Guy was to be cared for, and taught to be good, for the child had learned many naughty ways, and mother-love and mother-patience were needed to teach him better. Nurse Nolan had been kind to him in her way, but then she did not correct his faults, and the small fingers sometimes slipped into the sugar bowl, and the rosy, pouting lips said they didn't. One day he was offended with the old brown cat, who slept, and ate, and played about the house-door, so he tied a string round her neck, and fastened it to the outside cellar door when it was open, and when big Jim Nolan was "fastening up" for the night, and swung it to with a sharp jerk, poor pussy was roused from pleasant dreams, and came near losing her life. Guy saw it as he sat eating bread and milk, and was dreadfully scared, and was glad enough to see Jim pull out his two-bladed jack-knife, and cut the string. Poor pussy took it hard, and choked and mewled ever so long.

One day he took his little basket full of small, smooth stones, and carried them to the second story balcony, so that he could hit people who went by. It was well Nurse Nolan saw him before much mischief was done. She was hanging clothes in the yard, when she heard a fearful scream, and there was Crazy Sue, an old black woman who went about the streets crying "brooms, brooms," shaking her bony fist at Guy, and holding a rag to her bleeding cheek. When Guy's father heard of this, he sent poor Sue a handsome present, and paid the doctor's bill. Pretty soon after that he wrote to Nurse Nolan to have his boy ready for a journey early in June, and then the letter came, and Guy has been gone two weeks.

How he will enjoy this new home among the hills; he has a nice new room of his own, and a little bed and bureau, and small chair, and ever so many pretty pictures and playthings, but more than all will be the beautiful mother-love, ready to teach him what is right, and to be a good and truth-loving child. She will take him on her lap, and sing pretty songs to him, and teach him his evening prayer, and how to be kind to everything and everybody, and Guy will call her "mother," and will love her dearly.

F. P. C.



## A TRUE STORY.

BY S. N. THOMAS.

Not quite so many years ago, as

"When Time was young,  
And birds conversed, as well as sung,"

but as long ago as when children were children, and played with rag dolls, and didn't pretend to be wiser than their parents, Sophie Turner lived in a cool, old-fashioned house, which was shingled all over, roof and sides, and had a great, deep yard in front, with lilac bushes in each corner, and monstrous, snow-ball bushes by the door, and syringa bushes and roses of Sharon by the gate. There was a back garden, also, where grew the marigolds, evening beauties, hollyhocks, larkspur, and lady-slippers, which Sophie gathered into a nosegay, every morning, for Miss Holcomb, who taught the district school; and clumps of devotional dill, which Mrs. Turner and Miss Harriet carried to church on Sunday, and to Thursday evening meetings.

In one corner of this garden, behind a row of gooseberry bushes, and under the shadow of the great, sweet apple-tree, was a little graveyard. Now this graveyard belonged exclusively to Sophie; and here chickens that had come to an untimely end, and turkeys early brought to grief, and kittens that had died before their time, were religiously interred, and wept over; and in due time, shingles, sacred to their memory, were solemnly erected.

"Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh;  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless decking,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Thither, about four o'clock one June afternoon, came Sophie and her sister, Lucy, to attend to the erection of a tombstone over the remains of "Little Em'ly," a black and white kitten, whose melancholy decease was chronicled in rhyme by Ben, and carefully copied on a bright, new shingle, which Sophie planted firmly at the head of the grave, and then retired, with Lucy, to a seat on the garden wall, to see the effect.

"It looks real good, don't it, Lucy?"

Lucy ducked her round head in the affirmative, while Sophie, turning her head now on this side and now on that, to get the very best view, finally read it aloud to Lucy, just to show her how much it sounded like an epitaph on a real grave-stone.

*Sacred to the Memory*

OF

LITTLE EM'LY.

Our darling, precious cat,  
She ate a poisoned rat,  
Which made her sick and die,  
So in the ground her body must lie.

It was a very affecting epitaph, as you will doubtless perceive; and Sophie's voice trembled very much, as she repeated it, while Lucy gave herself up to sobbing, and rubbed her eyes and nose so violently with her red-calico apron, that the latter organ seemed in danger of disappearing from mortal view entirely.

A loud whistle at this juncture, and the sudden apparition of Ben on the scene of

action, diverted their attention at once, and Sophie exclaimed, sharply,

"O you great, hateful boy! now you've gone and knocked over Betsey Trotwood's gravestone!"

"They are dreadful, touch-me-not affairs," said Ben, ruefully, picking up a small shingle and replacing it at the head of a little mound. "But," suddenly changing his tone, "you can't guess what I know—something about you and Lucy."

"O Ben, do tell us, this very minute," said Sophie, getting off the wall, and taking him by the jacket sleeve, in her eagerness; while Lucy, from her perch, looked all aglow with curiosity, but didn't say a word.

"You don't want to know, do you, Lucy?" continued Ben, "or have you lost your tongue?"

Lucy opened her mouth in a very peculiar manner, and mumbled something in an unknown tongue.

"Well, I declare!" said Ben. "Have you got a hot potato in your mouth?"

"O, Ben, don't mind her," said Sophie. "She is only trying to keep her tongue from touching the place where her tooth came out. You know, if she can only do it, her new tooth will be a gold one."

"If girls ain't the greenest," said Ben, sneeringly. "What a looking object you would be, with a bright, yellow tooth in your head; besides, you can't do it, to save your life."

"O, Ben, don't stop to talk about that; tell us what it is you know," said Sophie, growing impatient and stamping her feet.

"Well," said Ben, in a slow, aggravating manner, "I heard father say to mother, that he thought some of taking Sophie and Lucy to Massachusetts with him, to-morrow."

"Oh! oh! oh!" shouted Sophie, at the top of her voice, "won't that be good?"

Lucy agreed that it would be good; and they at once retired to their own private playhouse to talk the matter over.

"We shall find out, now, all about the fences, and all about the lines," said Sophie, after the subsidence of her first emotions.

Lucy looked up in a little, quiet astonishment, and inquired, "what lines and fences?"

"Why, meridian lines, and town lines, and state fences. Why, the geography is full of them. Didn't you ever see a map?"

Lucy nodded her head, and Sophie continued, "Well, the maps are all covered over with 'em; and so is the world."

"It is?" said Lucy. "I never saw any of 'em."

"That's because you never went far enough," said Sophie, very wisely. "When you come to study geography, you'll know all about it, just as I do."

"Tell me," said Lucy, growing interested. "I can't wait till then."

"Well, you see," commenced Sophie, oracularly, "the earth is round, just like a globe or ball."

"What is a globe?" said Lucy.

"Why, it's a glass thing, that folks keep fishes in. Didn't you ever see Miss Morton's? And it hangs on nothing in the air."

"What, Miss Morton's?"

"Why, no! the earth, to be sure."

"I should think it would fall down," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"Why, there's God to hold it up," said Sophie. "And it turns 'round every day on a great, long pole, that runs right through it. The top end is called the north pole, and the bottom pole is called the south one. And then on the outside there is a belt, a great, 'maginary line, called the 'quator; and there's lots of lines; and they all have names, and they are all black, but the state ones, and they are painted. I think they are board fences. The one which separates Massachusetts from Connecticut, is green. O, I want to see those lines dreadfully."

A call to supper ended Sophie's summary of her geographical knowledge; and after supper came putting the dolls to bed; and then her own bedtime; so the conversation was not resumed again that night.

No doubt the girls and boys who read this story will think Sophie an uncommonly stupid child, because they happen to know that her ideas of things were not remarkably correct ones. Sophie thought that everything she read or heard was true in its most literal sense, and was given to making mistakes, which time and age have not been able to entirely rectify.

Next morning, Sophie and Lucy were up even before the cows were milked, and so excited that their mother couldn't persuade them to eat a mouthful of breakfast, and was obliged to content herself with putting up extra luncheon for their journey. Just as the clock was striking six, old Jerry was led up to the door, and Sophie and Lucy, in pink dresses and white tunics and sunbonnets, ran out and climbed gayly into the wagon. Then mother came out, with many injunctions to be good girls, and not get their dresses dirty, or their pantalets tore; and Mr. Turner took his seat between the two, and with a chirking sound, to warn Jerry of their readiness to start, they drove slowly out of the yard.

How beautiful, and clear, and fresh, that never-to-be forgotten morning was. Sophie could hardly refrain from clapping her hands and shouting, and Lucy looked as radiant as the morning star. How picturesque the morning-glories looked, clambering over the little, brown roof of Miss Judith's cottage; and the dewdrops on the grass sparkled as though the fairies had held high carnival the night before, and gone home, leaving their jewels behind them.

"Father," said Sophie presently, "how soon do we come to another town?"

"In about half an hour," said her father. "I will tell you when we come to the dividing line."

After what seemed to Sophie an interminably long half hour, her father said, "We have got to Hebron; the town line runs directly through that pair of bars, and cuts that lot right in two."

Sophie and Lucy looked very earnestly.

"Father," said Sophie, suddenly, "I don't see the line."

"Do you see those three little stones, piled one above another, on the wall there?"

"Yes, sir, I see those."

"Well, those stones are placed there to show where the line is."

"O, yes," said Sophie, "I suppose the



lines have all got worn out, because there is so much going on over them; but on the maps they are as black as jet."

The town lines being thus summarily disposed of, Sophie and Lucy turned their whole attention to the scenery along the roadside. Patience and paper would fail, should I undertake to relate one half of the wonders of that journey. How they were in ecstasies over a quarry, and what amazement they manifested at sight of the cars. How the hot sun spoiled their bread and butter, and they threw it to a superannuated hen by the roadside. W at a number of houses they stopped at for drinks of water, and how many times in the course of an hour Sophie asked, "How soon shall we get there?"

"There, in that house, there," said Mr. Turner, "the Rev. Samuel Peters lived, in the days of the revolution. He was an Episcopalian clergyman, and a tory. The people didn't like him very well, and so they mobbed him, and he ran away to Boston. It is said he rode there on horseback in a single night. He wrote a scandalous history of Connecticut, telling about the Blue Laws, and—"

"O yes," said Sophie, "I've seen it. It has got a picture of a boy having his hair cut, and he had a pumpkin shell on his head, to cut it by. And there was another picture of a man, and a lot of frogs; the frogs made such a noise, he thought the army was coming, and ran out to see. It was queer times then, wasn't it, father?"

"I guess, on the whole, it wasn't any queerer than the times are now. That history is rather more amusing than correct. We're almost to Bolton, now; the town line goes right along yonder."

"I don't see how you can tell so easy, father; I can't," said Sophie.

"Because I know," answered Mr. Turner. "I've been along this road, man and boy, these forty years, and know it just like a book. Whoa! Jerry. The bolt has dropped out. Sophie, you run back a little ways, and see if you can find it."

"Here it is, right here," said Sophie. "Isn't it funny that the bolt should come out, just as we got into Bolton?"

Lucy thought it was decidedly funny, and Mr. Turner seemed to consider it quite a striking coincidence. He soon had it fixed, however, and they were in marching order once more.

Just as Sophie was on the point of asking, for the fiftieth time, "How soon shall we get there?" and Lucy had nodded her sunbonnet off in a fit of sleepiness, Mr. Turner pointed with his whip a little distance ahead, and said "There is Massachusetts!"

Lucy waked up, and jerked on her sunbonnet at once, and Sophie, in a state of great excitement, quickly exclaimed, "Where?"

"Do you see that stone, sticking up there, on the bank?"

"Yes, sir," said Sophie; "there is a letter C. on it." "That stands for Connecticut," said Mr. Turner. "On the other side there is an M., for Massachusetts. There, now the horse is in one state and the wagon in another. Now we are all in Massachusetts."

"But," said Sophie, in quite an agitated manner, "where is the fence?"

"What fence, child?" said Mr. Turner.

"Why, the state fence," said Sophie; "it's on the map as plain as day, and painted green."

"My dear child," said Mr. Turner, smiling slightly, "You didn't suppose there really was a fence, painted green, between the two states."

"They wasn't all green," almost sobbed Sophie; "some of them were red, and blue and yellow."

"Why, Sophie," said Mr. Turner, all those lines on the map are imaginary—they are not really there. You know what imaginary is, don't you?"

"I thought it was a great, hard word, that didn't mean nothin'. What does it mean?"

"Not real. Why, you see, Sophie, in the first place, the land wasn't divided at all, and men went and surveyed it; that is, measured it off into states and counties and towns, and thus established boundary lines, and then they made maps of the places, and made lines on the maps, to make it plainer, so that people could understand where the land lay. But they succeeded in wonderfully bothering you, didn't they, Sophie?"

"O, dear!" said Sophie, in a distressed tone, "I feel all mixed up about it. It is so odd that real things ain't real after all."

"Why," said Lucy, at this moment, as the horse came to a stand still before a large white house, "have we got there?"

And, sure enough, they had; for out poured a whole bevy of aunts and cousins to give them a welcome. And Sophie and Lucy were borne bodily into the house, and their sunburned faces washed in milk and water, before they could be persuaded that their journey had really come to an end. They stayed three days—such merry, happy days—in which they ran and jumped and played more games than I can remember the names of. At the end of the fourth day, they received a joyful greeting from the loved ones at home; even Ben declared he had been lonesome without them. They at once waked up their dolls, and related to them, in glowing language, this greatest act in their life's drama.

### THE PAPER DIME.

BY ALTA GRANT.

It was collection day, and Will had forgotten his contribution. There was the good Superintendent, with the hat in his hand, coming straight to their class, and he hadn't a penny in his pocket.

"Here, take this," said Tom Rider, thrusting into his hand what seemed to be a silver dime; for this little incident took place when silver dimes were not so scarce as they are now.

Will was very grateful—so grateful that he did not see the knowing look in Tom Rider's eyes.

"It's real clever of Tom," he said to himself, as he dropped the supposed money into the hat. "I'll take a dime to school, to-morrow, and return it to him."

After school, however, Tom, thinking

it too good a joke to keep, told him that he was "sold"; that what had seemed to be a dime, was nothing but a round bit of pasteboard, such as hunters use in loading guns. Will was indignant, and, boy-like, doubled up his fists; but the echo of his teacher's voice was still in his heart, and putting his hands behind him he hurried away without a word.

Not long after, the Superintendent was surprised to see Will walk into the room and lay a silver dime on the desk.

"I was afraid you'd think you had some mighty mean boy in school," he said, as he made the explanation, but he did not tell who the "mean boy" was.

"God bless you for your honesty," said the Superintendent, when Will had finished. And the next Sabbath, at the close of the usual exercises, he told the school the story of the paper dime. It seemed a trifling thing, he said; but the boy who would cheat in such a way, would be very likely by and by, to commit larger and more serious frauds; while he who was honest in such small matters, would surely make an honest man.

There were no names mentioned, but Tom Rider's sheepish face told plainly enough who was the giver of the counterfeit, and so thorough was his repentance that no one ever heard of his doing the like again.

### TOMMY.

BY EMILY J. BUEGEE.

Swinging his axe by the kitchen door  
Whistling a merry tune,  
Tommy's heart is as cheery  
As a blackbird's in the June.

With every stroke of his sturdy arm,  
The blood leaps down to his toes,  
And rushing back to his cheeks again,  
Colors them like the rose.

No dread of the frosty morn for him,  
No whining about the cold,  
He is up in the morning twilight,  
For his duties, brave, and bold.

Cheerful, and busy, and happy,  
How fast his pulses fly,  
Till the chores are done and the old clock tells  
That the hour for school is nigh.

With a good-bye kiss for mother,  
And his honest eyes aglow,  
He is off for the day's endeavor,  
Through crackling paths of snow.

With a resolute hand he will put away  
His foemen in the strife,  
And make with a firm and manly tread  
His upward way in life.

Pet, my little three year old friend, had been telling me a "tory," to use her own expression, about a dood ittle dirl woo dot drowned dead, and went to Heaven.

"And where do the naughty little girls go?" said I, curious to know her childish creed.

With a demure look on her dimpled face, Pet pointed to the bed-room door, and whispered, "In there."

Alta Grant.

## "WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN TO DO?"

## "NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."

BY THE EDITOR OF AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE.\*

"What are the Children to do?" That's a capital idea, I declare! Mother, do you hear? 'What are the Children to do?' It's actually in print!—See here!"

As he spoke, Harry held out a number of *The Little Corporal* (an American newspaper for children) to his mother, tilting his chair as he did so, that he might stretch his arm farther back. But it was in vain: mamma's sofa was a long way off the round table where the children sat, and where Harry was seated, though he had been many "halves" at school, and was now in that bird-of-passage condition—at home for the holidays.

So mamma shook her head, to signify she could not see, on which Harry sprang up, and was at her side the next minute. He was very energetic when he once started upon a subject, and rather piqued himself on bringing back the last news from the neighbouring town, to which he walked once or twice a week now, to have his hair cut, and look round at the newspapers. And, to-day, he had met with *The Little Corporal*, and, on turning over its pages, was much inclined to think little English children far behind American ones in ingenuity and cleverness. "Mother," cried he, giving the paper an impressive slap with the back of his hand, "this is exactly the very thing we wanted to know. 'What are the Children to do?' In ever heard anything so good! If you'd only been in the nursery this afternoon, and seen—"

"That's too bad, Harry!" shouted an indignant voice from the round table, and Ada began to whimper.

"You see how it is," pursued Harry—"not that I'm going to tell stupid nursery tales, but it's an undeniable fact, isn't it, mother? that it would be an excellent thing if people *did* know what to do with themselves on a rainy afternoon, without—well—suppose we say tearing each other's hair, you know—eh, Ada?—I only put it in a general way, my dears, so don't be offended," concluded Harry, making a bow to the whole party at the round table.

"If *The Little Corporal* has taught people how not to be dull in dull weather, it has solved one of the great difficulties of life," observed mamma; "let me see."

Accordingly she looked, and found in its pages—first, a statement of the world-wide difficulty, "What are the Children to do?" and then a proposal that all children should write to the Editor, and tell him what they in particular did on rainy afternoons and long winter evenings, by which means there would be gathered together a long list of things done in different families—and possible to be done therefore—and so one set of children might take hints from another, and give hints in return. Besides, as *The Little Corporal* justly observed, there would be the writing of the letters to do, more than anyone had had before. It was really a good idea. And it was no wonder Harry was impressed by it, for there had been a sad squabble in the nursery that day; and, although nurse had said Master Harry was so aggravating, he made bad ever so much worse, and she wished to goodness he was back at his lessons again, still it may be doubted whether the peace would have been perfect even had he been absent.

Moreover, young people's brains soon take fire

when they are excited, and Harry's were particularly apt to get into that state. "The longer I live, mother," said he, with the utmost seriousness, and as if he was fifty; "the longer I live, the more I see the difficulty; one child wants to go one way, and one another, and it's never pleasant to give up. Besides, nothing can go right on a rainy day—at least, nothing does. Coming back from school, you know, where all sorts of things are going on all day long, one feels this so much. It seems here as if everybody was asleep and dull; to tell you the truth," here he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I wonder the little ones are as quiet as they are. You and father don't feel it, of course, because—well—because you're old, you know; but just think of the children yonder, poor little animals!"

He turned to look as he spoke, and so did mamma, and their eyes met those of the "poor little animals," staring at them with all their might, an open-mouthed grin on their faces, too, as if they were trying to catch the words of their betters, flying. Then, finding themselves stared at in turn, the grin ran into a giggle, and the giggle broke into a laugh.

"Oh, bother! I didn't mean *that* sort of thing, of course," observed Harry. "There, nonsense, you children!" he shouted. "Can't I talk to mamma without your watching? Go on as you were before!"

"What?" said little Ada, in rather a vague spirit of inquiry.

"I don't know what you mean by 'what,'" muttered Harry, rather testily, for it teased him to have his current of thought interrupted; "you are doing nothing, of course. Go on doing nothing."

The voice of command gained the point. The children dropped their eyes, with a pout; the eldest, Barbara, shrugging her shoulders, as she stooped over the paper on which she was drawing; Lucy opening her drawer, to hunt up something to amuse herself with; little Ada hugging once more her everlasting doll into the nap that it never would take.

"A curious beginning of assistance, Harry," smiled mamma, "to stop what the children were doing, and then scold them for not going on doing nothing!"

"But what's the good of their interfering?" exclaimed Harry. "They can't think of anything fresh to do of themselves; it is we who must help them."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand," said mamma; "I only want you to see how carefully reforms should be conducted: it does not do for public benefactors to be reckless of private feelings, remember that! which being understood, let you and me lay our heads together, and see what can be devised."

"Stop! I'll put it all right in a minute," said Harry.

And he did. He had bought a curious sort of top at the town, but had not taken it out of his pocket till now. Now he produced it, carried it to the round table, taught Lucy how to spin it, set it going himself, amidst shouts of admiration, and then returned to his mother.

"Now then for our two heads together, mamma," said he.

"Well—in the first place, follow *The Little Corporal's* advice," was her answer. "Write to some competent authority, and ask what the children are to do, and tell what you do yourselves. You have plenty to tell as well as ask, you know. Only you need not write to a *Little Corporal* in America—it is too far off. Let me see; suppose you write to 'The Mighty World,' by means of the four drawers of the round table—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, you know?"

"Oh, mother! do you mean that stupid old game? I'm so sick of it! Even the children don't play at it now!" And Harry looked really crestfallen.

"I meant nothing of the sort!" cried mamma. "No, no, Harry, I am not napping quite so far as that! But, inasmuch as those four drawers have represented the four quarters of the world to the children, ever since they can recollect anything, I consider their round table like King Arthur's

"... an image of the mighty world,"

and think you may all appeal to it as such for assistance. Stoop down, while I whisper the conclusion. If you and Barbara will write letters to 'The Mighty World,' for yourselves and the little ones, asking what you are all to do on dull wet days, *I will take care you get answers*. I don't choose to say any more."

"Capital!" cried Harry, springing to his feet in excitement. "Capital! Oh, I see it all! but I won't let a thing out. Look here, mother! I'll tell them—what a splendid idea!—that if they put their letters into the front of the drawers, and keep them close shut for twenty-four or thirty-six hours—you shall fix the convenient time—the letters will go out at the back, and so down the trunk of the table, and so out through the floor into 'The Mighty World,' who will, of course, send answers in due time. Mother, they'll believe every word of it!" cried Harry, enthusiastically, in conclusion.

"Aye! and then, by-and-by, when you tell them something true, they'll think you're 'humbugging' as now, Mr. Harry! Excuse me, son of my heart! we will not confuse the juvenile mind by giving out rhodomontade as fact. When we rhodomontade at all, we will do it altogether, and 'make believe' throughout. Your plan reminds me of the old unscrupulous nurses of fifty years ago, who would invent any amount of what you boys call 'crammers' to frighten children into being good."

"Oh, mother! I was't going to frighten them," interrupted Harry.

"Oh, no, dear, I know. This 'humbugging,' too, is one of your school fashions, and I give no judgment about school matters, only I won't allow *that* one here. Now come and see if we can't manage without."

Mamma hereupon whispered for some time to Harry, after which that young gentleman got up, went back to the round table, sprang upon his chair, and called "oyez," he was going to make a speech. The children were silent at once, and Harry told them in his speech, that he and mamma, having duly considered the great question, "What are the children to do?" on wet days? felt sure "The Mighty World," of which the round table, with its drawers for the four quarters, was an image, must be able to help them if properly appealed to. He then announced that they must write to the "Mighty World" to ask for assistance, and added that mamma had assured him if the letters were written and sent to the four quarters in the drawers, and the drawers kept shut for twenty-four hours afterwards, answers should be found in them at the end of that time: more he was not permitted to say. The day before the first of a new month, therefore, the drawers must be cleared of rubbish, and the letters put in, and on the evening following they might expect to find some answers or help when they opened the drawers again.

Harry's speeches were always effective, and this time there were abundant shouts of delight. He was clapped, he was even kissed. There were to be no more wet afternoon quarrels, no more hair tearing, no tears, no whimpering and scolding, but games and charades, and all man-

\* Note.—Aunt Judy's Magazine is published in London, England. See editorial page of this paper.

ner of jolly things—Ada even thought barley-sugar kisses sometimes, perhaps—out of the wonderful drawers. What was not "The Mighty World" capable of?

And as the following day was the last day of the month, they went to bed, saying, "What fun we shall have to-morrow!" To-morrow brought first, however, not fun, but rather troublesome work, viz., the clearing out of all the drawers (and, it is to be feared, mamma was secretly chuckling at that part of the business all the time); for though children like to turn things out of a drawer, sorting them and tidying them away is a different affair. Nevertheless, with Barbara's patient help, even that was accomplished, and a large portion of the contents sent to amuse a child in the village, after which the new evening's amusement commenced—the writing the letters; Harry and Barbara acting as scribes for the others, like the letter-writers who sit at the corners of Eastern streets.

That was a happy evening, and led to others at least equally so; and, for the benefit of other children, the correspondence and its results are now made public.

#### THE MIGHTY WORLD AND HER CHILDREN.

##### LETTERS.

"Dear Mighty World,—Tell me how to amuse Baby when Nurse wants to count the clothes. He does fidget so.  
"Your very affectionate little friend,  
"Ada."

"If you please, I think I should like some charades, or riddles, or buried cities, or something of that sort; and, as Lucy says she would like them too, send more than one, if you can.

"Barbara and Lucy."

"Mighty World,—I know you have everything one wants if one could only get at it. Send me a game—not a sickly thing, mind, that I can only play with little children; and I know draughts, and backgammon, and chess—so don't send those. I want something good enough to play with boys, remember! or Cousin Hester when she comes to see us.

"Harry."

##### ANSWERS.

(To Ada.)

"Pass the forefinger of your right hand lightly round Baby's face, as he sits in front of you. Start from the forehead where the hair begins to grow, and make the circle by the cheeks and chin, and so back again. Say softly and deliberately, meanwhile:

"This is—the house—the little old—gentleman—lived in."

"Then touch Baby's eyelids, one with your thumb, the other with your forefinger; and, pressing them very gently, say:

"These—are the—windows—of his—house."

"Then lay hold of the tip of his nose with your thumb and forefinger, and say:

"This—is the—door—of his—house."

"Then lay the first and second fingers in succession on his lower lip, upper lip, and nose-tip, and say:

"These are the steps—up to the—door: the words in italics being said at the three finger-touches.

"Then draw your finger round his chin:

"This is the garden round the house."

"Then dive or dash into the hollow below his chin with your hand, or pop your head there, if you can, to give him a kiss; and call out very fast:

"This is the little duck-pond underneath!"

"And there will be—oh, such a scrimmage and giggling! and Nurse will shout:

"For goodness gracious sake, Miss Ada, don't send Baby into fits with laughing!"

"You may repeat this several times."

(To Barbara and Lucy.)

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

"Two little words of magic sound,  
True 'Household Words' on British ground,  
Welcomed beside the Christmas hearth  
With smiles of pleasure, shouts of mirth;  
And welcome, too, as 'flowers in May'  
To young and old, to grave and gay:  
Long may success and fame attend  
Our whole—a real 'Children's friend.'"

1. From an Italian Tutor nothing take,  
And what remains will our beginning make.
2. Our next in order need not greatly trouble you,  
Since it is only a divided double u.
3. When in our third, how gladly do we trace  
The welcome features of a friendly face!

4. Young ladies, trust me! this advice is worth  
Your best attention—always be our fourth."

Mamma Mia.

#### CHARADE.

"I only live when folks are fast asleep;  
Behead me, and I am the 'vasty deep';  
Decapitate again, and, lo! I shine,  
And light the darkness of the gloomy mine;  
Again behead me, and you there shall see  
(Not hear by ear) a not unnoted D;  
Behead once more, and all alone I stand,  
A letter that shall never come to hand."

Greville.

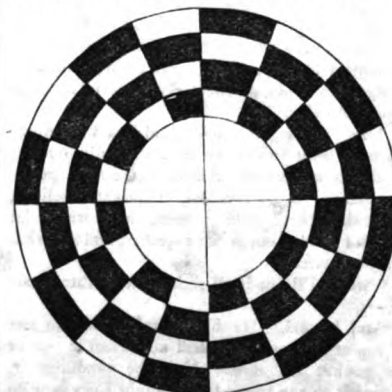
#### BURIED CITIES AND COUNTRIES.

1. My darling Doll, on donkey-back we'll ride,  
Down Rotten Row and by the riverside.
  2. Oh, sad mishap! a rising of the mob  
Has just begun, and they are pelting Bob.
  3. Too oft the grave of youth and beauty made,  
I raise a sad lament to those who fade.
  4. Youth, wealth, and beauty delighting in pain,  
See the mad rider, he struggles in vain.
  5. Thy trade depends chiefly on silks.
  6. Crowned with ruby and opal, my radiant Zenobia sits.
  7. By a steamer I can hope to reach thee."
- "Why is good advice like the ocean?"

(To Harry.)

#### \*THE ROUND CHESS-BOARD OF TAMERLANE THE GREAT.

"Make this any size you please, to fit your chessmen; but remember, that the more roomy a chess-board is, the more comfortable and the better you see your play. A very good size for a round one is as follows: outside circle, seventeen inches in diameter (that is, across); inside space left blank, about five inches. This leaves the depth for the four squares, six inches. Arrange the chessmen thus: White queen (on her own color as usual), and white king (on queen's right as usual), on two of the inner squares next the blank centre; behind them the two bishops, side by side; behind them the knights; behind them, on the outermost squares, the two castles; the pawns lining the squares on each side (right and left) of the pieces. Black pieces exactly opposite. Thus the chessmen occupy four rows of squares on each half of the circle. The game is played as usual, only all the movements are sideways, and there are at first two battle-fields. The power of the pieces, too, is altered: that of the castles in sweeping round the whole circle, if the coast is clear,



is wonderful. The queens the same on the lower circle; whereas the bishops can never move more than four places at once, and from their first position only three; namely, from the second row where they stand to the lowest. For they cannot go down and come up again in one move. More will be found out by those who play the game. Get a card-board a foot and a half square. Draw the outer and inner circles as ordered above, and paint the alternate squares black, with lamp-black; set your pieces in order as directed, and you have all you want.

"A writer, describing the round chess-board, doubts whether in this game the pawns were intended to be metamorphosed. He adds: 'It will be found in playing that the power of the castle is the double of that in the common game, and that of the bishops only half; that the king can only castle one way; and that it appears very difficult to bring the game to a conclusion.'

"The Mighty World's advice is, TRY."

(Answers to Charades, etc., will be given in next number.)

#### GOING TO SLEEP.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Hush, hush, little Grace, go to sleep,  
While the snow-flowers are falling slow,  
While only the winds, the winds are awake;  
Hush, hear how they blow, blow, blow.

But they shall not touch little Grace.  
Still, still, little golden head;  
Not a snow-flake shall fall on her face  
While she sleeps in her warm, soft bed.

The daisies are all under ground,  
And the crocus with the bonnet of gold,  
And the leaves of the lilacs are wound  
In brown napkins away from the cold.

The pretty birds all have flown,  
Flown for their dear little lives,  
And the bees that went buzz, buzz, buzz,  
Are hid in their queer, brown hives.

Hark, hark, hear the little brown mice  
Nibbling, nibbling up there in the wall;  
Hear, hear, little Grace, now they're running a  
race  
While the cat cannot touch them at all.

Hear the sleepy old pussy-cat purr;  
She and Grace do not mind the snow;  
Hush, hush, little one, do not stir;  
Hear the cold, cold winds blow, blow.

There, there, let the eyelids close,  
And the white hands folded be;  
All's still, still, still in the house,  
All but sweet little Gracie and me.

Now let the white ashes creep  
Over the coals so red,  
For my darling is fast asleep  
All in her warm, white bed.

#### FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

##### NUMBER II.

"Many thanks," said an old, withered-faced, peasant woman, as Fred, by the aid of some overhanging branches, swung himself down to the next turn in the narrow pathway leading from the lake to the mountain-tops, while Fanny clambered up the huge rocks bordering its side, to allow the peasant woman, with her heavily laden donkey, to pass down toward the village.

"'Twas only a pleasure," replied both the children, returning to their seat and books among the cypress roots, still watching, however, the poor, patient creature who had spoken so kindly to them even while bending under a burden scarcely lighter than that borne by the donkey. At the same time her hands were busily engaged with the distaff and spindle. Suddenly the donkey, usually so sure-footed, stumbled and fell. The woman leaned up against a rock which projected from the hillside and rested her basket, which was fastened to her back by straps across the shoulders. Then she slipped her arms from the straps, thus freeing herself from her own load, and went to the aid of the helpless donkey. By this time the children had reached them, and Fred was trying to unwind the ropes which bound on the clumsy pack-saddle: "Courage, courage, poor beast," mournfully repeated

the old woman, who little thought of blaming the poor animal for his mishap. Long Ears was soon on his feet again, the pack-saddle replaced, and the woman's basket again on her shoulders.

The children walked down the hill with her, Fred insisting on lightening somewhat her basket, while Fanny took possession of the little, black-eyed fellow she found perched on the top.

"My little grandson," said the woman, motioning toward the child; and then she told them how its mother had been killed by falling from the mountain slopes while cutting the short grass with her cutlass, and that its father had died from wounds received in the army.

"So the child has no one to care for it but me," she continued, "but my boy died for his country," and her dark eyes, the only beauty sun and time and hard work had left her, beamed with love and pride, for him who had voluntarily faced the guns, led on by the inspired Garibaldi, in defense of liberty and right.

By the time they reached the lake shore Fanny and the little Pinotto were already good friends, and when they parted at the garden gate the little fellow dropped on his knee and kissed her hand with all the grace of an Italian peasant.

"I know I was born for a soldier, Fanny; I know it by the way my heart bounds when I hear of guns, and wounds, and heroes," cried Fred, gesticulating in true school-boy style. "Papa says, all the papers talk of war in the spring, and if Garibaldi is out with his red-shirted soldiers again I mean to enlist with them and fight for Italy. You too, Fan, I couldn't do without you; you shall have a scarlet cap and sash, and follow us with your canteen."

"And what is to become of my future lawyer and housekeeper?" asked Mr. Rivers, suddenly breaking in upon the children's air-castles.

"O, papa, we had no idea you were listening!"

"I dare say not, but if you are choosing for your colors Italy's red, white and green instead of our own stars and stripes, and are already laying plans for so unceremoniously deserting me, I think it quite time I interfered. Now, then, I have something to tell you. Guess what it is."

"How can we, papa? Please tell us,"

## Promise of Spring.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

Andantino.

1. Slow - ly drift - ing, pure and white, Falls the fleec - y snow to night,  
 2. Drea - ry winds of win - ter blow O'er the val - leys, white with snow,  
 8. Fair - est blos - soms, hid a - way, Fold - ed from the light of day.

O'er the mead - ows creep - ing, O'er the mead - ows creep - ing;  
 Where the moonbeams glist - en, Where the moonbeams glist - en;  
 Hear it soft - ly call - ing, Hear it soft - ly call - ing;

Who would guess its i - cy folds Life for many a blos - som holds,  
 Who would guess that un - der all Sounds a low and ten - der call—  
 Weave their daint - y robes of green, Till a - bove their gold - en sheen,

Far be - neath it sleep - ing, Far be - neath it sleep - ing.  
 Yet the dai - sies list - en, Yet the dai - sies list - en.  
 A - pril show'rs are fall - ing, A - pril show'rs are fall - ing.

"No, no, my little Fan. Guess away."

"Well, is it that you will row with us on the lake to-day?"

"Something better than that."

"Better than that! Then it must indeed be something very pleasant; for when we are in those little, gay, bird-like barks, dancing and skimming over our rippling, sun-lit Como, I can't help all the time asking myself, 'shall I ever be so happy again as I am now?'"

"That's right, my darling, take your blessings as they come. Never grumble and find fault with the pleasures our Heavenly Father sees fit to send, and then look longingly back to them afterwards, still discontented with the present. But Fred hasn't guessed yet. It's neither a red shirt nor a drum. So, my would-be Garibaldine, think of something else."

"I've thought of something, but O, papa, I do hope it isn't that you are going to take us already away from Como!"

"Away from Como!" mournfully echoed Fanny, while her great, brown eyes filled to the brim, and she turned to the window to hide them from her father.

Although it was with pleasure, not unmixed with pride, that Mr. Rivers had seen the hearts of his children capable of

appreciating and loving the wondrous beauty around them, yet he was wholly unprepared to find how their almost every thought and feeling so intertwined and inwrought with the associations of this, their home of a few months. As he talked to them, however, of Italy's other lakes, her other mountains, and her other gardens, their faces brightened somewhat, but, finding what he thought would be a pleasure only a pain, he continued:

"Never mind, we'll talk of this some other time. Run now, Fanny, for your hat, while Fred calls the boatman. Go quietly, for your mother is asleep."

A few minutes later, Fanny joined her father and brother in the boat-house. After seating themselves in the boat, drawing down the bright awning and raising the tri-color, they glided out from under the dark, mossy archway, and the oars flashed swiftly through the gilded water. On the mountains and lake rested a soft, dreamy, purple haze, through which the afternoon's sun pierced, to touch with blinding brilliancy the foam-crested waves which merrily chased our little bark as it shot along

toward Como. For some time no word was spoken. Each soul was drinking in the peerless beauty of the scene, and it would have seemed irreverent to have broken the silence. Even the boatmen, long accustomed to Como's loveliness, forgot their oars, and the boat drifted idly along with the current.

"Com'e bello!" (how beautiful!) suddenly exclaimed one of them, recollecting his duty, and plying his oars with redoubled energy.

"Yes, indeed," returned Fanny, "if Italy is the garden of the world this must be the garden of Italy."

"That is just what I want you to see for yourselves," said Mr. Rivers. "I know you will find it hard to leave the lake, nevertheless this is only a very small portion of the Italy for which you, Fred, were to fight so gallantly."

Just at this moment the boat touched the soft, shining beach, and as Fred lifted out his sister he heard a low, musical voice at his elbow: "For charity's sake, sir, a centesimo! A centesimo in the name of Madonna? Turning, he saw a little, rosy-cheeked fellow of eight or ten years, his hand outstretched for the expected centesimo, while his black eyes fairly danced

with fun, although he was evidently doing his best to wear a sober face.

Fred caught at the chubby, sun-burned hand and held the little fellow fast.

"Now," said he, "what do you want a centesimo for?"

"I don't want one; I want to go," and the imprisoned hand pulled in vain to free itself.

"Well, but you asked for one. Why did you, if you didn't want it?"

"I want to go," was the only answer.

"But why did you ask?"

"They told me to."

"They? Who are they?"

"There, behind you—look!"

As Fred turned to satisfy his curiosity he involuntarily loosened somewhat his grasp. There was no one behind him, but quicker than thought the boy was free and gone, turning, only when at a safe distance, to toss his cap in the air and laugh at the success of his strategy.

"Little rogue!" exclaimed Fred, "he had no more need of begging than I have. However, as much as I've heard of Italian beggars he is the first I've seen. I hope they are all engaging in some more creditable business."

"As we go further south we shall see more of them," said Mr. Rivers, "though even there, this terrible annoyance to travelers is rapidly decreasing. But here we are at the cathedral. Would you like to see that picture again?"

"Indeed, we should."

So they pushed back the curtain which hung before the door, and entered. As Mr. Rivers drew his hand away, the heavy, purple folds swept back to the floor, shutting out all the noise and bustle of the city, and enveloping them in a silence deep and oppressive. For a moment they stood motionless at the entrance, then the low, monotonous chant began at the altar, and they moved quietly up the nave till they stood before Luini's adoration of the Magi. They found, however, the light glimmering through the painted windows, quite too faint for studying paintings, so, in answer to Fanny's low-spoken,

"Papa, who was Luini?" her father replied:

"Come out to the sunlight, and I'll tell you."

"O, how terribly *still* it is in there!" exclaimed Fanny as she stood once more on the pavement.

Although they had been in the church but a very few minutes, yet meantime, the sky had clouded and large rain-drops were beginning to fall. They hurried to the lake shore, and entered the boat, but as they pushed out from the port and struck the current the boatmen suddenly wheeled, plying their oars backward.

"Can't cross it," said they; "the boat couldn't stand against those waves, and they are rising every minute. Yet the lake was quiet enough ten minutes ago."

So the *Princess* landed its passengers once more. They took refuge under the massive, stone porticoes, such as are seen in so many Italian towns, occupying the place of the ground-floor front rooms in the stately palaces which line the streets, stretching in some cases from end to end of the city. Although they were not ex-

posed to the rain, yet it was rather tiresome walking up and down, with no idea when they should reach home. Suddenly Fanny bethought herself of the promised history of Bernardino Luini.

"Now, papa, is just the time," said she.

"Wasn't he born on Lago Maggiore?" asked Fred.

"Yes," replied his father, "in the fifteenth century he was born, on the border of Lago Maggiore, in the village of Luino, whose name he bore according to the custom of the times. He was at one time a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the greatest artists the world has ever known, and some of whose grand works I hope you may soon see for yourselves. The peculiar grace of Raphael belongs to Luini, with the drawing, the coloring and the flesh-tints of Leonardo. Many of Luini's finest paintings are frescoes. What did I tell you the other day, Fred, about the way frescoing was done?"

"I remember quite well, papa. You said as much plaster was put on each morning as the painter would undertake to cover during the day, because the colors must be laid on while the plaster was still moist. Am I right?"

"Quite right. As to Luini's death there seems to be much uncertainty about the time, though I believe it was somewhere near 1540.

A rumbling of wheels, tramping of horses, and cracking of whips, together with the shouting of the postillion, now announced most unmistakably the arrival of the diligence. Best of all, it was going to Cernobbio, the little village near the Villa d'Este. It was hailed by one of the boatmen from the Princess, who proposed to Mr. Rivers and the children to return home in it, as the rain was still heavily falling. They needed little urging, but, on mounting the steps, found to their dismay thirteen persons already in the coach which could conveniently carry but eight.

"Avanti, avanti, signori!" (come in, come in,) cried a fat, good-natured-looking priest.

"That's easier said than done," laughingly answered Mr. Rivers.

"Give my seat then to the pretty *popola* and her brother, and I'll wait at Como for the next diligence."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Rivers, "I can't agree to any such arrangement. We can wait as well as any one."

But the priest was bent on having his own way, so seizing Fred, who was too much surprised to resist, he forced him to a seat, placing Fanny in his arms, and then, as the postillion's whip commenced its usual snapping, preparatory to a start, he repeated, "avanti, signori," adding, with a smile, as he stepped out into the rain:

"I have business in Como, at any rate, which I came near forgetting."

The distance between Como and Cernobbio was soon traversed. After dinner was over and they had gathered together for a cosy evening in the drawing room. Fred took out his maps and the inevitable Murray, and, with his sister, went bravely to work tracing out the route their father had decided upon.

"Papa!" cried Fanny, starting up from

her book, "that fat, round-faced priest who was so kind to us to-day called me a *popola*. I suppose he meant little girl, didn't he? Strangers have called me baby, and little one, and darling, and even young girl, but *popola* never before. What shall I be next, I wonder?"

### UNCLE BEN.

Who is Uncle Ben? Uncle Ben is Uncle Ben. He was a soldier in the Union army. I wanted to build a fence around my yard, and I needed help. So Uncle Ben came over to dig the post holes. When he was tired, he stopped and told a story. I am willing to pay as much for a good story, as for a post hole. You cannot tell a good story, unless you stop, and give your time to it.

Did you ever see Uncle Ben look sour, or out-of-sorts? Never! He couldn't. His heart is as full of kindness, as a peach is of sweet. That was why they called him "Uncle Ben" in the army.

"You see," said Uncle Ben, "the hidea is, if a man goes into the harmy, he must do everythink that he can to cheer his comrades; and then it is 'ard enough hanyow."

"There comes Uncle Ben," was always a glad sound to a poor, sick soldier. Uncle Ben could make a nice cup of tea, and he could prepare nice little things, that seemed like home. If he heard of a comrade being sick, he was off in search of him. He would travel half the night, no matter how dark or how stormy, to find him out.

Do you know how a brave soldier feels when he is sick in the camp? He don't feel like a soldier any more. His thoughts begin to creep back to the old home among the green hills. He thinks of kitty; how she used to come purring, and rubbing her soft coat against his face. He wishes she would come again. Then the laughing voices of happy children seem to ring out from amid the roses around the cottage door. Then he thinks of a kind, gentle voice, and a sweet, loving face, and the precious word "Mother" comes between his lips. Then he can think no more. He puts his great, brown hands up over his eyes, and lets them cry. That is the way a brave soldier-boy feels when he is sick.

Now, Uncle Ben knew all this. He told me a great many stories about generals and battles and marches.

But the greatest thing he told me, was the little, kind acts he did for the poor sick soldier-boys. He did not know that he was doing any great thing, because his heart was full of it, and he wanted to do it.

But these little, unspoken deeds of kindness, which *you* may do without going into the Union army, are the greatest and the noblest deeds of life; and the heavenly voice says, "Great is your reward in heaven." W. O. C.

WE WILL SEND ANOTHER, FREE.—If you wear out or soil your regular number of *The Corporal*, by using it to canvass with, just tell us so when you write sending subscribers and money, and we will send you another free. Tell us what number it is, so that we will know which one to send.



## LETTER TO GEORGIE.

CHICAGO, October 22, 1867.

DEAR GEORGIE: I was thinking to-day that I would write you a letter, and tell you about a wonderful Robin, whose name was *Peeps*. I must tell you, in the beginning, that it is a true story—for some stories are written, you know, which are not true. Well, this is true, every word of it.

You have heard of the beautiful old town of Cambridge, where there is a famous old college where a great many distinguished men have been educated. This beautiful old town is full of fine large trees—great high elms with long, swinging branches, and old oaks that have been there a great many years. In the spring a great many robins come from their winter homes in the south, to build their nests in these trees. There were some robins who built their nests in a large tree in the yard of a house belonging to the lady who told me the story of *Peeps*. So, you see, I had the story straight from one who knew all about it.

I shall call her name Aunt Mary.

One morning, very early it was, Mr. and Mrs. Robin were gone to market to get the breakfast for the little ones. Mr. Robin had secured a fine, fresh worm which he had just killed, and Mrs. Robin had been to the fruit market, which was in Aunt Mary's cherry tree.

But I must tell you what happened while they were gone. One of the little robins became uneasy and hungry and tired, with lying in bed so long, and he thought he would climb up, all undressed as he was, and look out of the nest. He had just given one peep over the side of the nest, when there came a merry, mischievous, morning breeze, and gave him the least bit of a tilt, and over he went—down—down—and it seemed as though he never would stop falling; but at last he alighted in the soft green grass, among the dandelions, who had just risen and washed their faces in morning dew. I assure you, there was quite a flutter among them, when this young fellow came down, plump among them, from away up, they didn't know where. But when they saw how helpless he was, and how thin his nightgown was, they were very sorry for him, and one young dandelion, more tender than the rest, actually dropped a few tears on his shaking limbs; but that only made him shake the more. By-and-by the sun came up and dried the dew from the grass, and Master Robin, having a very good constitution, soon recovered from this, his first fall out of bed. It was a pretty long fall, and if it had been you, Georgie, you would have broken a leg, at least. But with him the only bad feeling he seemed to have was hunger. Oh! how he thought of the fine breakfast his brothers and sisters were enjoying up in the tree; for he could see that his father and mother had returned, well laden with nice things for the morning meal. At first, when they came back and found one of their little ones missing, there was quite a clatter up there, but it soon ceased, for I suppose they thought there would be one mouth

less to feed, and so they went on eating their breakfast as though nothing had happened. In the mean time Aunt Mary came out to walk in the garden. As she was walking along, gathering flowers for her vases, she heard a little voice in the grass, crying "peep! peep!" She looked, and beheld our poor lost Robin! She took him up carefully, and carried him into the house, up stairs to her own room, and put him in a basket, on a bed of warm cotton. But still he cried "peep! peep!" So she gave him some crumbs of bread, and he seemed quite satisfied. She fed him very often and took such good care of him that he grew very fast.

She named him *Peeps*. He would call for his breakfast very early in the morning, long before the sun rose, for robins, you know, are very early risers. By-and-by he began to try his feet, and then his wings a little. He would hop out of his basket. If Aunt Mary did not get up to feed him when he cried, he would hop out of the basket, and then upon the bed, and, finally, close to her face, and would peck at her eyes to make her wake up! This sounds very strange, but it is true. He seemed to know her from the other members of the family.

When she sat at her window, sewing, he would play on the window sill. He would play with her spool, and little bits of cloth. He would take little pieces of thread in his mouth, and trot backwards and forwards on the window. Then he would hop upon her shoulder and hide his head in her curls. Perhaps he was thinking all the time what a beautiful nest they would make. Perhaps he thought, as the song says,

"I would not build nests in the air,  
But keep close by the side,  
Of sweet Kitty Clyde,  
And sleep in her soft silken hair."

That is, if Aunt Mary had been Kitty Clyde—but I dare say her hair would have made just as good a bird's nest. By-and-by *Peeps* thought he would like to go up and sit and swing in the beautiful old trees. So he tried it, and liked it wonderfully, to sit and swing up into the blue air, and chatter a little with other robins. When Aunt Mary thought it was time for him to come in, she would put her head out of the window and call "*Peeps! Peeps!*" and, sure enough, if Master *Peeps* was near enough to hear her voice, he would fly straight to the window, and sleep in his basket at night.

So *Peeps* lived all that long, bright summer among the grand old trees; but toward the latter part of the summer he disappeared.

I suppose he went off to the south, for the robins probably told him that he never could endure the cold winter of the north.

Whether he will come back again, or not, I do not know. When I last saw Aunt Mary, she was expecting him.

You see, Georgie, that robins are wonderful little creatures, and if you watch them in the spring, at Dellwood, you will be very much interested in seeing how they build their nests and hunt for their food.

FROM GEORGIE'S FRIEND,  
In Chicago.

## THREE POOR LITTLE KITTENS.

A young lady of my acquaintance, who has a special tenderness for pets, had a fine cat who came to an untimely end just when her motherly care was indispensable to three little blind kittens, leaving her helpless babies to the tender mercies of her mistress. Every one else was dismayed, and declared that the kittens must be sent after their mother. But Miss Annie, nothing daunted, prepared some milk, and actually fed the little things with a teaspoon, bringing them up "by hand," and training them to all the proprieties of cat-hood, until they seemed to have given her all the affection of their bereaved hearts. One day, when the kittens were only old enough to go tumbling about in the most absurd way, a calico dress of Miss Annie's was washed and hung upon the line to dry. Soon afterwards the family were called to the windows, and there sat the three little kittens, all in a row under the clothes line, mewing in the most distressing manner to the dress, which sailed back and forth in the wind, and for the first time paid no attention to them. Whether they were persuaded it was Miss Annie herself, hanging there so uncomfortably, or whether they only connected the dress in some way with their daily food, I cannot undertake to decide. One thing I do know, my story is strictly true, and a little boy of my acquaintance, when he had done laughing over it himself, said, "*O, write that to Mr. Sewell; it will mak him laugh so.*" Lee.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

"What would you do, dear children, if Christ stood here in your midst to-day?" asked a lady of a Sunday School class. The little girls gave various answers. One thought she would ask him for a "new heart," while another said very decidedly that she would "ask for a new set of furs." Some persons would smile at this reply. But I am sure there is nothing wrong about it. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and all things that help to make life comfortable and beautiful, and it is quite right to ask God for furs, or shoes, or dresses, or books, or anything else we need. Only keep your desires so pure and right that you won't be ashamed to go to God with every one of them; and, with all your asking, do not forget to ask him for the greatest of all gifts, forgiveness of sins, and everlasting life.

But, as the question went around the class, one little girl, a beautiful child of five years, lifted her brown eyes full of solemn rapture, and clasped her tiny hands. "I would not ask him to give me anything," she said, "but *O, how I would love him.*" Is it strange that Christ took little children in his arms and blessed them? Mildred Bentley.

Little Frank was taught that every one was made of dust. One day he was watching the dust in the street as the wind whirled it in eddies. "What are you thinking of?" asked mother. "Oh," said Frank, with a serious face, "I thought that the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy." E. K.



## MAGGIE READING HER TESTAMENT.

BY MRS. S. E. HENSHAW.

Mamma, when our Lord was a dear little child,  
Did his mother love him as you love me?  
Do you think that he played, and prattled and  
smiled,  
And loved to clamber upon her knee?

Did she clasp him close and hold him long,  
And call him her own, her heavenly boy,  
And softly humming, sing over the song  
That the angels sang on that night of joy?

Did he say his prayers when he went to sleep,  
Asking God's care for his mother dear?  
Did he ever grieve? Did he ever weep?  
Did he ever wish? Did he ever fear?

Did he *always* think, I wonder, of God?  
Was he always praying, and never gay?  
Was he always reading the Holy Word?  
Was he not ready *sometimes* to play?

His playmates too, I wonder about—  
What were their games when all together?  
I cannot think he would run and shout  
As other boys do in the pleasant weather.

Who taught him, I wonder, his letters to know?  
Those letters that look so strange and hard;  
I wonder if he to school did go?  
And how early he learn'd to read the Word.

Did he understand what the prophets meant?  
Did he always feel *sure* that he was the Lord?  
Did he always know that he had been sent  
To open the straight and narrow road?

He had brothers and sisters the Bible says—  
James, and Josias, and Simon, and Jude;  
I suppose when they quarreled, one look of his,  
Would make them ashamed, and make them  
good.

How did he look? I sometimes say,  
And would he have spoken had I been there?  
Spoken, and not have sent me away?  
Of his notice allowed me a little share?

At night, I suppose, when all were asleep;  
The angels came and talked with him long;  
Bade him his faith and his courage keep,  
Sang him to sleep with a heavenly song.

He lived at Nazareth on the hill;  
Do you think he gazed at the sunset glow,  
And sighed at the glory so bright and still,  
And the toil in the carpenter's shop below?

Thirty long years he waited apart;  
Thirty to wait, and three to teach!  
All of that time was he searching his heart?  
So long getting ready to heal and to preach?

I shall some time know, for now above,  
Where the golden gates in splendor shine,  
The Lord of Light, and the Lord of Love,  
He sits in a glory all divine.

All divine and with naught of earth,  
Save the glorious form which He took away;  
Yet I'm sure He remembers His lowly birth,  
And I know that He hears when children  
pray.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our superb steel  
line engraving is growing in popularity every  
month. As it is seen, throughout the country,  
people are learning to value it more and more.  
It is certainly the finest premium ever offered for  
so small a club. See the list of premiums for  
clubs.

THE  
Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1868.

## PUSH ON YOUR CLUBS.

Now is a good time to raise clubs, and we  
trust you will all work with energy on them.  
Subscriptions are coming in now more rapidly  
than they did during the first half of December.  
It is easy to get subscribers for THE LITTLE  
CORPORAL because all who see it like it so well.  
Only try, and you will succeed.

Our premiums are beautiful, and we are now  
sending off a great many of them. Remember  
you have three months, if necessary, to com-  
plete your clubs; only send the names and  
money as fast as you get them.

## EDITORIAL.

When I was a little girl I used to take great  
delight in reading a "Child's History of the  
United States," though, if I remember, I never  
dwelt much on anything but the anecdotes, and  
wonderful adventures with the Indians. I can  
recall two or three pictures, that I always  
thought very thrilling, and among others, was  
one of a man on horseback telling the news of  
the battle of Lexington to General Putnam. I  
used to speculate a great deal about that picture,  
but I don't think it ever occurred to me that it  
all took place right in the town where I lived,  
and that the famous field where Israel Putnam  
was plowing when the news came, was one of  
the "lots" over whose stone fences I had run  
many a time. But it really was though, and  
the house where he lived, and the grave where  
they buried him, were right there in my native  
village. And there on the middle of the  
"green," as we called it, was the old, old  
church, with its square box pews, and queer  
sounding-board, where the old General used  
to attend church; riding down in the morning  
on his stiff-jointed farm horse, and dismounting  
at the horse-block near the door. In later  
years I have heard many an anecdote of him,  
from the old ladies who remembered him well.  
There was the famous story of the wolf—you  
remember that of course, for it is always put in  
the histories—well, a few years ago I went with  
a friend to visit the place where Putnam killed  
the wolf. It is just on the boundary line be-  
tween Brooklyn and Pomfret, and the Pomfret  
people are very fond of claiming it, in fact I'm  
not sure but it may belong to them a little.  
We rode for several miles over the roughest, hilliest  
road in the world. Then we got out and  
walked through a very focky field towards some  
ledges, and when we reached the ledges we  
began to look about for the *cave*. We saw  
some very remarkable rocks, but the cave,  
when we found it at last, proved to be only a  
little hole under a rock, too small for a large  
man to crawl into without great difficulty.  
They say the rocks have fallen in, and that  
there really is quite a large den at the end of the  
narrow passage. But at present it is chiefly  
famous as a den of rattlesnakes, which makes

the place dangerous at some seasons of the  
year.

We brought away some evergreen leaves for  
mementoes, and we tried to imagine how the  
brave Putnam crawled into that hole, with the  
eyes of the wolf blazing at him from the further  
end; but I am afraid, on the whole, my com-  
panion was disgusted, and laid it up in his mind  
as another "Yankee humbug."

Spending some weeks up here at the old  
home has brought this all to my mind, and I  
have been thinking of the difference between  
the old times and the new. For many of our  
brave soldiers have met with far more thrilling  
adventures during the late war than Putnam did  
with the wolf, and yet no one will think of re-  
cording them in history, to pass from one gen-  
eration to another. They will only be told in  
chimney corners, and handed down from father  
to son, which after all, makes the best history.  
Emily Huntington Miller.

## YOUR ORDERS WERE DELAYED.

During the latter part of December letters  
with subscriptions poured in upon us so thick and  
fast,—and so much faster than we had prepared  
for—that before we knew it we were several  
days behind with our work. Besides this; for  
some time we have been preparing to move into  
a new and more commodious office. We had  
secured beautiful rooms in Farwell Hall building,  
belonging to the Chicago Young Men's Christian  
Association. Many of our readers have already  
learned that this magnificent building was  
destroyed by fire, on January 7th. We had  
already moved a part of our stock, all of which  
we recovered, though much of it was badly  
damaged by water. Our books and papers had  
not been moved into the building, and the fire  
did not therefore cause any confusion in them,  
but much loss of time. We immediately settled  
ourselves again in our old office, 138 Lake St.,  
and put on as much extra, experienced help as we  
could command, and have been working with  
all our might to catch up and keep up. We  
have received several letters from our friends  
complaining that their orders were delayed. We  
have attended carefully to all these letters. Be  
as patient as you can kind friends. Remember  
that the term of between twenty and thirty  
thousand of our subscribers expired in December,  
and it is no joke to attend to the renewals of so  
many and all the new subscriptions besides. But  
the work is being carefully done. We have  
now caught up and are even with our work  
again. We think the work has been done cor-  
rectly. By the system in which we conduct  
everything, we believe very few mistakes are  
made, though we do not claim to be infallible.  
It is *possible*, of course, that, in the great mass  
of work done, mistakes have been made. If so,  
and we are notified of the same, we shall be very  
glad to make the proper corrections. It is the  
first delay we have had in our work; let us  
hope it may be the last.

SUBSCRIBERS IN CALIFORNIA, OREGON, and  
other points, reached by way of the Pacific Coast,  
are informed that Mitchell's Atlas, Crandall's  
Blocks and Tool Chests, cannot be sent by mail,  
and to send them by express so far would cost  
more than they are worth. You must select as  
premiums something which can go by mail.

BOUND VOLUMES.—We have now a full sup-  
ply of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, including from  
the beginning (July, 1865) to December, 1867,  
bound in substantial boards, cloth sides,—price  
\$4. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.  
It makes a beautiful book.

## RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our beautiful Prize Chromo is winning friends, more and more every day. We have sent a good many hundreds as premiums for clubs, and still they call for more. We receive many letters rejoicing over the possession of so fine a picture, and thanking us for making it so easy to gain.

We refer our readers to our list of premiums for clubs on another page, which shows how the chromo may be obtained.

We clip the following from a long article in the *Chicago Daily Republican*:

"We congratulate Mr. Sewell upon having produced the largest and one of the best chromo pictures ever made in America. The price is less than the price charged by other publishers for much smaller pictures."

The *Chicago Tribune* says: "Mr. Sewell and his collaborer Emily Huntington Miller, have admirably succeeded in that most difficult task, the establishment of a periodical for children, which, while it does not rise above the level of the childish understanding, is at the same time dignified, and tends to juvenile elevation."

Mr. Sewell has still further endeared himself to the children by his chromo-lithograph of "Little Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," reproduced from Beard's painting, which is now in the possession of Mr. Sewell. It would be superfluous for us to say a word about an animal painter so well known as Beard, but we may say that the painting, both in composition and color, has been admirably chromo-lithographed, and is especially noticeable as the first chromo ever produced in Chicago, and one of the largest, if not the largest, ever made in the country, the size being 18x24 inches. It is for sale at the office of the *Little Corporal*, mounted, for ten dollars, and will also be used by Mr. Sewell as a premium for subscribers. It is to be presumed that all children know the pretty story of little "Red Ridinghood." It will be doubly pleasant to them now, illustrated so superbly."

The *Chicago Times* says: "The *Little Corporal*, published by Alfred L. Sewell, in Chicago, at 138 Lake St., has been a marvel of success, and is now in its sixth volume, with constant enterprise and judicious variety for the entertainment of the little folks. Mr. Sewell has recently published a handsome chromo-lithograph of the celebrated painting of "Little Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," by Beard of New York. The original picture is also the property of Mr. Sewell, and was purchased from the artist at a cost of \$1,000. The chromo-lithograph is a very successful one, — the drawing of it being exceedingly correct, and the coloring reasonably good. It makes a handsome picture, and will ornament any home library or sitting room. Mr. Sewell offers this picture as a premium to clubs for the *Little Corporal*, or sells it, mounted, at \$10 per copy."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf:

"It is certainly a beauty, and well worthy a place in any parlor and picture gallery. The *Little Corporal* is an excellent paper for young people, and we are glad to see it going widely abroad in company with such a fine specimen of art."

The *Chicago Daily Journal*, in an article written by Mr. Shuman, managing editor, says:

"A more admirable Chromo has probably never been produced in America. It is certainly the largest that has ever been successfully produced in this country. We like this plan of popularizing the fine arts."

Dr. W. W. Patton, in an editorial in *The Advance*, writes:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Prang's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion."

THE RHYME OF LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD with fancy border, which was promised in the December number to all old subscribers who would renew in December, has been delayed for causes beyond our control. We are now writing the envelopes for them and they will all be sent soon. THE LITTLE CORPORAL tries to sacredly keep all his promises, for he fights for the "True" as well as for the "Good and the Beautiful."

## "WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO?"

The charming article in this number with the above heading is from *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, the best of all the English Juveniles. It is published in London, England, by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, and edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. THE LITTLE CORPORAL started this question hoping to do good and interest the children. We cannot help feeling pleased that it is taken up and answered so beautifully by such a worthy magazine across the ocean. Mrs. Gatty's article is just such an one as we have hoped and still hope to call out from our American mothers. We have received *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, for January, with another similar article, which we hope to give in our next. We make it a rule that all our articles shall be original, but these are so intimately connected with THE CORPORAL, that we do not hesitate to publish them in full, especially as they show our readers that the interest felt in our paper is not confined to our own land.

## ABOUT MOUNTING THE CHROMOS.

While we send the Chromo of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf, on rollers, not mounted, for ten subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, we would suggest that it would be much better if our friends would send fourteen subscribers and receive the picture mounted in the best style, on canvas stretchers, and properly varnished. It adds very much to the beauty of the chromo to be well mounted and properly varnished, and it is better to have that done here, where experience gives superior skill, and we can see that it is all right before it is sent. Mounted Chromos must be sent by express, the receiver paying express charges. Remember we send them in this way as premiums for fourteen subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL at \$1 each; or when bought outright, at ten dollars each.

OUR ORGAN PREMIUM.—For several months we have been offering the Peloubet Organs as premiums at very low figures. We have done so for the sake of calling special attention to these beautiful instruments. The effect has been what we desired, and a great many schools, churches and families have been made glad by the sound of these sweet-voiced organs.

Wm. Goodsmith & Co., of Chicago, have taken the agency for the sale of Peloubet's Organs and Melodeons, for which there is now a great demand.

We shall soon withdraw our present offers of these instruments, as far as the present very unusual terms are concerned, and those who wish to avail themselves of them must do so quickly. After the present terms are withdrawn we will still furnish them as premiums on special terms which may be learned on application.

Those who wish to purchase first-class organs and melodeons will receive descriptive circulars and terms by addressing Wm. Goodsmith & Co., P. O. Drawer 6058, Chicago, Ill.

WE SENT NOTICES to many of our friends, informing them that their terms of subscription expired with December, and asking them to renew. As some of the envelopes in which these notes were enclosed were written before the first of December, a few were no doubt mailed to those who had renewed before they received the notices. In all such cases no harm was done, as we were glad, anyhow, to send them our expressions of good will. Please all try to raise a club now.

CRANDALL'S BLOCKS are not furnished colored now. We send the "Maple Finish"—that is, nicely varnished—instead.

MARTELLE.—Our readers will see in this number an illustrated advertisement of "Martelle," which we think the best parlor game we ever saw. The game, with all the fixtures, costs twenty-five dollars. We will send it by express, to any who may desire it, for fifteen subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL for one year and fifteen dollars besides.

We read an article not long ago in a prominent religious paper, which begun with the following sentence:

"There is no doubt that many of our social evils arise from the want of innocent, attractive and instructive popular amusements."

We believe that this game of "Martelle" is one of the very best adapted to meet this expressed want. We use it in our home and all enjoy it, from the youngest children to our oldest visitors.

TOOL CHESTS.—All who wish to work for the tool chest premiums, paying a part in money, may learn the terms by addressing the publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

BIND YOUR PAPERS AT HOME.—We are using in our office a very convenient *Self-Binder*, with which we can bind The Little Corporal very nicely. It holds one or two papers just as well as many, and will just as easily hold firmly and nicely all the numbers of our paper for three years. Send to Wm. Goodsmith & Co., P. O. Drawer 6058, Chicago, for a circular describing it. The Binder costs one dollar.

## ANSWERS TO PICTURE STORIES OF JANUARY.

No. 5.—Johnny and Ally had been to the woods cutting evergreens.

"Only a day more, then Christmas," said Ally as they dragged the boughs homeward.

There was a long pole erected on the school-house floor. Into this the boys bored holes, and fastened the boughs, the large ones at the bottom, the small ones at the top, till the pole was covered with dark green foliage, and the room was filled with a piney odor.

"There!" said Johnny, "that's grand! Now, let's run home, while Santa Claus brings the presents."

If they had stayed a little longer, they would have seen Santa Claus, in the form of a neat lady, with a tidy apron. There was also a small boy to hang the gifts on the tree.

O, such rare things! There were books for the big boys and girls; toys for the tiny ones, and plenty of almonds and apples, and candies for all.

In the evening the children came; such a laughing and chattering! but they sat still, until their teacher took a package from the tree and called, "John!" John took it from his teacher's hand; it proved to be a book of delightful travels; just the thing John wanted. There was a top for Ally that would spin five minutes without stopping; a rosy-cheeked doll for another. There was something for every body, even for three years old Bonty.

When the children were home again, they ran to show them to grandpa, who was sitting by the kitchen fire. John showed his book; Ally her top; Jenny her little, red testament; while Bonty held a sable doll in one hand, and a great pop-corn ball in the other. All were happy, and merry, and sleepy.

No. 6.—Bennie and Willie had played until the sun went down, and to-morrow was New Year's, and they were in a hurry to have the morrow come.

"Let's go in," said Willie.

"Hurrah for New Year's!" said Bennie.

So they both went into the house and sat around the evening fire. Grandpa told the dear, old stories that he loved to tell, how he fought for his country a great many years ago. But it needed no coaxing this time to get the boys to bed. They meant to have their eyes open in good season next morning. They hung their stockings on the chair, and were sure to have them "right side up, with care."

They intended to keep watch a little while, to see if they could catch a glimpse of Santa Claus, but before they knew it, they were fast asleep. Then somebody crept softly up stairs, and filled their stockings with nice things. *Who or what* it was, they never saw. Willie was sound asleep, when he was awakened by a great cry. Bennie had just peeped out of bed, and the sun had just peeped in at the window, and Bennie's eyes had discovered many wonderful things in his stockings. So out they sprang, plump upon the floor, and the stockings were seized in an instant. Then down they came, shouting and holding up the treasures that Santa Claus had left them, and everybody cried, "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on strong rollers, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

2. For a club of ten, at \$1 each, we send in the same way, an Oil Print, (an exact copy, with all the original colors, and same size as the original, 18 x 24 inches,) of Beard's great thousand dollar Oil Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF."

3. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. Send for circulars about these.

4. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

5. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

For Tool Chest Premiums, see another article in this paper.

Crandall's Building Blocks are offered as premiums. See editorial columns of October number.

For the Shot Gun Premium, for Boys, see October No. None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 5, (the club of six).

In all Clubs, every dollar sent in payment for "The Heavenly Cherubs," or "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," at the regular retail prices, can be counted the same as a dollar sent for *The Little Corporal*. The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," is \$8.

## TOOL CHESTS AS PREMIUMS.

We have now made arrangements with Mr. GEO. PARR, of Buffalo, so that we can offer his unsurpassed TOOL CHESTS as premiums for the Boys. These Chests will be very useful to boys of a mechanical turn, or for men as well.

*The Gentleman's Tool Chest.*—No. 161.—Size 2 feet 4 inches long, 1 foot 2 inches wide, and 10½ inches high; made of cherry and ash wood, exterior French polish, brass trimmings and lifting handles, with partitions and drawers for each article. The tools are of the best quality, and sharpened for immediate use. Containing eighty different tools; weight 65 lbs. Price \$35.00 at the factory. This chest will be sent to anyone (by express) who will send a club of Eighty-five subscribers for one year to *The Little Corporal* at the regular price of one dollar each.



*The Youth's Tool Chest.*—No. 162.—Size 1 foot 10¼ inches long, 12¼ inches wide, and 9¾ inches deep, same shape, finish, etc., as No. 161. Containing 62 different tools; weight 45 lbs. Price \$25.00. This chest will be sent for a club of Sixty subscribers, as above.

*The Boy's Tool Chest.*—No. 163.—Size 1 foot 6¾ inches long, 9¼ inches wide, and 8¼ inches deep. Finish, shape, etc., same as No. 161. Containing 44 different tools; weight 30 lbs. Price \$15.00. This chest will be sent for a club of Thirty-eight subscribers, as above.

*The Juvenile Tool Chest*, with twenty tools, price \$7, will be sent for a club of Fifteen subscribers.

Anyone working for either of these prizes, and wishing to know more about the Chests and tools, what they all are, etc., can write to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

The chests will be sent by express, the receiver paying the express charges, as the prices named are those charged at the factory.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS  
AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

WM. GOODSMTIH & CO.,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS  
PAPER.

A NATIONAL RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER, to be called "THE ADVANCE," will be published weekly, from the first of September onward, in the city of Chicago. It will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity towards all Christians. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the N. Y. *Evangelist*. The pecuniary basis is an ample capital furnished by leading business men and others, to be expended in the establishment and improvement of the paper, which is intended to be second to none in the country, in its literary and religious character. The purpose of its projectors is indicated in the name: their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization. No expense has been spared in providing for its editorial management in all departments, while arrangements are in progress to secure the ablest contributors and correspondents at home and abroad. The city of Chicago has been selected as the place of publication, because of its metropolitan position in the section of the country especially demanding such a paper, and the fact that it is nearly the center of national population, and in a very few years will be the ecclesiastical center of the Congregational churches. Issued at the interior commercial metropolis, THE ADVANCE will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2.50 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application. Address "THE ADVANCE COMPANY," P. O. Drawer 6374, Chicago, Ill.

tf-aug67



IT IS AN UN-  
FAILING  
REMEDY in  
all cases of Neu-  
ralgia Facialis,  
often effecting a  
perfect cure in  
less than twenty-  
four hours,  
from the use of  
no more than  
two or three  
pills.

No other form  
of Neuralgia or  
nervous disease  
has failed to  
yield to this

A SAFE,

CERTAIN,

AND

Speedy Cure

FOR

NEURALGIA,

AND ALL

NERVOUS

DISEASES.

Its Effects are

Magical.

One package,

Six packages,

Twelve packages,

It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs

and medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,

17-Jan

120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A CHARMING FAMILY GAME, delighting Old  
and Young.



Was enthusiastically received everywhere last season, and will, this season, be THE GREAT HOME GAME. It is rapidly being introduced into the best social circles in every State. No other game has so great variety and interest. Sold by booksellers, stationers, and fancy goods dealers everywhere. An illustrated descriptive book will be sent to any address, on receipt of 10 cents to prepay postage, etc.

Address  
RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers,  
21-dec 14 Bond street, New York.

## THE PULPIT.

THE January number contains "The Pulpit for 1868." "Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.'s Great Sermon, 'The Liberty of Preaching,'" "Exegesis of the Epistle to the Ephesians" (by the Dean of Canterbury), "Eulogy on Gov. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts," "Speech of Bishop Simpson" (in favor of Lay Representation in the M.E. Church), "Speech by Vicomte Helion de Barreme," at the Catholic Congress of Malines, and much other very interesting matter.

Send 15 cents with your address for sample copy to  
it-feb. THE PULPIT COMPANY, Chicago.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL TRUMPET.

CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES, Chants and Anthems, and a New Juvenile Cantata. Price, paper, 30 cts., boards, 35 cts. Sent post paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,  
it-jan 277 Washington St., Boston.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## WHAT THEY SAID.

"I never was in such company before," said PINE STICK to SHAVING, in my study stove late one night. Now my study is very still all day long; but at night, after I am gone to bed, there is wonderful talking. Now and then I forget my watch and leave it on the table, and when the moonlight on the snow makes it seem like day, I get up and go for my watch to find the time o'night. Of course, I go still, for nobody sleeps with boots on, and so I sometimes overhear the talking that goes on in my study.

"—in such company before," said PINE STICK to SHAVING. "Nor I either," replied SHAVING. "You jam me so that all the curl is taken out of me; I might as well be waste paper and be done with it." "Well, suppose you were paper, paper is just as good as shavings any day, and a little better than some shavings I know of," snarled the WAD that lay on the grate underneath all.

I had put things in order for a quick and early fire. Paper on the grate handy for the match, shavings and little chips on the paper, pine sticks on these, and over all, a bucketful of heavy black coal. So COAL was heavy on PINE STICK, and he was heavy on SHAVING and little CHIP, his cousin, and all squeezed down on WAD so tightly that he stuck out between the grate bars, like a chicken putting its head out of a coop.

"You keep me down all the time," continued WAD. "I used to lie, when I was a newspaper, on the parlor table, and keep company with books; you have no right to keep me down in this way—quit squeezing me, I say. I can't rattle—let me up!"

"Let you up, when we have no room to curl and be respectable SHAVINGS ourselves! Look at us, we are jammed all out of shape. Here's CHIP, and he cannot even turn over, he's in such a tight place. You paper, you are well enough off. You are at the bottom; but you can stick out through the grates." "Try it yourself, and see how you'd like to keep your nose in the ash pan," interposed WAD.

"You ought to be contented down there and stop your complaining," said PINE STICK. "We have to carry the load on top of us. But for me and my brothers here, the COAL would be down on you. We are stiff and strong; we hold up things. You ought to be contented where you are. If we break down, *then* you'll be sorry enough."

"But see, you jam me all out of shape," replied SHAVING. "I want to turn over and get out and go home to father BLOCK," whined little CHIP. "Out of shape!" said PINE STICK, "I could not hold up a pound if I were not square cornered and stiff. It's no matter what *your* shape is. Never mind, be content with any shape. WAD is lower down than you, and worse jammed, but he don't complain."

"Don't complain?" said SHAVING, "he's sulky just now, but I've heard him complain. If we didn't keep him down in his place, he'd be up and rattling round our faces as good as any body. He talks as if a parlor table were as good as a carpenter's bench, and wrinkles as good as curls; and he says we are all nothing but CARBON, and that WADS are the equals of SHAVINGS and PINE STICKS any day. But when he gets a talking in that awful way, we just sit on him as hard as we can, and he sulks down and puts his nose into the ash-pan and says he's looking for fire!"

"That's right," said PINE STICK, "we are all of us in a very tight place and have to carry loads. We must not complain. Here I carry all this coal, but I don't complain of it, not at all. We must all of us sit on everything and keep things down."

"Except SHAVING who must curl, and CHIP who needs to turn over!" Here I heard a little nestle and rattle in the stove. CHIP fell through to paper, SHAVING curled a little, PINE STICK dropped at one end, which let down one piece of coal. The rest of the coal rolled together and said, "How restless those lower classes are getting to be. We are disturbed all the time. PINE STICK talks as if he belonged to the oldest of the COAL family. Here he is, stuck up in our very best society, occupying as much room as EGG COAL, one of our heaviest citizens. We must cut him dead, no matter how much he blacks his face and talks about keeping down the lower classes." "He! why he isn't a hundred years old yet, and we COALS were growing a hundred thousand years ago."

"Put down the upstart." "Put him out." "Down with him. — And this was what made the rattling in my stove—the COAL family running at PINE STICK when he began to fall.

By this time, I had got my watch and found that it was six o'clock. My feet were cold, and so I rubbed a match and opened the ash pan and told WAD that he was right, they were all of them nothing but CARBON, and I'd show him a short way to get free. So I touched him on his nose with a match, and he blazed up with gladness, and ran up roaring among the shavings, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm going up first."

That let the SHAVINGS down, and then SHAVINGS let PINE STICK down, and then PINE STICK let COAL down, and COAL lay there at last all on fire—learning to be useful before he could go up to be free.

This is a sermon: a good man named PETER wrote the text of it. Look for it in his second letter.

THOS. K. BEECHER.

## A FREAK OF THE FROST.

Last winter, I used in my room a tall, fluted pitcher, and, as the room was cold, we used to empty the pitcher after washing. One morning this was forgotten; and, on going to my room an hour or two afterwards, I found the water had commenced freezing, and was full of thin flakes of ice. I poured it out, when, lo! a wonder appeared. The water was from the cistern, and contained fine coal dust from the roof, and the water, in freezing, had deposited all this black dust in a thin coating over the inside of the pitcher. In every fluting of the pitcher was drawn in lines of the purest white, upon this black ground, a graceful, feathery fern leaf—just such as you have seen upon thin ice in mud puddles. Every leaf was as perfect as could be, commencing at the bottom of the pitcher, and feathering out about half way to the top. There were eight of them, one in each fluting; and when you touched them with your finger, you could see that there was no trace of ice about them. The pitcher was shown to a good many persons, and no one could give any explanation of the fern leaves. Now, little folks, ask that wonderful "Old Eyes," up at Elmira, to tell you about this, for I confess it is beyond my philosophy.

Prudy.

## No. 8.—PUZZLE.

Through a grated window  
Stealing softly in,  
Comes a gentle spirit  
Silent and unseen;  
Drives the cold of winter  
Quickly from the room,  
Breathes upon my roses  
Till they bud and bloom.

Prudy.

## No. 9.—ENIGMA.

The first is no mortal masculine,  
'Tis neither of gender feminine;  
In the second no huge proportions you see,  
'Tis the smallest article known to me;  
The last is a word I hope never to hear  
From boy or girl to their parents dear;  
The whole is in shape like a shoemaker's sign—  
You must look on your map for 't, I found it in mine.

E. M. B.

## No. 10.—CHARADE.

My first is a respectful title.  
My second is made of a gray goose quill.  
My third belongs to a fork.  
My whole is a kind of beautiful, dark-green rock. K.

## No. 11.—CHARADE.

My first is sought when shadows fall,  
And night is stealing over all;  
My second when the sun is high,  
And fiercest glows the noonday sky  
My whole should never be refused  
Whene'er my first by night is used.

Prudy.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN JANUARY NUMBER.

No. 1.—*Metagrams*.—Bear, Bean, Pear, Beer. No. 2.—Hill, Rill, Hull, Hilt.  
No. 3.—*Charade*.—Nicholas. No. 4.—*Charade*.—Cent-eye-knell (sentinel). No. 5.—*Riddle*.—Sable. No. 6.—*Illustrated Rebus*.—When pride cometh then should come tears.

For Answers to Picture Stories see another page.



## PETER PUNSTER'S PUNNING PICTURE PUZZLE STORY.

## A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Jonathan Jones was what might well be called a



He was reckless in his habits, dishonest in his dealings, and, of course, could never get



in his business. Going along the road one cold night, late in the



a little under the influence of his frolic in the saloon, he said to himself: "Now I shall get off a good



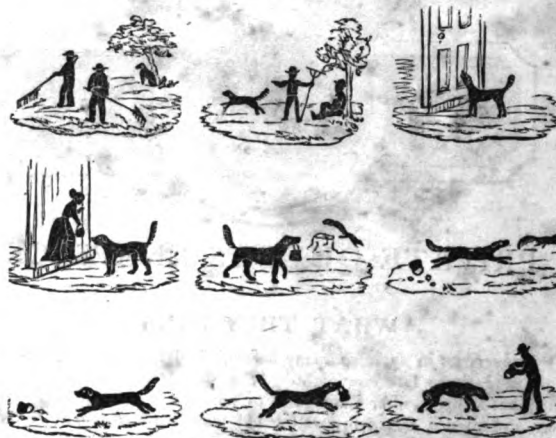
on poor old Mr. Brown who lives in that rickety shanty over there." So, knocking at the door, he said: "Mr. Brown, I have a good horse, only three years old, that I will give you for one of your blind ones." The old man drove a pair of blind horses because he was too poor to own better ones. He readily agreed to the trade, and young Jones went home and fetched a very nice *clothes-horse*. "Here is my horse, Mr. Brown," said he, "now bring out your blind one." The old man went into the yard and brought in a broken down *saw-horse*. "There, Jonathan," said he, "is the blindest horse I have." As Jonathan walked home through the cold, with the saw-*horse* on his shoulder, he said to himself: "The only thing this reminds me of is the old



"The biter was



## No. 12.—A PICTURE STORY.



## No. 13.—A PICTURE STORY.



## NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

## PRICE REDUCED.

From every quarter, friends write us that systematic, determined efforts are making, and with considerable success, to push into circulation journals which sympathized with the Rebellion during its progress, and are now moved and inspired by its fundamental principle that Liberty is rightfully the birthright, not of all men, but of *White* men, that Blacks have no rights which Whites are bound to respect. A desperate effort is preparing to give ascendancy to this Reactionary principle in our Government through the triumph of its champions in the choice of our next President and Congress.

The journals thus crowded into circulation, by offering them at cost, are neither as large or as varied in their contents, nor produced at anything like the cost of *The Tribune*. They are political merely or mainly, while our columns are more generally filled with Foreign Correspondence, Farming Intelligence, Literature, &c., &c. Nevertheless, in deference to the representations of our friends, and in view of the momentous issues of our Presidential struggle now opening, we have resolved to offer *The Weekly Tribune* for 1868 to clubs of fifty or more for *One Dollar per annum*: That is to say: for fifty dollars we will send to one address fifty copies of *The Weekly Tribune* for one year, and any larger number at the same rate.

Our prices will be,  
One copy, one year, 52 issues..... \$2 00  
Five copies, to names of Subscribers..... 9 00  
Ten copies, to names of Subscribers..... 15 00  
And one copy extra to the getter up of the club. Additional copies at the same price.  
Twenty copies, to names of Subscribers..... \$27 00  
And one copy extra to the getter up of the club. Additional copies at same price.  
Fifty copies, to names of Subscribers..... \$55 00  
And one copy extra to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.  
Twenty copies, to one address..... \$25 00

And one copy to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.

Fifty copies, to one address..... \$50 00  
And one copy to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.

One hundred copies, to one address..... \$100 00  
And one copy Semi-Weekly Tribune to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.

This offer shall remain open during the present month.

No newspaper so large and complete as *The Weekly Tribune* was ever before offered at so low a price. Even when our Currency was at par with gold, no such paper but *The Tribune* was offered at that price; and *The Tribune* then cost us far less than it now does. But the next election must be carried for Liberty and Loyalty, and we mean to do our part toward effecting that consummation.

We believe that the circulation of half a million copies of *The Weekly Tribune* during the coming year would be more effectual in influencing and confirming voters than five times their cost spent in the ordinary way just before election. Almost every Republican knows honest Democrats, who need only to be undeceived in order to vote right in the coming contest. See to it that such are supplied with *The Weekly Tribune*. It costs but little, and the result will be permanent.

Friends who propose to co-operate with us! Please send us your orders as promptly as may be. Address *The Tribune*, No. 54 Nassau Street, New York.

200 Dollars Per Month Sure.—No money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our Patent Everlasting Metallic Clothes-Lines. Address Am. Wire Co., 162 Broadway, N.Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

GEORGE PARR, Merchant, and Manufacturer of Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS, TOOL CHESTS, Etc. Also, Curriers', Shoemakers', Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery. Office and Factory, dec-tf No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N.Y.

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES, put

up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill. P. O. Drawer 6058. tf-oc

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 53d Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to ap-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, 138 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



# The Little Corporal.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

VOL. 6. }  
No. 3. }

Chicago, Ill., March, 1868.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewall, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

#### CHAPTER III.

Jimmy's letter of introduction gained him ready admittance into the lodging house, and he was invited to remain and share the Christmas dinner which was served for the newsboys at two o'clock. He went first to dispose of his bundle of old rags, for which Judy paid him a small sum, and gave him a regular volley of scolding for leaving an *honorable business*, as she called rag-picking.

"It's no good you'll come to, my lad," she declared, "to be shifting about from one thing to another. If ye'd stick to your work, you might come to be a sorter some day, and there's a deal of money in sortin'. Them strollin' newsboys are a pesky set, and never have a penny to rattle in their pockets."

"Well," said Jimmy, lightly, "if I

come to want I'll be back here again," and he gave the old woman a pleasant nod and went out. For a while he strolled about the streets, feeling so clean, and warm, and comfortable, in his new clothes, that he almost wondered if he were the same little, dirty, ragged boy who had crawled out of the foul cellar that morning.

"I'll never go dirty again—that's so," said Jimmy to himself, "a feller feels so much taller and better-lookin' when he's clean;" and he went half a mile to look in the window of a furniture store, where he remembered to have seen a large mirror.

"I look mighty nice, anyhow," was his comment, and he went back to the lodging-house with a great deal of satisfaction. He found a motley group of boys in the bath-room, ragged and dirty, and full of noisy fun. They were "slickin' up," as they called it; some of them scrubbing their smutty faces, and others combing their tangled locks, while a tall, freckle-faced boy was rigging on a soiled paper collar, which he had found in the street. One of the matrons brought Jimmy in, and introduced him by simply giving his name, and then left him to get acquainted in the best way he could.

The boys received him with a chorus of shouts and jokes that would have frightened a timid boy, but Jimmy stood his ground bravely.

"How old are you, young un?" asked a big boy.

"Bout forty, I reckon, though I never knew for sartin'."

"Born in the country, wan't ye?" said another.

"I was dug out of a coal mine, down in Pennsylvania; I didn't know much at first, but they blowed some brains into my ears, and brought me round with sal volytil."

"If you're goin' to live here," said the tall boy, finishing his collar, "you'll have to be shaved; we shave all the greenies."

"Come on, then," said Jimmy defiantly; "just try it on, if you think it'll be healthy."

But the boys rushed upon him like so many tigers, held his hands behind his back, forced him into a chair, rubbed strong soap over his face and eyes, and then roughly scraped his cheeks with an old jack-knife. In the midst of the shouts and laughter a gentleman came to the door and asked, mildly,

"Boys! what are you doing?"

"Only 'nitiating the new boy," said a sturdy little fellow, releasing Jimmy's hands. Jimmy went quietly to the wash bowl and washed the soap from his face.

"That's rather a rough way to welcome a friend," said the gentleman, smiling at Jimmy.

"I don't complain sir," said Jimmy; "I've seen a sight of rough handlin' in my day."

"He's good grit," said the tallest boy, "and I'll see that he ain't put upon ag'in."

The sound of the dinner bell started them all, with a whoop, towards the dining room, but as soon as the gentleman raised his hand, they subsided into quiet, and marched in procession to the table.

The dinner, which had been provided partly by some ladies who were interested in the enterprise, and partly by contributions from the boys themselves, was in every way abundant and tempting. There were roasted fowls, and vegetables of all kinds, and pies and puddings in great variety.

The boys did full justice to it, and it was amusing enough to hear their comical remarks, and see how every one was fairly running over with fun and satisfaction.

"Sorry I haven't anything better to offer you, sir," said the fat boy, passing a plate of roast turkey to Jimmy, "but the fact is you took me so by surprise I hadn't time to get up a swell dinner, and the servants drank up all my champagne."



"Don't make any apologies," said Jimmy, "I'm used to frugal fare. Since my rich father turned me out of doors, and the p'lice stole my watch and diamonds, I've had to rough it considerable."

"Boys," said the gentleman who had led them to the table, "shall I read to you while you eat?"

"No!" said one or two, bluntly. "Yes!" said others; and the confusion was worse than ever.

"It's a funny story," said the gentleman, "about a boy that hung up his stocking on Christmas Eve, and got a policeman in it."

"Go ahead then," said a rude boy, "but don't read us nothin' with a morrill to it."

Jimmy saw a funny twinkle in the gentleman's eye as he began to read, but the boys seemed greatly delighted with the story and made no interruptions, swallowing the liberal dose of moral at the end, with their plum-pudding, without making any wry faces.

"Must have been a precious greeny," said one of the boys, "to hang his stocking on the outside of the door."

"I wish I'd come along there," said another, "and seed the notice to Santa Claus to stop and fill it; I'd 'a put something jolly in."

"But it *did* effect just what he wanted," said the gentleman, "for you know the policeman felt so sorry for the poor little fellow, that he couldn't rest 'till he'd sent a basket of nice things to the poor hovel."

"I never knowed such things, only in stories," said the tall boy; "folks mostly take of theirselves, or else go without."

"I've known such things," said Jimmy, bravely; "I've seen 'em to-day. A lady called me in from the street, and gave me these clothes in place of my old rags."

"Somebody outgrewed 'em, I reckon," said the tall boy with a sneer; "that's the way rich folks afford to be generous."

"They aint rich folks," said Jimmy, indignantly, "they're real poor, for Miss Mary said so, and she has to work hard for a livin'; the boy he's sick—got the consumption or something—any way, he and his sister give me the clothes, and I heard Charley say something about goin' where 'the inhabitants should not say, I am sick.' I reckon they're goin' to move to the country, but it's my mind he'll die first."

"He'd better die, 'nough sight, if he's poor," said the tall boy, gloomily.

"There's only *one* country where the inhabitants never say '*I am sick*,'" said the gentleman, "and if Charley is going there it will be a glorious exchange for him. But I don't think people ought to wish to die. I should a great deal rather live and help to do the work of the world."

"Do you 'spose anybody wants us to help," asked a shrewd little fellow, with a very old face.

"God wants you," said the gentleman, "He has some special work in the world for every one of you; and He'll show it to you, if you only try to find it."

"I don't know about that," said the tall boy, who seemed to be a sort of sour philosopher; "I like to see the good of what I work for, and not take all the hard knocks, and rough jobs, without any pay."

"God always pays us for what we do for Him, but I don't see as He is bound to pay 'us for working for ourselves." The city doesn't pay men for clearing the snow away before their own doors."

Jimmy noticed that all around the walls of the dining-room, were large cards, with scripture mottoes printed on them; such as, "*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*" "*The hand of the Diligent maketh rich.*" "*A good name is better than great riches.*"

His eyes lighted up with pleasure as he recognized his own verse, and he read it over to himself with a determination he had never felt before.

After dinner they all went to a large room which was fitted up for a gymnasium, and amused themselves for some time with various exercises. Then some went to their work, and others lounged into the streets, to amuse themselves until evening.

"We have lessons in the evening, if you like 'em," said the tall boy to Jimmy, "and somebody reads history to us. There's a savings bank, too, and most of the boys put in something every week."

"That's good," said Jimmy, "I never had any chance to learn, and if there's anything for me to do in the world, I should like to know it."

"Should you?" said the tall boy, gloomily.

"Why, of course," said Jimmy, laughing; "I should hate to stand in anybody's way, when I might just as well be getting on."

"It's a mighty hard world for poor folks," said the tall boy.

"Is it?" said Jimmy; "why I've always had a jolly time in it. When anybody gives me a kick it always seems to send me just the way I wanted to go."

That evening a short lesson in reading and writing was given to the boys, and an interesting chapter in American history was read to them by the same gentleman who read them the story at dinner. I am sorry to say Jimmy fell fast asleep during the reading, but then he was tired, and did not quite understand what it was all about; and why the colonists at Lexington shot the British soldiers from behind barns and stone fences. He was wide awake enough when another gentleman began to lead the boys in singing a lively song with this chorus,

"Then work my boys, with heart and hand,  
Until your work is done;  
There's work for you and me to do,  
There's work for every one."

"When I was a boy," said the gentleman, "I used to write in my copy book, '*There is no royal road to knowledge*,' and I often wondered what it meant. I suppose it meant that every body had to get knowledge in the same way whether they were rich or poor, and that way is by *hard, honest work*. I call that a '*royal road*,' don't you, boys? It's good enough for anybody to walk in; and it's a royal road because it leads to almost every thing worth having. It's the royal road to *fortune*, and the royal road to *fame*, and the royal road to almost every thing that men can win in this life."

The white room where the boys slept was long and narrow, and had rows of small,

clean beds on each side. The beds were numbered, and number 23 was assigned to Jimmy. He hardly knew how to go to bed in any respectable style, he had so long been used to sleeping in his clothes on a pile of loose straw, but when he did go to sleep, it was to dream he was climbing on his hands and knees up a very steep hill, while far at the top shone the magical words, "*ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE!*"

The next day began in good earnest the new work of selling newspapers, and Jimmy soon "got the hang of it," as the boys say, and was quite successful at his work. But he enjoyed more than any of the others the comfort of a respectable home, and no one gave closer attention to the evening lessons, or seemed more determined to make the most of every opportunity for improvement.

"What's the good of studying?" the tall boy would sometimes say to him.

"May as well have a little fun, evenings; we'll never come to no good, anyhow."

"I mean to come to something," Jimmy would answer; "shouldn't wonder if they'd be appointing me to the Legislature one of these days; I'm bound to beat those Foster boys, anyhow, and let 'em see I'm just as smart as they are."

And then Jimmy would tell him about Benjamin Franklin, who was only a poor printer, and Roger Sherman, who was a shoemaker; and whenever he talked about them, his brown cheeks would glow, and his eyes would flash with the fire of resolute determination, and he would take up his book in a way that made one feel sure that if there *was* any royal road to fortune, the earnest boy would be sure to find it.

Once or twice, when he was going his rounds with the papers, he had met the lady who had so kindly taken an interest in him. The first time they met she stopped and asked him how he was getting on, and told him, sadly, that Charley was getting much weaker. But she did not ask him to come and see them, only as they parted she said,

"If you need my help, Jimmy, don't be afraid to come and ask it, though I think you're not likely to want me now you're fairly on your feet."

One day in the early spring, when the warm sunshine and soft south wind had made even the city people think pleasantly of green banks that were getting yellow with dandelions, Jimmy stopped for a minute to look at some lovely, greenhouse plants which were displayed for sale at a florist's door.

"Must be flowers in the woods by this time," said Jimmy; "liverwort and blood-root and saxifrage. I mean to go and get some for Charley."

And go he did, but when he knocked at the door of the little, fourth-story room, with the pale, delicate flowers already beginning to droop over his hand, there came a strange face in answer to his knock; a coarse woman, who told him she had rented the rooms two months before, and knew nothing of the former occupants. The landlady herself could only tell him that two months ago the boy had died, and his sister gone away; somewhere out of the city, she thought, though she had little

time to trouble herself with comers and goers.

So Jimmy went back sadly to his work, feeling somehow as if the great city was a very different place to him now these two friends had gone away from it. The spring flowers brightened the study room of the lodging house for several days, and every time Jimmy looked at them they made him think of Charley, and he hoped they had made his grave somewhere in the green country, where the spring flowers would sometimes grow over it.

Mr. Walters, the gentleman whom he had first met at the lodging house, took a warm interest in Jimmy, and used often to talk with him about going away from the city to live.

"I don't like the country about here, Mr. Walters," Jimmy said, one day; "I've tried it, and I know I shouldn't feel satisfied. But I should like to go out *West*, if I could; John Freeman says, 'the *West* is the country for young men.'"

"And what does John Freeman know about it?" said Mr. Walters, smiling.

"He's got a cousin living out in Michigan, and I wrote a letter for him, and asked him to send out some money to pay John's fare up there. Do you think he'll be likely to do it, sir?"

"As I don't know John Freeman's cousin, of course I can't tell," said Mr. Walters; "but if I were the cousin, I should think a stout boy of sixteen years, who could not earn his own passage to Michigan, was not worth the trouble of bringing out there."

"How could anybody earn their passage?" said Jimmy, eagerly. "I mean, how could I do it?"

"Well," said Mr. Walters, deliberately, "I can think of a good many ways. You have some money in the Savings Bank, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, "but I don't mean to spend that unless I am obliged to."

"That's right enough. But you might get some boy on the street to give you a few lessons in boot blacking—it isn't a hard business to learn, and you'd soon catch it. Then take enough of your money to buy a ticket to the first large city on your way; say to Rochester. Then you must stop till you can earn enough to go farther, and so go on, until you reach Michigan—that is, if you want to go there; but I wouldn't advise you to do it."

"Isn't Michigan a good place, sir?" asked Jimmy, wondering.

"Good enough, I dare say," said Mr. Walters; "but if you go west, I want you to go to Ohio. I know some people there who might do something to help you along."

Neither Mr. Walters or Jimmy said anything more about it for some time, but one day, some months afterward, as Mr. Walters was coming from his office to the lodging house, he was greeted by a familiar voice, which asked,

"Black your boots, sir?"

"Why, Jimmy Marvin!" he exclaimed, in surprise, "what sent you into this business?"

"I'm only experimenting, sir; may I try my hand on your boots?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Walters, setting

his foot on the block; "mind you do it well."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, and in a very few minutes he put a polish on Mr. Walters' boots, which proved him a proficient in his trade.

"You'll do," said Mr. Walters, examining them and looking curiously at Jimmy. "I wonder what this means."

"It means," said Jimmy, triumphantly, "that I am getting ready to go to Ohio."

"O, I remember," said Mr. Walters, and then they went together into the study room.

### NAMING THE KITTEN.

Bertie my darling, come in from your play;  
What do you think I have found in the hay?  
Two little kittens, as soft as silk—  
Two little kittens, as white as milk!

Madam, the cat, with her back in the air,  
Snarled at my coming, and bid me "take care!"  
Maybe she thought that her babies would cry—  
Just as if cats could be wiser than I!

What shall we name them now, Bertie, my pet?  
One should be Snowball, and one should be Jet;  
Only it hardly would seem to be right  
Naming one black, when it plainly is white.

This shall be Snowball, and that—let me see,  
What shall the name of the other one be?  
She shall be Daisy, the shy little dame—  
Open your eyes while I give you your name.

Poor little things, how they tremble and quake!  
What a disconsolate mewling they make!  
Madam, the cat, will soon quiet their fright—  
After all, Bertie, perhaps she was right. *Prudy.*

### A STORY FOR THE WEE ONES.

Grandma's cat is thirteen years old, and she is as good as she is old. She has two pretty kittens now; one is like herself, spotted, black, yellow, and white, the other is a little, speckled thing, yellow and brown.

How many little kitties do you think this old cat has been mother to? Can you guess? Well, you could not count so many. You would have to hold up all your little fingers fifteen times—one hundred and fifty children—what a family that would be! black and white and yellow and gray and spotted.

Her kitties have been scattered far and wide. When a little, bright-eyed boy or girl would come to see them, and ask grandma if they could have one, she always said, "Yes, when they can drink milk you can have one."

The old cat is a great hunter; and one time she brought home a rat that was fast in a steel trap, and as none of the neighbors had such a trap, she must have brought it a long way.

Last week she brought home another trap—a mouse trap, this time—with a mouse in one side, and a piece of cheese in the other.

But she looks very old, and although well fed, is very poor; and grandma thinks she will not live much longer.

*Aunt Ann.*

### AUNT CARRIE'S LETTER FROM PRUSSIA.

#### THE BERLIN THIER-GARDEN.

You have good and pleasant things told you every month, but many of you have never heard of this beautiful garden, that stretches out for miles, and is filled with everything that adds to the pleasures of children. It is four thousand miles from you, beyond the broad, blue ocean, in the capital of Prussia, and was laid out by one of her good kings, because he loved his people, the poor as well as the rich. Every day thousands of these poor children come from their dark, damp homes, to breathe the pure air of heaven, and add a few fresh tints to their pale faces. The most of you have pleasant gardens in your American homes, but these children have no such homes as yours, and often take their meals in the streets, to avoid the impure air of the miserable, underground rooms where they live. You who have houses not only lighted up with the smiles of dear parents, brothers and sisters, but with the bright sunlight of heaven, that tints your fresh cheeks and the beautiful flowers that bloom in your windows, know little of the dreary, dark cellars, where live thousands of poor, pale children, who never feel the warm sunlight only as they go out from their homes into the street. In too many large cities, where great numbers of these children live, there are no gardens where they can play and see the flowers bloom, and the bright, green trees wave in the wind, and smell the fragrance of breezes laden with healthy and sweet perfumes, and so they mingle with the crowds in the streets, and become very wicked and unhappy. The public gardens are too far away, and can only be reached by those who can afford to ride, and thus the poorer classes are neglected.

But come with me across the blue ocean, and take one ramble through these broad walks, and under these grand, old trees, among gay plats of flowers, beautiful lakes, hedges, and marble statuary, and I'm sure you will go home and say, "Heaven bless the king who loved children and did so much for them."

Here we are, at a large, stone gateway, sixty feet high and one hundred and ninety-five feet wide, with large pillars, and mounted with a statue, twenty feet high, of Victory, driving four horses before her war chariot. We pass through this from the crowded, dusty streets, into a beautiful, green forest, with walks and drives in every direction. We will go first to this little lake, filled with gold fishes and surrounded with green hedges and festoons of vines, beds of gay flowers, and trees reaching out their long arms to the opposite shore. Thousands of these beautiful fishes are lying on the surface of the water, not like the faded ones you keep in your glass globes at home, but much larger and more brilliant in color. The children feed them, and they swim in great numbers for a crumb of bread. Here come hundreds of little birds, too, alighting all about the edge of the water, and you wonder they are so fearless. They come to pick up the crumbs, and often you see a bird and a fish pulling at the same piece, having a miniature bat-

tle on the water. No one is allowed to frighten these little creatures, and they become quite tame, and seem very fond of you.

Now we will go through these hedges, and come out by a large, circular opening filled with flowers. Here are beds of bright geraniums and pale lilies, of drooping fuchsias and gay asters, going out from the center like the rays of the sun, and bounded by a hedge of roses. In the center stands a statue of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, covered with wreaths, and holding blossoms in one hand to scatter for you, and with the other pointing to heaven, where flowers never fade. Here we will sit and rest, while looking at the beautiful statue of this goddess, as she stands among her flowers, breathing into them a spirit of life, and ever changing their lights and shades.

The beautiful statues are scattered all about the garden, and you can almost imagine them living forms, as you see them in the distance through the dark-green trees. There is Diana, the Goddess of Hunting, holding her stag by the horns; and a little farther we will find a mammoth statue of Frederick William III., the king who laid out this lovely garden. This is a very large statue, and it was erected by a grateful people to his memory, and is the finest work of art in the garden. It stands on an island, called "Louise Island," after the good wife of King William III. She was the mother of William IV., the present king of Prussia; and I must tell you a little of this noble Queen Louise.

She was called the most beautiful woman of Prussia, not only because she had a very fine face and form, but she was good and pure. Everyone loved her, for she was ever doing acts of kindness for her people. Many a poor home was made pleasant, and many a sad heart made happy, by her generosity. Her influence in the royal family was very great. During the long and bloody wars with the French Emperor, Napoleon I., the Prussians were subjected to great hardships, and often the sad tidings of disaster to the king's armies would come to her. Her pure and sensitive nature could not bear such tidings of suffering and loss of her people, and she died of her heavy sorrow. She was a true Christian, and her influence lives yet. She is buried in a rich, white-marble temple, by the side of her husband, in a beautiful garden not far from here. Her statue, with the crown on her cold, white brow, lies on her tomb. The temple is in one of the loveliest openings in the woods, and surrounded by orange trees and rare flowers, and is visited by people from every part of the world. Many queens have lived and died, but few have been more loved, or found so beautiful a resting place as Queen Louise of Prussia.

Yonder you see a crowd of people on both sides of the street. They are gathered there to see the king pass on his morning ride. Although he may be seen every day he always attracts a crowd, and you see every man take off his hat to him as he passes. There he comes in his little plain carriage with two horses, just as any sensible man rides, except that there are two men standing on the back of the carriage, with yellow leggings, and white tinsel

on their coats, and feathers on their two-cornered caps. There is a group of children, under a cluster of trees yonder, looking very happy, though some are poorly clad and have pale faces. They have crowded around a good old Gen. Wrangle, who has come out for a walk in the garden with his pockets full of goodies for the children. He is over eighty years old and is greatly honored by his country for his long service as a distinguished soldier. He was for years an officer, fighting the great armies of Napoleon I., and has seen many hard and bloody times but is now coming down to his grave full of peace and covered with the nation's honors. He is noted for his great love of children, and it is his custom to show his love by scattering presents for them when he comes into the Thier-Garden. Surely he will be covered with their blessings. He is always welcomed at great national gatherings, and loudly cheered when he appears.

But we will go on to those curious looking houses you see in the distance. That is the zoological garden, where are kept wild animals from every part of the world. There you see them, from the great elephant to the tiny white mouse, and from the ostrich running to get away from his feet, to the dear little goldfinch smoothing her shining feathers in the sun. There is the sleepy stork on the edge of the little lake, and the beautiful white swan sailing down on its surface. We do not see any savage animals, for there are the black bears walking up their trees to catch the food the people throw them from the terrace above, and they get their mouthful and bow pleasantly for more. And there is the wild-cat asleep on her bed of straw, looking as gentle as our old, gray cat at home, and the tiger stands listlessly gazing on the crowd. So it is they seem to have lost their savage nature. There is the wild boar, the most unpleasant-looking animal living, with his huge tusks projecting from his mouth, walking about, waiting for the accustomed food the people delight in throwing these animals, and he eats it as gently as would your favorite dog. At every enclosure the wild beasts come up to the railing to greet us. The beautiful law of kindness is proved among these savage beasts. No one angers them and they have learned to look upon all as their friends. Among the many rich palaces that adorn this country you see they have not forgotten to build some for the wild beasts. The elephant has his summer and winter residence, and the lion does not leave his warm apartments till the sun has warmed the earth and the flowers bloom. The goat has his Swiss palace away up on the rocks, among the little, winding streams and beautiful waterfalls. Look up to the cupola on the top so prettily surrounded by latticed railings—there stands Mrs. Goat, rather grey in her youth, looking out of her gothic window.

But the day is far spent, and we will return through this avenue of Lindens to our home on the noisy street. It is autumn, but the grass is fresh, and the flowers as bright as in midsummer. You walk over dry, brown heaps of leaves and ask "where are the bright colors of our American trees?" In this climate the

leaves die like the aged, with no lighting up of brilliant beauty that tints the face of youth when life is ebbing. The winds scatter the falling leaves, but there are many trees as fresh and green in November as in June, and there is less sadness over the death of summer than in our own country.

Berlin, Prussia, Oct. 23, 1867.

## TIDE MARKS.

It was low tide when we went down to Bristol, and the great, gray rocks stood up, bare and grim, above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"O, that is the *tide mark*," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises, until it reaches that line, and in a great many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"O," thought I, "that is all, is it? Well, I have seen a great many people that carried *tide marks* on their faces. Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features, and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said,

"Shut down the blind now, Carrie, the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie shut the blind, and turned her face away from the window. O dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout, and the queer little marks on the forehead had deepened into actual *wrinkles*.

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how bad you will feel when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide marks of passion;" for these evil tempers leave their marks just as surely as the ocean does, and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave.

Take care, little folks! and whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the "*tide marks*." Lee.

The days of the week derived their names from the gods worshiped by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. On the first day of the week they worshiped the Sun, hence this day was called Sun's day or Sunday. The second was the Moon's day or Monday. Then they had a god called Tuesco, or Twi, and for him they named the third day Tuesday. Wednesday was named for a famous warrior Woden, whom, after death, they worshiped as a god, hence Woden's day or Wednesday. Thursday was so called for Thor, the god of thunder. Friday for Friga, the mother of all the gods, and Saturday was Saturn's day.

Private Little.

## WAITING FOR SPRING.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Somewhere there's a crocus, as white as the snow,  
Just ready to rouse from its slumber, I know;  
O, wild breath of summer, blow over the sea—  
Come, find the dear blossom, and wake it for me.

In some far distant south-land, a sweet bird, I know,  
Is singing, who sang to me summers ago;  
O, bountiful Nature, pour warmth from your store,  
And bring back the blue-bird to sing at my door.

O, Fairies, with fingers that never are still,  
Unfold the green moss on the marge of the rill;  
Go fashion the needles of new-budding pines,  
And spin the green tendrils of quickening vines.

Coin gold for the cowslips in meadow lands low;  
Paint purple the pansies before they shall blow;  
In the bud shape the columbine's chalice, and see  
That you do not forget a sweet drop for the bee.

Ply the looms for the lilies deep under the mould,  
Weave the petals pure white, and the stamens rich gold—  
Mould sweet snow for the May-flower with tinge  
of the dawn,

Pure light for the daisy-stars, green for the lawn.

O, south wind, come blowing and melting the rime,  
For now is the snow-drop's and crocus' time;

Bring rain for the vales, and, from radiant shore,  
Bring once more the blue-bird to sing at my door.

## HURRY ALONG!

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

Spring! Spring! over the mountains,  
Why don't you hurry along?  
I want you to breathe where the white snow-drift lingers;  
I want you to untie the brooks with your fingers;  
I want you to wake the slumbering fountains.  
Spring! Spring! over the mountains,  
Why don't you hurry along?

Birds! birds! far away flying,  
Why don't you hurry along?  
I want you to wake me at dawn with your singing;  
I want the air full of your jubilant winging;  
I want to see blue-bird and robin, home hieing.  
Birds! birds! far away flying,  
Why don't you hurry along?

Flowers! flowers! silently sleeping,  
Why don't you hurry along?  
I want to see snowdrop, and crocus, and lily,  
And beautiful iris and daffy-down-dilly,  
Too long in your underground beds you are keeping.  
Flowers! flowers! silently sleeping,  
Why don't you hurry along?

Child! child! hearing you calling,  
Soon they will hurry along.  
The spring will soon set all the brooklets a-flowing;  
The birdies to singing, the blossoms a-growing;  
Soon all o'er the land her fair feet shall be falling.  
Child! child! hearing you calling,  
Soon they will hurry along!

## "WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN TO DO."

## NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE.

BY THE EDITOR OF AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE.

"Barbara, are you awake?" said a loud whisper through a keyhole.

"Yes, now I am, Harry; what do you want?"

The handle of the door turned gently, and Harry stepped noiselessly into his sister's room. He had taken off his boots on purpose.

Barbara slept in a tiny room along the nursery passage. She was the eldest and had been first promoted, and she deserved it, for she kept her room beautifully neat, and had considerable taste in her arrangements.

"Look here!" Harry began, in the same heavy whisper (of course using one of the regular schoolboy phrases for opening a conversation). "Look here, Barbara! Those letters and answers are all very well, you know; but they don't last all the month round."

"The games do," interposed Barbara, sleepily.

"O, of course; but the whole thing is only a drawing-room amusement after all. Stop! don't contradict me; for I know what I mean. The fact is, I've thought of something besides; and I'm going to get up early, and walk to the town to fetch *The Little Corporal*: there must be a new number out now. I want to make a game out of the ridiculous rebuses and things. You remember how they made us laugh last time? Well! so I shall be gone before you are up, and I've come now to tell you what I want you to do to help while I'm away. There's nobody else can."

"Tell me as quick as you can, please," observed Barbara, who, to tell the truth, had roused herself to listen, to oblige Harry, having been half asleep when he first spoke.

"It's only girls' work I want you to do," said he. "You know the picture of *The Little Corporal* outside, 'fighting against wrong, for the good, the true and the beautiful.' Now, I want you to . . ."

—But what he wanted must not be let out yet! At the conclusion of the conversation which followed, and just as Harry was stepping stealthily over the floor, Barbara called out once more. "Did you ask father for a shilling?"

Yes; Harry had done so, and his father had given it.

"Feel about on the top of the drawers for a sixpence I left there last night," said Barbara. "You may have it. Don't upset the Joan of Arc or the flower glass, mind."

"All right," observed Harry, who felt about and found the money without upsetting the treasures. "That's capital," he continued; "the shilling was rather short commons, as I've two or three things to get. Good night!"

With this Harry turned round once more, and accomplished a quiet exit and a quiet shutting of the door. After which he slipped softly to his own room, went to bed and to sleep at once. Barbara, meanwhile, lay awake another hour; for the moon had risen, and she wanted to see it shine upon a little print that hung on the

wall opposite her bed. She thought no more about having given away her sixpence than Harry thought of having received it. The whole affair was a girl-and-boy transaction, foreshadowing the man and woman life to come. Active and passive, not counteracting but assisting each other. Barbara's broken rest, and Harry's active energy, equally valuable in their way.

Boish restlessness should, indeed, at all times be allowed a wholesome vent. It is the pent-up power which will be needed hereafter in the battle of life. It must not be suppressed now, however troublesome; only directed into harmless channels, or the fire will not be there when it is wanted: This Harry's father knew, because he had gone through it all himself; and what the boy wanted to do, betokening spirit and exertion, he was allowed to do, even at the sacrifice of a little family convenience.

By the middle of the next day Harry had returned from the town, with *The Little Corporal* in his pocket, and Barbara meanwhile had got through about half the "girls' work he expected of her. Only half, however; so he grumbled. But he had forgotten that, even in holiday time, there was *something* to be done besides play; and she herself was too ambitious to leave off music altogether, even for a time. On the whole, however, he was well pleased; and when the two retired together up stairs, they had a hearty laugh, not only over Barbara's handicraft but over the purchases Harry had made with his sixpence, to heighten the general effect.

Afterward the following rather unusual dialogue took place between the two.

Harry: The worst is, it's turning out quite fine, and you'll all have to go out. I did so hope it was going to rain, or snow, or do something.

Barbara: No chance yet, I'm afraid. Still, if it is put off to another day, Lucy will have time to learn the questions by heart, and then she can lift up her arms and flourish her cimeter better, you know. If you did it this evening, she would have to read out of the paper, and that would look stupid by comparison.

Harry: But I do so hate waiting! As who does not when young, I should like to know? Still, the afternoon turned out so fine, mamma sent all the younger ones out, and Harry flung himself down on Barbara's bed, and read Ainsworth's "Tower of London," to soothe or divert, as best he could, the irritation produced by impatience.

That is an excellent receipt for school-boy vexations by the way. A few bloody murders and unjust executions have a marvelous effect in bringing the mind to a right balance upon trifles. The Traitors' Gate and the Dungeons of the Tower, and the black savagery of man when dressed in a little brief authority for the exercise of which he is not answerable to his fellows, teach terrible lessons; such as make even boys feel thankful as they read.

And the "waiting" did not last long. Very soon after even the finest days in winter, there comes one, dark, foggy, and cold, whispering gloom into every disengaged ear. But Harry's, Barbara's, and Lucy's were engaged, the latter having been taken into their counsels, and they

marked down the first black morning as a red-letter day in their calendar.

"This is jolly, at last!" whispered Harry to his eldest sister, as he sat down to breakfast; nodding at the fog through the window as he spoke; and Lucy, overhearing him, giggled over a spoonful of bread and milk till she almost choked.

"Hold hard!" cried Harry, giving her a loudish slap on the back; "you can't afford to choke to-day, my dear, remember. Else you won't be able to fight against wrong, and 'the good, the true, and the beautiful' will be—well—lost in the fog, I suppose. *Though lost to sight, to memory dear,*" he continued, with a wink, "like the railings outside there; which I'm very much afraid—don't mention it too suddenly to your friends—but which I'm very much afraid we shan't see till to-morrow."

Harry concluded with a mock sob, and put his handkerchief to his eyes, while Lucy went into fresh convulsions of laughter. To tell the truth, he was much addicted to talking this unlimited sort of nonsense when he got into high spirits, and his sisters—Lucy especially—were very much addicted to thinking him wonderfully entertaining in consequence.

So, instead of resenting the weight of the blow, Lucy sat in delight, enjoying her brother's wit.

"What a happy thing it is to be young!" thought mamma to herself, as she looked on. Her first remark that morning, on getting up and seeing the fog, had been: "How sorry I am for the children; they won't be able to get out all day, poor things!"

And here they were as merry as grigs!

But this was owing to something else besides youth, as mamma soon discovered. The runnings up and down the nursery stairs, the whisperings and mysterious confabulations; the petitions for this, that and the other, without anybody hinting what they were wanted for, all betrayed that something was going on—in fact combined efforts working to an end.

Blessings on the head of those then, say I, who find the children something to do!

Here, however, I must make a remark, which the little ones are welcome to skip. I shall be told that although Harry had thought of a nice little plan of amusement, which his sisters liked, and willingly joined in, yet it is nonsense to pretend that four children of their age worked together for several hours, like grown up people, without quarreling a little. They *must* have had some disputes as to what was to be done, worn, or something, and so the day could not, in reality, have been as pleasant as I describe it. This is all very true; the more especially as the children had each what nurse called their "bits of tempers." Barbara was self-willed; Harry was impatient; Lucy could be obstinate and peevish both, when she chose; and Ada was given to crying for trifles. And very likely during the course of the afternoon they did several times lose, or rather display these "bits of tempers." But with good, Christian children, such passing clouds, or even storms, are soon over, and I do not care to record them. The sunshine of affection soon shines out again in such cases, and "there an end;" partic-

ularly if nurse be the least bit sensible, and papa and mamma are not given to make mountains of mole-hills.

For instance; "I'd never sit fretting there, Miss Lucy, if I was you, about how your hair's to be dressed. I'd just let Mr. Harry have his own way, as he's taken such a deal of trouble, and wants to set you off to the best advantage. Never you mind about your hair, and I'm sure he'll let you buckle on that, what d'ye call it—sword thing—any way you like."

"Well, if you'll make that bargain, nurse?"

"O, I'll see to it—see if I don't." And nurse wheedles Mr. Harry round at a first word.

Or again:

"My dear Harry, you're taking a world of trouble to amuse your sisters this wet day, I can see," says mamma, "though I don't know exactly what; but if there is to be all this angry shouting and argument between you and Barbara, and Lucy is to be so cross, the children might as well have been at lessons, and you amusing yourself alone. Papa and I thought you had hit upon something unusually ingenious."

"So I have, mother," protests Harry.

"Then do prevent these disturbances, or we shall give you small credit for good management. Make allowance for the girls, you know, Harry—the inferior race—and forbear yourself accordingly."

There is mischief in mamma's eyes as they meet Harry's, but he laughs, gives her a kiss, goes away, and tells the girls they shall have their own way for once in their lives; and then the family sunshine shines bright as ever.

But all this time what was the secret? Well, it was a very little one when it did come out, certainly. It consisted in dressing up Lucy as the "Little Corporal," in a costume something between that of an Eastern lady and a knickerbockered boy, with the addition of a tin cimeter (purchased with the sixpence) round her waist; Harry himself being "got up" as a Red Indian, as nearly as tufts of straw, sticking out on all sides, and a painted face could make him one. Then the nursery was cleared; chairs placed at one end for the audience; and a curtain drawn across the center, (supported between two wardrobes), behind which was what was called the stage. Then, when the audience was assembled, Harry was to draw back the curtains, and introduce "the Little Corporal from Chicago" to their notice, assuring them he had been so kind as to come over, with his pockets full of charades, riddles, &c., from Private Queer's knapsack, Grandma Gage's store-closet, &c. &c., (naming the writers for the paper), and would have much pleasure in reading them aloud, if the audience wished it; adding that he himself should be happy to take turn about with the "Little Corporal," whenever he was tired. The audience were then expected to clap vehemently, and express their assent and unbounded satisfaction: and then the "Little Corporal," after dancing round the stage, and flourishing the tin cimeter over his head, in company with his friend, the Red Indian—who had undertaken to perform a few war-whoops during the process—was to come

to the front of the stage and propose the charades and riddles, which everybody present was allowed to guess.

It was a very nice nursery plot, indeed, and it was not till almost the last moment, as it were, that it seemed likely to fail at any point. But when everything else was ready, and Harry had *only* to look over THE LITTLE CORPORALS, and mark the best of the charades for reading aloud, (for after all there had been no time for learning), this *only* took gigantic proportions, and he found himself distractedly rejecting, as absurd, things he had thought the most excellent fun before. It was very odd, but every one has hallucinations of this sort, at times; and reading half a dozen riddles with a party of friends round a fire, when you are in a merry mood and ready to laugh at anything, is a very different thing from bringing the same riddles prominently forward in a public exhibition, where people are, as Harry expressed it to Barbara, "*expecting so much!*" Poor papa and mamma, down stairs, little thought what alarming bogies they had suddenly become, and matters had been made much worse by a call from a neighbor's son, who declared he should be delighted to "stay and see the fun."

"The fun!" groaned Harry, in despair, when he heard of it. And a more crest-fallen Indian chief was never beheld than he looked as he sat among the scattered LITTLE CORPORALS with his face buried in his hands, the straw wisps sticking out in all directions from his clothes, the living "Little Corporal" standing mute and bewildered by his side.

"But there must be *something* in them," said Barbara, whom the nurse had fetched. "I remember we enjoyed them so much."

"There's nothing," moaned Harry.

"Yes, there's that *shay-raïd*, you know; I remember that at any rate."

"You don't suppose anybody can laugh at that," exclaimed Harry.

"Ah, here it is!" continued Barbara, who was on her knees, hunting among the papers:—

"My first is the old-fashioned name of a vehicle in common use;

My second was a favorite mode of attack with the rebels during the late war;

My whole you are thinking about this very minute."

"*Shay-raïd—Charade—oh! dreadful, dreadful!*" screamed Harry. "How we ever could laugh at it!"

But, dreadful as it was, Lucy now laughed again, and then the other children joined in, and they all laughed together.

"Here's that capital anagram, too," continued Barbara: "'*Martha-Ann,*' '*A curse among Jews*'—you know;" and she marked both with a pencil.

"That's actually learned," suggested Harry, looking up.

"Do for papa," observed Lucy.

But suddenly Barbara stopped, "Look out two or three more, Harry, dear," said she. "Don't be so very particular, either. I'll be back in a minute." And away she flew down stairs, and got hold of her mother.

"Mamma, isn't it the last day of the month?"

"It is, breathless Barbara," answered mamma.

"And we've written no letters to 'The Mighty World' yet."

"The Mighty World' may not have forgotten her children, nevertheless," smiled mamma. "Mothers have very long memories."

"O, mamma, that was just what I hoped!" cried Barbara. "Because we're all in such trouble, and I thought perhaps you—that is, 'The Mighty World'—would help us out."

"We will see," said mamma.

And so she did. Mothers have long wits as well as long memories.

And when leave was given for "The Mighty World's" store-closet to be added to "Grandma Gage's," in case of necessity, the Red Indian chief was himself again, and drew the curtain aside to introduce the "Little Corporal" to the audience, without a misgiving as to results. Nor was there any cause. Even the *Shay-raid*—charade—had its effect; for, though papa groaned audibly, the neighbor's son shouted with amusement, and there was a loud call for another.

"My first, mutual fellowship, union implies;  
My second, all hint of such contact denies;  
My third, as you fancy, may charm you or tease;  
My whole you may guess at as long as you please."

But they couldn't guess; so the Red Indian, having inquired if they "gave it up," came forward, and pronounced the word, very syllabically, "*Co-nun-drum*." Whereupon everybody laughed, though papa declared it was not fair. "Nuns upheld 'mutual fellowship' most decidedly," he said.

Then followed a few others.

#### ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

"Divide two by five and the result will be a thousand."

Papa clapped this at once. "Roman figures, my love; Roman figures," whispered he to mamma. "Two I's, you know, and a V—five—between them; i.e. M, a thousand, of course. Go on, 'Little Corporal'!"

"When are arrows frightened?"

she asked.

There was a pause, and then the neighbor's son jumped up and turned his chair round three times.

"Found it out?" inquired papa, surprised. "I haven't."

"What is in a quiver, sir?" inquired the lad.

"Arrows," answered papa, still puzzled for a second; but then the light dawned.

"When they're in a quiver, of course," cried he.

"And very good," was shouted on all sides.

The next was an anagram—"Enraged Brig" (*Gingerbread*); and it fell flat, as it deserved. Then:

"My first will please an infant child;  
My second's long, and slim and wild;  
My whole you would not like to meet  
In country road or city street."

"That's good!" cried papa; "a regular born American. A rattle and a snake. Remember, children," added he, "there are no *rattle-makes* anywhere but in America."

"The last is the prettiest of Private

Queer's," observed Harry, bowing the "Little Corporal" forward once more.

"Here I come creeping in at your door,  
Never a footprint I leave on your floor;  
I am light as a breath, I am silent and thin;  
You may fasten me out, but you can't keep me in."

"That's quite poetical," said mamma, "and I should like to think about it. Don't tell me, if you please, 'Little Corporal'—pray!"

So he did not, and then it was the Indian chief's turn, and he offered his services to read aloud certain communications from various parts of "The Mighty World." But here mamma proposed an amendment: Dinner down stairs for the audience, tea up stairs for the performers, and then a meeting (in costume) at the round table in the drawing room. It was far the best plan. It enabled the nurse to attend to the evening's business, and it gave the children a second treat, with an hour's pause between the two. But before they left the nursery, the neighbor's son got up and made a speech, thanking "Red Indian" and "Little Corporal" for their services.

"You must thank Barbara, too," shouted Harry, "for she dressed us up, and gave us the cimeter."

An allusion which made Barbara laugh, but she was pleased to have her services acknowledged—as every one is—and had hardly expected it.

"Shall I tell you the last?" whispered Ada to the neighbor's son, as he was passing through the doorway. "It's *Sun-beam*," she added, "and that's what papa calls me, only Harry said not, just now, because I was neither silent nor thin."

So saying, she shut the door in his face.

#### SAINT KILDA.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

From out old ocean's foamy bed  
A lonely island lifts its head;  
Its base the angry waters lave,  
Its rocks frown grimly on the wave.

Rugged, and bold, and bare, it stands,  
Ready made to the fisherman's hands;  
Rugged and bare, but what cares he—  
Countless treasures are in the sea.

Out on the little bay he glides,  
Tarries long on the changing tides,  
Till He who shared a fisherman's fare,  
Blesses his patient toil and care.

Out on the jutting cliffs so wild,  
Fearlessly climbs the fisherman's child,  
Then, shouting, home from his daring quest,  
He bears the spoils of the sea-gull's nest.

The sun was high, and fair the day,  
The boat lay idling in the bay,  
The nets were drying on the shore,  
Ralph sat beside his cabin door.

"Dost mind, good wife," he, musing, said,  
"On such a day we two were wed;  
White gulls were flying all about,  
The glad waves rippled in and out.

"Some how my heart is strangely stirred;  
The old priest's blessing, word for word,  
I hear—and see, O, Elsie, dame,  
Thy cheeks with blushes all a-flame.

"Well, well, the lads are at the gate,  
And for my idle prating wait;  
This bird's nest hunt, and then, dear wife,  
No more I'll hazard limb and life."

So Ralph went out—but, boyish freak,  
First kissed Dame Elsie's withered cheek;  
O, had she known—what woe, what bliss,  
Were garnered in that last, light kiss!

She watched them from the open door,  
The three—Ralph striding on before—  
The sun was high, and fair the day,  
Her heart went with them on their way.

Then, turning, like a housewife true,  
She mixed the cakes, the savory stew,  
And caroled with a blithesome tongue—  
That fairy kiss made Elsie young.

The hunters reached a rocky crest,  
Well lined with many a sea-gull's nest;  
Made fast the rope of twisted hide—  
The dower of every Kilda bride.

First off the ledge the father swung,  
The fearless Jack above him hung,  
Then, eager for the glittering spoil,  
Young Roland seized the fatal coil.

Down past the beetling crag they go,  
They see the shining foam below,  
So far below, in depths profound,  
The troubled waters make no sound.

In dizzy whirls the sea birds fly,  
Confuse and darken all the sky,  
Their nerves are steeled—the sport is rare—  
O, dauntless hunters, have a care!

"Father," cries Jack, with bated breath,  
"The rope untwists—'tis surest death!"  
"But for the lad," shouts Ralph, "there's  
hope;

Above thy head, Jack, cut the rope."

They hung now by a single strand,  
The youth's good knife was in his hand,  
"Comfort thy mother, Roland, son—  
And so, farewell—God's will be done."

A swift ascent—a nervous bound—  
And Roland swooned upon the ground.  
Their bones lie bleaching where they fell,  
The sea-birds scream their lonely knell.

#### FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

#### NUMBER III.

There is an excitement in traveling which quickly banishes sad thoughts; especially is this so in a foreign country, where so many novel sights and sounds keep one's eyes and ears continually on the alert. So, by the time our two wide-awake young people found themselves in Milan, they had quite forgotten to think of what they had left, in enjoyment of the present. Just now we see them standing in front of the stupendous pile of Gandoglia marble, which time has mellowed down from its glittering whiteness to the soft, golden tint painters delight in. Yes, this was Milan's Cathedral—Milan's glory.

A thin haze filled the air, dimming and melting away the outline of the Cathedral, which Fanny's imagination easily converted into floating fairy-castles, with their turrets and towers, their knights and ladies. Castle seemed to rise above castle, turret above turret, till they were lost in the dim heavens beyond. Suddenly the sun, bursting through the clouds which had held him prisoner, dispelled all mist, and threw such a blaze of light upon the marble Duomo, that it stood out clear, with its countless pinnacles, like some huge glacier,



hurled downward from its frozen Alpine birth-place to the flowery plain below.

These masterpieces of man's genius impress one most vividly with a sense of one's own littleness, and hush the gayest visitor to a reverent silence. Merely motioning to the children, Mr. Rivers led the way to the interior of the Duomo. At the entrance was a wizened, old woman, who was crossing herself, having dipped her finger in the basin of holy water. They passed down the nave till they stood beneath the dome, before the great altar; behind this, the tribune is lighted by three gigantic painted windows, each pane representing a different scene in the Old or New Testament, from the creation of Adam and Eve to the crucifixion of our Lord, and the deposition from the cross. Each pane measured nearly three feet in height, though it was only the actual measurement that could convince Fred of the fact. Whole days might be spent with both pleasure and profit in studying out these storied windows; and when, an hour later, an old priest came to them, offering to guide them to the Chapel of San Carlo, they consented only while promising themselves to return again and often to those marvelously colored windows.

The priest led them down below the choir to the subterranean church. From this lower church opens a small octagonal chapel, in which lies the body of San Carlo Borromeo, the patron saint of the city, who lived in the sixteenth century, and who rendered himself very dear to the people, through his boundless generosity and his untiring devotion to the sufferers from the fearful plague, which for six years devastated the city. He died in 1584, when forty-six years old. During his life, he had made himself so beloved, that at his death the people worshiped him as a saint. The body was embalmed and placed in a coffin, the sides of which are formed of large panes of rock crystal, through which the crumbling face of the dead saint can be clearly seen. This coffin is enclosed in another of gold and gilded silver, the front of which must be lowered to show the inner one. The chapel in which the shrine stands is also plated with bas-reliefs in silver gilt, representing different events in the life of San Carlo.

"Papa, let's go home now," said Fanny, when, after mounting again to the upper

## Our Beautiful Home.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

MODERATO

1. Be-yond the dark riv-er of death— Be-yond where its wa-ters are swell-ing, The home of my spir-it is wait-ing for me, The land where the ran-som'd are dwell-ing.

CHORUS.

No night in that beautiful home! No shade on its glo-ry is seen; The wonderful riv-er of wa-ter of life Flows soft thro' the meadows of green.

2 No grief in that beautiful home! No sorrow can enter its portals! But glad are the voices that join in its song, The song of the shining immortals.

3 No tears in that beautiful home, No sin from our Savior to sever! The King in his beauty our eyes shall behold, And join in his praises forever!

Chorus.

church, they had gone out to the piazza for another look at the whole before climbing to the roof.

"What for, my child, are you tired?"

"No, not tired," she replied, "but my head is so full now of all we have seen this morning, that I'm sure it can't contain any more till I've thought over and put away what's already in it."

Fred shouted at his sister's answer, but agreed with his father that perhaps it applied as well to himself, so they entered a waiting citta-dina and drove back to the hotel, where they had enough to do for the rest of the day telling their mother, who was too tired to accompany them, of the wonderful Duomo with all its treasures, and in reading a life of the good San Carlo.

"Well, Fanny, will you be ready for more sight-seeing to-morrow?" asked her father, pinching her cheeks as she came for her accustomed good-night kiss.

"To be sure," she replied gaily.

"You know," continued Mr. Rivers, the first thing on our programme for to-morrow, is climbing the Duomo."

"I know what you want," cried Fanny at length, tumbling his hair about with her fingers while she waited for him to say

something more—"you want me to propose climbing it before breakfast!"

"Well, what do you think of the plan?"

"It's a very good one, I dare say, and if I'm not too sleepy in the morning, I'd like to go."

"All right," replied Mr. Rivers laughingly, "I'll call you early, and if you are too sleepy, we'll wait, if not, I think we shall see the mountains clearer than later."

No one was ready earlier the next morning than our little Fanny, and before it was fairly light, they set out for the Duomo and began the ascent. The staircase leading to the roof opens out from one corner of the south transept, and as they went up, Fanny began counting: "One—two—three—four—"

"What are you doing, Fanny?" interrupted Fred.

"Counting. Five—six—seven—"

"Counting what?"

"The steps."

"You need not take the trouble to do that, Murray, here, will tell you in a minute just how many there are."

"I know it, but if I read it I forget—I can't remember unless I count myself. Come, papa is far above us."

Perseveringly she counted on, although she came near forgetting how many she had already ascended whenever they halted to look through some opening which gave them a glimpse of the landscape below.

"One hundred and fifty-eight!" she cried triumphantly, as at length they stood upon the roof.

Scarcely more than one-third the whole height, however," said her father, "for the Madonna tipping the spire is three hundred and fifty-five feet above the pavement."

Once on the roof, they clambered higher and higher by means of the steps upon the flying buttresses, and wandered around among the thousands of statues, cherub's heads, pinnacles, delicately carved baskets of fruit, flowers, etc., which they found in such profusion around them.

Then, returning again to the main staircase which wound upward through open turret and spire, they stood at length upon a narrow gallery, with the whole plain of Lombardy spread beneath them, dotted with its cities, towns, and towers, while beyond, rose in all their majesty the glorious, snow-capped peaks of Monte Rosa, Mon Viso, and countless others, whose glittering summits were just tinged with the warm glow of the morning sun.

"O Fred, there are the mountains around dear Como!" exclaimed Fanny, pointing with one hand toward several ridges almost directly north, whilst with the fingers of the other she kept the place on the open guide book before her.

"Yes, and beyond them," said her father, "are the peaks clustering around the St. Gotthard Pass, and over toward the west lies the Mt. Cenis."

Every moment brought out so many new places of interest among the mountains that they almost forgot to look at the numberless cities scattered around them, and quite forgot how fast time was flying, till the arrival of another party warned them that it was time to descend.

"Well, Fan," said Fred, mischievously, after breakfast, "hurry and 'think over and put away,' as you call it, this morning's pleasure, for Milan's full of wonderful sights, and we want to see them all. In the first place, you know, there is the gallery of paintings Signor Rivelli told us so much about. Let's see—what name did he give it?"

"I forget. Where is Murray?" said Fanny.

"Here; and here he speaks of the gallery—the Brera—that's it; and here is a plan of all the rooms. Hurrah—in the entrance halls there are ever so many Luinis; that's good, isn't it?"

"Yes. What a merry day we had at Como when papa told us about him. But Fred, don't you remember Signor Rivelli spoke often of one of Raphael's earliest paintings—the Marriage of the Virgin? He said that was here somewhere. Do you find it?"

"Not yet, wait; yes, here it is—the Spozalizio, that's it, isn't it—in the seventh room; and here also—look Fan—is a Leonardo da Vinci, but this is a drawing in black and red chalk, not a painting."

"How many pictures there are to see!" exclaimed Fanny, despairingly, as she looked over the long catalogue of holy families, saints, and martyrs.

"More than you can accomplish in one day, bambina, you think, do you not?" asked her father, who had entered unperceived, and was standing behind her. "We must begin, certainly, or we can't get through. Are you ready?"

It was late in the afternoon when they returned from the Brera, Fanny's sparkling eyes talking faster than her tongue.

"Mamma, mamma, guess what Fred has done!" she exclaimed, kneeling down by the sofa on which her mother was lying; but, too eager to wait, she darted across the room, slipped her hand in Fred's pocket and drew out a large sheet of drawing paper, which she unfolded before her mother.

"See," she explained, "it is Albani's little Jesus coming down from the temple with his father and mother. The face and figure of the Child Saviour were so beautiful I could hardly look at anything else in the room, and Fred's drawing is almost as beautiful as Albani's painting."

"Why, Fanny!" interrupted her brother.

"But Fred, it is, isn't it, mamma? O, I wish I could draw as Fred does!"

"There is nothing like trying," replied her mother. "Choose some figure in the

picture you most admire—this lovely child Jesus of Albani, for instance—and while we remain in Milan you can have several hours each day for copying it. Try and see if you can't equal Fred's drawing. Surpass it, if you can."

Fanny's great, brown eyes beamed like full moons at her mother's proposition. Suddenly she flew out of the room, returning almost immediately with a large box containing smaller ones of crayons, *raspaccio*, or kid scrapings, used for erasing coal lines, bars of charcoal, etc., etc., together with a large roll of drawing board.

"There," said she, stowing them away on the pier table, "I mean to begin to-morrow morning—if I may?"

"Any time you choose," answered her father, pleased at her zeal, but wondering how long it would hold out.

Fanny went to sleep that night dreaming of cherubs and angels, crowned saints, and dying martyrs, while ever around her hovered the infantine face of the sinless child, whose gold-burnished hair shadowed wondrous eyes overflowing with unutterable sympathy and love. Above the fair head hung the dim, shadowy circlet of thorns which grew clearer and nearer and more real as the sweet, child-face melted into one of maturer age. Never had the Saviour seemed so real to Fanny as now, and it was with a cry of intense pain that she saw the cruel thorns pierce down into the calm, upturned brow.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you"—came a voice, floating softly through the air.

"For *me*, dear Jesus, for *me*, this bloody crown and coming cross?" murmured Fanny.

Again the pleading voice—"Greater love hath no man than this—\* \* Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

"I do believe, dear Saviour, I do believe, but how can I prove it?"

Fanny was wide awake now, but the voice still answered, clear and sweet, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Morning was just breaking, so Fanny rose and dressed, kneeling then, as she had always been taught to do, to ask help through the day; but how different was her prayer this morning from her usual, hastily repeated formula. Now it was true communion with God—a meeting between her whole soul and its best friend.

Mrs. Rivers, as well as her husband, was an earnest Christian, and when, after breakfast was over, Fanny stood with her head resting on her father's shoulder, she stooped down to kiss her, saying: "May the dear Christ keep you ever near Him, my darling."

Fred had escaped to the court below, and was trying to drive away the thoughts his sister's confession had awakened, for well he knew she had chosen the better part. This was the first time either had had any joy in which the other could not share, and Fred, unwilling yet to accept the Redeemer, was, it must be confessed, somewhat annoyed that Fanny had done so.

He wondered if Fan would care to go now to the gallery, and was a good deal relieved to hear her just then call:

"Fred, Fred, we are going now if you are ready."

He ran up stairs, took her box of drawing material from her, and was surprised, on looking around, to see his mother with her hat also on.

"It's delightful to have you with us, too, dear mamma," he said, "but, surely, you'll ride?"

"Yes, dear, and you and Fanny may do as you choose."

"Let's walk, then, Fred."

"As you like, on condition, however, that you act as guide."

"Agreed!" laughed Fanny, "it will be rare sport to lead you through these crooked, Milan streets, but I doubt if I bring you out at the Brera! However, we'll see."

## OUR PLAYHOUSES.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

Through the fever-few, that flowered  
All along the crooked lanes;  
Through the orchards, close embowered,  
Through the sunny, barley plains,  
Where the swarthy reapers, shouting, loaded up  
The heavy wains.

Through the woods where leaves a-shaking  
Sent a murmur on the wind;  
And a sparrow, half-awaking,  
Sung the dream that filled his mind:  
Looking for our rocky houses, so we left the  
world behind.

Lo! we found them, set in mosses,  
By a softly-humming brook;  
Flat and massive, rough with bosses,  
Like the shields the giants took  
As they sallied forth to battle, while the ground  
beneath them shook.

Swift, we brought, for their adorning,  
Mosses from secretest dells,  
Poppies wet with dews of morning,  
Buttercups, and bluest bells,  
And we rifled brook and dingle, for their brightest  
stones and shells.

Doors, we had, both wide and stately,  
Hung with wreaths of ivy green;  
Beds of flowers, planted straightly,  
With their tiny walks between,  
Sloping, terrace after terrace, to the water's  
crystal sheen.

Never palace floors were muffled  
With a carpet soft as ours,  
And the breeze, that by us ruffled,  
Brought a dash of locust flowers;  
While a mocking-bird was singing, singing all  
the summer hours.

Slowly, o'er the meadow's level,  
Lower, redder, dropt the sun;  
Then we made a royal revel,  
For the wondrous work was done,  
Bird, and bee, and saucy chipmunk, we invited  
every one.

Banquet hall, and feast, were splendid,  
Fire-flies hung on every spray;  
But if all the guests attended,  
We could never surely say,  
For an owl, among the hazels, hooted, and we  
ran away!

## EARLY TIMES IN OHIO.

BY GRANDMA GAGE.

NUMBER V.

Uncle D. was very proud of his boys, you may be sure, and Aunt Mary was wont to say "she loved them better than ever before, since the Good Father preserved them through such peril and made them conquerors."

But the boys were asking:

"What are we to do for shirts?"

A splendid piece of ground, down by the spring, had been cleared, and the boys had grubbed and smoothed it off ready for a planting of something. By the first of March they had a nice, log fence around it, and now it was to be decided what should be grown on it.

They had plenty to do; for the little cabin, rolled up in a hurry to hold Uncle D. and the two boys, was very full, now that mamma and all the little ones had come, beside Betsey, the oldest, and her husband, and little Joe, who had appeared among them on the twenty-ninth of February. Poor little fellow! to only have a birthday once in four years. But if he had not so many birthdays, he had, for many a year, the fame of being the second white child born in the state of Ohio, and when the first one died, he became the first living, white person born in the state.

Neighbors were coming in rapidly, and new cabins dotted the hills and meadows in all directions. After a time one was put up for Betsey and the baby, by her husband, close by Uncle D's. Next the patch of ground by the spring was plowed, just where the great panther was killed; and on one of the sunniest mornings in March it was planted with flax.

People plant flax in their gardens now, for the sake of its delicate, nodding, blue flowers; but then it was planted for the sake of the shirts which would be produced from its fibrous stalk. How this flax grew! Aunt Mary said "it seemed to her that the sun and the winds and the dews all conspired to give strong and rapid growth to that quarter of an acre of flax;" very precious to them, because clothes were scarce and the settlers poor, and the East, with its stores of dry goods, lay "far, far beyond the mountains."

But the boys were too busy planting, and hoeing, and clearing, and log-rolling, and burning brush—everybody helping everybody else—to think of ragged pants, or care for shirts out at the elbows. They had great fun when Aunt Mary made Will a new pair of pants out of her old petticoat, and then took his and Lu's old ones and made the latter a pair that were whole. Lu was a wag, and loved to sing,

"Willie is a gay boy, Willie is a bold one,  
Got a brand new pair of pants, made out of  
mamma's old—petticoat."

Turning the rhyme in a way to make even Will join the laugh.

To the neighborhood now forming at Belle Prairie, they gave the name Farmer's Castle, and this and Marietta were the only settlements in Ohio in eighty-nine. Another was soon started; but before I go on to tell about "Wolf Creek" settle-

ment, I must let you follow Aunt Mary through her summer's work with the flax. It grew wonderfully, and in May it was ready to pull and lay out in the dew to rot.

There is another thing for you to find out, my darlings; how they rotted and prepared flax in old times. No, no, I haven't time to tell you now. The weather this year was just right. There were plenty of showers and heavy dews at night, with hot suns in the daytime, and the process of rotting, as it was always called, went on finely. As soon as possible, the flax was gathered together again and put through a new "brake" that Betsey's husband, the best mechanic in the whole neighborhood, had made, swingled out under the old walnut tree, and hatched on a comb that had done like work in New Hampshire; and then Aunt Mary and Betsey and one of the neighbors spun it, and then it was woven by another neighbor, who had brought her loom in a cart all the way from her old home. As soon as woven, it was boiled out in lye leached from wood ashes, and laid on the grass in the sunshine and dried; dipped in the clear spring water and then dried again; and this was repeated until it grew almost white, although it was very brown at first.

Before the Fourth of July came around again, Lu and Will had good, strong, whole shirts, made from flax of their own raising and their mother's spinning; grown from the seed and manufactured into garments within four months. This was a grand story to send back to New England, and it hurried out the new comers, I can tell you. Every such success helped to stir the hearts and hopes of the eastern people, and to induce emigration. The little communities grew surprisingly, and during the latter part of the year 1789, a party of settlers made a scout up the Muskingum to the mouth of Wolf Creek, where, finding a beautiful valley, they decided to take possession and begin their farms.

Every new company that came on, was impressed to strike out and seek a better place, and every such company was sure they had secured the very best.

During this winter, parties of Indians of the Delaware and Seneca tribes, began to make their appearance at intervals at the settlements, creating considerable uneasiness, especially among the women and children. The men laughed at them, and seemed to think the Indians entirely friendly; and, as they killed the game and destroyed so many of the wild beasts, looked upon their presence as an advantage, rather than the contrary.

Meantime the lands were being rapidly cleared; corn, potatoes, pumpkins and melons had been planted over scores of acres, and yielded gloriously.

It was great sport in those days to go fishing, for the Ohio and Muskingum were well stored with catfish, salmon, buffalo, perch, and I don't know how many other kinds. Plenty of them, you may be sure; for, as old Ben Gerard, the scout, used to say in after years, when he told his yarns on the old door-stone: "There was a master sight of 'em; they had it all their own way ever since Noah's flood." It was called going a-gigging.

A gig was a long, iron spear with a barbed hook on the end of it, which was fastened to a pole; and the experienced fishermen threw a gig with almost as much certainty as the hunter could shoot his bullet from his rifle. It made a grand sight to see, when a half dozen men went out in their canoes on a dark night.

Do you know, in these days of yachts, and skiffs, and yawls, what a canoe was? I will tell you. When a boat was needed, a large, tall, sound tree was selected and cut down, the limbs and the bark taken off, and the outside made smooth and neat; the ends were rounded and brought to a point, and then one side was flattened; next, with the broadaxe and adze, the center was dug out, making, finally, a long, smooth, light trough, which, when laid upon the water, was capable of holding many persons and of carrying large loads. Nearly every settler had a canoe, and in these boats they went fishing.

At each end of the boat, fastened on the top of a pole, five or six feet above the water, burned, with a fierce, brilliant light, a torch made of a pitch-pine knot. As they pushed out into the stream and glided along near the shore, the bright rays of the torches would reveal the fish plainly to the watching eyes of the fishermen. A ripple upon the surface, a bubble coming up from below, would tell these experienced men where the game lay. Then steadying the boat with the paddles, the spearsman would lift his gig above his head, loosen the cord, which was always attached to the end of the gig, and standing well poised, would throw his weapon with mighty force into the fish that he saw, or guessed at, under the water. Away went the fish, if struck, with the speed of lightning, and if it was a large one, away went the canoe after it, until they would draw in the cord and bring the prey on board.

"It was a mighty nice night for giggin'," said Ben, "there wan't no moon, only a little horn hangin' over Harmar hills, and we had as neat a canoe as you ever see, me and Abe Whipple, and Storer, and Cartwright, and we were bent on a good time. We'd got the torches well a-goin', and were hangin' on our paddles and gigs, just down below the pint of Marietta Island, and Bill was singin' about the jolliest song you ever heard, I guess, when we seed, out ahead, a big snake, like, in the water."

"What's that?" shouted the commodore.

"Really I don't know," said I, "I'd think it was a wild buck a swimmin' the Ohio if he had any horns; but there's no sign of any. Hold your tongue, Bill Cartwright, for if men folks like singin', that varmint whatever it is, don't seem to, by the wake he makes down stream."

"Silence! get your ropes ready, boys. That's game. Keep her steady, now. Mind your eyes."

"Just then the critter seemed to take a turn and came a circlin' round and steered right up towards us. Fish often come up to the light."

"See! see!" said the old commodore, "we've got something, Ben. It may be the sea-sarpint. Look at the trail it leaves behind it."

"So we kept on talkin', low-like, the canoe a driftin' more and more toward the critter, and he a swimmin' straight toward us, as if he hed a mind to know what a pine knot was made of. Bill swore it was a whale, he could see his head, and the old commodore looked as if he was clean flabbergasted, and I'll tell you, what the old commodore hadn't seen in all his trips, wan't worth seeing—at least, so he thought. Well, as soon as we got near enough, I let drive, and the gig took him right in the gills, and away the critter went. Maybe we didn't have a sail that night. We thought the very old Dickens had got us sure, and one spell, we didn't know but we'd have to cut lines and let him went, or go under. The canoe cut the water ten knots an hour, and the pine torches glared and streamed and scared the old owls in the tree tops and set them who-who-in', and the birds started from their nests and the boys was all a shoutin' and hurrahin' and holdin' on, for, blame me, if the thing wouldn't have pulled me overboard if I'd been by myself, or else have gone off with gig, rope and all."

"Well, what was it?" asked Joe, who couldn't wait any longer.

"What was it? Why, blame my timbers! it was only a catfish that weighed a hundred and fifty pounds and measured six feet. That was all."

"Oh! Ben, that's a whopper."

"Called it right, Joe. It was a whopper, and maybe we didn't live on cat that week. It was just the nicest fish that ever was fried or roasted. I expect it was the father of cats, for its like has never been heard of since. You needn't laugh: I can prove every word I've said. I can indeed. Go ask the old man, if you don't believe me."

So we asked father, and he said Ben had told the exact truth about the fish.

"I wish I had lived in those days," said Joe.

Do you, too, little reader? The cats were all well enough, and the panthers could be laid low, but in my next, I may open a new phase of this early life, which may make you wish something else, by and by.

All was not peace and plenty, though two or three years glided along very smoothly. Strong hands and brave hearts were ready for every emergency and overcame every obstacle, and they began to rest somewhat from their most toilsome labors, when rumors of war startled them from their repose. The crops had been fine in the summer of ninety, and many new families had come down the river or over the hills. The harvest was gathered in—prosperity seemed to attend them.

One morning, a scout came rushing into the neighborhood of Marietta, with a report that the Indians had shot a hunter over in Virginia, scalped him and left him dead.

It is the spiritual nature which lifts the willing soul above earthly things to commune with God, and hope for an after-life of perennial joys; and which will surely wait that soul, in the hour of dissolution, to the full fruition of heaven. Cultivate, then, this spiritual nature, as God's gift.

## CROOKED JACK.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

A queer fellow was Jack Grip. Queer because he never got enough money, and yet never seemed to know the right use of money. His family had the bare comforts of life, but his wife was a drudge and his children had neither books nor pictures, nor any of those other things so necessary to the right education of children. Jack was yet young, but he was in great danger of becoming a miser. The truth was, he had made up his mind to get rich. It took him some time to make up his mind to be dishonest, but he was in a hurry to be rich, and lately he had been what his neighbors called "slippery" in his dealings. Poor Jack! he was selling his conscience for gold, but gold could never buy it back.

But on a certain night in November, the night that my story begins, Jack was not at ease. His accounts showed that he had made money. He was getting rich very fast, but something troubled him. Shall I tell you what it was?

Just next to Jack's farm was a perfect beauty of a little place, on which lived the widow Lundy. Her husband had bought the farm and borrowed money of Jack Grip to pay for it. It was about half paid for when poor Lundy was killed by a falling tree. There was some money due him, and he had a little property besides, so that the widow sent word to Mr. Grip that if he would only wait till she could get her means together, she would pay up the remainder. But times were hard, and Jack saw a chance to make two thousand dollars by forcing the sale of the farm and buying it himself. It just fitted on to his lower field. It went hard to turn the widow out, but Jack Grip made up his mind that he would be rich. He tried to make it seem right, but he couldn't. He had forced the sale; he had bought the place for two thousand less than it was worth.

The widow was to move the next morning. She had little left, and it was a sad night in the small brown house. Poor little Jane, only ten years old, cried herself to sleep, to think she must leave her home, and Harry was to go to live with an aunt until his mother found some way of making a living. But the good woman did not lose her trust in God. That night she knelt down between her two children and commended them to the care of Christ. She prayed for Jack Grip, that God would have mercy on him. Trusting in Christ, they lay down houseless that night, for the little brown house belonged to hard-hearted Jack Grip.

Poor Jack could not sleep and dare not pray. He kept thinking of something in the Bible about "devouring widows' houses." He could not forget the face of an old Quaker who had met him on the road that day and said: "Friend Jack, thy ways are crooked before the Lord!" "Ye," said Jack, "but my money is as straight as anybody's, and my farm is a good deal nearer straight than it was before I bought the Lundy place." Jack could not sleep, however, for thinking of the old Quaker and his solemn words. He tried

to think that his possessions were straight anyhow. When he did sleep, he dreamed he was the young ruler that gave up Christ for the sake of his money; then he thought he was the rich man in torment. At last he opened his eyes, and though the sun was shining in at the windows, he thought things looked curious. The chairs were crooked, so was the bedstead. The window was crooked. The whole house seemed to be crooked. Jack got up, and found he was old and crooked himself. The cat and dog on the crooked hearth were crooked. There was nobody in the house but Jack. He took his crooked stick and went out through the crooked door, down the crooked walk, among the crooked trees, along the wall into the crooked cemetery, where were crooked graves with the names of his wife and children over them. As crooked Jack, with his crooked stick, followed by his crooked dog, took his crooked way back, he met the old Quaker, who said again: "Friend Jack, thy ways are very crooked." He went in at the crooked gate, and up the crooked walk among the crooked trees, in at the crooked door, and sat down on a crooked chair by the crooked hearth. The crooked dog lay down by him and the crooked cat mewed. He opened his crooked money-box and the gold coins were all crooked. "Here I am," said Jack, "a crooked old man, in a crooked old house, with no friends but this crooked old dog and crooked old cat. What is all my crooked money worth? What crooked ways I took to get it."

Crooked old Jack felt sick and lay down upon his crooked old bed. Somehow, his crooked old money-box got up on his breast and seemed to smother him. Then his crooked ledgers piled themselves upon him, and it seemed impossible for him to breathe. He tried to call out, but his voice died to a whisper, and the only answer he received was a low growl from the crooked old dog. Then the crooked old cat mewed. Poor, crooked old Jack was dying; and he thought of the Lundy farm, and wondered if his account on God's book was not very crooked.

Just then Jack Grip awoke, and found that all this was a crooked dream; but the perspiration stood in beads on his brow, and though it was broad daylight, and his wife and children were about him, Jack thought things were indeed crooked. In the first place, Jack was sure that his farm was crooked in the sight of God, for his new addition was little better than stolen. His home was crooked, for he had not made it a pleasant home. His children were crooked, for he was not educating them right. And then at bottom, he knew that his own heart was the crookedest thing of all. And so he crept out of bed and prayed God to straighten his crooked heart.

The Lundy's were all packed ready to start that morning. Bitter were their tears. But a messenger from Mr. Grip brought them a deed to their farm and a note, saying that, as some amend for the trouble he had given them, Mrs. Lundy would please accept the amount still due on the farm as a present.

There are many crooked people in the

world; some in one way, some in another. Is your heart crooked? Are you growing more and more crooked? And when you get to be a crooked old man or a crooked old woman, will your life look crooked to you as crooked Jack's did to him?

### UNCLE HEPWORTH.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

Dear old Uncle Hepworth sat in his easy chair, sound asleep. Softly his gray head dropped, now on this side, now on that. Did some angel catch the head of the old man in her hands, and cushion it there a moment? and then did another angel on the other side do the same service for Uncle Hepworth, that the sudden dropping of his head in sleep might not waken him? One thing I do know. Uncle Hepworth's brow was so broad, and the skin that covered it so fair, and the locks that crowned it so curly, silken, and silvery; his head was so full of all good knowledge; his eyes looked so kindly on us always; his ears were so quick to hear our cries and questionings; his mouth was such a fountain of fun, fine stories, and wise counselings; that a group of good angels ought always to have had him in charge. And from what I know of the old Book he loved, I believe they did. And I believe he knew that they did.

But, alas! I think the angel on the left side held her hands, just for once, a little too low; or perhaps she withdrew them, thinking it was time for somebody to wake, for, suddenly, down went the white head with a sort of jerk, and wide open sprang the beautiful eyes of the old man, and, with a pleasant smile, he said, "*Who was it kissed me?*"

And then I knew that the angels kept him, rocked him to sleep, and then kissed him awake again. So Nellie—our Nellie, of the blue eyes and brown hair—sprang to his side, gave him a kiss, and said, "It was an angel, Uncle Hepworth." Can I ever forget the dear old man's smile, as he looked into Nellie's eyes and said, "Yes, it was an angel that kissed me."

"And now, Uncle, for the dream you were to tell us."

"A dream! a dream!" slowly and musingly said the old man, as if he was trying to dream something out with his eyes open.

"Yes, a dream, such as you told us yesterday," said our Net.

And without further request or reminder the old man began:

"I saw a gardener planting in his garden a leafless and seemingly a lifeless tree. The autumn swept by, and no leaves grew upon it. The winter sheathed it often in ice, and crowned it oftener with snow. It seemed a frozen, useless thing. The first days of spring came, but still no leaves. 'Surely, thou hast wasted money and labor,' said the gardener's wife, 'only a fool would have bought and planted and so carefully tended a leafless, branchless stem.'

"'I think thee a fool,' said his nearest neighbor, 'for buying and planting so unpromising a stick.'

"'Never mind,' said the old gardener.

"In my dream the autumn came again. The sun had shone, the soft shower fallen, the summer breath fanned the naked tree. First it had sprouted; then the leaves came; then blossoms, fragrant blossoms burst forth; and now, in the autumn, fruit hung in beauty from the bending boughs.

"And I saw the gardener under the tree. The sun shone on the golden fruit and on his silvery hair, and he said, 'I knew there was life in that cold trunk and in those buried roots. I had faith. I believed in the hidden life. I believed in labor. And now my faith and toil and patience are rewarded.'

Uncle Hepworth then asked us to tell him what the dream taught us.

Nellie said, "Not to judge by appearances."

Nettie said, "Not to be laughed out of a true work."

Nellie again, "Learn to bide God's time for blossoms and fruit."

And the dream teaches other lessons besides these. Who of my readers can find them?

The Anchorage.

## THE Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1868.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

LET EVERY READER OF THE CORPORAL READ THIS NOTICE CAREFULLY, AND DO ME A GREAT FAVOR.

As publisher of THE CORPORAL, I want to ask a favor of all my friends. I know that there are thousands in every State who love our Paper and delight in the brilliant success which has marked its career, and I know you will be glad to confer the favor I ask. Our list has increased very largely this year, and we are rapidly running up towards the *hundred thousand* which we mean to reach by and by. The months of December, January, and February are generally supposed to be the best in which to get new subscribers, and they have thus far been the best with us, but March and April and May are certainly very pleasant months in which to get out among your friends; and as we can supply all back numbers, it is just as well to send names during these months as in January.

Now the favor I want to ask is this:

Let every reader of *The Little Corporal* send one new subscriber before the next paper is issued. Send a whole club if you can (and nearly all can if they will try), but determine that you will certainly send one. If you can find no one to take it in your own neighborhood, write to your friends at a distance, and give them all a chance to come in on your club. If you spoil your number by canvassing with it, write and tell me about it, stating what number it was, and ask for a new one, and I will send it free. If you want a specimen copy sent to any friend, who you think will subscribe, send the address and I will send the sample free, for I am determined to increase our list by many thousands during the months of March, April, and May.

Please don't defer this matter, but begin the work to-day, and remember to do all you can every day. Our

prizes are very fine, and I would like to send one to every person who now takes the paper, and many others. You all love *The Corporal*. Please show your love by remembering this request, and doing me this favor. Let us reach *one hundred thousand* before this year closes.

### EDITORIAL.

Do the little people who read THE CORPORAL know how long it takes to prepare and print the paper which comes to them all fresh and new every month? I dare say, now, when you sit down to guess out the puzzles, or sing the songs, or read the stories, you fancy the thoughts are yet warm from the brains that shaped them into words. If Mr. Sewell will let me tell a secret, I'll just whisper to you that some of these stories and songs have been waiting a long time in the editor's private drawer—almost all of them for two months—some much longer. It is only very lucky stories that ever get in there at all, for most of the poor things, when they call at the office, are dismissed, with a shake of the head, into the waste-basket. Private Queer keeps guard over another drawer, and there never was such a crotchical, particular, little fellow. He examines everybody that wants to come in, and unless they have something new and interesting to say, he turns his key and sends them away without a bit of ceremony. We are all a little afraid of his keen eyes and sharp bayonet, but he says he promised THE CORPORAL not to let any one in who did not march under his banner, with its motto, "*Fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful!*" and he means to be as good as his word.

When you read this editorial, if you ever do read it, the Spring will be here, for it will be the first of March; though I dare say it will not seem much more like Spring than it does now in the middle of January, with snow on the ground, snow in the air, and such a bitter-cold wind howling around the house. But by that time there will be sunny days occasionally, and in the woods the farmers will be making maple sugar. That's fun for you—to gather the clear sap from the wooden troughs, and watch it bubbling and seething in the great iron kettle hung from a pole over the fire. To find a late snow bank that the spring rains have missed, and dip the hot syrup into the cold snow, and take it up in sheets of clear amber "wax." To watch the sugar camp all night, and see the blue smoke of the fire go curling up among the bare tree tops, and get glimpses of strange stars, such as you never saw above the horizon in the early evening.

But I've often wondered what the trees must think of the proceeding. The sap is their life blood, and not a tiny leaf would ever start without it. All winter it is stored up in the roots, covered deep in the ground for safe keeping. But as soon as Spring weather comes, the twigs and branches telegraph to the roots, "Send us up some sap; it's high time we were at work!" Up goes the sap along its tiny channels; but, lo! somebody breaks the connection with an auger, puts in a pipe, and draws off the sap before it gets half way to its destination. How it must puzzle the trees to know what becomes of it! Do you know what the trees do about it? I'll tell you. They keep at work, and in a short time they stop up all the little, broken pipes with fresh wood, just as a scab forms when you cut your finger, and by and by the sap stops running into the farmer's bucket; and if he wants any more he has to make a new hole, or bore out the old one. That's a brave way to get over troubles, is it not? Instead of sitting down to whine and complain about them, go bravely to work and do the best you can to find out a remedy.

There's a lesson for you, little soldiers, from the maple trees. Emily Huntington Miller.

## WORDS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

We have many letters that we would like to answer here, but must defer them for the present. We receive many beautiful letters from our friends, both old and young, to which we would be glad to answer, but we cannot always. Remember, dear friends, we receive many hundreds of letters every day, and can send personal answers to only a few.

Ruth Tett.—Your puzzle will appear by and by.

Edward E. Breed.—We thank you for your Lynx story, but cannot use it.

Hattie F. P.—Your name and post-office are written so dimly that we can read only as much as we print. We however can answer your question.—Yes.

A. E. Finn, a printer's apprentice, writes: "Please continue to exchange with the Democrat and I will put your prospectus in our paper. My employer will let me do it, for he is kind to me, and wants to encourage me in doing good, and he says I can get as much of 'the good, the true and the beautiful' out of The Little Corporal as from anything else outside of the Bible."

With all our heart Master Finn; we exchange with more than two thousand papers, in fact, all who ask it, and down goes the Democrat on our list for 1868.

Mrs. J. M. Cornelius writes: "My little boys want me to tell you that though your premiums are very fine, they care more for The Little Corporal than all the prizes put together."

Barbara Hand, who signs herself "Your true friend till death," says: "Ma said I was getting too old to take The Corporal, but I don't think my grandma is too old to take it. Pa wanted me to take The—, instead, but I didn't like that idea, so he let me have my own way, as he generally does."

You are right, Barbara. You will never be too old to take and read and love The Corporal until you are too old to love "The good, the true and the beautiful." We have many grown up subscribers who love The Corporal for its own sake.

Mr. B. H. Mills, an old editor, writes: "My wife, who has been more than fifty summers, is quite as anxious to see The Little Corporal as any of the children, and I, who have been an editor for many years, enjoy it very much."

A mother in Fort Byron, Ill., writes: "To me The Little Corporal is worth its weight in gold. It cheers and refreshes me when I am weary with toil and care. I hail its coming as I do the sweet-scented blossoms of spring, after the cold and snow of winter."

Many letters contain expressions of affection for The Corporal and its editors. Rest assured, dear friends, your kind and loving words do not fall upon cold hearts, but are fully appreciated. We give a few extracts as samples.

S. C., of Edgington, Ill., concludes a letter of remittance with, "I shall try to do you all the good I can, for truly what is done for The Corporal is done for Jesus."

A mother in Canton, Ill., writes: "The chromo of Red Ridinghood came to Mary, and she was wild with joy and admiration. I told her I would get a frame for it immediately, and we would say nothing about it until it was in a frame, for I was afraid it would get injured, rolling and unrolling it so many times. She went out, and soon came in with a whole troop of little friends after her, to enjoy it with her. I am sure you would have rejoiced could you have looked in upon them, and witnessed their demonstrations of delight. I cannot tell you which expressed the most, their tongues, eyes, hands or feet, for they all fairly danced. May the same Saviour that 'suffered little children to come unto him,' ever bless and prosper you in your efforts to educate and ennoble the hearts of our little ones, and please accept the best wishes, and sincerest thanks, of many true and loving mothers, whose prayers you ever have for assisting them in their holy calling."

Now, who could fail to work with greater energy after such a letter as that!

Another correspondent says: "The first on the list I send, is the son of a poor widow, who says, 'the boy

must wear a patched coat so as to provide the more needful food for the mind.' Is not that a true soldier spirit?"

Yes, indeed, we are glad to enroll the name of John C. Yeck as one of The Little Corporal's soldiers. Fight for the good and the true, Johnny.

Mary C. Van Fleet writes, "As I am a little girl you will not expect me to write wit or wisdom, but I want to thank you for the pleasure your paper gives me. I want to fight for the good, the true, and the beautiful always, and never grow too old or too large to love to read The Little Corporal. I wish I could visit Emily Huntington Miller, though I have never seen her. I should love to put my arms around her neck, and should she return my embrace, I would remember it till my hair grew silvery and my eyes dim with age. May The Little Corporal live a thousand years, and every number be as good as the last."

Harry Fargo Welton.—We thank you for your nice letter. We think you certainly have "the best grandma that ever lived." Nearly all of us have that kind, either here or in heaven.

## WRITE FOR YOUR PREMIUM.

Whenever you have earned a premium, you should write and explain what is due you, and request us to send it. We never send any premium until we know what you desire. This rule is necessary. For instance, some one might send us ten dollars; now suppose, on the receipt of the money, we should send the Chromo premium; the picture would reach them, and they would write at once, to say that this was not the premium desired—that they were working for the Organ. Then would come correspondence and much bother; and so with other premiums. The best way is, when you have completed your club, to write us a note something like the following, (filling the blanks to suit your case):

Dear Sir: I have now sent you—subscribers, whose names and post offices I here repeat, so that you may compare the list with your books, and see that they are all correctly entered. [Here write all the names and post offices in full.] This list, according to your terms, entitles me to the prize [Here state what the prize is], which you will please send to me.

Signed,  
[Here give your own name and post office address in full.]

A few who have not understood our rule, have complained that their prizes have not been sent.

Please remember that we desire to send every prize promptly, as soon as it is earned; and if you will, as soon as a premium is due you, write us a note something like the above form, your case will be attended to immediately. If you neglect this, we do not know what prize you are working for, and consequently do not send it.

Send this note after your list is full.

## SPRING IS HERE.

So says the Almanac. The March winds may blow, and the north wind may bite our fingers and ears, but we may be sure it cannot now be long before we shall see with delight the blossoms, and grass, and green leaves.

March is a good month for raising clubs. We can furnish plenty of back numbers, so that all who desire it may begin with the January number. If any prefer to begin with the April number, be particular to tell us so when you write, otherwise we will begin all subscriptions with the commencement of the year. Every subscription must begin with the quarter, either January, April, July, or October, and we can always send all back numbers desired, either bound or unbound.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our superb steel line engraving is growing in popularity every month. As it is seen, throughout the country, people are learning to value it more and more. It is certainly the finest premium ever offered for so small a club. See list of premiums for clubs.

## HISTORY OF THE NORTHWESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION.

The whole country is familiar with the great work accomplished by the United States Sanitary Commission during the war, and it will be very interesting to all, whether they stood by the Government or opposed it during the struggle, to know that the inside history of the Northwestern Branch of that Commission is soon to be published, giving all the particulars of their work, prepared by authority of, and under the direction of the officers who controlled the organization during the entire war. The book is very graphically written by Mrs. SARAH E. HENSHAW, and is now ready for press. It will be issued within a few weeks, from the publishing house of ALFRED L. SEWELL, Chicago. Persons desiring early copies, or those who would like to canvass for the sale of the work, may write to the publisher for circulars describing the general character and price of the book. The sale will, no doubt, be very large, and all orders will be filled in the order they are received. Further particulars will be given in our next issue. We give below the words of the title page:

OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES; being a History of the Work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries, during the War of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw. Including a full report of Receipts and Disbursements, by E. W. Blatchford, Treasurer, and an Introductory Chapter by Hon. Mark Skinner. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher, 1868.

"PETERSON'S CHEAP EDITIONS FOR THE MILLION."—We have received from T. B. Peterson & Bro., of Philadelphia, Dickens' "Little Dorrit," and Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley."

They are CHEAP editions—oh! so cheap—small type, thin, poor paper, and cheaply printed. Any publisher who will be so wicked as to publish such editions as these, should be compelled by law to pay for the eye-salves and spectacles required by those who ruin their eyes in reading them. Such a law would break up the publishers, stop the vile, cheap editions, and the eyes of the nation would be saved. It would be cheaper and better for the people to buy higher priced books, that are decently printed on readable type. They would thus in the long run read more and save more money.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE, If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on strong rollers, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or The Little Corporal free for six months.

2. For a club of ten, at \$1 each, we send in the same way, an Oil Print, (an exact copy, with all the original colors, and same size as the original, 18 x 24 inches,) of Beard's great thousand dollar Oil Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF."

3. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. Send for circulars about these.

4. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive The Little Corporal free for one year.

5. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and The Little Corporal free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

For Tool Chest Premiums, see another article in this paper.

Crandall's Building Blocks are offered as premiums. See editorial columns of October number.

For Shot Gun Premium, for Boys, see last October No. None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 5, (the club of six).

The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10.



## TOOL CHESTS AS PREMIUMS.

We have now made arrangements with Mr. GEO. PARR, of Buffalo, so that we can offer his unsurpassed TOOL CHESTS as premiums for the Boys. These Chests will be very useful to boys of a mechanical turn, or for men as well.

*The Gentleman's Tool Chest.*—No. 161.—Size 2 feet 4 inches long, 1 foot 2 inches wide, and 10 1/4 inches high; made of cherry and ash wood, exterior French polish, brass trimmings and lifting handles, with partitions and drawers for each article. The tools are of the best quality, and sharpened for immediate use. Containing eighty different tools; weight 65 lbs. Price \$35.00 at the factory. This chest will be sent to anyone (by express) who will send a club of *Eighty-five* subscribers for one year to *The Little Corporal* at the regular price of one dollar each.

*The Youth's Tool Chest.*—No. 162.—Size 1 foot 10 1/4 inches long, 12 1/4 inches wide, and 9 1/4 inches deep, same shape, finish, etc., as No. 161. Containing 62 different tools; weight 45 lbs. Price \$25.00. This chest will be sent for a club of *Sixty* subscribers, as above.

*The Boy's Tool Chest.*—No. 163.—Size 1 foot 6 3/4 inches long, 9 1/4 inches wide, and 8 1/4 inches deep. Finish, shape, etc., same as No. 161. Containing 44 different tools; weight 30 lbs. Price \$15.00. This chest will be sent for a club of *Thirty-eight* subscribers, as above.

*The Juvenile Tool Chest.* with twenty tools, price \$7, will be sent for a club of *Fifteen* subscribers.

Anyone working for either of these prizes, and wishing to know more about the Chests and tools, what they all are, etc., can write to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

The chests will be sent by express, the receiver paying the express charges, as the prices named are those charged at the factory.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## AGENTS WANTED FOR

## MITCHELL'S GENERAL ATLAS

which is the Best, Cheapest, most Accurate, and only thoroughly posted Atlas published.

It contains ONE HUNDRED elegant maps and plans, showing correctly, clearly, and minutely, every County in the world; it gives every City, Village and Post Office in the United States and Canada; shows all the new Railroads, Towns, Territorial Changes, and Recent Discoveries.

Sent to any address, on receipt of \$10.00.

For terms to agents, call upon, or enclose stamp to  
R. A. CAMPBELL,  
mh-11 131 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

## MENDOTA WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

MENDOTA, Illinois, (at the Junction of the Illinois Central, and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroads). Building refurnished throughout, in first class style, in the fall of 1867.

COURSE OF STUDY full and complete as any Seminary in the land affords. Special attention to those preparing to teach, those helping themselves, and those desiring commercial instruction.

EXPENSES as low as the lowest, for the same grade of schools. Board and rooms in the Seminary building, for both ladies and gentlemen.

Spring Term opens March 25th, and continues 13 weeks. Fall Term opens September 2d.

For circulars, or admission, apply to  
mh-11 REV. S. N. GRIFFITH, A. M., Principal.

## THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL,

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, will be issued monthly hereafter from Chicago instead of New York. It will be under the editorial management of Mrs. Mary G. Clarke, who formerly had charge of it for many years. Mrs. C. will be assisted by several eminent writers of different religious denominations.

The Journal is one of the oldest, and one of the best Family Magazines of our day. It will be enlarged from thirty-two full octavo pages to forty-eight, making a volume of nearly six hundred pages. It will be richly embellished by steel engravings, and will thus make an elegant volume. It will always be religious, but never sectarian. It is made for the homes of our whole country.

IT IS A MAGAZINE FOR OLD FOLKS.

IT IS A MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

IT IS A MAGAZINE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

TERMS.—1 Copy, one year, cash in advance, \$2.00; 3 copies, \$5.00; 5 copies, \$8.00; 10 copies, \$15.00; 20 copies, \$28.00; 50 copies, \$65.00; 100 copies, \$125.00.

SQUASH SEED. Five best varieties sent by mail for \$1.00; one variety 25 cents.

Sent to A. P. Norton, Box 2141, New York, grower of seed, for a circular with engravings and description of the best fine varieties of squashes, with directions how to grow them.  
mh-11

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS  
AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of *forty* subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send *Fifty* subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH &amp; CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

## A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

THE ADVANCE.—Although started less than six months ago, *The Advance* has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest religious weeklies. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!  
GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!  
GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!  
GOOD READING FOR LITTLE FOLKS!  
GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!  
GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!  
GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!  
GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!  
GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN.  
GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

*The Advance* deserves all the praise it gets. As a family paper we know not where to turn to find one better calculated to educate and instruct.—*Press, Washington, Iowa.*

The contents are varied, the contributions fresh, timely and spirited.—*S. S. Times, Philadelphia.*

A most excellent publication. It is ably edited; its religious, literary, commercial and financial, news, and other departments, are full and complete. Its foreign correspondence is second to none.—*Advertiser, Calais, Me.*

It is radical in politics, its conductors believing that religion should govern a man's political as well as his other actions.—*Standard, New Bedford, Mass.*

It is, in general "make up," in the ability and care bestowed upon its articles, and in its interest and variety, fully equal to any journal in the United States.—*American, Media, Pa.*

It is alive to the interests of the hour, fully up to the spirit of the times, and numbers among its contributors many of the best men and ablest writers of the age.—*Republican, Delavan, Wis.*

*The Advance* improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

We like *The Advance* much. It seems to us fully equal to the older papers of the East, being at once sound and free, of high intellectual ability, and warm religious tone.—*Canadian Independent, Toronto.*

TERMS.—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent free to any who write for them. Address,

THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.



## A SAFE,

CERTAIN,

AND

Speedy Cure

FOR

NEURALGIA,

AND ALL

NERVOUS

DISEASES.

Its Effects are

Magical.

One package,

\$1.00, Postage 6 cents.

Six packages,

5.00, " 27 "

Twelve packages,

9.00, " 48 "

It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs

and medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,

17-Jan

120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

## MENTAL AND SOCIAL CULTURE;

A BOOK FOR FAMILIES & SCHOOLS. By L. C.

LOOMIS, A. M., M. D., President of *Wheeling Female College.*

CONTENTS.—I. How to obtain Knowledge. II.

Observation, Readings, Lectures, Conversation, and

Meditation Compared. III. Rules Relating to Obser-

vation. IV. Of Books and Reading. V. Judgment of

Books. VI. Of Living Instructions and Lectures. VII.

Rules of Improvement by Conversation. VIII. Prac-

tical Hints; How and When to Speak, and What to Say.

IX. Of Study or Meditation. X. Of fixing the atten-

tion. XI. Of Enlarging the Capacity of the Mind. XII.

Of Improving the Memory. XIII. Of Self-Control.

XIV. A Cheerful Disposition. XV. Politeness. XVI.

Practical Hints on Behavior.

Price, post-paid by mail, \$1.00.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO., Publishers.

mh-11 430 Broome St., New York.

"AMER. SCHOOL INST," founded 1855, is a reli-

able Educational Bureau—

For supplying Schools with Teachers;

For representing Teachers who want positions;

For giving parents information of good schools;

For selling and renting School Properties.

All Teachers should have the "Application Form."

All Employers of Teachers should have "Amer. Educa-

tional Monthly" and "Teachers' Bulletin."

J. W. SCHERMERHORN,

mh-11 430 Broome st., N. Y.

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST

ENGLISH NEEDLES, put

up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any ad-

dress in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and

a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture,

and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.

tf-oc P. O. Drawer 6058.

## SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which

the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches,

Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 53d

edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to

ap-1f O. A. ROEBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

GEORGE PARR, Merchant, and Manufacturer of

Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS,

TOOL CHESTS, Etc. Also, Carriers', Shoemakers',

Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery.

Office and Factory,

dec-1f No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to can-

vass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's

great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the*

*Wolf.*" Sales will be easily made; the profits will be

large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly.

Write to us for particulars.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## KEEPING WARM.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

There was a stove in the room. The wise man sat by it and read till it was very late. There was a bed in the room, too, a narrow bed, and the wise man at last lay down on it and went to sleep. The fire burned out, the room grew cold, and the wise man dreamed as only wise men can.

How it blows, he dreamed. Now there was a crack above the window, and the wind made a noise. How it blows. How cold I am. How I toss in the air. I am wrapped up tight, but yet the wind gets at me. I must tuck myself in tighter. I must get dry and small. Ah ha! that's the sort. Now I am a nice bud, snug, dry—too dry to freeze! Blow, winds! Snap things, old Jack Frost, I'm safe and safer, small and smaller, dry and dryer; and while the wise man dreamed he worked hard and came half awake, a-tucking the corner of a blanket inside of his vest, and wrapping the bottom around his feet and knees, till he looked for all the world like the huge, old tree-bud he dreamed himself to be, tucked up dry and warm for winter.

The wise man fell off again into a sound sleep. The room grew colder. The wind blew in at the crack, and cold chills began to run up and down the wise man's back. So in his sleep he drew up his knees, and humped his back, and every time a chill started through him, he set his fur up on end, so as to make the hairs stand apart, and keep his heat in, as a cat does. He dreamed he was a cat, lying on the hay out in the barn, and when he shivered he curled up, till his knees got up to his chin, and he couldn't curl any closer. What a lean cat I am, to be sure! dreamed he. And my fur won't stand up as it used to. I've lain under the stove so long, that now my fur seems to do me no good. I might as well be a bare-backed man. *Me-a-oww*—how cold I am! And the wise man got awake, with an ache in his crooked back, and chills enough to set all his fur on end, if he had any.

The wise man got up very sleepily and went to a closet in the cold entry and got a comfortable, and put it on the narrow bed and crawled in again. Now this comfortable was covered with very shiny calico, and came out of a very cold closet, and the wise man fell asleep before his icy-cold covering had got warmed up. And he dreamed. People always dream when they sleep cold. Fools dream foolish dreams, and wise men dream wise dreams. So this wise man, under his cold covering, dreamed that he was trying to keep alive all winter and be ready to sprout up early and green in the spring. What did the man plant me for last October, and fool me into sprouting and growing up just as winter was coming on. I was green, but I never shall be green again, the way I feel now. It gets colder and colder, seems to me. I heard them say that perhaps all the wheat would winter-kill this year, unless the deep snow comes soon to keep it warm. A queer warm that will be! But I can't stand this freeze much longer! How I do ache.

And the wise man, in his dream, drew in his hand, which he had left outside the shiny comfortable, and tucked it into his bosom. By that time he had begun to get warm under his new, cold cover, and so his dream whispered itself away into nothing, as the snow fell, and the winter wheat fell asleep in comfort. I mean, the wise man slept too soundly to dream any more then.

Now when the wise man sits up very late, and sleeps in his library on the little, narrow bed, his good wife comes in softly in the morning, and starts up the fire. She did so this time. And before long the wise man began to be uncomfortable again, and of course he dreamed—a very queer, mixed-up muddle of a dream. He was a curled-up cat in the hay mow, a-trying to untuck himself and get a drink of something, he was so dry in the wind. And he unbuttoned his vest, sleepily, throwing off the shiny comfortable, which tipped over a pitcher of water, and he dreamed it was a spring thaw, and time for winter wheat to wake up and shed its fur, and burst into a blossom up in the peach tree.

Such a time the poor wise man had, that night! At last the bell rang and he woke up, feeling like a fool. His black clothes were all covered with lint. His eyes were red. His hair was a hurrah's nest.

He got his stocking feet in the pitcher puddle. There was no water left to wash in. And he mumbled to himself, as he went down stairs,

"There are a great many ways of keeping warm, but I'd rather read about them than dream them."

"Mercy! how you do look!" said Mrs. Wiseman, as her unhappy husband came into the breakfast room.

"Look?" said he. "You'd look, too, if you had set up till one, and then shivered all night trying to keep warm, like a bud or a cat or a seed in the ground!"

"You may be a very wise man, husband, but—"

Never mind the rest; the wise man never sat up so late again.

P. S.—I ran over and showed Prudy's question [see February CORPORA] about the black fern leaves in her water pitcher to "Old Eyes," my neighbor, and he says that a film of water remained on the sides of the pitcher, and as it froze crystalized, like frost on the windows, in fern patterns, and then the ice "*evaporated without thawing*," (!) leaving the black behind. I was astonished. Said I, "What do you mean? How can ice evaporate without thawing?" "That is none of my business," said Dr. Eyes; "but ice does evaporate without thawing, even when the thermometer is below zero. Put a pound of dry ice on a plate, and weigh the whole. Then set it out in the wind, and no matter how cold it is, the ice will waste away and lose weight, without thawing." "You've seen that?" said I. "I've seen it," said Old Eyes. "I'll tell Prudy, then."

## No. 14.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

## FOUNDATION WORDS.

My first is a slender, silent thing,  
Yet, held by master hand, awakes  
A power to reach the farthest shore  
On which my restless second breaks.

## CROSS WORDS.

One hero, in my rocky way,  
Has kept a hundred foes at bay.  
Slow fades the sunset's ruddy hue,  
And leaves me starlight and the dew.  
The second of the kings of Rome,  
Honored abroad and just at home.

Mary A. P. Humphrey.

## No. 15.—CHARADE.

My first is worn by boys and men;  
My second grows in the farmer's field.  
My third is a great staple of the west.  
My whole is a circle around the earth.

S.

## No. 16.—CHARADE.

My first with dainty care is lodged and fed,  
My second toils to earn his daily bread.  
My whole to range the sunny air was made,  
Yet in the water plies his busy trade.

Johnny.

## No. 17.—CHARADE.

One is said to have once worn boots.  
Two, Jack Frost gives the late flowers.  
The whole is good for medicine.

K.

## No. 18.—RIDDLE.

Hidden deep in a secret cell,  
Three little fairy sisters dwell;  
Each is clothed in a sober gown  
Closely fitting of satin brown;  
Never, since first the world was begun,  
Have these little sisters seen the sun;  
But each one hides in her secret heart  
Something that into life may start,  
Under whose shadow you and I  
Many a summer hour may lie.

Prudy.

## No. 19.—RIDDLE.

Keep me in an iron cell,  
And I'll always serve you well—  
I'm a servant tried and true;  
Loose me, and I'll master you.

Gerty.

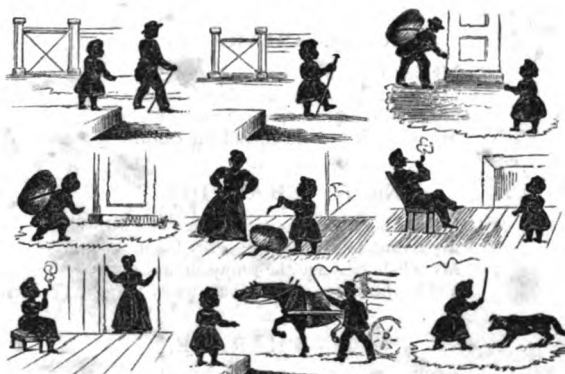
No. 20.—GEOGRAPHICAL  
REBUS.—A CITY IN INDIA.No. 21.—GEOGRAPHICAL  
REBUS.—A CITY IN CANADA.

No. 22.—A PICTURE STORY.



W. O. C.

No. 23.—A PICTURE STORY.



W. O. C.

No. 24.—CHARADE.

1. A little, wicked elf.
2. Yourself.
3. What we sometimes say of a fog.
- All. What naughty boys sometimes get punished for. *X. Q. G.*

No. 25.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Candy greet hit.

V.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

No. 8.—Puzzle.—Heat. No. 9.—Enigma.—Italy. No. 10.—Charade.—Ser-pentine. No. 11.—Charade.—Lamp-shade. *Peter Punster's Punning Picture Puzzle Story.*—1, Fast; 2, A head; 3, Fall; 4, (S) Cell; 5, Saw; 6, Bitten.

No. 12.—Picture Story.—Jack was a faithful dog, and liked nothing better than to make himself useful. When the men went out into the hay field to work, Jack must go, too. When noon came, and the men were hungry, they sat down in the shade of an apple tree, where Jack was, all ready, waiting for his orders.

"Jack, go down to the house and bring us the dinner."

Jack went down to the house, and barked as well as he knew how. The door opened, and Jack said, as plainly as he could say it, that he had come for the dinner. So they gave him the basket, and he trotted quickly off, with it swinging in his mouth. On his way back to the hay field, he espied a pretty gray squirrel running across the track. Now Jack was particularly fond of hunting squirrels, and always had been. So, before he knew it, he had dropped the dinner basket, and was in full chase for the unlucky little fellow. Jack had met a sudden temptation, and he forgot himself. As soon as his thoughts came to him, he ran back and picked up the empty basket, and went on. But the dinner was gone, and Jack knew that something was wrong. He came sneaking back, with his head hung down like a guilty dog.

"Never mind, Jack," said the men, "the best of dogs make mistakes, sometimes. You're a good fellow."

W. O. C.

No. 13.—Picture Story.—Cold winter has come. The snow sparkles in the morning light, and the frost glitters on the boughs of the naked trees. Hurrah for red cheeks and blue noses! Charley, bring in the wood, and make the fire crackle. There is Brindle mooring in the barn. You must open the door and turn her out, and then cut a hole in the ice so she can drink. She has been chewing hay in the barn until she is thirsty. It is a pretty cold morning for Charley, and he had better hold on to his ears with his mittens, or Jack Frost will find them out and bite them. Now put Brindle in the barn, and give her some good, sweet hay for her dinner, while you are off at school. Come in to the fire and thaw out your fingers, and take a good warming, and then, whoop! off for the snow track. You must have a little fun before school time. A few rides on the dashing, little "Wide-Awake," and a few tumbles in the snow, will stir up your blood, and you can study all the better for it. But run, now, it is time for the bell to ring, and you must take Lizzie on your sled. When school is done, you shall have a nice, warm supper, and a kiss when you go to bed.

W. O. C.

## Answer to Double Acrostic Charade from Aunt Judy's Magazine.

Two noble children, in Italian halls, It is in need we most esteem a friend—  
Obey the summons when their *Ajo* calls: *Need* whose beginning N is, D its end.  
And when the *nought* from *Ajo* has retired, And when we urge, "young ladies *tidy* be,"  
A J are left, the letters now required. The word concludes with Y, begins with T:  
The next we can more easily explain— Whereby those household words, *Aunt*  
From severed W two U's remain. *Judy*, do we see.

\* Vide Italian Dictionary.

## Answer to Charade from Aunt Judy's Magazine.

Folks must be fast asleep, and hear no more,  
Or else they would suppress their hideous snore;  
Well, take the S away, and you will be  
Where ends the Thames, and out upon the sea;  
Then from the *Nere* remove the letter N,  
And *Ore* you find was written by your pen;  
Abstract the O, and *Re* (in music D)  
Sounds on the scale when run from C to C:  
Dismiss the R, and E defenceless stands  
Like a dead letter, and disown'd by hands.

## Buried Cities and Countries dug up.—From Aunt Judy's Magazine.

London. Paris. Madeira. Madrid. Lyons. Palmyra. America.

WM. GOODSMITH & CO.,  
GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENTS  
FOR ALL  
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Office, No. 138 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. O. DRAWER 6058.

## REFERENCES.

Hon. John D. Defrees, Sup't Government Printing,  
Washington, D. C.  
Palisher of New York Tribune, - New York.  
" Amer. Agriculturist, - "  
" The Independent, - "  
Publishers of The Little Corporal, Chicago Tribune,  
Chicago Journal, Chicago Type Foundry; Rounds  
& James; Hon. Mark Skinner; E. B. McCagg, Esq.;  
E. W. Blatchford, Esq.; B. W. Raymond, Esq.;  
H. Z. Culver, Esq.; T. M. Avery, Esq.; Chicago.

Business men wishing to advertise in any paper in the  
Union, can send their orders to us. The Agent's com-

missions are paid by the publishers and not by the adver-  
tisers. Indexed files of papers from all parts of the  
country can be seen at our office.

Particulars as to prices, etc., will be sent promptly on  
application.

TO PUBLISHERS AND THE PUBLIC.—My ex-  
perience as a Publisher has taught me that publishers  
and business men generally, are distrustful of any Adver-  
tising Agent whose reputation is not fully established, as  
many in the business are irresponsible. I write this  
note for WM. GOODSMITH & CO., because I may,  
perhaps, be well enough known among publishers to  
have at least a small degree of influence. Mr. Good-  
smith's office is in the same building with *The Little*  
*Corporal*, and in his business he uses my exchange files.  
My knowledge of him as a man, as well as a business  
man, and my intimate relations with him are such, that  
I can heartily endorse him as entirely responsible and  
reliable. Any Contracts entered into by his firm will be  
fulfilled to the letter, thoroughly, and without delay, in  
a regular business-like manner.

ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, 138 Lake St., Chicago, Ill

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions  
may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified,  
we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning  
of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back  
numbers can always be furnished.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply  
enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than  
that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank  
Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.





# The Little Corporal.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

VOL. 6.  
No. 4.

Chicago, Ill., April, 1868.

## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### CHAPTER IV.

There was a great bustle in the lodging house, one morning in October, and Mr. Walters looked in at the door of the washroom, where about fifty boys were preparing for breakfast, and wondered what had excited them all so much. John Freeman was slowly reading a letter, written on a sheet of coarse paper, in a heavy, cramped handwriting, while his mates were gathered about him, some listening, some talking noisily.

"What is it, Sammy?" asked Mr. Walters, of a boy near the door. "Has John come to a fortune?"

"He's come to good luck, sir," said Sammy. "His uncle up in Michigan has sent for him, and sent a heap o' greenbacks along to bring him out like a gentleman."

"See here, sir," said John, triumphantly, holding up several bills; "he says I'm to buy decent clothes, and not come out like a beggar."

"Your uncle is very generous, I think, John, and I hope he won't be disappointed in you when he gets you there."

"O, I shall like farmin'," said John, confidently; "it's nothin' but fun out there, I've heard say; and then a poor feller has some chance to be somebody, up west."

"A fellow has a chance to be somebody almost anywhere," said Mr. Walters, "if he only has the right kind of stuff in him, and goes to work in good earnest. But then he's got to *make himself*—there's no use in expecting other people to make you."

John Freeman was half wild with excitement, and kept the boys in an uproar all the time they were eating, by telling them how he meant to have a farm as big as all New York, and that he would send for them all to come out as fast as he earned money enough.

"You needn't send for me," said a little Irish boy, roguishly. "I expect to be gov'nor 'fore that time, or else drive a boss car."

"You needn't send for me, either," said Jimmy Marvin, "for I expect to have a farm of my own."

"O land! got any uncles out west?" said another boy, jestingly.

"I've got *myself*," said Jimmy; "and I ain't afraid to bet I'll get my farm first, after all."

"Jimmy's a brick!" shouted Sammy. "I'll go two shillings on Jimmy. I never did believe in rich relations, anyhow. Why don't some of mine turn up, I should like to know?"

"You *have* a rich relation," said Mr. Walters, "who is well able to help you on in life—in fact, I'm sure He'd help you all, if you asked Him."

The boys stared in blank amazement, and one or two gave an incredulous whistle.

"I mean our Father in Heaven," went on Mr. Walters; my Father, and your Father. He has done a great deal for me. He has helped me along ever since I was a poor boy—as poor as any of you—and I never should expect to succeed in anything, without His aid."

Jimmy looked at Mr. Walters in surprise. Could it really be true that he had been a poor boy, as poor as he?

"I was born in England," said Mr. Walters, looking straight in Jimmy's questioning eyes, "and when I was only ten years old, my parents started to come to this country, because they had heard it was a good place for poor people to get along. They both died of ship fever on the passage across the ocean, and I was left, a little, lonely boy, to make my own way in a strange country. The last words my mother said, before she died, I remember as well as if I had heard them only yesterday. 'You're going to a strange land, Johnny,' she said, 'but there'll be the same

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### THE CROCUS.

BY PRUDY.

Darling little Crocus,  
Smiling through the snow,  
Though the skies are gloomy,  
And the bleak winds blow—

All the dreary winter,  
Hidden in the mold,  
Were your fingers weaving  
Robes of rarest gold?

Did the bluebirds tell you  
Spring had come again?  
Did you hear them talking  
In the April rain?

Do you never tremble,  
In your mantle green,  
When the nights are frosty,  
And the winds are keen?

*God to take care of you, and He always keeps His word. Don't be afraid, Johnny, He'll be sure to take care of you, if you only trust Him. Don't forget Him, and He'll never forget you.*

"That very day they buried my poor mother in the ocean, and as the water hid her from my sight, I promised the Lord that as long as I lived I would take Him for my Father, and ask His advice about everything. I've always done it from that day to this, and you see He has kept His part of the agreement, and taken good care of me."

"My mother died with ship fever, and Kathleen and the baby," said Sammy, with a grave look on his shrewd, young face. "I wish the old man would 'a gone, too, 'cause he licks me whenever he can catch me, and makes me give him my earnin's—bad luck to him."

Several of the boys went away with thoughtful faces that morning, but none of them were so deeply impressed as Jimmy Marvin. He had a kind of sturdy independence about him naturally, that made him confident of his power to accomplish anything that other people could do; and as he went about his work, he kept thinking over what Mr. Walters had said.

"I s'pose, now," he said to himself, "that the Lord 'll do just as much for me as He will for anybody; leastways—the chap that talked to us Sunday said He thought just as much of poor folks as rich ones."

Jimmy made up his mind to two things, before evening, and he came home to the lodging house with an expression on his bright, intelligent face which attracted Mr. Walters' attention at once. After supper, instead of joining the boys in the playroom, he went to the little office, where Mr. Walters was crediting the amounts paid into the Savings Bank by the boys during the day.

"Well, Jimmy," said Mr. Walters, pleasantly, "did you want to see me to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, looking very much excited about something. "I've made up my mind to go west."

"Have you?" asked Mr. Walters; "you are not going with John Freeman, are you?"

Mr. Walters was a good deal relieved at the decided "no," with which Jimmy answered his question; for he felt a great interest in Jimmy, and did not like to have him too much under the influence of such a boy as John Freeman.

"I'm going on my own account, sir," said Jimmy. "I mean to pay my way with my blacking brushes, as you told me once; and I thought I'd leave my money here for safe keeping, till I want to go into business somewhere."

Mr. Walters smiled a little, and then asked, "What part of the west did you think of going to? You know it is a pretty large country."

"I don't know," said Jimmy, whose ideas of geography were not very clear. "I thought maybe there'd be a city up there somewhere at the end of the railroad."

"Yes," said Mr. Walters, gravely, "I believe there is one—several of them, in fact. See here, Jimmy, I'll make you a

map. This is New York, in this corner—not the city, but the whole State—and this little dot here is the city. On here is Ohio—that's another State—then comes Indiana and Illinois, and up here is Michigan, where John Freeman is going. That is enough for your purpose. Now this mark is a railroad; it starts here from New York city, goes clear through the State, then through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to this dot. That is another great city, called Chicago. This dot here is the city of Rochester—this is Buffalo—this is Cleveland—and this one down here is Columbus. I'll print the names, and you can keep the map to look at. Now do you want me to advise you a little?"

"I meant to ask you about it, because I thought I'd better start to-morrow."

"So soon? Well, perhaps it's best, for the bootblacks will tell you this is a famous month for muddy boots. If I were you, I would make up my mind to go to Ohio, and no farther, at present. Do you think you can manage it?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, confidently. "I ain't afraid to try."

"I think, on the whole, you'd better take your money with you—at least a part of it; you know you might be sick, and it would not be safe to go without any."

Jimmy nodded his head, and Mr. Walters took out his knife and began slowly to sharpen his pencil. He felt as if he wanted in some way to help Jimmy a little more, but he could not see just how to do it.

"I might give you a letter to some one in Cleveland, if I knew just who would be likely to do you any good," he said, reflectively. "It seems hard to start out with no particular plans, and no one to plan for you."

"Mr. Walters," said Jimmy, hesitating, "you told us boys, this morning, about some one who planned things for you, and brought you out all right, and I thought, maybe, seeing it wouldn't be any trouble to Him to look after me a little, I might as well ask Him to take me in hand."

"Well," said Mr. Walters, as Jimmy paused.

"Well, I just asked Him about it, and I agreed to do my part as well as I know how; and if He'd help me to get on, why by and by I'd give some other chap a lift."

"And so pay off your debt to the Lord, and make it all square, I suppose," said Mr. Walters, looking keenly at Jimmy.

"No, sir, not quite that, I suppose. Mr. Felton told us that it was only giving Him back His own again; but we can't do anything for Him, you know, and so we have to do it for other folks—just to show we ain't shamming, you see."

"I see," said Mr. Walters; and he added, more to himself than to Jimmy, "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

The next morning Jimmy astonished the boys by gravely bidding them good bye, and starting away for the western train with Mr. Walters. They were full of noisy good wishes and rough jokes, but Jimmy was very quiet and grave. He felt as if he had undertaken a great thing, and although his courage was as good as ever, yet it really was running a great risk, for a

boy like him to leave everybody he had ever known, and start out to make his way alone. Mr. Walters took him to his own home, and gave him a warm, comfortable breakfast, and his wife sewed up Jimmy's money in a little bag of oiled silk, which she fastened in his clothes.

"This is your '*distress fund*,' you know, Jimmy," she said, "and you are only to use it in case of need."

"Yes 'm," said Jimmy; "and I wish you'd put this card in with it."

Mrs. Walters glanced in surprise at the soiled bit of pasteboard, worn and torn at the edges, and read aloud, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

"That's a good motto, Jimmy; where did you get it?"

"A little girl dropped it on my crossing, most two years ago. That was what first made me think about trying to be somebody—that and what the lady said to me about it."

Mrs. Walters put it in the bag with the money, and Jimmy's little account book, where all his savings were set down. Then Mr. Walters brought out a little trunk of Japanned tin, and put Jimmy's brushes and block into it, saying,

"There, Jimmy, that little trunk held all my property when I came to this country, and I'm going to give it to you to put your fortune in."

Jimmy was delighted with the trunk, and could not help thinking it gave him a respectable look. One hour later, Mr. Walters saw him seated in a second-class car, bound for Rochester, and bade him good bye with hearty regret, yet feeling confident, after all, that he should be sure to hear again from Jimmy Marvin, and that he should hear nothing but good.

One cloudy morning, near the first of December, a quiet, shrewd-looking, little fellow was walking up and down the platform of the great depot in Cleveland, watching the men as they tumbled the trunks and boxes from the baggage cars to the trucks, and seeming to have an eye open to everything that was going on. He carried a little, tin trunk in his hand, and had quite the look of a man of business. A train that had been switching up and down now gave out its warning whistle, and, as the passengers left their breakfasts half eaten, and hurried on board, a brakeman, who had been watching the boy, called out,

"Here, tin trunk! want a job?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, promptly, as he hurried to the train.

"Jump up here, then;" and he caught the boy by the hand and swung him on to the platform, just as the train moved out of the depot.

"What's your name?" he asked, holding fast to his brake, and peering ahead to see the switch tender's signal.

"Jimmy Marvin," said the boy.

"Ever run on a train?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I've sold newspapers, and blacked boots, and picked rags, and done lots of other things."

"You'll do, I reckon. You see 'Peanuts' is took down with fever—"

"What?" asked Jimmy, ignorantly.

"'Peanuts'—he's the train boy—tends to the fires, waters the passengers, and



makes money out o' the greenies with peanuts, pop corn, and candy, and such."

Here the brakeman left Jimmy and bolted through the car, in obedience to some signal, and while he was gone Jimmy had a minute or two to think about it. He liked the idea, on the whole, and when the brakeman came back, he readily agreed to take the place of the train boy until he got well again.

"Providin' he *does* get well," added the brakeman. "The chances are allers agin' a feller in them cheap boardin' houses; between the nussin' and the doctor, it's a hard row. Ef he dies, the News Company that takes charge of a good many of the roads may put a boy on. We had a special bargain with Peanuts, and he was a reg'lar *straight outer*—no cheatin' or shammin' about him."

"That's the best way," said Jimmy, decidedly; and he entered upon his new duties with a determination to do his best to win a good name, too.

There was nothing for him to sell that day, but he attended to the fires and carried water through the cars, and the good-natured brakeman promised to go with him, when they reached the end of their route, and recommend him to the man of whom Peanuts used to buy his stock in trade.

"I don't know nothin' about ye, youngster," he said, as they walked along, "but I've took a fancy to you. I've seen heaps o' boys, and I know the cut of 'em mighty well."

Jimmy invested a small amount in candy, oranges, and peanuts, according to the brakeman's advice.

"I shan't buy pop corn," he decided, "for it ain't fit to eat unless it's fresh; and if I get on well I'll buy a popper and pop it myself. That'll be cheaper, and better, too."

The brakeman offered to take Jimmy to his boarding place, and let him share his room, until he could make some other arrangement. To be sure, it was only a poor, little room in the fifth story of a dingy boarding house, but Jimmy had slept in worse places; and, by the time he had told the brakeman his story, what he had been and what he meant to be, the man was so much interested in him, that he privately made up his mind to let him stay with him, provided he proved to be what they wanted on the train.

And now Jimmy was fairly started in business, and he felt at least five years older, as he planned his daily purchases, and counted up his daily gains. He was so attentive and obliging, that he was soon a favorite on the train, and he still shared the room of the brakeman, staying one night at Cleveland and the next at Columbus, so that his board cost him much less than if he had hired a room.

He found out the sick train ooy, at Cleveland, and many a nice orange found its way from Jimmy's basket to the little, broken stand in the boarding house, to cool the sick boy's feverish thirst. Poor, little, sick boy! Tossing on his hard bed all the weary day and all the dreary night, with only now and then a hasty visit from the busy doctor or the careless nurse, how he dreamed, in his delirium, of the little

cottage home away in Canada—as poor and as homely as might be, but sweet with the fresh air of the hills, and pleasant with the children's voices and the mother's song. He had learned to speak the strange, English tongue, that sounded so harsh to him, but now, in his fever, he went back to his native French, and sang snatches of songs, as if he were driving home the goats, or fishing in the far-off waters of the sunny rivers. There was nobody in the little, Canadian home to write letters, and so the simple mother and the brothers and sisters wondered that no more letters came from Pierre—no more money and no more kind messages; and by and by they left off talking about him, only the mother would sometimes cry over her spinning, and often watch the path over the hills where the goats came down to the fold, and half expect to see her boy come whistling home behind them. And in all the years that they watched and waited, there never came any one to tell them of the dreary sick bed, and the boy with his foreign speech, who only left it to go out and lie under the winter snow, in a narrow, nameless grave. It was a great deal better, perhaps, that they never should know.

[To be continued.]

### THREE WHITE MICE.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

I will tell you a story of three little mice,  
If you will keep still and listen to me,  
Who live in a cage that is cozy and nice,  
And are just as cunning as cunning can be.  
They look very wise, with their pretty, red eyes,  
That seem just exactly like little, round beads;  
They are white as the snow, and stand up in a row,  
Whenever we do not attend to their needs.

Stand up in a row, in a comical way—  
Now folding their fore paws as if saying  
"please;"  
Now rattling the lattice, as much as to say,  
"We shall not stay here without more bread  
and cheese."

They are not at all shy, as you'll find, if you try  
To make them run up in their chamber to bed;  
[ah! no,  
If they don't want to go, why, they won't go—  
Though you tap with your finger each queer,  
little head.

One day, as I stood by the side of the cage,  
Through the bars there protruded a funny,  
round tail;  
Just for mischief I caught it, and soon, in a rage,  
Its owner set up a most pitiful wail.  
He looked in dismay—there was something to pay—  
[out;  
But what was the matter he could not make  
What was holding him so, when he wanted to go  
To see what his brothers up stairs were about?

But soon from the chamber the others rushed down,  
Impatient to learn what the trouble might be;  
I have not a doubt that each brow wore a frown,  
Only frowns on their brows are not easy to see.  
For a moment they gazed, perplexed and amazed,  
Then began both together to—gnaw off the tail!  
So quick I released him—do you think that  
it pleased him?  
[gale.  
And up the small staircase they fled like the

### THE STRAWBERRY FEAST.

BY AUNT ANN.

"I declare, children, your father is forty to day," said Mr. Wells, as he arose from the breakfast table.

"But I must make haste to the shop, for we expect to do a great deal of work, these long days." And with a parting kiss for mamma and baby, he was gone.

Mr. W. was a mechanic, who had worked very hard to secure that beautiful, little cottage, almost hidden from view, as it stood there, that bright June morning, nestled among the trees, and vine-covered trellises; and inside that little home, loving hearts beat, and you would think it some little remnant of Eden. But they could tell you that death had been there; that away up yonder they had two little lambs, safe in the fold that temptation and sin could never reach.

That morning, Mrs. Wells, Aunt Fannie, and the children, Johnnie and Nellie, held a long consultation; for when papa came home that evening, they were to have a supper in honor of his birthday. So, when it was ended, Johnnie was dispatched with invitations to a few friends to come and take tea with them.

That little hive was busy and happy all day; all "workers," no "drones;" even baby crowed and capered, and would be heard.

The friends had come, and at last papa was discovered, coming down the street. He entered, looking tired and careworn. After the greetings were over, he was led to his armchair, by Nellie. There lay a mysterious bundle on the cushion. It was found to contain a new dressing gown, and embroidered slippers, presents from Mrs. Wells and Aunt Fannie.

Then the tea bell rang, and we were invited by Johnnie and Nellie, (who were the principal movers in the whole arrangements,) to "all take tea in the arbor." It was a short walk through the garden, with the walks bordered with pansies, pinks, sweet Williams, and buttercups. When we reached that delightful place, it was as though we had suddenly entered some favorite haunt of the fairies. The arbor was covered with grapevines, with here and there a climbing rose, with its crimson buds peeping through. In the center, or dome, hung the cage of canaries, who seemed to perfectly understand their part of the programme. It really seemed as if their little throats would burst with warblings.

High over one entrance hung a beautiful banner, with LOVE inscribed upon it, with some pretty and delicate leaves. In the other hung a bead basket, sparkling through the sprays of lobelia that almost covered it; and here and there were little pots of fuschias and geraniums, resting on moss-covered brackets.

But the table was really the most beautiful of all. Mamma had lent her damask for the occasion, and around the border, at intervals, were strawberry leaves arranged in graceful clusters; then a tiny bouquet at each plate, together with the snowy napkins, encircled by little rings of myrtle. There were the nice, light biscuits, and

sponge cake, strawberry tarts, and papa's beautiful pyramid cake, covered with frosting, with a bunch of crimson fuschias arranged in the center. The butter looked like a large, golden pineapple, surrounded with glossy, green leaves. But in the centre of the table stood a great, glass dish of strawberries and cream. The berries so large that Nellie had declared, confidentially, to Johnnie, that morning, that for politeness' sake they should be cut in pieces.

Beside Mr. Wells' plate lay a little note, which read as follows:

"DEAR PAPA: This is to celebrate your birthday. May you live long to enjoy strawberry feasts, prepared by the children that love you.  
JOHNNIE and NELLIE."

Mr. Wells did not forget to give thanks to the Great Giver of all these good gifts, and his voice grew tremulous with very joy.

But I have not time to write all the pleasant things that were said. How Mr. Wells thought he had grown ten years younger since the morning; how happy Nellie and Johnnie were; what a pleased, thankful look was upon Mrs. Wells' face; and how they all enjoyed it.

But I must not forget to tell you how patiently the children had worked for all this. How Nellie had burned her little fingers, and tried a long time, with mamma's help and directions, to make biscuit and cake, before she was sure she could do it for this occasion. Then Johnnie had cultivated those strawberries with his own hands. Nobody had hoed them and kept the weeds out but himself; he had kept the runners off, and taken a great deal of pains with them; and now felt doubly paid by the happiness his industrious habits had given his parents, and to think he could bring the first dish as a thank-offering for his dear father's birthday supper.

I thought how much children can do towards making home happy.

How many of the little boys and girls of THE CORPORAL, the remainder of this year, will try to do so many good, true, and beautiful deeds that their parents may be made so much happier as to look "ten years younger?"

#### THE SUNNY SIDE.

Around on the sunny side of the barn, there stands old Brindle, chewing her cud. It is a cold day, and every one loves a warm spot. Old Brindle thinks she has the nicest place in the whole world, and she would not change her lot for any other that you could give her.

Old Brindle, what are you thinking about? Chew, chew, chew, is all she says in reply. Her eyes are half shut and half open, and she seems to be dreaming about clover meadows, down in the lowlands by the brook. Dream away, old Brindle; you are welcome to the warmest spot you can find behind the barn. I wish that I and all the rest of us were as contented and happy as you are. There, I pat your kind, honest, and loving face, old Brindle.  
C.

#### FRANKIE'S FIRST STEPS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

So you've found your feet, at last,  
Merry little one!  
'Tis a long and weary path  
You have just begun.

Now the gold of morning shines  
Through your skies so blue,  
And the blossoms wait your tread,  
Fresh with early dew.

Now a father's guiding hand  
Leads thee on thy way,  
And a mother's watchful love  
Guards thee night and day.

By and by the little feet  
Rougher paths must tread,  
When the morning gold is dim,  
And the roses dead.

Will you battle for the right,  
With a purpose strong?  
And your feet, in spite of thorns,  
Bravely press along?

None can tell what life may bring,  
Little child, to thee;  
But the Father's tender love  
Cares for you and me;

We can trust His sleepless eye,  
Though our sight be dim;  
Safe in any path we tread,  
If we walk with Him!

#### APRIL.

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEK.

Steal balmily up from the fragrant south,  
O winds of the April time,  
And wake the flowers, that have slept so long,  
With tales of a sunny clime.

Come murmuring over the barren hills,  
And down in the valleys low,  
Where moss, and daisies, and violets sweet,  
Are waiting, waiting, to grow.

And kiss with your warm, wooing lips the buds  
On the bare and lonesome trees,  
Till they swell and burst, in their living joy,  
Into the shimmering leaves.

Blow over the skies of a deep'ning blue,  
Till the purple clouds shall lower,  
And the softly-pattering rain drops fall  
On the waiting bud and flower.

Then the shadowy clouds will pass again,  
Chased by your breath away,  
And the arch of the rainbow bend above,  
And the sunshine crown the day.

Spirit of April, be tender and warm  
To the world awaiting long  
For the chilling fetters to melt away,  
As your garments trail along.

Breathe lovingly over the weary hearts  
That seem to be growing old,  
Till the beautiful faith of childhood lost,  
Shall out of the dark unfold.

And whisper sweet things to the children, too,  
With brows like an April day,  
(Where the sunbeams are chasing the shadows),  
And fair as roses of May.

Then go kiss into blooming the daisies  
O'er two little graves I know;  
Though you cannot awaken my blossoms,  
A-sleeping so still and low.

#### FANNY'S OWL.

BY COUSIN KATE.

Fanny was sitting on the bed in Aunt Jane's room, listening to a story. When this good aunt was in the right mood her narratives marched along without break or hindrance, but to-day she found it hard work and was glad enough to reach the end.

"There, Fanny," she said, "don't ask me for another story this morning. Get off the bed and run up to the 'little sky' and see what the paper dolls are doing."

As Fanny slid down, obedient to this suggestion, a rustling, fluttering sound was heard in the wall.

"O, Aunt Jane, what's that?" cried the little maid.

"Rats, I presume," replied her aunt; and Fanny went off to the "little sky." This was the name, which, long before, in her days of babyhood she had given to her play room in the back chamber. Here were congregated her dolls and all their furniture; here were her toys, her every-day picture books, and the innumerable fragments of her playthings. The "little sky" resembled Blue Beard's closet in respect to the legs and arms and mutilated bodies that were lying everywhere about. Here was the paper-doll's garden made of lovely mosses with bits of looking glass set in for lakes; here were stores of gilt paper, strings of beads, bright scraps of silk, and many another thing to charm the heart of a little girl. Fanny amused herself very comfortably till dinner time, and Aunt Jane had great peace meanwhile.

The same rustling, fluttering sound was heard that afternoon and next day, and the next. Aunt Jane abandoned her theory of rats and called in Fanny's mother to determine what the noise could be. But she could give no information; so when papa came home at night he was seized upon by the eager Fanny, and taken in to listen. He looked about a little and thought he could account for it. The stoop, which was next to Aunt Jane's room, was not boarded up quite as high as the room itself; a bird, he said, might have flown in between the walls and been caught in such a way that it was unable to fly out again. Upon this Fanny, who had been watching the investigation with the greatest interest, became quite wild with excitement. Nothing would do but that her father should set at work immediately and rescue the little prisoner.

"After tea," he said, "we will see about it."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Fanny, half crying. "Suppose you had fallen into some dreadful place and couldn't get out, how should you like to have people wait to take their tea before they came to help you?"

The father smiled at the eagerness of his little girl.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "Run out to the carriage house and get the hand saw and we will see what can be done."

Fanny speedily returned, and Mr. Lewis began to saw the board siding of the stoop. Presently a small, square opening was

made. Putting his hand in the aperture he groped cautiously about.

"Here it is!" he cried. "I've got it, Fanny!" and that small maiden looked on with breathless interest as he slowly drew forth his hand and brought to light the strangest-looking bird. In all her six years' experience of the world she had never seen anything like it. Its head was very large, its eyes immense and bright, and rimmed with a ridge of feathers; about its head and neck, also, grew a thick fringe of feathers, almost like a ruff, while a long, hooked beak added to its singular appearance.

"An owl!" exclaimed Mr. Lewis as he set it down, "a young owl!"

The poor bird drooped, but its great, round eyes stared about with a look of wisdom wonderful to see.

"Why it seems as if it knew us," said Fanny.

"Yes," said her father, "it is a very intelligent-looking bird. Put your hand on its neck; feel how soft these feathers are."

Fanny touched the creature's ruff with her little fingers.

"It's softer than silk," she said; "it's softer than velvet! Are you sure he won't bite, papa?" drawing back a little.

"He's too much exhausted to be cross," replied her father. "If he had been well and strong I should not let you go near him so freely. But the poor thing is weak from hunger. Can't you get him something to eat, Fanny?"

"What shall I get?" she asked.

"How would bread and milk do?" said her mother, who had been summoned to view the stranger.

"Not very well, I'm afraid. Owls eat mice and delicacies of that description; bread and milk would be rather tame for them. Some bits of raw meat will be better."

"What a solemn-looking fellow he is," said Fanny's mother. "It is Minerva's bird, sure enough."

"No, it isn't," said Fanny, with decision. "It's *my* bird; mine and father's. I discovered it, and he got it out for me."

"You don't know who Minerva is," observed her mother.

"One of those Dutch women, I suppose, that live behind the woods. She can't have my owl, who ever she is."

"Her claim is older than yours, my dear. She was the goddess of wisdom, and was represented with an owl at her side."

"I don't think much of gods and goddesses," said Fanny, indifferently. She was by this time quite absorbed in feeding her new pet, so much so, that she could hardly be prevailed upon to come in to her tea. His great, bright eyes, his wise countenance, and above all, his wonderfully soft ruff, were the theme of her ardent admiration.

The "little sky" was fixed upon as his place of residence. Here he would have room to hop about, and, provided the door was kept shut, would be safe from that other darling, Friskarina, the Maltese cat. Here he remained a day or two, enjoying the society of the dolls, varied by frequent calls from Fanny. She regarded him with great solicitude, and consulted the older members of the family many times each

day about his welfare. He grew a little stronger under her supervision, but did not seem to thrive.

"He will do better out of doors, I think," said Mr. Lewis.

Fanny felt it hard to part with him, but would not stand in the way of her favorite's good. One morning she carried him to a sunny slope behind the orchard and left him there at liberty. Several times during the day she returned to inquire after him, but he was nowhere visible. She supposed he had got off to the woods, and fancied him sitting in some hollow tree, happy after the manner of his kind. She wondered if she should see him in her rambles next summer, and if they should know each other. And she asked her mother at least five hundred questions concerning owls and walks and woods in general.

It was in the autumn that Fanny found her owl. November storms came on before long, then the deep snows, and the little girl's excursions about the place were ended. The long winter went by in sleigh rides, and visits to grandpa's, and playing with the dolls, and hearing stories. One mild March day, when the snow had disappeared, except from a few nooks and hollows, she was well wrapped up and allowed to wander forth. She had been absent but a short time when she was seen returning, apparently in the greatest haste.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother, as she burst in. "And what have you got in your hand? The skeleton of a fowl, I should think. Put it down, child; it isn't fit to handle."

"Look there!" said Fanny, with solemn visage—and she pointed to the ragged remnants of a feathery ruff about the neck.

"Why!" said Aunt Jane, "what a pity! Emily, this must be Fanny's owl!"

"And I thought it was safe in the woods all the time," exclaimed Fanny, her solemnity giving way to violent grief. "Aunt Jane"—between her sobs—"I shan't ever see it this summer when I take my walks."

"No; but you'll see plenty of other birds, singing and hopping about; and squirrels, nice, gray squirrels with long tails. Won't that console you?"

"I suspect it must have starved to death," observed Fanny's mother, rather thoughtlessly. "Or, perhaps, Friskarina got it, after all."

"And just to think what the poor thing must have suffered!" said Fanny, greatly moved by these suggestions. Aunt Jane and the mother smiled at her pathetic tone, though they were careful that she should not see them.

The only consolation that remained for Fanny was to bury her unhappy favorite with all appropriate observances. She discussed several places of interment, and finally decided on the grove of wild plum trees at the foot of the garden.

"You know how pretty it will be there by and by," she said, "when the blue violets come out, and those yellow flowers that look like lilies. It is almost like the woods; and he was born in the woods, you know, and I think he would like to be buried there."

"No doubt," her older relatives assented—and about the middle of the afternoon they walked down to the new cemetery. The little sexton had just completed her work, and was leaning on the handle of the hoe, which served her for a spade. The dolls were out in great force to honor the ceremony. There was the large wax doll, Zenobia, and the plaster doll, Rosalie Mayfield, and the china doll, Amy Jameson, who wore her hair *a l'imperatrice*, and had a great deal of self-sufficiency and style. All the paper dolls, too, were present, dressed in the extreme of fashion; there they stood, carefully propped against shrubs and twigs to keep them upright. And Fanny herself, as has been said, leaned pensively on her hoe and looked at the tiny mound.

"Here's the monument," she observed, "if you'd like to see it before I put it up."

She held forth a shingle on which a bit of paper had been nailed, with pins for tacks. It bore this epitaph, done in lead pencil.

IN MEMORY  
OF  
A OWL  
WHO I FUND IN THE OR  
CHARD POOR OWL!

Mother and Aunt Jane behaved themselves with becoming seriousness till they came to "who i fund," when they broke into laughter certainly unsuited to so solemn an occasion. And Fanny, justly indignant at such a breach of propriety, drove off the intruders and set up the monument by herself.

#### TRAINING FOR A CAGE.

BY E. H. M.

Once, in your great city, dear LITTLE CORPORAL, I saw a very sad sight, at least it seemed sad to me. In a large cage at the Museum, lived what was called the "Happy Family"—cats, monkeys, rats, and other animals, which naturally dislike each other, but had been trained to live together in peace—though I must say they did not appear to be at all *happy*, but only stupid, and trying to make the best of the misfortune that obliged them to live together.

Truth to tell, LITTLE CORPORAL, I've seen some *human* families whose happiness didn't seem to amount to much more. Right under this cage was a small one, where a pretty, little, gray kitten was shut up, evidently being trained for the family above her. The poor little creature was very restless, and would come purring to the grate of her cage and rub against the bars, in a vain attempt to reach the friendly hands that were stretched out to her. It was painful to see the merry, affectionate kitten shut up where nobody could stroke her fur, or pat her head, and only those chattering monkeys, and the stupid dog for neighbors, and think that by and by she would give up asking for sympathy and become just like the rest of them.

But it made me think of something sadder I have seen in Chicago, and many other places. I have seen *boys being trained for a cage!* Only think of that, LITTLE

CORPORAL! Bright, pleasant, warm-hearted boys, being trained to forget all the love that God put into their hearts for "the good, the true, and the beautiful," and made only fit for living with thieves, and drunkards, and such miserable creatures. What a wretched life to live! The most pitiful thing about it is that often the boys are hardly to blame for their training, but take what is put upon them. They are poor boys, with no homes, or at best only wretched ones, with no one to teach them how to grow up into good, noble men. I saw some of these boys at the newsboys lodging house, and was glad to learn that a few, kind, Christian men and women are trying to save them from a life of misery, and train them for usefulness. But O, how much they need clothes, books, bedding, money—help of *every* kind. Cannot the happy little boys and girls whose lives have been kept from want, do something to help these poor ones? You have everything to train you for an honorable place in the world—think what it would be to be only *trained for a cage*.

### WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?

BY A CONNECTICUT MOTHER.

A favorite amusement with my children is to say, "Guess what I see in this room," beginning with giving the initial letter of something in the room; each child is allowed to guess in rotation till one is successful, when that child has the privilege of giving out the next thing to be guessed.

This game will commend itself to mothers who are very busy, as it does not in the least interfere with their work, even if they participate, as I often do, in the game.

My children have been interested in it for hours together; often puzzling their elders, and contributing greatly to the amusement of us all.

I remember an instance in which our little, seven years old daughter gave out G. S.

Her comrades all tried it many times, and, in despair, came to mamma; even she could find nothing in the room answering to the initials; grandma and great grandma tried in vain.

Our little puzzler was in ecstasies, and all the others much chagrined, and obliged to confess themselves unable to solve the question.

*Grease Spot* it proved to be: our little girl had discovered a small one on the carpet.

When they tire of this, I say, "My ship is coming in loaded with —," naming some article beginning with A.

They go on, each naming in turn something beginning with that letter, till they can think of no more; then they take B, and so on through the alphabet.

Mamma's dignity will not be at all compromised by taking part in these simple amusements and the little ones will enjoy them much better than if playing by themselves.

They have also several sets of the alphabet, cut singly. One child selects the letters necessary to spell any word which she chooses, without naming it, and, after mixing them together, requires another to place them in proper order to spell the word.

These games are, of course, adapted only to those who know something of spelling, but will tend to improve them in that art, and they possess the desirable qualifications of amusing without noise or trouble, and make no litter.

### BUNNIE'S JOURNEY.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

Bunnie was a little rabbit,  
Most beautiful to see,  
With overcoat so soft and sleek,  
As white as white could be.  
His home was in a dense, dark wood,  
A small house built with care,  
Down under ground, away from sight;  
Nobody knew 'twas there.

His father and his mother were  
Quite prudent folks, you know,  
And ne'er allowed sweet Bunnie  
Far out of sight to go.  
They told of hungry prowlers 'round,  
Of many traps and snares;  
How other little Bunnies white  
Were taken unawares.

But I'm very, very sorry,  
To be obliged to say,  
That their Bunnie did not heed them;  
One morn he ran away.  
"I will take," said he, "a journey,  
And see what I can see;  
My mother is over careful—  
No harm will come to me."

So, while his mother worked about,  
Thinking her darling slept,  
Out of his home of love and warmth  
Poor, foolish Bunnie crept.  
He scampered over brush and leaves,  
Lest she his tracks should find,  
And never stopped to look around  
Till home was far behind.

Then on a stump did Bunnie climb,  
The wide, wide world to view—  
"These trees and shrubs are just like ours,"  
Said he; "There's nothing new."  
So, disappointed, down he jumped,  
To rest his weary feet;  
And, being hungry, too, he wished  
For something good to eat.

"If I'd only taken breakfast  
Before I left!" said he;  
"My mother always did prepare  
Some dainty bit for me.  
Perhaps there's something hereabout;  
I wish that I knew where."  
But, as he started up to look,  
He fell into a snare.

Poor, little Bunnie! he was fast—  
He could get out no more.  
He cried aloud, but he was miles  
Away from mother's door.  
She could not hear her darling cry,  
And come to his relief;  
An ugly boy was standing near,  
Who laughed at Bunnie's grief.

All the rest of Bunnie's journey  
He was carried by the ears;  
His sad heart was full of sorrow,  
His eyes were full of tears.  
When the journey long was done,  
He found himself, at last,  
Shut up within a dark, cold pen—  
The door made sure and fast.

Poor Bunnie's heart was broken, then;  
He longed to be at home;  
The wide, wide world was naught to him;  
He died that night, alone.  
Dear little boys and girls, 'tis true  
The world is very wide;  
But you'll never find a place so dear  
As your own home fireside.

### TOTTY'S WISH.

Harry and Bell were old enough to dress themselves, "all but the finishing," as Susan, their good-natured nurse said; so, after she had tied up the little boots, and disentangled the curly locks, and made a thorough inspection of the chubby faces, to see if all "the sand" was out of their eyes, she turned to leave the nursery. "Now, be quiet, children," she said, "and don't wake Totty, for I am going to get raspberries for your breakfast; mamma said, last night, that they were ripe."

The children expressed their pleasure by a gentle clapping of hands; then, after Susan had closed the door, kneeled down side by side for their morning prayer.

But Miss Totty had been awake all this time, her big blue eyes full of a quiet fun, because they thought her asleep; and when, through the bars of the crib, she saw Harry and Bell at the great armchair, she, too, crept softly up, and kneeling against the crib side, folded her tiny hands and whispered her baby petition.

Pretty soon there was a series of small raps at Mrs. Raymond's door,

"Totty's awake; may we come in?"

"Yes, indeed," answered their mother; and then there was a rush for the bed, and the hair that Susan had brushed so nicely, was in a sad snarl with the frolic that followed. But this morning visit was too precious to be lost for the sake of a little rumple, that mother's brush would soon make smooth again; and Master Harry had once informed one of his companions, who lived in daily dread of an infringement of some household law, that "*his* mother'd rather have happiness than straight chairs."

Little Totty, snuggled up close to her father, pulled his whiskers, stuck her fat fingers into his ears, and did her best to "tittle" him, for the sake of the faces he made up, "like Red Ridinghood's big bear."

"O, Papa," said Bell, "we shall have raspberries for breakfast. Susie's gone after them."

"I ain't," said Totty. "Isc have sumfin gooder."

"Better than berries! what can it be, Tot?"

"Pose you dess."

Mr. Raymond guessed several unlikely things, eliciting a burst of laughter from all the children at each enumeration, till, finally, knowing Totty's special taste, he wound up with "toast!"

"O yes, you's dessed wight."

"But I don't think there will be any toast, this morning, dear," said her mother, who stood by the bureau, dressing; Sarah baked yesterday, and the bread's too fresh."

"I know I'll have some, any way, 'cause I said 'dive us this day our daily bled and pease *toast* it;" and the sweet, innocent face grew earnest and spiritual in its look of perfect trust, as she repeated the words. Her father caught her to his heart, covering her cheeks with kisses, while Mrs. Raymond, the tears coming in her eyes, left the room to see that this simple faith met its fulfillment.

The raspberries were gone with the flowers and birds, and as the chilly winds whistled around the house, the children

gathered before the fire and made pictures in the glowing coal.

"There's a mite of a fairy in a little, crimson flower cup," said Harry; "I wonder if she won't give us a wish apiece? Please, ma'am, fire fairy, I want a sled; what do you want Bell? what would you like Totty?"

"I'd like to be in Jesus' arms with my 'tittle brother," answered the child, instantly; and a solemn hush fell upon the group, as if they felt the immediate presence of that dear Saviour who loves that the little ones should come to Him.

Mrs. Raymond lifted her baby from the floor, with a sad foreboding tugging at her heart, dreading lest their lamb, also, was to be called for in sacrifice, yet willing to give her up, if, by that means, the devoted but worldly father might be led to a Redeemer.

It was God's method. In another week Totty's wish was realized; and when the spring violets blossomed on her grave, her father stood above it, with a heart full of thankfulness to that atoning Jesus, to whom his little child had led him. *EL.*

### JINGLES

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

Where is my Baby?

And where is he?

Will he go in his wagon

And see what is to see?

A-goo! a-goo!

Wrap him up! tie him up!

Cover him—so!

Patience, my baby,

Soon we shall go.

There! there!

Moo! moo!

Look at the cow;

She thinks of *her* baby,

And calls to it now.

Moo! moo!

Cluck! cluck!

O the chicks and the hen!

She struts and she pecks,

And she scratches, and then

Says cluck! cluck!

Chirp! chirp!

Tell me the rest;

There is bluebird

Building its nest.

Chirp! chirp!

Peep! peep!

What do I hear?

The little frogs come

This time of year,

Crying peep! peep!

Now the wind rises,

And dark clouds creep;

Another time, Baby—

I declare, he's asleep!

Well! well!

Home again! home again!

Gently—slow—

Baby's in dreamland!

Softly go.

Sh! sh!

Forbearance and fortitude in what are called "little things," are great tests of character. By *little* self-denials, home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels.

### AMONG THE CORAL REEFS.

BY ABBY SAGE.

"Were you ever shipwrecked, Mr. Trimble?" asked John, one day, as the old sailor sat in the chimney corner, smoking his after-dinner pipe of tobacco.

"Twice in my life I have been shipwrecked," answered Mr. Trimble, unconcernedly.

Nancy looked up in admiration at the man who could speak so coolly of such wonderful perils as the word shipwreck brought before her.

"I should like very much to hear about some dangers on the sea," she said, rather timidly.

"You would? Well, I'll tell you and John about some adventures I had down in the South Pacific Ocean, in my first voyage to Australia."

The children drew their chairs up closer, and, carefully knocking the ashes off the top of his pipe, his usual preparation for a story, Mr. Trimble began.

"Ten years ago I was third mate in the ship *Golden Crescent*, trading between San Francisco, Australia, and the East Indies. I had come from New York to California, on a ship bringing passengers to the gold country, and when the chance was offered me to go on a voyage to the Indies I was very glad to go, for I had a longing to see those countries."

"What did you carry in your ship?" asked John.

"Mostly lumber, which we left at Melbourne. We were going to bring back coffee from Java, and tortoise shell, ivory, and a lot of other knick-knacks from Singapore. We had beautiful weather out on the Pacific, fair winds and no calms, with a prospect of making a quick passage to Melbourne, that's the capital of Australia, you know. Well, we had made over two-thirds of the passage, when one afternoon, as I stood on deck, I was surprised to see what a heavy sea we were running in. There was only a light wind, but the sea was as high as if we had had a hard blow for several days. I mentioned my surprise to the second mate, and he went into the cabin and brought the captain on deck to look at it. The captain stood just beside me, as he looked off in all directions.

"Mr. Trimble," said he, 'have you ever sailed in these seas before?'

"No, sir," I answered.

"I am of the opinion," he said, 'looking anxiously ahead, that we are sailing right into the jaws of a typhoon. We are in the right latitude for them, but it is not the season we usually expect to get them.'"

"Are typhoons anything like whales?" asked Nancy.

Mr. Trimble laughed uproariously at this question.

"No, indeed, bless your eyes! they are terrible winds that come up in the hot regions and blow 'round and 'round in a circle. Sometimes they take a ship and whirl her around till she goes all to pieces. A sort of hurricane at sea. I've known them to swallow a great vessel before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"As I was saying, the captain made

this remark to me, and then turned to give some orders, when, crash! before we knew what we were about, the typhoon struck us, and the day seemed to grow dark. For a few minutes every thing was like mad on board ship. The captain held by one hand to a rope and shouted his orders in a voice like a trumpet. But the sailors had as much as they could do to keep from being blown overboard. The gale took the vessel amidships, and the first shock carried the mizzen-mast clean over the side, and tore all our sails to ribbons. This lasted about ten or fifteen minutes and then we had a lull, and the air was as peaceful as ever it was.

"As soon as the wind was quiet, Captain Clynes gave his orders, and had the broken spars and rigging cut away, and the decks cleared. The ship was a good deal strained, and the carpenter feared she would spring a leak. The captain and second mate both said the lull was deceitful, and if we couldn't get out of the course of the hurricane, we should have it on us again. Fortunately the ship was not under full sail when the wind struck her, and we had still enough canvas left to carry the ship.

"We must try and make one of the nearest islands, and lay by a few days for repairs," said the captain.

"I was standing on deck, while the captain went into his cabin to consult the chart before giving orders, when one of the sailors came up to me. He touched his hat, as sailors do when they speak to an officer, and then said,

"Mr. Trimble, does the captain want a good port to sail into, out of reach of the hurricane?"

"Why do you ask that, Ben?" I returned. "There isn't any chance of a port here, is there?"

"I was shipwrecked once in these latitudes," answered Ben, "and we found the snugest little harbor inside one of those coral reefs, where we stayed till we got fitted out for sea again. And, if the captain would veer half a point to the north-east I am sure we should hit the very spot again."

"The way some of these old, south-sea sailors know the lay of the land, without using either chart or compass, is sometimes wonderful, and I thought, perhaps Ben might be right in his guess. So I went down and told the captain what he said.

"It would do no harm to try for it," he said; "the ship is sure to find some island, either inhabited or desolate, before many hours, and we must have shelter."

"So he turned the ship to the north-east. An hour before sunset, we saw, not very far distant, a little island, lying almost level with the water. It was a narrow rim of land, only a few hundred yards wide, and as round as the ring on my finger. In the middle of it was a beautiful basin of water as smooth as glass and as blue as the little lakes I've seen among the mountains. It was the handsomest sight I ever looked on—the bright-green ring of land, the blue lake, and the dark-green breakers, dashing into white foam on the outer edge of the reef. We gave the breakers a wide berth, and sailed around



till we found a little channel which led into the harbor. This was very narrow, with the sharp edges of the reef jutting out each side. It took pretty good seamanship to get our vessel in through the narrow pass, and when we were safe inside, and had dropped anchor, we were all as thankful a set of men as you ever saw.

"I had heard of coral islands before, but this was the first time I ever saw one. You've seen pieces of coral, haven't you, children?"

"Yes," answered John. "I have. It was white, and solid, and nearly as large as my head."

"I saw a piece which all branched out like the limbs of a tree," returned Nancy.

"Well, all the coral is made by a little animal, which looks so much like a flower, that it was a long time before men knew whether it was a flower or a fish. It is round, with a mouth in the middle, and feelers spreading out from it, like flower leaves from the center of a flower. It has all sorts of beautiful colors, too. I've seen the bottom of the sea like a flower garden with them. These little creatures fasten on the bottom of the ocean, or they take the rocky ridges which lie away down under the water, for their foundation; then they suck in all the lime, and such like, that there is in the sea-water, and as fast as one dies it becomes part of the coral, and a new animal grows out above it, and thus they build, and build, till the coral reef pushes above water."

"Then there isn't anything growing on them, is there?" said John.

"O, yes, after the reef gets fairly up, the waves keep dashing upon it all sorts of stuff, which decays and turns to soil. Dead fishes are washed into the crevices, and rotting there, make it fertile; birds fly over from larger islands and drop seeds in these crevices; plants spring up, and dying year after year make more soil. So in a few years the island is all covered with flowers, and trees. Our reef, which I am telling you about, was not only as green as could be, but it was inhabited. As soon as we got in, a whole settlement of Malays came trooping to the shore to look at us."

"Were they savage?" asked John.

"No, they were quite friendly. Some of them took a boat, and loading it with cocoa-nuts, came to the side of our ship. We had a man on board who had been on many voyages to Malacca and he knew their talk. They had a long parley with him, and invited us to come on shore, where they said we could get plenty of fresh water."

"I wouldn't have dared to go," said Nancy. "I should have been afraid of them."

"I shouldn't," said John. "Savages will generally treat you well if you treat them. Did you go, Mr. Trimble?"

"A good many times. We stopped there while we rigged up a new mast, and the men often went ashore. I could tell you a long yarn about the Malays, and the way they lived, but my pipe is out, and I must put it off till another time."

Love and happiness go hand in hand; one cannot exist without the other.

## TO-DAY.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

To-day, while the sun shines,  
Work with a will—  
To-day all your duties  
With patience fulfill.

To-day, while the birds sing,  
Harbor no care—  
Call life a good gift,  
Call the world fair.

To-day love the goodness  
That's better than gold—  
And the truth seek, whose value  
Can never be told.

To-day hold the kindness  
That thinks evil never—  
He who kindly to-day is,  
Is kindly forever.

Live, to-day, in the beauty  
Of earth, sky, and sea;  
For beauty fails never  
To you or to me.

To-day, then, love goodness,  
And beauty and truth—  
The crown of your living,  
The grace of your youth.

To-day scatter brightness  
Wherever you go—  
Gladness comes with the giving—  
Waves grow as they flow.

To-day is the summit  
Of duty and life—  
The path of endeavor,  
The arena of strife.

To-day is ours only—  
Work, work while you may—  
There is no to-morrow,  
But only to-day.

## FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

### NUMBER IV.

Very swiftly the time flew by, each day crowded full of enjoyment. There seemed no end to the curious and interesting objects which claimed attention, and the children found their father more ready in answering questions than were they in asking them.

He told them of the early history of Milan, or Mediolanum, as it was first called, of its wealth, and beauty, and power; of its capture and partial destruction, together with many other cities of Lombardy, by the cruel Attila; of the terror and flight of the inhabitants and the consequent foundation of Venice. Then he told them of the reign of Odoacer and of Theodoric, and how the city rose again to more than its former splendor, ranking, under the latter prince, second only to Rome.

"Later, however," he continued, "the city fell into the hands of Frederic Barbarossa, who completely blotted it out, with the exception of one or two churches which remained standing; putting to death many thousand people and scattering the rest among the neighboring villages. Five years later it was rebuilt, but never regained its former magnificence and power.

From one family to another passed the government of the city, from Charles V. to Philip II., from the Spaniards to the Austrians, for a time governed by France, then falling back into the hands of Austria after the overthrow of Napoleon. At the return of the hated yellow and black flag, three-fourths of the population deserted the city, preferring exile to Austrian rule. Finally, in May, 1859, Milan was united to the new Kingdom of Italy, and no happier, prouder city could be found than this long-suffering one as she knelt at the feet of the soldier-king."

"During their frequent rambles through the city, they often stopped to talk with the peasants, who came in with their donkeys loaded down with vegetables, fruits, etc., for the market. They were always very willing to answer any number of questions regarding themselves, and only seemed surprised that any one should be so much interested in them. The head-dresses of the peasant women delighted Fanny beyond measure. The long, dark hair was brushed smoothly back from the temples, the heavy, elaborate braids bound around the head and fastened there by fifteen or twenty long, silver pins, forming more than a semi-circle around the head, beautifully framing the face, and reminding one of the heads of Fra Angelico's golden-gloried saints. This head-dress belongs exclusively to the Milanese, and the pins have been handed down from one generation to another.

"Look, Fanny, look, here comes another monk!" said Fred, under his breath, as an old, grey-bearded friar drew near. His head was shaved, and his feet bare, protected only by light, wooden sandals buckled across the instep and ankle. He wore the long, coarse gown, with its clumsy cape and cowl, and around his waist the thick, knotted rope used for self-castigation. On one arm hung a large basket, and in his hand he held a picture of the Madonna.

"He is out on one of his begging expeditions," said Mr. Rivers. "He will go about from house to house, and return to the monastery only when his basket is full."

They watched him for a few minutes, till they saw him climb one of the broad, stone staircases and enter the palace, then they turned back toward the cathedral, which they almost invariably visited each day when they came out for a walk. Coming upon the square on which it stands they noticed a young man of perhaps twenty-five, with dark-brown hair and eyes to match, walking up and down in front of the Duomo, and staring at it through a quizzer he held between his thumb and middle fingers. In his other hand he held an open Murray, whose scarlet binding he was taking great care to exhibit carelessly. Every once in a while he would stop, drop his eye-glass, draw from a side pocket a note-book, in which he would write rapidly for a moment, then continue his gazing. He was attracting a good deal of attention. Several travelers, English, American, Russian, and others, were grouped together at different parts of the square and were laughing at his expense; but he appeared all unconscious that

he was making himself so conspicuous. Suddenly an open carriage, driving through the piazza, stopped, and a lady from within called gently, "Luigi!" No one answered; then a little louder came again the name, "Luigi!" This time the young man turned, saw the carriage, and sprang toward it, laughingly raising his broad-brimmed hat and bowing his head almost to the ground.

"Well, cousin?" said he, at length, when his face was again visible, his eyes dancing over with sport, while he forced his lips to wear the most serious expression he could command.

"We are going for a drive around the ramparts, come with us, won't you?" came the answer, in the most musical Italian; "and do tell us," she continued, in a lower tone, "what spirit has taken possession of you now, to act in this style?"

"Ah, Valeria, you are the last one I expected to see, just here! I was amusing myself by trying to play the sight-seeing islander. Did I succeed?"

The carriage rolling away deprived outside listeners of the reply, but the merriment which followed the fun-loving Italian's departure, certainly answered in the affirmative.

But first among all the pleasures of Milan both Fred and Fanny counted the Brera. Neither had forgotten the plan proposed by their mother, and rarely a day passed without finding them, during some part of it, in the gallery, with their drawing material. I can hardly say they succeeded in making any very beautiful pictures, but, if nothing else was gained, it fixed more firmly in their minds every figure they attempted outlining.

All happy days must have an end, so finally came the one in which they must bid good-bye to Milan, her Cathedral, her pictures, her peasants, and all the other things which had united in making their stay here so delightful.

"Now, Fanny," said Fred, "when we come back to Italy for good, you shall have a cosy, little villa on Lake Como, and I'll have a palace here in Milan, then we'll visit each other as often as we please."

"That will be charming," returned Fanny, "only, you know, we'll have to visit all the time, for imagine my long face in either place if you were in the other!" and she drew down her rosy, little mouth

## Blessed are the Children.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

Andantino.



1. "Bless - ed are the chil - dren!" Hear the Sav - ior's voice;  
2. "Bless - ed are the chil - dren! Safe from ev - 'ry snare;  
"They that seek me ear - ly, In my love re - joice."  
In my arms I fold them, On my bos - om bear."  
Sweet - est songs we sing thee, Loud - est prais - es bring thee!  
O - pen wide thine arms of grace, And give thy lit - tle lambs a place.  
8. "Blessed are the children!  
They shall sing my praise;  
In my heavenly kingdom  
Sweetest anthems raise."  
4. "Blessed are the children!  
In that glorious place;  
Day and night, their angels,  
See my Father's face."

as a terrible warning to Fred how she should look, even in dear Como, without him, making herself look so comical that Fred threw himself back on the sofa, laughing till the tears came.

Fanny, who had gone to the window, noticing a handsome carriage at the door, called Fred to look. As he leaned over the casement, his hat slipped from his hand and fell to the pavement. Hurrying down the broad stairway to get it before any one else should pick it up, he met a richly liveried servant inquiring for the master of the hotel. On reaching the archway opening into the street, he saw the carriage still standing there, waiting for the return of the footman who had been sent up with some message. In the carriage was an elderly lady, in whose manner there was a rare blending of statelyness and grace. At the carriage door stood a beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired boy, one little, meager hand holding the cap he had taken off, the other stretched toward the lady.

"In the name of the Madonna, a centesimo, lady, O beautiful lady!" he repeated.

"But I am not beautiful," she answered at length. The little fellow looked at her for a moment, then answered, pleadingly,

"Not beautiful, perhaps, but so well preserved! dear lady, a centesimo, in the name of the Madonna."

Surely no one could resist such an appeal; and how the coaxing, little face brightened as he called down blessings from the Madonna and from all his favorite saints upon the lady, when she offered him a coin somewhat larger than the *two mills* he asked for.

One more look at the grand, old Duomo, as they drove by on their way to the station. They had just time to enter a vacant compartment of a railway carriage before the train was in motion. The compartment was nicely carpeted, and held low, broad, damask-cushioned seats for eight.

"I hope no one will come into this compartment," said Fanny, "it is so much nicer to be by ourselves so that we may talk and laugh as much as we please without disturbing any one."

"There are hardly enough of us," said Mrs. Rivers, "to follow the example of an American friend of ours."

"What was it, mamma?" asked two voices at once.

"She told me once," continued Mrs. Rivers, "how she had been traveling all day in one of

these compartments; it was getting late, her husband was sleepy, her nurse out of patience, and her baby cross. The train stopped at a large station, travelers were hurrying to and fro trying to get seats, and, thinking how disagreeable it would be to have strangers enter with them, she seized a bundle of shawls, wrapped a cloak around it, tied a hat on, and put it quietly to sleep on the sofa. Quickly bundling up just such another imitation and standing it in one corner, she awaited the coming of the conductor.

"Room for another in this compartment?" was the question, but glancing around, he shook his head and went away, closing and locking the door, no doubt reminded of the story of the old woman who lived in a shoe."

Notwithstanding Fanny's wishes, however, at the first station after leaving Milan, two gentlemen entered, one of them an army officer. At first they were anything but welcome, but presently the children changed their minds, as they became interested in the conversation of the new comers.

They were speaking of Italy, of her hatred for Austria, and how the people writhed under the peace of Villa Franca.

Throwing up the sash the officer pointed toward a little village just coming into view, and, noticing the two, little, eager faces looking toward him, said to Fanny:

"Did you ever hear, Carina, of the battle of Magenta? Well, yonder is the battle-field, and a bloody one it was," he continued, speaking rather to himself than to any of his listeners. Then, closing the blind to shut out the dazzling sunlight, he told them many incidents of the battle, and when at Novara he left the carriage every one was sorry. The other gentleman remained, saying, as the officer left, "He fought, also, at Novara."

The train stopped some time just outside the station, giving them a fine view of a magnificent range of snow-peaks, prominent among which was Monte Rosa.

"O, for a good climb among those mountains!" cried Fred. "I grow more impatient every time I see them getting up among the clouds."

"The best time to see Monte Rosa," said the stranger, is just before sunrise. At four o'clock on an August morning, for instance, I have seen her prove her right to the name she bears, when her seas of ice seemed glowing beds of roses from summit to base. And yet, she is hardly more beautiful then than when, after dark days of mist and rain, the clouds begin to break away and the sun pours his blinding light down through the rifts upon our mountain queen."

Once more the shrill whistle was heard, and again they were moving southward toward the kingdom's capital.

#### "OLD SLEDGE HAMMER'S" TROJAN HORSE.

BY P. FISHE REED.

A great many years ago, during the Trojan War, the Grecian army, having besieged the great city of Troy, had been for a long time contriving a plan to break down the walls, when at last a shrewd fellow (I think he must have been a Yankee), invented a huge wooden horse, which was filled with sturdy Greek soldiers, all well armed with pikes and lances, for they had no Sharp's rifles and Colt's revolvers in those days.

When this was all done, the Greeks raised the siege and departed, leaving the wooden horse before the walls of Troy, and very soon the Trojans came out to examine the strange animal, and were quite curious to take it into the city for exhibition, which, in spite of the warnings of a certain priestess, they did.

But the Trojans soon found it more of a show than they cared for. They ate, drank and made merry, as they supposed, over the victory. But, in the night, when all was quiet, Greek soldiers, a hundred of them, burst from the sides of the wooden horse and laid about them with their weapons in such a terrible manner, that the terror-stricken Trojans fled in every direction. The soldiers then threw open the gates; the Greek army rushed in, and Troy fell.

This is the story of the Trojan horse. The ruse has been repeated a great many times since, but never more nicely than

during our civil war, by General Sumner, who was a great fighter, and dealt such heavy blows to the rebels, that some of his men gave him the nickname of "Old Sledge Hammer," and this is the trick he played.

The rations had come to be pretty low in the Union camp for both man and horse, for there was nothing for them to eat but "hard tack" and stubble, so the General sent out a party of twenty-five dragoons, with a good supply of wagons, to "gather where they had not sown;" for General Sumner was one of those who believed that the enemy ought to keep him in provisions whenever he could find them.

This was a welcome order to all parties concerned, for they were always ready and willing for any trick that would break the dullness of camp life. So away galloped the bold dragoons, with many grateful smiles to "Old Sledge Hammer" for the order. But the adventure proved more exciting than they expected, and they had not ridden many miles before they laughed out of the other side of their mouths.

They had scarcely got beyond the Union lines when a terrible, clattering hubbub was heard among the thick underbrush of the woods they were passing through.

"Halt!" cried the captain. The party had just time to obey this order when, with wild shrieks, the rebels pounced upon them from the woods, till fifty grim and ragged guerrillas blocked the way. This was so sudden, that the Union party had no time to prepare for battle. The twenty-five dragoons, with all their wagons, were captured. One brave fellow, however, who thought that the better part of valor was to run, made his escape amid a shower of bullets, and reported to his General.

General Sumner didn't swear nor get in a rage, but very coolly ordered ten more wagons to be filled with armed soldiers, who were to lie concealed under the blankets at the bottom, and proceed to the same place where the others were captured.

So a hundred men were hidden within these Trojan horses, and away they plodded, at a slow pace, with none but the drivers visible.

As was expected, when they arrived at the place, fifty mounted rebels bravely pranced their horses up to the wagons, ordered the drivers to halt, then dismounted, laid down their arms and eagerly proceeded to capture the contents of the wagons. The blankets were raised, but these Yankee Trojan horses were able to unload their own freight. The rebels sprang back in dismay and rushed for their arms, but it was too late. In one minute, the Yankees had captured them all! and then the loud, boisterous shout the boys sent up made the woods and hills ring with clattering echoes.

A little way off were the captured Union men, with the wagons that had been taken with them, besides a great quantity of rebel arms and stores, all of which, with the fifty prisoners, were taken in triumph to the Union camp.

"How you likes him?" said a German soldier to one of the prisoners, as they marched back to camp. "The old boss play mighty fine tings mit you chaps, eh? He gobble you all up some day, shust like nobody."

"Not quite," replied the prisoner. "We can whip you cowardly Yanks one to five any day, in a decent fight, but these mean Yankee tricks ain't human."

#### AN OLD DOOR-STEP.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

I know where there's a broad, mossy, old door-step, somewhere deep in the country. Once I sat there and watched the black rain-clouds gathering and gathering. All at once, one sweet bird-note sounded through the still, dusk, waiting air, and I knew it was a robin, going to its home deep in the shadowy orchard. I could hear the birds out there chirping in a queer, nervous, glad little way, getting safe into their snug nests. Then a few great, cool rain-drops fell on my bare feet, and the clouds stretched out broader and broader, while the earth lay hushed, and I sat very still, with such a sweet, lost, out-of-the-world feeling upon me.

If ever you happen to go deep into the country where that dear, old door-step is, you'll know it by this: There's a rose bush on one side of it that has frail, golden roses, and a great honey-suckle in front of it that has birds' nests in it—and I caught a humming-bird once. Then the path that goes up to it is none of your fine, straight, graveled walks, but a dear, old, brown poem of a path that has grass growing out into it, and always feels so good to one's bare feet, and leads you through fresh, fragrant air, between beds of spice-pinks and candy-tuft and purple and gold pansies and blue myrtle.

Somebody used to sing me to sleep there by that old door-step. Here's the song she sung. It's a queer, foolish, old thing, I know, and perhaps it'll make you laugh, but I love it, for it seemed very solemn and tender to me then, when everything around was dusk and still:

"One's the one's 'twere left alone,  
There to be no more,  
Dearie O!  
Two of them were lily-white babes,  
Called the darling Greeneau,  
Dearie O!  
Three of them were drivers,  
Four score and acre,  
Dearie O!  
Five's the flambeau and the bow,  
Six's the sixth co-acre,  
Dearie O!  
Seven's the stars that shine in the sky,  
Eight's the Gabriel angel,  
Dearie O!  
Nine's the moon that shines so bright,  
Ten's the ten commandments,  
Dearie O!  
'Leven's the 'leven that went to heaven,  
Twelve's the twelve apostles,  
Dearie O!"

"Mamma, take Katie," said a little, bright-eyed one to her mother; and the petted darling is lifted to the mother's arms—weary though they be, and aching with the toils of the day—but no matter how weary, there is always the same willingness on the part of the mother to fold the little one in her bosom. So when it shall be ours to say "Father take us," may we have lived in such a manner that his arms will be unfolded and we will be gathered in to the enjoyment of perfect peace and rest.

Cora Belle Eaton.

## EFFIE.

BY ALTA GRANT

Little Effie was deformed. When she was a wee bit of a baby, she had a terrible fall. They feared at first that she would die, but gradually she grew better, and at last they thought she was quite well. After a time, however, they found that her poor, little back was all awry. A large lump grew between her shoulders, and at ten, she was no taller than most children are at five. It made one sad to see her, and many pitied her very much, but sometimes the children who came to play with her sister Allie, laughed at her, and called her rude names, and then little Effie would creep away to some lonely corner and cry herself to sleep. Only think how cruel those children were! I am afraid they did not remember that had God chosen, He could have made them all like little Effie.

One day Effie came and laid her head in her mother's lap, and her eyes were full of tears.

"What makes you cry, dear child?" asked her mother.

"Because, mamma," she sobbed, "when the children come to play with Allie, they laugh at me and call me 'hunchback.' I try not to grow angry, but I can't help the naughty thoughts."

"You must pray to the good Jesus to make you gentle and forgiving, darling."

"Yes, I know, mamma, but I do wish the spring would come, then I could go into the woods and fields. The flowers don't laugh at me, and the little birds come close about me when they sing, as if they knew I was a poor, little hunchback that nobody loved."

Effie's mother was very sad, and she lifted her little girl's face and kissed it tenderly.

"Don't cry, dear child," she said, "mamma loves you, and Jesus and his angels love you, too."

"What, the beautiful angels love me, mamma?"

The thought seemed to make her very glad, and, throwing her arms about her mother's neck, she said,

"I'll try to be good, mamma, and when they laugh at me I'll think how Jesus and the angels love me."

Dear Effie! could those naughty children, who had made her little heart so sad, have seen her sweet face then, they would have been sorry for their unkind words. All through the long, cold months she talked of birds and flowers, and longed for spring to come; but when at last the winter was ended, she lay white and wasted on her little bed, with no strength left to gather the butter cups and daisies.

"Mamma," she said, one day, "I've been wishing for the flowers to come, but I sha'n't need them now, for I think God wants me to go to live in his beautiful garden in Heaven."

Just then Allie came in with a bunch of blue violets which she put into Effie's outstretched hand. I wish you could have seen how glad the sick girl was. She was too weak to talk, but the smile on her face told how she loved the flowers, and then she held them close to her lips until she fell asleep, and while she slept I think God's

angel must have kissed her eyelids, for she never waked again. They said she was dead, and the children came and looked wonderingly into the little coffin, but Effie was in that happy land where no rude playmates called her "the hunchback," and where she could gather every day sweet flowers that never fade.

## HIDE AND SEEK.

Where's little Nell?  
Come, Pussy, tell!  
The cunning fay  
Has hid away;  
You'll know her by  
Her roguish eye,  
Her saucy pout,  
Her gleeful shout,  
Her four white pearls,  
Her shining curls;  
I've found her! no;  
Where *did* she go?  
Out in the clover,  
The baby rover,  
'Mid buds and bees,  
Sweeter than these?  
Bopeep! what's this?  
Behind my chair, eh?  
Now for a kiss,  
My little fairy.

J.

## THE TWO DRAUGHTSMEN.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

Uncle Hepworth slept and dreamed. He woke, and to a group of little friends that gathered around his rocking chair, told this dream:

"Two men resolved to build houses for themselves. They sat by a table, when I first saw them, drawing their plans on broad sheets of paper. The penciled outlines were soon filled up, then they were shaded and colored. They grew at last into beautiful pictures. Each man admired his model house, and showed it to his fellow. The light went out and I lost sight of the draughtsmen."

"Again I saw the two men, the one was exhibiting his plan to a company of friends. I heard him say:

"Three months ago I designed this. This is the seventieth time I have shown it. Happy was the hour for me, when I resolved to build, and when I finished this beautiful plan.' And the friends said, 'It is a fine plan, a fine plan.' Then with white hands he carefully rolled up the unsoiled parchment and said, 'I promised to show it to other friends.' Then he left, and I heard the company say: 'Good resolves—fine plans, but that's all, that's all.'"

"When he was gone I looked through the open window and saw the other draughtsman. His coat was off; his brow was covered with beaded sweat. His hands were hard, sunbrowned and dusty. Huge stones lay around him. Some of them had been hewn squarely off, and others were richly carved. The earth lay in high mounds. Men were placing immense foundation stones in the ground."

"While I looked, the first draughtsman passed by. He was richly dressed—broadcloth suit, gloved hands, polished boots.

He sneered at draughtsman number two, whom we may call 'house builder' now. 'Foolish, horn-handed house builder,' he cried, 'Where is your plan?' 'In these rocks and earth and brain and bones and sinews. And where is yours?' 'In this snow white roll,' sneeringly said *Draughtsman*, and passed on. Then the sun set, and in the darkness I lost sight of *Draughtsman* and *Housebuilder*.

"Years must have passed by, for when I saw the two men again they were much older. *Draughtsman* had fingered his plan until it had fallen to pieces. He had wasted the money with which he purposed to build. He was now poorly clad and penniless—a pauper. I saw him at the gate of a mansion, and lo, this was the very house I had seen on paper years before. Noble trees overshadowed it, the hedges were tall and thick, ivy clung to the walls. I heard the dashing waters of a fountain. There were happy youth and romping children on the lawn. An old man sat on the porch and read from an open book. PAUPER approached and, bowing low, begged a penny. The good proprietor bade him welcome, fed him, seated him on an easy chair and heard the sad, old man's lament.

"I purposed, I planned, I procrastinated. I boasted of my plan and purpose. I wasted my money; did not dig foundations because it was rough, hard work; did not quarry, cut and carve, lest it might soil my hands; did not lay stone on stone in building, because that was slow work. All that I did not do, you did. I despised you; to day you feed me. From DRAUGHTSMAN you became HOUSEBUILDER, and now BENEFACTOR. From DRAUGHTSMAN I became PROCRASTINATOR, and now PAUPER."

When Uncle Hepworth had finished his dream, he said, "Now tell me, children, what this dream teaches."

Who can guess what the children told him? The Anchorage.

## WILD FLOWERS OF APRIL.

BY MARY LORIMER.

Can it be that the winter is over and gone? Yes, surely, for here is April smiling and weeping by turns, and cheering all our hearts by its soft, spring touches.

Every day brings something delightful to those who love the greening grass and early blossoms. Now little girls and boys, if you wish to form a habit that will be a delight to you *as long as you live*; that will give to every woodpath and meadow and roadside, a charm that even life's cares and sorrows cannot take from you, make up your minds now in this opening spring, that you will get acquainted with every blossom you can find in the woods or fields in your neighborhood. You will soon have such a host of floral friends as will surprise you, and the beauty of it is, they will grow more and more dear to you, and you will hail them with new delight every returning spring.

Begin with April, the very best time to begin. Have a nice, little, blank book in which you can write the name of every flower you find. Do not disdain the

simplest or most common blossom. Every thing that grows becomes beautiful to the searching eye and the loving heart. Every time you go out, if only for a stroll by the country road-side, you will be sure to find some early blossom if you look for it. Perhaps the pretty, little, white Chickweed, or a Dandelion, or the delicate Innocence. Put *every name* down in your book as soon as you get home.

In the woods you will find, in April—well, let me see—so many lovely flowers that I shall not have room to speak of half of them. I must select a few. If you live far enough north, and where there are dark, pine groves shading the wild glens and ridges of a rocky woodland, you will not fail to search under the old leaves till you find the waxen white and pink blossoms of the May-flower, as it is called, though it comes early in April, and often blooms close beside the snow banks. Of this most delicious flower, so fair, so fragrant, I could write a page and yet do no justice to its enchanting sweetness. And then the Violets, O, the Violets! You think you know and love these blue-eyed darlings, but if you learned more about them you would know and love them better. There are more than twenty varieties of Violets which you can probably find during the summer, and you must use your young, bright eyes to find out how one differs from another. You may think them all alike, but if you look sharp you will see that the green leaves of one bunch are round in shape, those of another hand shaped, of another arrow shaped, another is shaped like a bird's claw, another like a lance; and some of the blossoms have light and dark-blue petals on the same flower, some have delicate, dark streaks, the sweet, white violets are streaked with purple, and the yellow with jet. I cannot tell you half the charming little distinctions.

In April, too, you will find the pretty Blood-root, which is so called because the root contains a red juice. You will find the snow-white buds, wrapped carefully in a soft, green leaf, only the fair head peeping out.

And the Wood-Anemones—so graceful—one with a single, pinkish-white bell, and another called by some "Hen and chickens," because one large flower at the top, which is the hen I suppose, looks down on a group of little flowers arranged under it, and these are the chickens; sometimes there are four or five of these chickens, sometimes a dozen. And the beautiful Hepatica you must find; such quantities of buds and blossoms springing up from every root, shades of the softest purple and blue and rose color and white. There are a great many more fair, April blossoms which I should like to tell you about if I had room. The flowers which you find are called by pretty, common names, and these names you can write in your books, but every flower has what is called a *botanical name*. Did you know that great and learned men have gone through all the woods and picked every flower that blossoms, and examined every one with the greatest care, and put them into classes and given to each one a botanical name, often a hard, Latin name?

Many little girls think they never can

learn these hard names, but you will soon find that you wish to know them, and perhaps before long you can study some simple book on Botany, and begin to learn how plants grow, and what the learned men have named them. I will tell you the botanical name of the Violet only. It is *Viola*, which is almost as pretty as the common name. I may tell you about sketching leaves and flowers, in some future article in THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

#### AN ADVERTISEMENT.

##### HOMES WANTED FOR THE KITTENS.

There lie six kittens on the mat,  
Their mother is our Maltese cat;  
She had them nicely hid away  
Behind the barn, till yesterday  
There came a man to get some straw,  
And he the cat and kittens saw.  
He turned them out of house and home,  
And took their nest to make his own.  
(I asked him what 'twas for; he said,  
To make his wife a feather bed!)

I put the kittens in my hat,  
Excepting one, puss carried that—  
She picked it up right by its neck—  
You'd think 'twould hurt; it don't, a speck.  
We took them in and put them all  
Behind the stove, on mamma's shawl.  
Then Maggy came, with brush and broom,  
To sweep the floor and dust the room.  
"Here's one of Master Charley's tricks!  
My grief! one, two, three, four, five, six!  
Faith! an' I hope that's all!" cried she;  
And then called mamma in to see.  
"What fun we'll have when they can play!"  
Cried I; "let's not give one away!"  
"Why, bub," said she, "we've got three cats,  
Enough to scare away the rats  
And eat the mice—with two to spare—  
Nine cats! why, Charley, I declare  
We'd have to buy some rats and mice  
For them to hunt—that would be nice!"  
And then she smoothed the kittens' fur,  
And said, as they began to purr,  
"My little cats—it is too bad—  
"I'll have to speak to Joe"—the lad  
Who feeds the horse and brings in wood,  
And eats more mince pie than he should.  
"What will he do with them?" cried I.  
My mamma drew a little sigh;  
But Maggy seemed in quite a glee:  
"They'll drown quite aisy, dear," said she,  
"Tied in a bag with stone and string!"  
And then she laughed—the wicked thing!  
O, won't some one in pity save  
My kittens from a watery grave?  
I'll miss them, but I'll feel resigned  
To part with them, if I can find  
Five pleasant homes where they can play  
And run about the house all day;  
And when they want some milk to eat,  
Can have a plenty, fresh and sweet.  
I know they will make splendid cats!  
Their mother catches scores of rats!  
But this Maltese, with two white feet,  
I can't let go—it is too sweet!  
I mean to keep it hid away,  
Until it's big enough to play,  
And then I'll slyly bring it in,  
And make it chase a spool and string.  
Mamma will stare, and say, "What's that?"  
O, naughty boy, you kept that cat!"  
Then watch it playing on the floor,  
And smile, and sigh, "Well, that makes  
four." Anna North.

#### THE FATE OF PUFFY.

BY MILDRED BENTLY.

One morning there was a great commotion in the parlor fire. The kindling sticks were laid, and the fire lighted as usual. The flames flared fitfully for a moment and then died out, and the smoke rolled slowly up, and filled the fireplace; dense, black, disagreeable smoke. Not a spark could be seen; then suddenly, up from a resinous, pine knot, sprang a little flame-sprite; she shook out her scarlet robe with a defiant motion, and stamped her foot.

"Go up chimney!" she cried, waving her hand at the smoke.  
"Puff! puff!" went the insolent smoke, right in her face.

Then the little sprite was in great rage, she flashed hither and thither, with her heart of fire and her step of light, and at her presence, the kindlings burst into flames and away they all danced together, up and down along the great sticks.

"Puff! puff!" went the smoke, and the flame dancers coughed, sneezed, and threw their cloaks over their heads, but still they danced, and glowed, and flashed as before.  
"Ugh! it is getting very warm here," groaned a voice from beneath the top curls of smoke. "Don't be crowding on me from below. I am getting light headed and can't stand it."

At this the little sprites clapped their hands and shouted and laughed, "you have got the vertigo," they cried, "fresh air will cure you, old Puffy. Go up chimney."

"Ugh!" he groaned again, for he was indeed very dizzy, his curls felt like so many little balloons filled with gas, they grew larger and lighter every moment, till at last they burst away; and straight up chimney they went, and Puffy after them. The touch of the fresh air revived him, he shook out his curls gaily, and unfurled his soft, fleecy, gray robe, and swept gracefully along the sky.

"Ah!" he said, swelling and undulating with pride, "what a fine figure I make in this upper region. No one would ever think I came from that little, black chimney; how delightful it is to be a rising character, and how perfectly charming is the society in these higher circles." He knew nothing about sky society, for not a star had looked at him, and the white-winged clouds were sailing far above him, and paid not the slightest attention to him.

Just then along came old Boreas, who drives omnibus in those altitudes. "If you are going my way I will give you a lift," he said good-naturedly.

"No thank you, I don't ride in the same car with fog and kitchen smoke and black, factory soot."

"Oh! you don't!" cried Boreas, and whirling around and around in great anger, he tore the curls off old Puffy's head by handfuls, and rent his robe into shreds and scattered the pieces along his track, and flung them right and left as he went driving on.

So in a trice, poor old Puffy was nowhere, and no one would have known what became of him if some forlorn little bits of his curls had not come fluttering earthward to tell this sad story.



## THE Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR,  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1868.

### EDITORIAL.

If it were not for the Almanacs we never should think such a cold, blustering fellow as March belonged to the family of Spring. But April—why the very name brings visions of blue-birds. The grass begins to grow green along the fences, and in all sheltered or sunny places; the willows and alders push out their downy little catkins, and now and then, in some warm hollow of the woods, you may find the dainty, blue liverwort, and that sweetest of all blossoms, the *trailing arbutus*. May is a lovely maiden, with a world of blossoms in her arms, for she calls out the whole, lavish wealth of the orchards; but April is a tender, little baby, all smiles and tears; full of shy whims, but we love her all the better for the trouble she makes us. She does make us a deal of trouble though. She sends us a day of sunshine as warm as June, with the softest of winds to coax us out into the fields for a ramble. Then, just as we feel sure there must be flowers in blossom somewhere, the wind whips around into the north, as cold as the breath of an iceberg, the sky clouds all over, and we go shivering home, with maybe a dash of rain to hurry us along. Then for a week she will send us such glorious sunshine that we all decide the garden *must* be made, and the early vegetables put in. The ground is nicely prepared, the seeds planted—maybe the corn begins to sprout, for we mean to have the very first green corn in town, when lo! we wake up in the morning to find an inch of snow on the frozen ground, and as a little boy dolefully declares—“The winter’s got another birf-day.”

Emily Huntington Miller.

### THIS MAKES US GLAD.

The following is added as a postscript to a letter from Iowa, renewing a subscription. We have many letters of this kind:

“We tell the little people that we shall take *The Little Corporal* as long as it makes them better. As the time for renewal of subscription approached, we enquired of them if they thought it had had that result. They were very sure it had, and as their parents thought so too, of course we were under obligations to send for it. Of a half dozen periodicals taken, *The Little Corporal* would be the most missed, from largest to smallest. But few persons have outgrown the moral logic of *The Little Corporal*. “Except ye become as little children,” &c.

Yes, that makes us glad, and amply repays for months and years of toil. The editors of *THE CORPORAL* labor not merely to entertain—that would be a low ambition; to please and attract is only a means to the great end. The end is to make the children BETTER—better boys and girls, better men and women, better loyal American citizens, better Christians; and while we work we pray every day that our Father in Heaven may show us the best way to lead the children whom He loves, away from the wrong and towards the good, the true, and the beautiful. We wrangle not, we care not for sects, or names; we only care that our teachings may be such that all who hear us may be able to say, as the letter above quoted says, “You have made us better.”

### THE CHROMO OF “LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.”

This most beautiful premium is exciting a great deal of interest all over the land. It is declared on all sides to be the finest Chromo ever gotten up in this country, and its price, \$10, is exceedingly low—making it the cheapest Chromo as well as the best ever produced in America. It is twice as large as Prang’s ten dollar chromos, while it is far superior to them, both as regards subject and artistic workmanship. The picture is really delightful, and will brighten and beautify every home which it adorns.

And then, when we remember that it may be obtained, mounted and varnished, and ready for framing, for a club of fourteen subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, it is not wonderful that every family should earnestly desire to possess it.

We would advise all to try to secure the mounted copies, as we find they are more satisfactory than the others. They are beautiful even in the sheet, but the properly mounted copies are very far superior to the sheets. All who have received the sheets on rollers, may have them properly mounted and varnished, by returning them to us by mail, on the same rollers, and sending us the four additional subscribers, or paying two dollars. The mounted chromos will be returned by express.

### FOR CHILDREN OF FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

We are now sending *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, every month, free of charge, to the families of all missionaries, under the care of the American Board of Foreign Missions, in all foreign countries.

As soon as the Missionary Boards connected with other churches will arrange, as the American Board has done, to relieve us from pre-payment of postage on the papers we send, we will forward *THE CORPORAL* free to all families of foreign Missionaries under their care.

*THE LITTLE CORPORAL* desires thus to add to the pleasures of all American children in Missionary homes in heathen lands, and cause them to remember that we in our free and favored homes, do not forget them so far away.

And, dear children, in your far-off homes, please write occasionally to your friend,

*THE LITTLE CORPORAL.*

### THE PRIZE ORGANS.

The Prize Organs seem to be attracting more attention now than ever. We hope that all who think of getting instruments for schools, will write to us, and we can give them hints that will be of value in raising the club. We will gladly give you the benefit of our experience.

We intended to give in this number several enthusiastic letters from those who have received the Organs, but we have not room to spare. In our next number we may give them. These organs have made a great many families and schools happy. They are everywhere praised for their volume and sweetness of tone, and other qualities in which musicians delight. Let your Sunday school or day school work for one. You can gain it, and will be more than repaid for your time and trouble. See our next page.

**BOUND VOLUMES.**—We have now a full supply of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, including from the beginning (July, 1865) to December, 1867, bound all in one, in substantial boards, cloth sides—price \$4. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. The book will be sent as a premium, post paid, for a club of fifteen subscribers.

**OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES;** being a History of the Work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries, during the war of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw. Including a full report of Receipts and Disbursements, by E. W. Blatchford, Treasurer, and an introductory chapter by Hon. Mark Skinner. Chicago; Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher.

The official history of the Northwestern Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, is soon to be placed before the public. Its title, as given above, shows the scope and design of the book, and the high authority by which it is endorsed.

Its author was selected by the Northwestern Sanitary Commission to write this history. Her experience as an officer of a leading Aid Society, and an Associate Manager of the Northwestern Commission peculiarly fitted her for the task to which she was invited, and to which she has given her best energies.

Few historians have found better materials, and few such books have ever been produced that will be read with greater interest by all classes. The great wealth of material at hand, has been wrought up in such a manner that a “dry history” has developed into a most interesting and dramatic story.

We are sure that all Northwestern people, and all friends of the Sanitary Commission must desire to possess this record.

Address the publisher for a circular.

### A NEW PREMIUM

FOR MINISTERS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS, AND OTHERS.

We are now authorized to offer, as a premium for clubs, APPLETON’S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Ministers, and others, who would like this addition to their libraries, or any congregation who would like to present their minister with this invaluable work, will please write to us, and we will inform them how they may easily procure it by raising a club for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*; they may pay a portion in money if they so desire. For particulars address

ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Pub. *LITTLE CORPORAL*, Chicago.

We give below the publishers’ advertisement: A LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION.

THE  
NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Complete in Sixteen Volumes. It should be owned by every intelligent family in the country.

The New American Cyclopædia presents a panoramic view of all human knowledge, as it exists at the present time. It embraces and popularizes every subject that can be thought of. In its successive volumes is contained an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information.

*Price and Style of Binding:* In Extra Cloth, per vol., \$5.00; in Library Leather, per vol., \$6.00; in Half Turkey Morocco, per vol., \$6.50; in Half Russia, extra gilt, per vol., \$7.50; in Full Mor. Antique, gilt edges, per vol., \$9.00; in Full Russia, per vol., \$9.00.

### THE ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA.

Commenced in 1861. Six Volumes now out. The same price per volume, and uniform with the New American Cyclopædia. Published one volume annually.

Registering all the important events of each year—valuable as a work of reference.

“It is an enterprise of immense value to the public, and ought to be in every library, public and private, as an invaluable book of reference.”—*Atlas and Argus*, Albany, N. Y.

“We can confidently and conscientiously recommend the ‘Annual Cyclopædia’ to all who would have an accurate and readable history of contemporary events close at hand, and as a safe work of reference.”—*Evening Traveller*.

“It is indeed a most excellent work. It is thorough and reliable, and just such a work as is greatly needed, a faithful chronicler of important events, too numerous to be remembered, and of too much account to be lost.”—*Cleveland Daily Plaindealer*.

## TOOL CHESTS AS PREMIUMS.

We have now made arrangements with Mr. GEO. PARR, of Buffalo, so that we can offer his unsurpassed TOOL CHESTS as premiums for the Boys. These Chests will be very useful to boys of a mechanical turn, or for men as well.

*The Gentleman's Tool Chest.*—No. 161.—Size 2 feet 4 inches long, 1 foot 2 inches wide, and 10½ inches high; made of cherry and ash wood, exterior French polish, brass trimmings and lifting handles, with partitions and drawers for each article. The tools are of the best quality, and sharpened for immediate use. Containing eighty different tools; weight 65 lbs. Price \$35.00 at the factory. This chest will be sent to anyone (by express) who will send a club of *Eighty-five* subscribers for one year to *The Little Corporal* at the regular price of one dollar each.

*The Youth's Tool Chest.*—No. 162.—Size 1 foot 10½ inches long, 12¼ inches wide, and 9¼ inches deep, same shape, finish, etc., as No. 161. Containing 62 different tools; weight 45 lbs. Price \$25.00. This chest will be sent for a club of *Sixty* subscribers, as above.

*The Boy's Tool Chest.*—No. 163.—Size 1 foot 6¾ inches long, 9¼ inches wide, and 8½ inches deep. Finish, shape, etc., same as No. 161. Containing 44 different tools; weight 30 lbs. Price \$15.00. This chest will be sent for a club of *Thirty-eight* subscribers, as above.

*The Juvenile Tool Chest.* with twenty tools, price \$7, will be sent for a club of *Fifteen* subscribers.

Anyone working for either of these prizes, and wishing to know more about the Chests and tools, what they all are, etc., can write to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

The chests will be sent by express, the receiver paying the express charges, as the prices named are those charged at the factory.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST

ENGLISH NEEDLES, put

up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
P. O. Drawer 6058.

**NORTHWESTERN FEMALE COLLEGE.**—The SPRING AND SUMMER TERM will begin April 6. There are twelve Teachers and Lecturers. The best of facilities are afforded for instruction in Music, Painting, and Modern Languages. \$92.50 will pay the expenses of a boarding pupil (extras excepted) for the Term. Send for catalogues to the President, at Evanston, Ill.

it-ap REV. L. H. BUGBEE, A. M.

**AGENTS—Wanted.**—To introduce Dr. John Kitto's Illustrated History of the Bible. Over 700 pages, 100 full page engravings, colored maps, &c. The most popular book published. Over 11,000 printed and sold during the last few months, a sale, it is believed, equal to that of all other subscription books in the country, in the same time. Everybody wants it.

ap-1 Address CHARLES BILL, Chicago, Ill.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.**—A National Magazine for Sunday School Teachers. Under the auspices of the Chicago S. S. Union. Course of Lessons for Vol. III, 1868, A Year with the Apostles. A Lesson for every Sunday in the year. The Superintendent, The Teacher, The Concert, Poetry, Music, The Library, The Infant Class, The Blackboard, Miscellany. Contributions from the leading Sunday School workers of America and Europe. Rev. Ed. Eggleston, Managing Editor. Send for Specimen Number before deciding on your Lessons for the year. Yearly subscription, \$1.50, in advance. Specimen numbers 15 cents.

it-ap ADAMS, BRACKMER & LYON,  
Chicago, Ill.

**GEORGE PARR,** Merchant, and Manufacturer of *Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS, TOOL CHESTS, Etc.* Also, Curriers', Shoemakers', Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery.

Office and Factory,  
dec-1f No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N. Y.

**\$15 PER DAY, SURE.** No money in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, to sell our *Patent Everlasting Metallic Clothes-Lines.* Address AMERICAN WIRE CO., 162 Broadway, N. Y., 16 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

**SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER,** by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 53d Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to

ap-1f O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND

## PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us *Nine Hundred Subscribers*, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us *Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers*, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of *forty subscribers*, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the *Peloubet Cabinet Organ*, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send *Fifty subscribers*, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending *Seventy-five subscribers*, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending *One Hundred subscribers*, and fifty dollars besides.

To those sending *Two Hundred subscribers*, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH &amp; CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

## A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

**THE ADVANCE.**—Although started less than six months ago, *The Advance* has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest religious weeklies. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!  
GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!  
GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!  
GOOD READING FOR LITTLE FOLKS!  
GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!  
GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!  
GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!  
GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!  
GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN!  
GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

*The Advance* deserves all the praise it gets. As a family paper we know not where to turn to find one better calculated to educate and instruct.—*Press, Washington, Iowa.*

The contents are varied, the contributions fresh, timely and spirited.—*S. S. Times, Philadelphia.*

A most excellent publication. It is ably edited; its religious, literary, commercial and financial, news, and other departments, are full and complete. Its foreign correspondence is second to none.—*Advertiser, Calais, Me.*

It is radical in politics, its conductors believing that religion should govern a man's political as well as his other actions.—*Standard, New Bedford, Mass.*

It is, in general "make up," in the ability and care bestowed upon its articles, and in its interest and variety, fully equal to any journal in the United States.—*American, Media, Pa.*

It is alive to the interests of the hour, fully up to the spirit of the times, and numbers among its contributors many of the best men and ablest writers of the age.—*Republican, Delavan, Wt.*

*The Advance* improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

We like *The Advance* much. It seems to us fully equal to the older papers of the East, being at once sound and free, of high intellectual ability, and warm religious tone.—*Canadian Independent, Toronto.*

**TERMS.**—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent free to any who write for them. Address,

THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.



IT is an UN-FAILING REMEDY in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than two or three pills.

No other form of Neuralgia or nervous disease has failed to yield to this

**A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.** It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can always be used with perfect safety.

It has long been in constant use by many of our most eminent physicians, who give it their unanxious and unqualified approval.

**Its Effects are Magical.**

One package, \$1.00, Postage 6 cents.  
Six packages, 5.00, " 27 "  
Twelve packages, 9.00, " 48 "

It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,  
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

WM. GOODSMITH & CO.,  
GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENTS

FOR ALL

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Office, No. 138 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. O. DRAWER 6058.

## REFERENCES.

Hon. John D. Defrees, Sup't Government Printing,  
Washington, D. C.

Publisher of New York Tribune, New York.  
Amer. Agriculturist, "  
The Independent, "

Publishers of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago Tribune, Chicago Journal, Chicago Type Foundry; Rounds & James; Hon. Mark Skinner; E. B. McCagg, Esq.; E. W. Blatchford, Esq.; B. W. Raymond, Esq.; H. Z. Culver, Esq.; T. M. Avery, Esq.; Chicago.

Business men wishing to advertise in any paper in the Union, can send their orders to us. The Agent's commissions are paid by the publishers and not by the advertisers. Indexed files of papers from all parts of the country can be seen at our office.

Particulars as to prices, etc., will be sent promptly on application.

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, 138 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

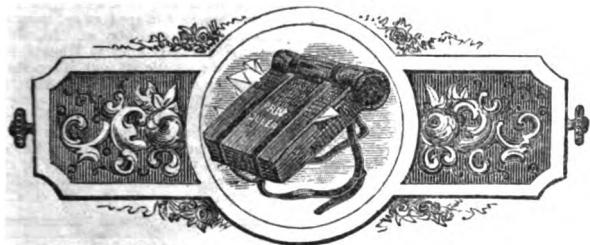
SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrolytically, and back numbers can always be furnished.

A few advertisements, only, will be inserted in *The Little Corporal*. One Dollar a line, each insertion, is charged for inside page; one dollar and a half a line for outside page; double price for cuts or extra display.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

"KLINK." I was riding in my Buggy, and heard a noise, "KLINK," down by my horse's hind feet. A loose shoe, thought I; and when I looked, the shoe was gone. I went back a few rods, and picked up a horse-shoe, the very one that had cried out "KLINK, KLINK," twice, before he would let go and give up work entirely.

"So you can talk, can you?" said I to the SHOZ, as I threw him into the hind end of my buggy. "I'll see you again when I have more time."

Of course, I forgot all about it. We always forget when we put off things. But it came about months afterwards, in fly time, that my horse pulled a little at his halter, and it broke in two as if it had been cut with a knife. I looked to see what was wrong, and found an old horse-shoe nailed up for a hitching ring—an old SHOZ, worn thin and sharp—and the edge of it had cut my rung strap clean off. I picked up a stone and knocked off the SHOZ. "Good for nothing," said I; and, as he fell down, "KLINK," I heard, and some other words, as he rolled away down among the little stones. "You can talk, can you?" So I picked him up again—a worn-out, old horse-SHOZ, he was—and took him to my study, and, after a good deal of trying, I have learned the KLINK language, and

### HORSE-SHOE'S STORY.

"I wasn't always what I am now. I have been a good many things. But I am all worn out, now. I'm scrubbed away and wasted on the stones and sand in the roads. Nobody can pick me all up. I'm scattered, I'm wasted, I'm gone; there's not enough left of me to shoe a colt."

"Cheer up! cheer up!" said I. "You seem bright and sharp, still. You talk KLINK admirably. You'll last many a day, yet."

"May be so, may be not," said SHOZ. "When folks have gone through as much as I have, they get done expecting; they just watch and wait. None of us know what is to come next. Why, I can remember twenty years ago, when I was a clumsy, red stone, contented in a hillside. I was then no more like SHOZ than you are. The place I lived in then was called Red Bank, because father's family and our relations, the Iron Stones, all of them turn red as soon as they go out into the air and begin to look around. Well, one day men came and picked me with picks, and broke me with hammers, and loaded me on to a cart, and dragged me off five miles; and then they broke me up finer still, and roasted me in an oven, and at last rolled me along in iron wheelbarrows and dumped me on to a nice, warm bed, where pretty, blue blazes played around my sharp corners, and I began to snap and crackle and fall to pieces. Then the men heaved a lot of broken bluestone on to me, and then a load of hard, black coal, till we got so heavy that we began to sink down into the fire, deeper and deeper."

"I know where you were," said I, to SHOZ; "you were at a blast furnace. The men were bound to have your iron and let your stone go. You came to something better than blue blazes before long! I warrant you, when you and coal and limestone got packed in together, you had a hot and busy time of it, robbing each other! How did you come out?"

"I am sure I cannot tell the half that happened," said SHOZ. "It was long ago. But I remember how we sank down, hotter and hotter; and the limestone and my stone got closer and closer together, while Coal and I became very dear to each other, until at last we both melted and ran together. And when the men at the top kept heaping on coal and ironstone and limestone by cart loads, the load was so heavy on us that we longed to get out. We were so hot we couldn't be any hotter. If there had been room, we could have slopped around, like water—Coal and I could. And the melted clay and sand and stone was almost as thin as we were. They were on top of Coal and me. But O what a hot and squeezing time it was. And at last, when we found a little, round hole bored through our prison walls, we rushed through it and ran along down a deep gutter in the black sand, and ran in at every little opening we could find; and when at last we began to feel tired and stiff, we just stopped where we were and went asleep, Coal and I, in just the nicest, little, sand cradle you ever saw."

"Do you know," said I to SHOZ, "do you know what I should have called you and Coal, had I seen you in your sand cradle?"

"No," said SHOZ. "What would you?"

"Pig Iron," said I.

"Why?" said he.

"Because, when you all lay a-cooling in your little, sand cradles, you looked like a row of little, red pigs, sucking at a great, red 'Sow.' And so the furnace men call the large gutter 'the sow,' because it feeds and fills all the little sand ruts with pigs of iron, about three or four feet long. But go on, SHOZ."

"I haven't half done yet. I never knew what became of the clay and the sand and the stony part of me, and of all that limestone! I never saw them again. Did they run out and cool into pigstone and sowstone?"

"No," said I. "As soon as the furnace men saw, by the change of color, that melted stone was running out, and not Iron, then they picked the hole larger, for melted stone is thicker than melted iron, and they let it all come out and cool. Then they broke up the lump and threw it all away—good-for-nothing *Slag*, they call it. But go on again, SHOZ; what next?"

"O, they piled us pigs, as you call us, up in the yard, and there we waited I don't know how long, till some men came, with leather on their hands, and began to carry us up and lay us in little piles on a nice, clean, wooden platform on rollers, (a railway car, said I,) and, very soon after, we went a-riding, until we came to a shabby, black house, with short, thick chimneys, and an awful, singing roar in the inside. And all around the house there were piles of clumsy boxes, stuck full of nails, and burnt in spots, and there they unloaded us!"

"That was an iron foundry," said I; "and those boxes are called 'flasks,' to hold the sand together when they make moulds for cast-iron things."

"Well, they threw us off, and, in a day or two, a man broke us in pieces, and put us in a furnace, and heaved in oyster shells and clam shells and coal on top of us. But we melted quickly, this time. And when the little, round hole was punched open, we gushed through it, Coal and I, to find our little, sand cradle and be pigs again. But, no. The men caught us in a ladle and carried us off till they came to those boxes with burnt spots on them, and chuck full of sand, with holes in the top. Then they poured us into one of those dark holes; but we could see, for we were almost white, we were so hot. And every crack we came to, and every corner in that dark hole in the sand, we ran into and tried to get out. But, no; it was no use; we were buried alive; we stiffened up and turned black, and waited to be dug out. We didn't wait long, Coal and I. Men came along and picked up the boxes and shook out the sand and iron all in a smoking pile. Then a man with a long hook and hammer came and hooked us out of the heap, tapped us with the hammer, scraped us a little, and left us to get quite cold. The next day, when we had been scraped and rubbed and finished off, we were quite proud—for there we were, black and smooth and nice and—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said I, a little hastily. "You were *cast iron* then—a cast-iron pot. And they cleaned you up and sent you to a stove store, and sold you to a man for a dollar and a quarter; and he took you home to his wife, and she put you on the stove and boiled beans in you; and cooked potatoes and roasted meat in you, and made a respectable, useful pot of you. And now here you are a worn-out, horse SHOZ! What made you ever leave there? Pots never wear out! Why didn't you stay in a good home? Pots are better off than horse shoes."

SHOZ thought I was scolding him, and would not answer me. I hung him up over my study door. By and by he will be lonely and want to talk, and if he tells me the rest of his story, I will tell you.

Thos. K. Beecher.

### No. 26.—CHARADE.

My first is an insect that crawls on the ground;  
My second an organ in most creatures found;  
My third may be either quite heavy or light;  
My whole is a mineral, useful and white.

Johnny.

### No. 27.—RIDDLE.

Singing in the meadows sweet,  
Night and day I wander fleet;  
Up the mountain side, at morn,  
Light as fleecy cloud I'm borne.  
'Round the sunset gates I weave  
Fairy tents at summer eve;  
In the viewless air between  
I am floating all unseen;  
Till the cooling touch of night  
Gives me shape in jewels bright.

Prudy.

### No. 28.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Proclamations spare no cities.

V.

## No. 29.—A PICTURE STORY.



IN RESPONSE TO "WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?"

*Dear Private Quer:* I will tell you what Charley "did next," and it may interest others to do the same. Charley had been studying on a plan. So, early in the spring, as soon as it was time to think about the birds returning, he began his work. He took a small, square board, and fastened strings to the four corners, then hung it up on a limb of a peach tree. Then he carried some nice crumbs and placed them upon the board. Down came the sparrows, to see what was there. They came along slyly, at first, with little hops, and side looks, looking out for danger. But they soon learned that all was right, and came regularly, every day, for their dinner.

But this was not all. With an old saw and a jack-knife, and a nail or two, Charley made a bird house. This he placed upon a pole in front of the cottage door. The sparrows did not want this house to live in, because they would rather live in the trees. So the wrens came and made their nests in it, and fitted it up to suit themselves, and a whole family of wrens lived there all summer. When the young ones had grown up and gone off, they came back to the old nest to visit. So, every day, as Charley and his mother sat by their cottage door, the birds all chattered and piped, and the days went merrily enough. So Charley was as happy as the day was long. The birds loved him, and he loved the birds.

P. S.—I have tried Charley's plan myself, and it works well.

W. O. C.

## No. 30.—A PICTURE STORY.



Bertie lived in a pleasant home, close by the railroad track. When the trains went rushing by, with their long trails of smoke, and the thunder of their wheels, Bertie

stood with eyes wide open with wonder, while his heart shrank back with something of terror. But when the roar was past, and the iron wheels had sped away, then the sandy bed of the railroad track seemed to Bertie a nice place to play in. So, when the cars came speeding back, there was Bertie, singing and talking to himself, and digging gold mines in the sand. Bertie did not hear the whistle, though it screamed dreadfully, nor the noise of the rolling wheels. But the mother heard them, and saw it all. The engineer saw it, though he could not stop. Quick as a flash he sprang to the front, and leaned forward over the track. In a moment they came to the spot. With a sudden grasp he seized the boy, caught him up instantly from the feet of the iron horse, and the dear, little fellow, the darling of his mother, was saved. The cars halted. The mother came up and received her precious treasure. The name of the man who did this noble deed I do not know; but I well remember when the incident occurred. All honor to the brave man, whoever he be.

W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN MARCH NUMBER.

No. 14.—Double Acrostic Charades.—1, Pen. 2, Sea. Pass. Eve. NumA. No. 15.—Charades.—Capricorn (Cap-rye-corn). No. 16.—Charades.—King-fisher. No. 17.—Charades.—Cat-nip. No. 18.—Riddle.—Apple seeds. No. 19.—Riddle.—Fire. No. 20.—Geographical Rebus.—Montreal (M on tree all). No. 21.—Geographical Rebus.—Nagpoor. No. 24.—Charades.—Impudence (Imp-you-dense). No. 25.—Transposition.—The Garden City.

No. 22.—Picture Story.—Two boys were spending a winter evening in telling stories around the blazing fire. The rest of the family were away, leaving them at home alone. Benny thought he heard a noise like something walking around the house. Looking up at the window, he saw two glaring eyes staring in upon him. "There's a bear!" exclaimed Benny, and sprang, as he spoke, tipping over his chair, and making a grand rush for the ladder. Howard sprang too, though he did not take time to look for bears, supposing they were already at his heels. The ladder led to the chamber of the cabin. As they were rushing up, Howard ventured to give one glance at things below. He declared that the bear was crawling in through the window, and was as big as an ox, and awful black. As soon as they were safely up the ladder, Benny looked through a crack in the floor, to see how things went. There he saw the old bear, with his paws on the ladder, ready to climb up after them. So there was no other way for them, only to jump out of the window and run. They got safely out, and went off to call help from the neighbors. A man came over with them, bringing a gun. The boys hung back at a safe distance, while the man approached the house, and looked cautiously in at the window. What do you think he saw there? Nothing, only the little black kitten, sitting quietly by the fire. She had climbed up, and crept through a broken pane of glass in the window.

W. O. C.

No. 23.—Picture Story.—Freddy loved to imitate; and whatever he saw another person do, he was sure to do himself—or try to. One day, a man was seen walking smartly by the window, with a walking stick. In less than two minutes, Freddy had his grandfather's ivory-headed cane, prancing about the street. At another time, a peddler called at the house, with a great pack on his back. So, a short time after the peddler had gone, there was a ring at the door, and another peddler appeared, rather smaller than the first, and looking exactly like Freddy. He put his pack on the floor, and said, "Will you buy anything to-day? any pins, needles, buttons, ferd, hand-chifs, table cloths—" "That will do," said the lady of the house; "I believe we do not need anything to-day."

One day, a neighbor came into the house, to chat and smoke his pipe. So Freddy had a new idea. Some days after, on entering the room, his mother was astonished. Freddy sat on his stool, puffing away, and looking as sober as a judge. He had come into the world to learn, and he was taking lessons of the wise ones.

Once, he saw a man in the street, lashing a poor horse that could not go. This was another lesson from the wise ones; so he followed the example. Taking a stick, he cruelly beat poor dog Tray, one of the kindest dogs in the world. He was proving himself "lord of the fowl and the brute," in the way that "other men" had done. Who is to blame for Freddy's naughtiness?

W. O. C.

CLUBS for THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is made up before sending on any subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as taken.

## BIND YOUR OWN PAPERS.

We called attention some time ago to a very nice *Self Binder* that we are using in our office, which is one of the most convenient articles we ever saw. In it you can bind a single copy of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, or all the numbers for three years. The numbers can be added each month, as they reach you, and thus be preserved for all time.

We can send the *Binder* as a premium for a club of five subscribers. Or, if you prefer to pay the money, you can send one dollar to Wm. Goodsmith & Co., who will send you one by mail, post paid. They also send other sizes, suitable for any Magazine. For prices of other sizes, write to them at Chicago.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our superb steel line engraving is growing in popularity every month. As it is seen, throughout the country, people are learning to value it more and more. It is certainly the finest premium ever offered for so small a club. See list of premiums for clubs.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on strong rollers, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

2. For a club of ten, at \$1 each, we send in the same way, a Chromo, (an exact copy, with all the original colors, and same size as the original, 18 x 24 inches,) of Beard's great thousand dollar Oil Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." For a club of fourteen, we send the Chromo mounted and varnished, by express.

3. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. Send for circulars about these.

4. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

5. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

For Tool Chest Premiums, see another article in this paper.

Crandall's Building Blocks are offered as premiums. See editorial columns of October number.

For Shot Gun Premium, for Boys, see last Sept. No.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 5, (the club of six).

The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10.

## AGENTS WANTED FOR

**MITCHELL'S NEW GENERAL ATLAS**

which is the Best, Cheapest, most Accurate, and only thoroughly posted Atlas published.

It contains ONE HUNDRED elegant maps and plans, showing correctly, clearly, and minutely, every County in the world; it gives every City, Village and Post Office in the United States and Canada; shows all the new Railroads, Towns, Territorial Changes, and Recent Discoveries.

Sent to any address, on receipt of \$10.00.

For terms to Agents, call upon, or enclose stamp to

R. A. CAMPBELL,  
131 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

mh-21

WESTERN NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,  
Coldwater, Michigan; Canton, Ohio; Aurora, Ill.; and Chardon, Ohio. For circulars address  
J. W. SUFFERN, Drawer 6184, Chicago.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.



# The Little Corporal.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

VOL. 6. }  
No. 5. }

Chicago, Ill., May, 1868.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewall, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

BALILLA.

BY PROFESSOR D. H. WHEELER.

Near one of the two eastern gates of the beautiful city of Genoa, inside of the city, stands the great hospital called Pammatone. There is a small square in front of it, all built around with very high houses. I am sorry to say that the square is very dirty, but there is one very pretty object in it. This is a monument, which consists of a marble pedestal about six feet high, on which stands a bronze boy, in the act of throwing a stone.

The bronze boy stands there night and day, holding out his arm, just ready to throw the stone; and he looks so like a boy, stripped to the waist, that live boys, who see him for the first time, are apt to dodge, so as not to be hit by the stone in the bronze hand. A great many people stop to look at this monument, and

if they are strangers, they want to know what it means.

Now, you must know there is no boy so small, no woman or man so ignorant, in Genoa, that they cannot tell you, if they can talk, what the bronze boy stands there for, and why he has a stone in his hand.

Turn into the narrow street leading to a gate of the city—for you must know that Genoa has a stone wall all around it, and people go out through immense gates under stone archways—and in this street you will find, right in the center of the road, a large stone, with letters and a date cut in the face of it. The letters are in Latin, and the date is 1746. The Latin words tell you that this stone is "a little monument of a great glory;" but they don't tell what the glory is, because that will never be necessary—the Genoese people have the story by heart, and are eager to tell all strangers.

Do you want to know what the bronze boy and the stone with the Latin letters mean? I will tell you.

In the year 1746, the Austrian soldiers were in Genoa. The Austrians have treated the Italians very badly for a great many hundred years; for, being stronger, they took away their land from the Italians, and put soldiers in their cities, and made the Italians slaves. So, in 1746, these Austrian soldiers were masters of Genoa, and the Genoese people were no better off than slaves.

On the fifth day of October, in that year, some of these soldiers were dragging a mortar through the street where the stone with the Latin letters now lies. There was no stone pavement then, and the street was so muddy and the gun so heavy that the wheels sank down deep into the mud, and the soldiers could not move it.

Then a great many Genoese people came flocking to the place to see what was the matter, and the corporal of the soldiers told them, with a good many bad words,

to lift the wheels out of the mud. But nobody would obey him—they all looked on, very mad that the Austrians were there in their city, and very glad to see them in trouble.

But when the corporal saw that no one would help him, he began to beat them with a stick, running around the circle they had formed, and striking men and women in their faces and on their heads. Some ran away, and some of the women cried out with the pain; but no one dared to strike back, and so the corporal pounded them as bad people pound dumb beasts.

By and by he came to a boy called BALILLA, an apprentice to the trade of a dyer, and struck him in the face. This boy was about fifteen years old, and he had run out of his shop to see what was the matter. When the corporal struck him, he cried out to the people, "Make an end of this!" and seizing a stone threw it with all his might at the brutal fellow.

The histories say that the corporal fell down in a pool of his own blood, for the stone smashed his skull as though it had been only window glass.

Then all the people sent up a great shout, and seized stones and threw them at the soldiers, and the soldiers ran away—that is, all ran who could, for six of them and the corporal were left there dead.

Then all the people of Genoa rose up against the Austrians, and all the boys and men and women pelted the enemy with stones, and whatever they could lay hands on, until there was not an Austrian left in the city. Some of the cruel men were killed, and a good many more were glad to go away.

So the Genoese gained their liberty again through a boy who dared to throw a stone.

This boy's real name was John Baptist Perosso. His son's grandson is now living in Genoa, and he is called a noble, because his great-grandfather was a brave boy, who did not fear tyrants.

I was once in a school in Genoa, when



the teacher reproved the boys for throwing stones—for the Genoese boys do seem to like to throw stones at each other). When the teacher told them it was wrong to do this, a little boy, who could just lisp it out, spoke up—

"Balilla threw a stone."

"Yes," replied the teacher; "but remember, boys, that Balilla threw *his* stone at an Austrian! *You* may stone all Austrians as much as you please, but you must not break the heads of Italians!"

Every time the fifth day of October comes around, the people in that part of Genoa where the bronze boy stands have a kind of Fourth of July; and all the boys of the city have a whole holiday, and thank the bronze boy for all the pleasure they have.

So you see that a boy may throw a stone to some purpose, but it is none the less naughty to throw stones at people who never did you any harm, or at your playmates, because you do not like their actions.

### NELLIE'S MOTHER.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

In the cool and pleasant shade  
By the drooping elm boughs made,  
Where the fountain sings its song,  
Tinkling, tinkling, all day long;  
Where the blithe birds come and go,  
Murmuring love notes sweet and low,  
Wrapped in silence calm and deep  
Nellie's mother lies asleep.

'Twas a dreary April day;  
Dark the skies were, cold and gray,  
When we laid her down to rest,  
With her pale hands on her breast.  
Sullenly the rain drops fell,  
And each drop was like a knell;  
Even Nature seemed to weep  
O'er our darling's dreamless sleep!

She was young and very fair;  
Soft red lips, and waving hair,  
Earnest eyes of darkest blue,  
Face from which the soul shone through,  
Guileless heart, that never beat  
Save to impulse pure and sweet—  
Ah! we put them all away  
Out of sight, that dreary day!

But God sent His healing balm,  
And our anguished hearts grew calm;  
Over all graves, in His good time  
Grasses will grow and mosses climb;  
And upon hers the turf was green,  
While violets smiled with eyes serene,  
And o'er our dear one's lovely head,  
White roses joyed their sweets to shed.

And often when the day was new,  
A fair-haired child, with eyes as blue  
As those that slept beneath the sod,  
About the green grave lightly trod.  
Over the fresh and tender grass  
Her tiny hand would gently pass,  
Brushing each withered leaf away,  
And gathering in each wandering spray.

"Mamma is up in Heaven, I know,"  
The sweet, young voice would whisper low,  
"But yet, I think, 'twill please her there,  
To see I keep her grave with care."  
And so, with happy zeal, she wrought,  
Her face aglow with kindling thought—  
Holding communion, it may be,  
With one our dim eyes could not see.

### LOOKING THROUGH GLASS.

BY LINA HAYES.

"Lucy," said Frank, one day, to his sister, "I think cousin James is nothing but a spooney, after all."

"And what is a spooney?" asked Lucy, smiling.

"O, you know. He knows Latin, and all such things, but he don't know anything that's worth knowing. When we were on the pond, yesterday, I told him to take hold of the rudder; and what do you suppose he did? He took the oar. Now, if that is not being a spooney, what is?"

"Then that is your definition of a spooney, is it?"

"Yes. You know anyone may be smart enough, and yet know nothing about *practical* matters."

"But James is two years younger than you, and has never been in the country before."

"Well, I guess I should have known better than that, if I'd never heard of the country," replied Frank, rather contemptuously.

Lucy said nothing more at the moment, but waited till the children were all assembled in the sitting room, after tea. Then she said to James,

"Did I not hear you say you had been to visit some glass works, a week or two before you came here?"

"Yes; I went with Uncle John."

"I wish you would tell me something about them," continued Lucy. "I have never seen anything of the kind."

"Well," said James, "in the first place, of course, you go into the great rooms where the sand is heaped up."

"What's the sand for?" asked Frank.

"To make the glass, of course," said James, rather scornfully.

Frank looked a little abashed. "If they make glass out of sand," said he, "I think this would be a splendid place to make it, for here is the whole sea shore, with such nice, white sand."

"Poh!" said James; "they wouldn't look at such sand as this to make glass. It would be too coarse for barn windows."

"Perhaps they refine it," suggested Frank. "I don't know where they could get any better."

"O, there are plenty of places. This that we saw came from Berkshire county, where there are whole hills of fine, white sand, which looks almost like snow. Then they have to mix other things with it to make glass."

"Yes," said Frank, "water, I suppose, to boil it down."

James tried hard not to laugh, but could not help it.

"I don't remember everything; but one of the principal things is potash, and for nice glass, red lead. And, O Lucy, you ought to see the lead! They have great bars of it, and it looks as dull as you please. But they put it into great ovens, that are heated so hot you can't stand within a rod of them, and melt it. And you never, never saw such a beautiful color. A man stands with a long, iron rod, and works it over and over. O, I wish you could see it! Uncle John said that even

vermilion did not begin to express the depth and splendor of it; and it varies from silver to scarlet. It is perfectly beautiful! O, then—I forgot—I suppose I ought to have told you, in the first place, how they make the pots for melting the glass. They have a peculiar kind of clay which comes from Germany, I believe, and this they put into great bins. And how do you suppose they get all the air out of it?"

"I suppose they have some enormous, great press," suggested Frank.

"No," said James. "They tried to use a machine, but found it wouldn't answer. The men tread out the clay barefooted. They tread, tread, tread, all day long, and there is nothing like it for making the clay compact and pressing out all the air."

"How dreadful," said little Mary. "I shouldn't want to do that."

"Nor I," said James. "But the men said they liked it well enough. Then they take the clay and knead it, just like bread, and make it into long rolls, and make the pots of these, pressing them on, one by one, with their hands. So the pots are very strong; and they let them stand and dry six months before they use them, or else they would crack as soon as put into the furnaces. They are the funniest-looking things! It was as good as going to a menagerie. There was a great room full of these pots that were drying, and they looked for all the world like elephants that had lost their trunks."

"I should think," said Lucy, "that even after they are dry they would be likely to crack when put into such heated furnaces."

"Of course," replied James. "I was just coming to that. They put one of these pots into a furnace without a fire, at first, and heat it gradually till the new pot is exactly as hot as the old one. Then they tear away the brick from the furnace where the glass is melted, and roll in an iron truck and drag out the broken pot. That's a beautiful sight, too. Then in a minute you see some men come rushing along with another truck with this great, red-hot elephant on it, and this goes into the furnace, and then they brick it up again."

"And now," said Frank, "what about the glass?"

"O, I'm just coming to it," said James. "After they have mixed the sand and potash and lead, etc., all together, they put the mass into these furnaces. The fire is never allowed to die out, and you may believe they are hot. I think it takes six weeks to heat them hot enough to use. All around the furnace are openings that they call 'glory holes,' where you can look in. Then men come with long, iron rods, and put them into the melted glass, and so take out some of it on the ends of the rods. These rods are hollow, and they blow into them, and the glass then puffs out into just the shape they want. I tried to blow, myself, but I blew too hard, and, although I only had a little piece on the rod, it puffed out as big as a pumpkin, and it was the funniest shape! They have to learn to blow steadily."

"Then you wasted the glass. Did they like that?" asked Frank.

"O, that was no matter," said James.

"When they break glass the only loss is the loss of work, for the pieces are put right in with the cullet, and melted over again."

"What is cullet?" asked Lucy.

"Broken glass," said James. "They always have barrels and barrels of it. They send boys around the city to gather up all the pieces they can find."

"Can they blow a whole pitcher, for instance, with the handle on it, all at once?" inquired Frank.

"Of course not," replied James, "there is hardly anything that can be blown entire, unless it is lamp chimneys. They blow a little, and then roll the glass over and over on a smooth, iron table, then they blow a little more, and so on. Then they take big shears and cut off the parts they don't want. With these shears they do ever so many things. For instance, in making a goblet, they make a little hole with the point, and keep turning them around and around till they get it big enough for the mouth of the goblet. Then they do just the same with the foot of the goblet, only they don't make it so large, and take the side of the shears and smooth this down, till, lo! there is a standard."

"I don't see how they could blow the diamonds on our goblets," said Mary.

"O, those are not blown," said James. "They are not so nice as blown ones. It doesn't take a minute to make them. There are great, iron moulds, just the shape you want. Somebody drops some melted glass into the mould. Then somebody else comes down, *clap*, with a great press, and then raises it again, and a boy puts in a kind of narrow pitchfork and pulls out the goblet, all made."

"But how do they put the handles to pitchers?" asked Frank. "Do they press those on?"

"O no. When the pitcher is done, a boy comes along with a lot of melted glass on his rod and claps it against the pitcher for the top of the handle, and then he gives it a little swing and claps it against the place where he wants the lower part of the handle to be, and the thing is done; and it hardens so quick that it *stays put*, splendidly."

"So now we have our pitcher and goblet all ready to use," said Frank.

"Not quite," said James. "They have to be annealed, first, or they would be good for nothing, as they would break so easily. So they are put on a railroad, in an oven, [here Mary's eyes opened very wide,] and are moved along gradually till they pass over a cooler part of the oven, and then cooler and cooler, till at last they have no heat under them. If they are well annealed, they will not break easily."

"I should like to see such a factory," said Frank. "Didn't you bring anything away as a memento?"

"Yes," said James, "we bought several things. Uncle John bought a silver door knob."

"A silver door knob!" repeated Frank, in surprise. "I shouldn't think that was a memento of a glass factory."

"Well, of course it wasn't real silver; but I'll tell you how they make such things. They make a glass door knob, in the first place, then they put on the thinnest pos-

sible coating of quicksilver, and then another coating of glass; and then it looks just as if the whole was silver—and it is better, on some accounts, because it never needs polishing. They make goblets in the same way; but you can tell those in a minute, because they are so much thicker than real silver, and yet as light as glass."

"Did you see them color glass?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, in two or three different ways. Sometimes just a few grains of some matter, thrown into the great bin where the sand, potash, etc., are all mixed, will change the whole appearance of the glass. Then the way they make these handsome lamp globes is this: they first make the globe of flint glass; then they put on a coating of red or blue, or whatever they want, and then another coating of this opaque glass. Then they send it to the cutting room and have figures cut in it, and, of course, where it is cut, we see the edges of the flint and colored glass."

"They cut with diamonds, don't they?" asked Frank, wishing to appear intelligent.

"Ho! ho!" laughed James, in spite of himself. "There are not enough diamonds in the world to do all the cutting which they do in a day. They have wheels that turn around very fast, and are always kept wet, and they hold the glass against the wheels, and cut it in that way. The wheels are of all sizes, some so small that they engrave with them. That is very beautiful. They engrave animals and flowers and fruit and birds, and all sorts of pretty things. And it takes such *little* wheels to do it. I saw a man engrave a tiny bird, and he drew the eye with a wheel no bigger than a pin head."

"And do they not paint on glass, too?" asked Lucy.

"O yes, we saw a great deal of very beautiful painting, for lamp shades, and things of that kind."

"I should think it would wear off in a little while," said Frank.

"So it would if it wasn't burnt in; but after they paint the glass, they put it into a furnace and keep it there till the colors are firm."

"I should think that would melt the glass," said Frank.

"O, they don't put it right into the fire, but only where it is very hot."

"How very nice it must be to see such things!" said Frank, sighing, half enviously.

"Well," said James, "when you come to see me, I will show you all kinds of such things."

When Frank said "good night," to Lucy, he whispered in her ear,

"I don't think now that James is such a spooney, after all. I am afraid I should have known less than he does about the country, if I had never lived in it; and he knows *heaps* of things I don't know."

Beauty, grace, and delicacy charm the senses; a cultured mind is a spring of living waters to strengthen the heart, mature the judgment, and elevate the whole nature. So beauty, grace, and delicacy, when seen by the light of culture, have still greater charms, and partake more of the spiritual than of the material element.

## MARBLES.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

What pleasant, warm days! I like such as these,  
When we can play marbles, down on our knees—  
Down on our knees in the dust and the dirt—  
No matter for patches—they never hurt!

Our pockets are heavy, but 'tis not with gold—  
'Tis the marbles that make them so worn and  
so old;  
Chinies, Stonies, and Agates, some large and  
some small,  
Glassies, Alleys, and Boulders, the pride of them  
all.

Come out on the sidewalk, here in the sun—  
Do you play for "keeps," ever? or only for fun?  
O never for "keeps," my mother says nay—  
"First—second—stake in! You have the first  
play."

So "plumping" and "knuckling," here we  
begin,  
And the marbles roll swiftly, now out and now  
in—  
Eager eyes watch the game—"taws!" soon is  
the cry,  
And "vent!" is the answer. "You judge!"  
"No, not I!"

O there comes a lady, skirts trailing along—  
Stop your game! *she* won't care for our marbles  
a song;  
She halts, I declare! she steps out of the way!  
Hurrah for *that* lady, forever and aye!

A fellow feels sore when his circle is crossed,  
When his game is all spoiled and his marbles  
are lost;  
I'll remember that lady when I am a man,  
And do *her* a kindness if ever I can.

## THE BOY THAT SLEPT IN A BARREL.

BY HANNAH THIRSTIN.

Who, that has seen it, can forget one of  
Paul Peregrine's pictures in the first  
volume of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*? A  
winter scene in camp: under the leafless  
trees an old barrel on its side, through the  
open end of which two bare, black feet are  
thrust towards a blazing fire of sticks on  
the ground.

Well, that funny, pathetic picture has  
done a great deal of good, I dare say, and  
it is doing good yet. It has helped a  
mother in New England to get her little  
girl to sleep many a night this winter.

Rilla, you must know, is scarcely more  
than a baby. And when "the children's  
hour" in the evening is over, and her bed-  
time has come, she is so full of life, so  
animated by the sports and excitements of  
play time with papa and mamma, that she  
refuses to go to bed, gravely shaking her  
golden curls, and with an undaunted ex-  
pression in her blue eyes, firmly plants her  
feet on the carpet, and braces her little  
back against the wall in the corner, saying,  
"Me don't want to go 'sleep. Rilla don't  
want to go in her crib."

Coaxing is ineffectual. Arguments are  
lost on her. She is deaf to entreaties.  
Remonstrances are of no avail. It is of  
no use to tell her that baby Rilla is tired,  
that the little, fringed eyelids are already  
heavy with the sleep she resists, that little  
brother is going to bed like a good boy.

She stiffens her muscles rigidly and says "No! no!"

Then her mamma tells her about the little children that have no crib, no pillows, no nice warm blankets, these cold nights; how many sleep in barns and cold, cheerless chambers, how many on little piles of straw in dark corners, how many are curled up on cold, stone pavements and doorsteps.

The defiance fades out of the blue eyes, which grow round with wonder and pity, the little limbs grow passive in loving hands which exchange the crimson dress for a night robe, kept waiting a minute while a kiss is imprinted on the round, white shoulders and dimpled arms. But Rilla is not thinking of the dress, nor the kiss, nor the night gown. Her thoughts wander about with the homeless children and almost always find one stopping place. They halt at the image of the black toes sticking out of the barrel.

"Tell me, mamma, 'bout the boy in the bar'l."

And so, with the story of Jimmy who slept in the barrel and afterwards in a cracker-box, and of the brave men who left the mammas and the little girls at home, and went away to fight for us, and to sleep on the ground in mud and snow, with only the stars and the angels and the good Saviour over them, the restless golden head grows still on the pillows, and the long-fringed lids droop over the blue eyes. Rilla is asleep.

## FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

### NUMBER V.

"Turin, at last!" Fred sprang to the carriage door, but found it locked.

"Patience, my boy, patience," said his father.

"Very little was needed, papa," returned Fred, as, a moment after, the conductor came by, touching his hat, as he turned the key, and apologizing for causing inconvenience.

Omnibuses and city hacks were crowded around the depot, their coachmen clamoring loudly for passengers. French, Italian, and Piedmontese were mingled in indistinguishable confusion, but, above all, Fred caught the tones of an English speaker. He was too far off to be seen, but was in unmistakable trouble of some kind. To please Fred and satisfy his own curiosity, Mr. Rivers, after placing Fanny and her mother in a fly, pushed through the crowd toward his unhappy compatriot. They saw him, at length, standing by a hack, one hand on the open door, while with the other he was gesticulating violently, talking at the same time in very broken English, and in his loudest key. The poor coachman, unable to comprehend a word of the lengthy harangue, could only shake his head at every question, while the American, quite convinced that nothing prevented his being understood except deafness on the part of the Italian, drew several steps nearer to him, drove both hands to the bottom of his pockets, and reiterated his wants at the very top of his voice, and

in still more mutilated English than before.

"Take me through the *Via di Po*, then, you blockhead!" he exclaimed, at last; "through the *Via di Po*! the *Via di Po*!" each utterance of the name of the street being in a shriller key than the preceding one; but, as he gave each vowel its English sound, no wonder the poor coachman continued to look at him in blank ignorance of what was wanted. From sheer exhaustion the traveler gave up trying to make himself heard, and was hurrying off alone to find the street, when Mr. Rivers stopped him.

"Your pardon, sir, for detaining you, but perhaps you can make me of some use, if you will tell me where you want to go."

The American looked bewildered for a moment, at finding such unexpected aid, then replied, bluntly—

"Such a stupid set of men I never met before! People make a mighty fuss about these Italians, till one would think they were enough better than the rest of the world; but when you are once brought in contact with the miserable, ignorant fellows, you change your mind pretty quickly. Why, I couldn't even make that coachman yonder understand where I wanted to go! Hundreds of Americans always among them, and they haven't learned to speak English yet!"

"Did you reach Turin on the last train?"

"Yes, and shall leave it on the next, glad enough to be out of hearing of its deafening jargon. I shall go immediately either to Rome or Paris, where one can have some comfort in seeing people who can speak a decent language."

"But one hardly crosses the Atlantic to see Americans and hear English."

"I can't help that. I've seen all I want to, and a good deal more."

Giving him, at his desire, a few rapid directions by the help of his city map, Mr. Rivers parted from his new acquaintance, not a little amused, and wondering in what oil well he made his money.

Rejoining the two in the fly, they all drove to the Hotel Trombetta. It stands on the Piazza Madama, facing the king's palace, from which it is separated only by the large square, nearly three sides of which are occupied by the royal and ducal palaces, the armory, royal theater, and cabinet offices.

The clerk gave Mr. Rivers the choice of several apartments, so he chose one fronting the palace. The heavy, stone balcony was guarded by an iron railing, and upon it opened all three of the windows of the drawing room. Before removing her hat, Fanny rolled a lounging chair out on this balcony for her mother, and, taking her wrappings from her, turned to go to her own room, when she was arrested by the sound of martial music. Dropping everything on the nearest chair, she hurried back to her mother's side, where Fred soon joined her.

In the middle of the square stood the remains of an old, weather-beaten castle, its moat filled with flowers, its towers the home of countless birds, which kept up a continuous, happy twittering, as they cir-

cled around the battlements. The sky hung pure and blue above them, and the reflection of the sun from the white, hard pavement of the square was dazzlingly bright.

She had hardly time, however, to notice anything but the mass of people that was giving way in one portion of the piazza, as down the *Via Dora Grossa* came the evening, royal guard, their plumes and sabres blazing in the sun, while everyone on the square stopped to listen to the music of the band preceding them. With a long-drawn sigh, Fanny saw them disappear under the heavy archway of the palace, but a moment later their places were taken by the guard relieved, and these the band, still playing from the impassioned, soul-stirring Verdi, escorted back to the barracks.

For some time Fanny remained leaning over the railing. The Chamber of Deputies was assembled in the lower hall of the castle, and over its entrance waved the red, white and green, with its snowy, Savoy cross. Soldiers seemed to be also here on guard, but they stood in deep shadow, and could not be distinctly seen.

Fred had gone down, and was wandering over the square. Fanny came in from the terrace again, to take away the things she had so hastily thrown down, and found that the servants had laid the cloth on the center table, and were bringing in dinner.

"I wish Fred would come. What can make him stay so long?" said Fanny, taking her seat with her father and mother at the table.

"Has it been long?" asked a happy voice, as its owner bounded into the room. "I was so busy looking at the people. And O, Fanny, you must come to the balcony just a moment, please, mamma, to see the procession. It must be passing, by this time. I was afraid you wouldn't see it, and so ran all the way home to tell you."

Fanny left her place the moment her mother signed assent, and was just in time to see a priestly procession, with crosses and lighted tapers, pass into a side street. They were bearing the host to a dying man, and, as they walked, kept a small bell tinkling, to warn passers by of the holy presence. Everybody on the square knelt reverently while the host was passing. When the procession was out of sight, Fred and Fanny returned to the table, where the plates of hot soup, with its grated cheese, was very refreshing after their long fast.

By the side of each plate was a bundle of small sticks, of the size of slate pencils, and from eight to ten inches long. At first both the children were very much puzzled by them, but seeing the use their father put them to, concluded they must be a substitute for bread. So it proved. They were delicately browned, short and crisp, like crackers, and were a most convenient plaything between the different courses. It is said of King Carlo Felice, that he always took a basket of these grissini with him whenever he went to the theater, that he might have something to amuse him between the scenes. Nowhere but in Turin are they made so nicely, so that the Emperor Napoleon, who would have them on his table in Paris, had them

expressed to him every morning fresh from Turin.

Scarcely had they risen from the table, before they heard a clear bugle call. It was repeated again and again, then a body of forty or fifty men joined in the wild, tuneless music. Their short jackets were ornamented with scarlet and green, their sailor hats weighed to one side by the full, green, waving plumes which swept their shoulders, and each right hand held to the lips a bugle, while the left swung in perfect time, as they marched at double quick on toward the castle, whose guard they were sent to relieve.

Fanny was in ecstasy, as these riflemen dashed by, declaring them her favorites of all the soldiers she had ever seen; and they indeed did remind one of the winged Mercury.

The Piazza Madama, although by no means the largest square in the city, is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting. Everything about it seems so gay and cheerful, and everyone upon it so intent upon amusing himself. Military officers, with their bronzed faces and brilliant uniforms, their gold and silver epaulets flashing in the sunlight, mingled with the people, while monks, abbés, priests, and princes sauntered by twos and threes across the square, or clustered in groups, throwing dark blotches of shadow upon the gleaming pavement. From time to time rolled by white and purple-lined barouches, filled with eager pleasure seekers. All were hastening toward the public promenade.

"Let us go, too," suggested Fred.

So an open carriage was ordered; but, before it was ready, there was a tumult in the square below. Hats were off, and cries of "Long live the King!" "Long live King Victor!" followed each other without pause, while the king raised his hat and bowed to the people till his carriage had passed through the crowd. A moment later, other carriages issued from the royal court, containing the Duchess of Genoa, the beautiful Princess Marguerite of Savoy, and ladies of honor, who were greeted no less enthusiastically than the king.

The promenade itself, when Mr. Rivers' carriage entered upon it, was a sight interesting enough to a stranger. It was a drive around an immense square on which soldiers were drilled and manœuvred. On each side of the drive were broad walks, shaded by drooping foliage, and many persons allowed their carriages to follow them, preferring to walk. Although the promenade extended around the square, yet, at the third corner, every carriage turned and went back, never driving entirely around it. When Mr. Rivers' carriage reached this corner it also turned, and the coachman being questioned, replied that etiquette allowed no one to turn that corner and drive along the fourth side.

"Some do it," he continued, "but it proves that they amount to very little;" and he shrugged his shoulders in a very expressive and emphatic way.

After driving half a dozen times around the three sides prescribed by fashionable law, it became somewhat monotonous and tiresome. The glorious range of moun-

tains stretched before them was its only redeeming feature. Far to the north rose the towering Monte Rosa, standing guard over the grand, unbroken chain of ice-crowned peaks which westward and southward curved around the city, till swept upward in the glittering, giant drift of Monte Viso. As they neared again the forbidden corner, Mr. Rivers, preferring to lower himself in the esteem of his coachman rather than again stem the current from which they were all eager to escape, ordered the carriage across the boundary and off to Rivoli, a town about six miles west of Turin. Above the town is an ancient, unfinished palace. They turned back, however, before reaching it, and drove homeward again, through the broad, elm-shaded avenue which leads from Rivoli to the capital.

A few hundred feet east of the city and across the river, lies a range of exquisitely-moulded hills, dotted over with villas and chapels, and carpeted with brilliant, wild flowers of every hue. Over them all looks the Superga, the highest of the range, its summit crowned by an immense Basilica, erected between 1717 and 1731, by Vittorio Amadeo, reigning sovereign at that time. Here are buried nearly all the members of the royal house of Savoy. From the Rivoli avenue, the Superga, in the dim twilight, formed a matchless picture.

But everything was losing its form and melting away in the darkness, as the carriage drove into the court. All was hushed and still. The square was nearly empty, and soon everything settled down into the quiet of a night in a peaceful, New-England village—a quiet broken first by the little chimney sweep, as he wandered up and down the streets in the early morning, uttering his mournful, monotonous cry.

The children could hardly wait for day-break before hastening out among the people, of which the lower classes only were to be seen at this hour.

Passing down the Via di Po, the whole length of which is lined on both sides with lofty, massive porticos, they came into one of the largest squares in the city—the one named for the king—the Victor Emmanuel. The porticos continue around the entire square, with the exception of the eastern end, which is washed by the river, and this is spanned by a heavy, five-arched, granite bridge, which connects the Victor Emmanuel with another square, on which stands a church bearing the name, *Church of the Great Mother of God*. Just behind this church rises the long sweep of gently-undulating hills, one of them the site of the royal villa.

The sun was just peering out from an indentation in the range, and as the children walked along the banks of the river, it seemed to be playing at hide and seek with the hill tops.

What would have most astonished them, had they not seen the same thing in other Italian towns, was the washing which was here being done. Women, with their bright dresses looped, their black hair kept back by the whitest of caps or the gayest of kerchiefs, knelt on some huge stone pushed to the edge of the river, and there chatted and laughed merrily with each

other, while in cold water and with two stones they washed and pounded their clothes, till one would have thought not a shred would remain. Then they were hung to dry on lines stretched along the banks. In warm weather, this was a pleasant enough way of getting along, but when fall and winter came, and the poor creatures, unable to provide themselves with fuel for heating water, were still obliged to resort to the river side, it was heart rending. Many have been known to be chilled to death, as they plunged their arms deep down into this stinging, mountain water.

One of the hill tops nearest the river was surmounted by a most picturesque, old monastery, toward which both Fred and Fanny looked longingly; but they had been gone already too long, so they hurried home, meeting at the door their father, who was just coming out to look for them.

### DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.

DEAR CORPORAL: Did you ever go to a deaf and dumb institution? Pshaw! Corporal, it is very silly in me to ask you such a question as that. Of course you have. You have been everywhere, and seen everything, of course; but perhaps you have not told your little readers all about everything. Well, please let me tell them what a funny time I have with the little, deaf and dumb children here, at school.

I have some children who have never been sent to school before, and "don't know anything," as I once heard Chicken Little say, at Mr. Eggleston's. Not long ago, Prof. Gillett, of the school, was teaching the pupils about the resurrection—the very same lesson that many of you had, the first Sunday this year. He asked some of the little boys if they were going to die? They all shook their little, shingled heads, and turned up their noses. "No, indeed, they were not going to die." I suppose they thought, in their dumb way of thinking, that they wouldn't be caught doing such a foolish thing as that. Prof. Gillett then asked some of the older scholars, who all said, "yes, they would all die, sometime." So, when these poor, little, new fellows found they would die, they did not like it at all. Some of them began to cry.

The next morning, when they came into school, they began to ask me, in signs, if they were going to die? I told them "yes; but if they were good, after they had been covered up in the ground, as they had all seen at funerals, God would send an angel down, to open the grave and take them to heaven. But if they were bad they would go down below." I suppose they thought that meant into a deeper grave; for they did not seem much shocked at the idea. But suddenly one boy burst into tears, and said, in signs, of course, that he did not want to go up to heaven; he wanted to go home on the cars to his father and mother. I tried to explain that they would die, too, and go to heaven, which made him cry harder than ever.

Then the children began to draw coffins, and graves, and weeping willows over the blackboard, looking as solemn, (and I have no doubt, feeling much more so,) as a

church mouse, while I could not help laughing all the time, as hard as I could, which they thought very wonderful; and presently they began to ask me if I was not going to die, too? When I told them yes, they looked rather quizzical, for they thought it a very bad thing to have to die. But I told them they would not be deaf and dumb in heaven, but could hear and talk; which seemed to comfort them greatly.

Then they asked me if they would eat in heaven? I told them no, they would not be hungry there. They did not like this idea at all, for they, like all other children, think it a fine thing to be hungry, when they have a good dinner.

"But," said one boy, "can't we skate up there?"

I was sorry to have to tell the poor boy no, for I knew he would not think so highly of heaven when he heard that.

Then one little girl took up a picture of a fish, and asked if fishes must die, too?

"Yes," I replied.

"Will they go to heaven?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"To hell?"

"No," said I, "we eat the fishes."

This seemed to satisfy her just then, but before long she will be after me to ask what becomes of the snakes, because we don't eat them.

Then one pretty, black-eyed boy asked me, "Will we go to heaven in the cars?"

I shook my head, very much at a loss to tell him how we would get there.

"How will we go, then?" he asked, immediately.

I remembered they had told me I would fly there, when I died; and I rather believe that yet, though the wise men say we will not have any wings at all; but I told him we would fly up to heaven.

Immediately the little girl who had asked about the fishes, picked up a picture of a big, ugly bird, and said she did not want to be a bird at all. I tried to stop their questions then, for you know, children, I could not make them understand about being a spirit and going to heaven. Indeed, I don't understand it myself; do you?

One little boy met Prof. Gillett the next morning, after the lecture, and said,

"Well, I ain't dead yet. You said I was going to die, but you see here I am."

Of course they cannot speak a word, but they can talk in signs, almost as well as you can in words. The older ones can say *anything*, in signs, that you can say.

But perhaps you have never thought how shut up their minds are before they come to school. They do not even know their names. I found one boy's name printed. True, it had been printed as the name of somebody else, but it was his name, so I gave it to him, telling him it was his name. He undertook to copy it on the board; for though he could *write* his name very well, he did not know the *printed* letters. Well, I happened to look at it, as he was showing it, with great pride, to some of the boys, and it was *upside down*.

Good bye.

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED LEIGH.

Deaf and Dumb Institution, Jacksonville, Ill.

## TEN LITTLE FAIRIES.

A SONG, BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

So you say there are no fairies?  
Do you think the Fairy Queen  
On midsummer night nowhere is  
In the moonlight to be seen?  
Hear the story we are telling;  
Ten with us are always dwelling—  
Ere our song has ceased its swelling  
You shall see them—by and by.

In sweet summer, when the air is  
Full of fragrance of the flowers,  
Then our busy little fairies  
Seek the shady dells and bowers;  
And they bring us pretty posies,  
Lillies, Violets and roses;  
Ere our fairy story closes  
You shall see them—by and by.

When the autumn days of glory  
Ripened fruits in beauty fling,  
Then the fairies of our story  
Grapes and apples to us bring.  
And when soft, white snows are falling,  
At the merry children's calling,  
They will join the gay snowballing!  
You shall see them—by and by.

That kind works of love and duty,  
In the home and in the school,  
Are the only way of beauty,  
Is our fairies' golden rule.  
In whatever work their share is,  
More and more we hope their care is  
To be faithful little fairies—  
You shall see them—by and by.

Softly sound our tuneful numbers,  
For they now are drawing near.  
Waking up from quiet slumbers,  
Soon our fairies shall appear.  
Now each Queen will forward bring hers;  
Not a single fairy lingers!  
They are—just our ten white fingers!  
Don't you see them dancing by?

At the closing couplet let all the hands unclasp, and all the fingers twirl about, raised high above the heads.

## WILD FLOWERS OF MAY.

BY MARY LORIMER.

Now the wild flowers will not be afraid to show their heads. Some were brave enough to twine their delicate blossoms in the damp hair of April, but many thought it wiser to wrap their cloaks around them and wait for the sunny locks of May. Did you look for flowers in April? and how many did you find?

You found, let me see, as many as eight, perhaps, or ten. If you had looked very sharp, you might have found twenty; but it takes some time to get acquainted with the manners and customs of the woodland darlings. You will not find *all* the flowers the first summer, nor the second; but every year you will find more and more.

And you will find out where these pets of yours prefer to set up housekeeping, for they have a choice as to situations. Some always hide away under old leaves; some establish themselves under some tall, protecting old tree; some lift their bright heads from dark-green, mossy beds; others choose to live near enough to the little

brooks to be able to wash their fair faces every morning in the sparkling water; some choose the seams and clefts of rocks, some the highest hill tops, some the lowliest valley. Then there are some that you will never find near cultivated land, or on the borders of the woods—they grow far away in the depths of the forest, and are generally brought home by the adventurous boys who go out on tramps where the little girls do not often go.

Some summer day your brother will come in with a spike of most beautiful, pale, purple blossoms, fringed and fragrant, and if you have learned how to examine flowers, you will take your Botany and look at the leaves and stems, till at last you exclaim, "O, I know what it is—it is the Purple-fringed Orchis."

You do not know how pleased you will feel to be able to do this. But now I must tell you some of the flowers that you can find in May. Many flowers that begin to blossom in April, keep on through May and June; so, if you did not look for them in April, it is not too late to begin now. You should find Wood Anemones, Hepatica, Wild Columbine, Squirrel Corn, blue and white and yellow Violets, Spring beauty, Saxifrage, Buttercups, Dogwood, Dandelion, Azalea, May-flowers, Blood-root, Spring Orchis, Wild Geranium, Jack in the Pulpit, Yellow Wood-sorrel, and the beautiful, violet-colored Innocence, Swamp Pinks, Rhodora, Trillium, Bell-wort, Sassafra, Barberry, Adder's Tongue, and many others. I have not room to tell you how or where these grow, and I have not spoken of the fair tribes of early garden flowers, the Crocus, the Snowdrop, the Hyacinth, and others. These are beautiful and dear to all, but I have spoken only of *wild* flowers; because, if any little girl wishes to study Botany, and learn how to examine flowers by the rules laid down in botanical books, she must take the *wild* flowers to examine, and I will tell her the reason. Flowers that grow in gardens and are *cultivated*, are often very much changed by cultivation, and grow more and more double every year; they are not easy to examine, botanically, because they are so variable. Every little girl knows that a beautiful rose picked in the garden, has so many lovely petals that she would try in vain to count them. Now the *true* Rose has only *five* petals; the pretty, wild roses are the true ones, and they have but five petals, and all over five in the garden roses are *stamens* turned into petals by cultivation. So the wild Buttercup has but five petals, and the cultivated Buttercup has dozens and dozens. So that all beginners in botanical studies find it much easier to examine wild flowers than cultivated.

The great botanists, who have spent years in studying flowers, and who have made all the botanical books, call cultivated flowers *monsters*, which is a dreadful name, I think; and *we* will call them beauties, if they are double and hard to examine.

Sometime, perhaps, I will tell you some of the hard, botanical names of flowers, not half as pretty as the common names, but now will only tell you that the botanical name of the wild Columbine is *Aquilegia Canadensis*.



## OUR RAILROAD.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

Uncle Hepworth built us a railroad, a *real* railroad last fall. He proposed it; we voted for it. Mother said "call it 'Sweet Brier Dell Railroad,'" so that was the name from the first, and Uncle Hepworth was elected Chief Engineer.

On a pleasant, October morning he went down town with Willie, and bought one hundred small, iron rails, such as the farmers use to run their great, barn doors upon. Each rail was two feet long, and cost twelve cents. I remember how, when he came home that day, he made us calculate the length of the road, and its cost per foot. Willie said that one hundred rails, each two feet long, would reach two hundred feet, and so the road would be two hundred feet long, and we all laughed at Willie for his blunder. Then I said; "the road will be one hundred feet long, and at six cents a foot for the iron rails, will cost six dollars." Then they all laughed at me for my blunder. I wonder if my readers can tell where Willie's blunder was: and where was mine? How much *would* the rails cost?

When Willie came in, having pulled the roll of rails on his wagon from the store, he was very hot and tired, and came into the sitting room fanning himself with his hat, exclaiming; "I tell you that's a hard piece of work." Our Jack, a jolly sort of boy, with a wide streak of vanity in his little body, laughed heartily at Willie, and said something about "making a great fuss over a small job."

"Suppose," said Uncle Hepworth, "that our big, bold, blustering Jack take the roll of rails in his arms and carry it to the place where our railroad is to be."

"I'll do that quick enough," replied Jack, so we all went out to Willie's little wagon. The rails were securely wrapped up in coarse paper and tied with a stout twine.

"Now, at it, Samson!" cried Uncle Hepworth.

Jack seized the roll and pulled it from the wagon, but as it left the wagon floor, down it went to the ground, and down went "Samson" on top of it.

"There go the gates of Gaza bearing away our Samson—stop them!" roared Uncle Hepworth, with such a laugh that the burning blood leaped up into "Samson's" face.

Laughing himself—a red-hot sort of laugh—Jack got up, and exclaiming; "It's heavier than I thought," took a knife out of his pocket and cut the cord that fastened the roll. He then took out twenty rails and gave them to our gardener, Jim, gave ten to Willie, ten to me, took twenty himself and led the way to the north side of the house, where the road was to be located. Going back, he and Jim soon brought the rest of the rails, and Uncle Hepworth took a spade to "break ground," as he called it, for the new railroad.

All this while Jack had said nothing about carrying the rails, and although he still blushed a good deal, the skill and good humor with which he accepted and atoned for his failure, pleased us very much.

With a merry twinkle in his eye, Uncle Hepworth gave us an old rhyme he had learned somewhere, and while he repeated it, Willie kept looking at Jack—(naughty Willie!) These are the words of the old rhyme:

"Fast and Slow began to build;  
Fast, his arms with burdens filled;  
Thought to show himself well-skilled;  
But, alas! his burdens spilled.

"Fast, too fast," said brother Slow,  
Sure I am you do not know  
How to make a great work go,  
Or your real power to show.

"By degrees, great houses rise,  
Single stars make starry skies,  
Men will never him despise,  
Who on patient toil relies.

"That suits our 'Samson' exactly," said Willie.

"How?" asked Jack.

"Who was it filled his arms with a burden to spill it again, Mr. Jack?"

"Who was it cut the cord and had the rails carried around to this place by degrees, Mr. Willie?"

So we all "hurrahed" for Jack, whose tact and perseverance were equal to his confidence and ambition, and voted him Superintendent of our new railroad.

What do you see to admire in Jack's conduct in this affair, and where was he to blame?

## BENNIE AND HIS KITTY.

BY MRS. ANNA E. BENNETT.

Bennie has a Maltese Kitty,  
Quite a merry little thing;  
She has learned to play so pretty,  
With a little ball and string.

Even now, I see them running  
Through the garden walks at play;  
Up a fruit tree Kit is climbing;  
Down she springs, and runs away.

Little Bennie follows after,  
Calling, "Kitty! Kitty! come!"  
But Miss Kitty runs the faster;  
And our hero likes the fun.

See! behind a rosebush, hiding,  
Kitty stands, and looks about;  
Softly Bennie now approaching  
In a moment finds her out.

But a tiny pebble lying  
In the walk beneath his feet,  
Caused a slip, and Kit is flying  
Through the hedge, and down the street.

Now in nook and crevice peeping,  
At each tree a glance is cast,  
But no pussy there is creeping;  
Strange that she should run so fast.

"Malta! Malta!" he is calling,  
"Come to me, and rest awhile;"  
See! the kitty now is crawling  
Out from underneath the stile.

And with noiseless steps approaching,  
See! the merry, little thing,  
Soon upon our Bennie's shoulder  
She is seated, with a spring.

And our Bennie, laughing, chiding  
Malta for her roguish pranks,  
Will not punish her for hiding;  
Hear the kitty purr her thanks.

## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## CHAPTER V.

Jimmy's railroad speculations seemed to promise abundant success; but, some time in January, his friend, the brakeman, informed him that the train was given in charge to the News Company, who would put one of their own boys on it.

"I'm mighty sorry 'bout it, and I did my best to get 'em to keep you on, and so did the conductor; but they said the other chap had the promise of the first chance."

Jimmy was a good deal disappointed, and for a minute he felt discouraged. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, which served for the only seat in the small chamber, and for awhile he did not say a word. Then he got up and deliberately pulled off his boots.

"What are you going to do?" asked his friend.

"Going to bed," said Jimmy.

"But about the train? I mean. I've tried to think of something, for I don't fancy letting you go; but I can't see no way."

"I can't see anything now—it looks pretty bad; but maybe I shall think of something in the morning. Mr. Walters told me once that the best thing that could happen to-us, sometimes, was to be disappointed."

"There's one thing I can do for you—you can just stay here as long as you please," said the brakeman, heartily.

In the morning, Jimmy woke up bright and hopeful. The first thing he did was to make a bargain with the woman who kept the boarding house, by which he was to pay for his meals by doing some work at morning and evening. Then he got out his little, tin trunk, and started for the depot, with his blacking brushes. The ragged boys, who waited around the platform with their brushes, gathered about him with rude shouts, when they found out his business, but Jimmy either took no notice of them or answered them good naturedly, and, in spite of all they could do, he had several customers, and went home to dinner with half a dollar in his pocket.

So matters went on for several weeks, and nothing better seemed to be open to Jimmy, though he tried hard to get a situation as parcel boy in a store, until he found that he could earn more money at blacking boots, and not be half so much of a slave.

One day, as he was passing a large hotel, a gentleman came down the steps whose dusty boots attracted Jimmy's eye in a moment.

"Black your boots, sir?" he asked

"No," said the gentleman, absently, buttoning up his overcoat; then, glancing at Jimmy, he stopped, and said, "I don't care if you do, though, only be in a hurry."

Jimmy went about the work, and the gentleman watched him keenly.

"That's pretty well done," he remarked, as the first boot was finished. "Do you work in here?"

"At the hotel? No, sir. I work wher-

ever I can find a job. I board with Mrs. Brown, on Water street."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, smiling, "I thought you chaps boarded at large, wherever you could find a crack to curl up in."

"Some of us have to," said Jimmy; "I'm lucky, myself. I do chores for my board."

"And what do you do?" asked the gentleman, beginning to feel interested.

"I carry coal to all the rooms on the second floor—up-stairs lodgers don't have any fire. I sweep the front pavement, and scrub the steps once a week, and blacken the boots for the telegraph chaps and old Mr. Simmons."

"Pretty well, I should think," said the gentleman, taking out his pocketbook; and, as he paid Jimmy for his work, he looked pleasantly at him, and added, "Honest work and honest ways have been the making of many a man. I've been a poor boy myself; not so very many years ago, either."

"Seemsto me," thought Jimmy, as he looked after the gentleman, "most everybody that's any account used to be poor. Must be the *grit* there is in 'em."

Not long afterward, as he was watching for a customer in the crowd of passengers who were hurrying away from a train, his eye brightened with pleasure to recognize the same gentleman again. The gentleman remembered Jimmy, too, and readily stopped on the steps of the depot to have his boots polished.

"Well, my boy," he asked, "and how are you getting along in the world?"

"Pretty well; only I should like to find some better work," said Jimmy.

"Ah! don't it pay, blacking boots?"

"Pays well enough; most anything pays, if you stick to it; but then a fellow wouldn't want to black boots all his life, you know."

"I should think not," said the gentleman, with an amused smile. "You haven't told me what your name is, yet."

"Jimmy Marvin." And the bright, inquisitive eyes glanced up at the gentleman's face, as if they would like to ask a question, too.

"That's a pretty good name; my name is Jimmy, too; or, at least, it used to be when I was a boy—Jimmy Warren."

"I've heard of that name before," said Jimmy, without looking up from his brushes. "General Warren, you know, that was killed in the war of the Revolution."

## Praises!

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

Allergito.

1. Hark the cho - rus swell - ing Through the si - lent morn;  
2. With the poor and low - ly On the earth he dwelt;

"Peace in ev - ery dwell - ing, Christ, the Lord is born!  
Yet the an - gels ho - ly, Low be - fore him kneel.

### CHORUS,

An - gels may we sing with you? We have learn - ed  
Glo - ry, glo - ry! let us sing, Prais - es to our

the story too;  
heaven - ly King. Prais - es! prais - es! to our heaven - ly King.

3. Stooping in his meekness To our path of care;  
All our pain and weakness His compassion bare! CHORUS.
4. Now enthroned in glory, He will stoop to hear,  
While we tell the story Ever new and dear! CHORUS.

"Indeed," said the gentleman. "And who killed him, I should like to know?"

"The British soldiers killed him, at the battle of Bunker Hill; only, you know, it ought to have been called 'Breed's Hill,' because they made a mistake in the night, and didn't go to Bunker Hill at all."

Jimmy paused in his work, and looked eagerly up at the gentleman.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked, in surprise.

"O, in the newsboys' lodging house, in New York. They taught us all about the Revolution, there."

"So you have been in New York, have you? I should like to know how you came out here?"

"Worked my way, sir," said Jimmy, briefly, giving the finishing touch to his work.

"What made you come?" asked the gentleman.

"Because I wanted to do something for myself, and there didn't seem to be much chance there. I've heard that the west was the best place for poor boys, but I haven't seemed to find much chance, yet."

"And so you're waiting for a chance, are you?"

"Yes, sir, waiting and working. I can't

afford to be idle, you know; and then I think of my motto."

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, looking at his earnest, cheerful face, with admiration.

"*'The hand of the diligent maketh rich,'*" said Jimmy, mechanically, as he sprang to secure another customer, who was just passing.

"That's a remarkable boy," said the gentleman to himself. "I wonder if I couldn't help him to the chance he's waiting for."

He walked to the door of the depot, then came slowly back and stood a moment looking at Jimmy, who seemed to be putting his whole mind to his work.

"Jimmy," he said, presently, "I should like to have a little talk with you, but we haven't either of us time to spare now. I live about twelve miles out of the city, and if you would like to go out with me I will pay your passage out, and back in the morning."

"I think I should like to go, sir," said Jimmy, looking pleased, but not stopping his work.

"Very well. I shall be here in time for the evening express, and you can make up your mind about it."

"I hope I haven't picked up another foolish

job," thought the gentleman, as he hurried away. "If he should turn out like that little rascal of a Tom, that took me in so completely—but this one don't look like a cheat, and it seems to me as if the Lord had put him in my way on purpose that I might help him. It's *somebody's* business, and why not *mine*?"

All day Mr. Warren was too busy to think of Jimmy; but at evening, as he hurried to the train, he was quite pleased to find him waiting for him, looking so clean and tidy that he did not feel at all ashamed of his traveling companion.

"So you concluded to go, did you?" he said.

"Yes, sir; it's great luck to me to get invited anywhere. I don't believe I ever was invited anywhere before."

Then Jimmy told Mr. Warren all he knew of his own history, adding, rather sadly, as he finished,

"Sometimes I wish't I had some relations, somewhere. Seems hard not to belong to anybody in particular, and not to have anybody to care whether a fellow goes up or down."

"Some One does care," said Mr. Warren. "Some One says not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's notice,

and then adds, in a very comforting way, 'Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' You know about that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. The parson preached about it, once, to us boys at the Home. I s'pose it's all so, though sometimes it don't seem quite true. It's a good ways up to heaven, and I should like to have somebody to ask me, once in a while, how I get along."

Mr. Warren felt the keenest sympathy for the lonely boy, for he remembered how, often in his struggling boyhood, he should have felt like giving up in despair, but for the dear, hopeful mother, whose smiles were his daily strength, and the loving, little sister, for whom he was ready to go through almost any hardship. Presently Jimmy went on—

"When Pierre died—he was the train boy I told you about—Walt Norris, the brakeman, said he knew he'd got some folks somewhere, for he used to send letters and money to 'em; but then nobody knew where they were, and Pierre was too crazy to tell. He talked some kind of foreign lingo, when he was out of his head. So he was just buried up by the hospital folks; and I've often thought how his folks at home would go on wondering about him, and never know what happened to him. That's about as bad as not having any folks."

By this time the train was at the station, and the brakeman shouted "Shelby" in at the door, so that nobody had the faintest idea what he said, unless they happened to live there, as Mr. Warren did. He and Jimmy left the car, and, from behind the small depot, a man came to meet them.

"All right at home, George?" asked Mr. Warren, walking briskly through the depot.

"All right, sir," answered the man, with a curious glance at Jimmy.

Behind the depot, a span of handsome horses were harnessed to a light, farm wagon.

"Jump in, Jimmy," said Mr. Warren, as he sprang into the wagon; and the three were quickly riding over the smooth road, towards a pleasant-looking farm house on the outskirts of the town. It was too dark to see distinctly, but through the large windows of one room a bright fire shone out, and gave a pleasant picture of two little faces pressed against the pane, and a lady passing to and fro. Mr. War-

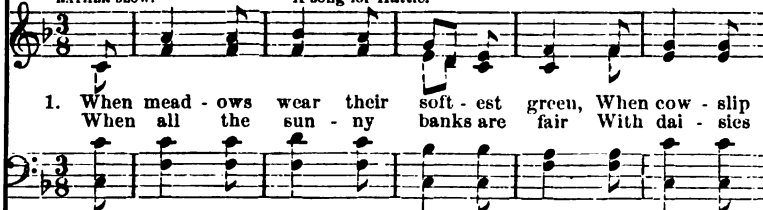
## Light Heart.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

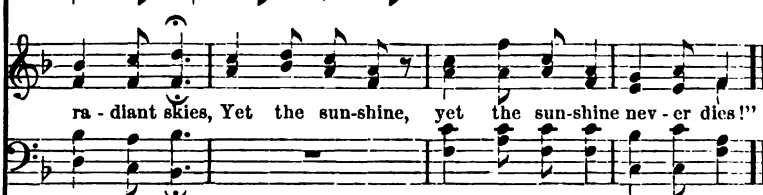
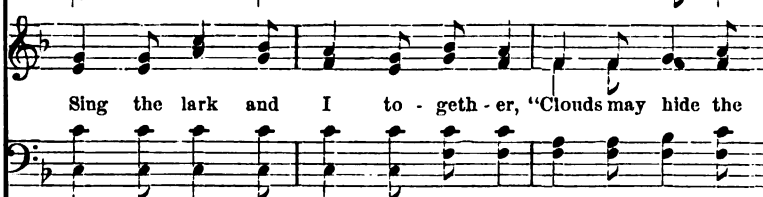
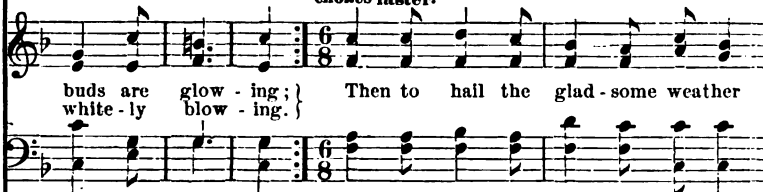
Music by Geo. F. Root.

RATHER SLOW.

A song for Hattie.



CHORUS faster.



CHORUS.

Then to hail the gladsome weather  
Sing the lark and I together.  
"Clouds may hide the radiant skies,  
Yet the sunshine never dies!"

CHORUS.

Yet in spite of dreary weather  
Sing the lark and I together,  
"Clouds may hide the radiant skies,  
Yet the sunshine never dies."

ren knew, too, that in the snugest corner was a dear, old lady, whose placid face bore few marks of all the storms that had beaten against it, and in his heart arose the glad thoughts of thanksgiving with which he always came back to his dear nest of a home.

As for Jimmy, he felt something in his throat that half choked him, though he could not tell why; and for a moment he wished himself back in the little, boarding-house attic, with rough Walt Norris for his companion.

"Perhaps you'd like to go out with George to put up the horses," said Mr. Warren, understanding very well that it would be a trial to Jimmy to face the whole family.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, with a feeling of relief. And he and George were soon at the barn, making the acquaintance of the horses and cows. Before they came in, they managed to get acquainted with each other, and Jimmy felt a good deal stronger for the rest.

There was certainly nothing very alarming about the placid, old lady who took his hand, with a pleasant smile, and said, "Thee is very welcome, James," in a way that made Jimmy wonder if she meant him.

Mrs. Warren was a kindly, little woman, and the children were too much occupied with their father to care much for anyone else, so Jimmy found himself sitting at the bountiful supper table, and afterwards filling a corner of the room, with a very pleasant feeling of having a share in the love and warmth of home. The children brought him their games and books, and the grandmother called him James, in her plain, Quaker speech, and altogether it was so delightful that he felt as if he must be in a strange dream.

He shared a large, airy chamber with George, who proceeded to satisfy his own curiosity about Jimmy, by asking him all manner of questions.

"W'r. Warren's hired you, I reckon?" he suggested, inquiringly.

"No, he hasn't," said Jimmy, "but I wish he would. He's rich, isn't he?"

"Not so very; worth a good deal for a farmer, though. This is a stock farm, and there's a sight more money in stock than in crops, and not so much work."

"I wish he *would* hire me," repeated Jimmy. "Do you s'pose I could do anything on a farm?" and he looked anxiously at his companion.

"Well," said George, deliberately, "we rather need another hand, and Mr. Warren talked of getting one of the Lowry boys; they was raised on a farm, but they're shif'less lubbers, all of 'em. Know anything 'bout stock?"

"No," said Jimmy, honestly. "I can tell a sheep from a pig, and that's about all; but I could learn."

"Of course you could," said George, whose heart was completely taken by this frank confession of ignorance. "I didn't know much myself, first start, but I always took to animals naturally. They've got a good deal more sense than most folks know for."

George went to sleep with the firm resolve to speak a good word for Jimmy, deciding in his own mind that he would be a more agreeable companion than "them Lowry boys, that set up to know everything."

Mr. Warren came out the next morning, where Jimmy was watching the feeding of a troop of half-grown colts, that held possession of an immense straw stack. Rough, shaggy-looking fellows they were, but with a keen flash in their eyes, and a world of strength and life in every untamed limb. Jimmy watched them with a pleasure

that was new to him. There was something daring and untamed in his heart that beat in sympathy with the strong, animal life before him, and Mr. Warren recognized it in the very expression of his face.

"You like horses," he said, smiling.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy; "I like these the best of any I ever saw. They ain't so nice, either," he added, and then paused.

"Nice!" broke in George, indignantly. "I'd like to see anybody get a likelier lot of colts than that together."

"I understand what Jimmy means," said Mr. Warren. "Colts need a good deal of training and dressing, to smooth them up for market; but anyone who is used to horses can tell when the right kind of muscle is in them. They're a good deal like boys in that."

[To be continued.]

### THE PERSEVERING POOL.

BY ALTA GRANT.

Once upon a time there was a little pool, a mere handful of water, glimmering at the foot of a great tree. It was very pleasant staying there, with the bright sun shining upon it morning and evening, and at noon the great boughs overshadowing it. But by and by the little pool grew tired of doing nothing, and determined to be up and busy. It was not discontented, but it knew that somewhere in the great, wide world there was work to be done, and deep down in its heart a springy, little voice seemed calling it to begin at once to make a way through the muddy bank that hemmed it in.

"Better stay where you are, little pool," said the tall tree, patronizingly. "Hard times, the world's workers have. You will be much wiser to keep quiet and remain here under my shelter."

But the little pool did not think so.

"You were made to stay in one place, dear tree," it answered, "to blossom and bear fruit; but God meant me to run away among the hills and valleys, to water the flowers and give drink to bird and beast; and if I am content to lie here always, in the sunshine and shadow, my work will never be done."

"But," said the old tree, pointing one of its long, green arms across the valley, its leaves all in a flutter at the thought of losing its bright-eyed, little companion, "yonder is a great mountain standing right in your path. What will you do when you come to that?"

"Work my way through it," said the little pool, bravely.

"Pretty hard work you'll have of it, too," said the old tree, discouragingly. "Better take my advice, and stay where you are."

But the little pool did not hear the last words, for already it was working its way down the hillside, at first very slowly, only a slender rill, but by and by it grew broader, and gained strength, and went rippling over roots and stones, laughing for joy in its new-found freedom. It was pleasant work at first, for the way lay through green fields and valleys; but presently its rapid course was checked by rocks and hills, and scarcely were these

conquered, when, straight before it, rose up the giant mountain—the very same of which the old tree had given warning—grim and defiant, gazing down on the silvery stream at its base with a look which seemed to say "Get through me if you can."

But the little pool had now become a strong, broad brook, and was not to be turned back. A long task lay before it, but it went at it bravely, and never stopped until, inch by inch, it had found a channel for itself through the very heart of the granite mountain. Then it went singing on its way, through field and forest, and by and by became a mighty river.

Was not that grand for the little pool? Yet, had it been content to remain in idleness, and afraid to encounter difficulties, it would never have been anything better than a handful of muddy water.

There are some boys and girls in the world for whom this little story has a moral—boys and girls who make mountains of everything in the way of work and study, and, lacking the little pool's perseverance, dare not even try to get through them. If they are content to be idle thus very long, their brains will by and by become mere muddy pools, where not a single bright idea can find a place to sun itself.

### GOOD AND TRUE.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

A mile was a long way for little Matie to walk to school, but Auntie was teacher, you see, and Matie cried so hard to go, that mamma said if Wing would lead her, and take good care of her, she might go until she grew tired of it.

Wing was a brave, manly little fellow, with light-brown hair, and kind, blue eyes, which looked right in your face when he told you anything, and you felt sure he was speaking the truth. Wing was not his real name, but 'twas the name he gave himself when he first learned to talk, and so they all learned to call him Wing, too.

"Now, Wing, take good care of her," mamma would say every morning, as she tied her pink sunbonnet, and kissed her fat, chubby cheeks, for Matie was almost as round as a little pumpkin; and Wing would lead her little, bare feet away from the sharp thistles and rough stones, to where the grass was soft and cool, and buttercups and dandelions grew thick as stars in the sky.

Wing always carried a stout stick in his hand to protect his sister from the attacks of stray pigs or cattle that chanced to be in the road, in case they saw fit to make any; but they never offered to harm the little girl, and Wing thought it all owing to the valiant appearance of her young protector.

Sometimes Matie's little feet would get tired, and her face flushed and warm, and she would sit resolutely down upon a stone or log by the road-side and refuse to go farther. Then Wing would coax and urge her, using every argument he possessed; even offering her his dearest treasures, the contents of his pockets, but all in vain. "I aint doin' to tool any more," Matie would say, and refuse to get up.

Then, when all other means had failed, Wing would tell her that she might sit there as long as she liked, but *he* was going to school; and he would walk away very fast, not once looking behind him. But Matie knew very well that he would not dare to go and leave her, and she would sit very still and neither cry, nor call him to come back.

When Wing saw that this was of no use, he would come back and try coaxing again. By and by Matie would be rested some, and she would conclude to go to school.

Wing was a grown man long ago, and he sits in a great court house, and talks with Judges, and reads law from big books. And Matie is far away in another home, and has little Wings and Maties of her own, to wear straw hats, and pink sunbonnets, and go to the district school. But she often thinks, when she sees them go off together, of the little brother who was so patient with her waywardness, and so faithful to protect her, and she says softly to herself, "God bless him."

And the lawyer sometimes grows weary of forms, and trials, and judges, and court room, and memory whispers soft and low in his ear, of the little, brown schoolhouse, and the long walks amid the buttercups, and the little sister he cared for so tenderly; and a pleasant little thrill finds its way all through his big man's heart, and he thanks God that he was good and true even when a little boy. Pleasant memories are cheerful companions, children.

### HOW THE BABY GOT A CRIB.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

Jimmy Downs was hurrying home from school with all his might. He only stopped twice on the way, once to get his bundle of shavings at the wagon maker's, and once at old Mrs. Liller's to beg a big, red apple for his mother; not that apples were scarce at home, but Mrs. Liller's were bigger and redder than anybody else's, and she always looked so good and grandmotherly when she gave it to him, and said, "now run along, sonny."

Jimmy made one think of a hickory nut, he was such a nice, sound, solid, honest, little fellow, with his clear, gray eyes and his good-natured, round face; and hickory nuts were the very things Jimmy was thinking about as he ran home that evening. He had a whole box full, at home, out in the old wood shed, and it always gave him solid comfort to look at them, lying there so white and plump, with such a clean, healthy smell, just like the good air out in the woods. He liked to put his face down close to them and shut his eyes and fancy he was out under the trees where he gathered them. He could fairly hear the bluejays calling to each other, and the dead leaves softly rustling down, and the nuts dropping, dropping, dropping.

He was in a hurry to see his mother, too. He liked to come into the little, warm sitting room and find mother there, with her dear, bright face, and soft voice, that always sounded glad when she spoke to Jimmy, and he wanted to give her the big, red apple, and tell her what a splendid

arithmetic lesson he had, and how he had found Upernavik first, when all the boys were hunting and hunting for it in their geographies. Somehow Jimmy's good things never were half as good if his mother didn't know about them and share them; and she always seemed to enjoy them every bit as well as he did. The little sitting room was the pleasantest place in the world to Jimmy, because his mother was there, and the fire was always so bright, and the Cherub picture hung on the wall, and the little, south window was full of dainty, green plants, and his own pictures and papers and magazines were piled up on the table where he could dive into them whenever he pleased. There his mother played puzzle with him on his slate, and helped him in his arithmetic, and covered his old balls, and tied up his sore toes, and his father held him on his knee and told him stories about "when I was a boy," and about the old Revolution, and our own "war time." Some folks said Jimmy was "babied too much;" but boys who get up early in the sharp, fall mornings and go trudging merrily off to the woods after hickory nuts, haven't much babyishness about them—and that was what Jimmy loved to do. I think Jimmy's mother was only making a beautiful, green spot in his life for him to look back to when he grew to be a man, and couldn't be loved and "mothered up" any more. To be sure, Jimmy wasn't the best boy in the world.

He had a passionate, jealous little heart, that always claimed a huge share of love and tenderness, and sometimes he had a naughty, little will of his own.

He hurried into the little sitting room that evening, after he had taken a peep at his hickory nuts, and put his shavings away, but his mother wasn't there. Old Mrs. Roby sat in her low rocking chair, holding a great bundle of something, mostly white flannel. She looked very pleased and mysterious, like some good, old, fairy god-mother in a picture book; and when Jimmy came in, she said, softly,

"Look here; little Jimmy Downs, come and see what I've got!" And then she looked more mysterious than ever.

Jimmy always had a kind of awe of old Mrs. Roby, because once he heard her say, solemnly, that she'd seen the grave of George Washington. So he went to her very slowly, and his heart thumped under his little jacket, and his cheeks burned, and it seemed as if his hair tingled down to the roots of it, when she poked her long fingers deep in among the flannels and pulled them aside a little, and showed him the tiniest, little, red face he ever saw, all puckered and wrinkled, with the funniest little dots of eyes, and the oddest, little lump of a nose, and a wee, red fist crammed into its mouth.

"Whose is it? Where is it going to stay?" whispered Jimmy, gravely.

His aunt Lizzie had told him, once, that if ever a little baby came to their house his "nose would be broken." She only looked half in earnest when she said it, but he had thought it over all by himself a good many times since then, and it seemed very horrible and unreasonable to him. He was a brave, little fellow, and he thought he could stand it, if it would do anybody any

good, but he was sure it wouldn't. He had a dim idea that it was some cruel ceremony, to show that he must give up his share of love to the little stranger, but he wouldn't have spoken that terrible, vague thought out loud for the world. So he just stood there, trying to choke the sobs down, when old Mrs. Roby told him it was "his mother's own dear, little baby, and she was going to keep it."

Just then a soft voice said very tenderly, "my dear, little Jimmy, come here to mother."

It was his mother's voice, and there she lay in the shadowy, little bedroom, and when Jimmy came to her, she put her loving, white hand up to his cheeks and stroked his hair a little, and told him mother loved Jimmy better every minute of her life, and that she thought he would be glad of a dear, little brother to love and to play with; and then she took the big, red apple and said it looked delicious, and she asked him all about school, and was so glad he had found "Upernavik" first. And then they talked more about the baby, and she said Jimmy and his father might name him; and Jimmy was so ashamed, though he didn't say anything, because he had been jealous of such a dear, little mite of a brother; and then he remembered that he'd never seen a single, little boy who had a broken nose, and he knew a good many boys who had baby brothers, so he was sure his aunt Lizzie was only quizzing him, and that his mother loved him better than ever. And she told him, as she lay there, stroking his solid, little cheeks with her soft hand, that the more we have to love the better and happier we are, and that his little brother would grow to be more beautiful than pink rosebuds or white kittens, and funnier to look at than the most gorgeous picture books.

And Jimmy made up his mind about something, as he stood there listening to his mother's loving talk. I'm sure you couldn't guess what it was, but it was very sweet, for it fairly made his big, gray eyes shine through the dark.

By and by his father came bustling in with his hearty, strong steps, and took a half-loving, half-contemptuous, and altogether-proud look under the flannels.

"Father," said Jimmy mysteriously, "you wouldn't buy a crib for our baby, would you? But I know who will." And then he hurried himself away to bed, for fear he might tell all about that beautiful plan of his.

Next morning, Jimmy went trudging down town, dragging his old sled behind him; and what do you suppose was on it? That precious box of hickory nuts. And he took them to old Mr. Haliburton, who kept a furniture store, and sold them for the dearest, little, shining, walnut crib in the world. And then he and Tommy Haliburton carried it home and marched right into the sitting room with it; and nobody had dreamed of such a thing! He would have it placed right under the beautiful Cherub picture, where the angels could watch over it; and when baby was put into it, and covered with dainty, white quilts, all but his darling, little, bald head, Jimmy could hardly help crying, out of pure pride and joy.

## WIDOW WIGGINS' WONDERFUL CAT.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Widow Wiggins was a wee, wiry, weird woman, with a wonderful cat—a very wonderful cat, indeed! The neighbors all said it was bewitched. Perhaps it was; I don't know; but a very wonderful cat it was. It had a strange way of knowing, when people were talking, whether what they said was right or wrong. If people said what they ought not to say, wee Widow Wiggins' wonderful cat would mew. Perhaps the cat had lived so long with the wee, wiry, weird, widow woman, who was one of the best in the world, that it had gotten her dislike to things that were wrong. But the wee widow's neighbors were afraid of that cat. When Mrs. Vine, a very vile, vinegar-tongued, vixenish virago, abused her neighbors to the wee, wiry, weird, widow woman, the Widow Wiggins' wonderful cat would mew. And so the vile, vixenish virago wished the cat was dead. And when slender, slim, slippery, Sly Slick, Esq., tried to persuade the widow to swindle her neighbor, the cat mewled furiously. And so it came that Mr. Slick did not like the wee widow's wonderful cat. In fact, he said it was a nuisance. And Tilda Tattle, the tiresome-tongued, town tale-bearer could not abide the cat, because it mewled all the time she was tattling.

And so it happened that good Deacon Pettibone, and his wife, who was even better than the deacon, were about the only visitors the wee, weird, widow Wiggins had. As the deacon never said any harm of anybody, and as the deacon's wife never thought any harm, and as the wee, widow woman never felt any harm, the cat would lie stretched out on the hearth all day, while these three good people talked.

But though the deacon was good, and his wife was better, yet the deacon's oldest son was not the boy he ought to have been. Somehow or other, as it will happen sometimes, he listened to everybody but his father and his mother. Bad company led him astray. At first the deacon did not suspect him, but when he showed signs of having been drinking, the deacon was very severe. I am afraid there was not enough of kindness in the father's severity. At any rate, after awhile, Tom was told that if he repeated the offence he must go from home. Tom had gotten to be a hard boy. The deacon felt greatly provoked. But when a boy shows that he is not able to overcome temptation while he is at home, I am not sure that he will be any better if he is sent by himself. I don't think that helps it. But Tom was bad, and so he had no right to complain. He yielded to temptation, and was sent away, his father telling him that he should never come back again. Deacon Pettibone thought he was doing right, but I am afraid he was angry.

Well, when Tom got away he did not get any better. He went down faster. At last his health broke down. He thought of home as he walked around hardly able to stand up. But the deacon would not ask him back, nor would he encourage him



even by a kind look to ask to be taken back again. The deacon's wife tried to persuade him. She cried. But the deacon said he must not break his word. His wife told him that a rash word ought to be broken, where it did others harm. The deacon's wife grew sick, and the vile, vinegar-tongued, vixenish virago said that the deacon was an old brute. The tattling, tiresome-tongued, town tale-bearer talked about a good many things that she *might* say, if she wanted to, and she did say that the deacon and his wife did not get on like angels. But the wee, wiry, weird Widow Wiggins watched wearily by the bedside of the sick Mrs. Pettibone. And still Deacon Pettibone refused to break his word, though he was breaking his wife's heart, and breaking God's command, and ruining his son.

At last the sick mother, longing for her son, thought of a plan by which to bring her husband to reason.

"Fetch your cat over the next time you come," she said to the wee, wiry, widow woman.

And so when the wee, weird Widow Wiggins came again, the wonderful cat followed her and lay down by the stove. Soon after, the deacon came in, looking very sad but very stern.

"Did you see Tom?" asked his wife.

"No, I didn't," said the deacon, "and I don't want to."

"Mew!" said the cat.

The deacon noticed the cat and got a little red in the face. But he went on talking.

"I tell you what, wife, Tom has made his bed and he must lie on it, that's all!"

"Mew! mew! mew!"

"I can't break my word anyhow; I said he shouldn't come back, and he shan't; so now there's no use in pining yourself to death over a scapegrace."

"Mew! mew! mew! mew! mew!" shrieked the cat, with every bristle on end, and her claws scratching the floor.

"Mrs. Wiggins, I wish you would keep that miserable cat at home," said the deacon, and so the wee, widow woman took up the wonderful cat and carried it home.

But the poor deacon couldn't rest. That night he thought he could hear that cat mewling at him all the time. He remembered that he had not seen Tom for some days. What if he were dying. It was a long night. The deacon at last got to thinking of how God had borne with him, miserable sinner that he was, and should he refuse to forgive his son? Then he thought of the touching and wonderful Parable of the Prodigal. And then in the stillness he thought he could hear something in his heart mewling at him.

At last daylight came, and he hastened to find Tom in a wretched garret racked with disease. He brought him home tenderly, and through kindness and God's mercy Tom got well both in his body and in his soul.

Perhaps, after all, there never was any wee, weird, wiry, widow woman with a wonderful cat—perhaps not; but I do know that down in your heart there is something called conscience, that mews louder than Widow Wiggins' wonderful

cat when you have mean or unforgiving tempers. Keep on good terms with it, for if conscience bristles up at you, you may be sure that God is not pleased with you.

### COLIN AND THE BIRDS.

BY MRS. A. M. WELLS.

Perched up, on a meal bag, as over the mill,  
Young Colin was driving old Dobbin from mill,  
A swallow came sweeping and circling along,  
With her glossy blue wing and her twittering song,

And round about Colin familiarly flew,  
As if she had liked to say "how do you do?"  
"I admire," said Colin, "this sociable bird;  
She is one of good omen, too—so I have heard—  
But what is this hooting and whooping I hear?"  
"Waugh O, Waugh O!" shrieked a voice in his ear.

And now, 'mid the boughs of an oak, he perceives

Two great, staring eyes, looking out from the leaves.

"Oho! old acquaintance," cries Colin, "I thought  
There could be no mistaking your semibreve note:  
But we have been strangers this many a day;  
Pray, now, what has tempted your owlship this way?"

For chickens or pigeons 'twere useless to prowl,  
Too dainty a supper, we think, for an owl.

You little expected we'd be upon guard;  
But you won't find a way into our poultry yard."  
The swallow, just then sweeping down in her flight,

Said Colin, "these birds really haunt me, to-night.  
They seem so determined my path to waylay,  
I'll listen and hear what they each have to say.  
Speak out then, sir owl; and speak out, little Swallow,

While Dobbin and I rest awhile in the hollow."

OWL.

I am famed for my wisdom—so people have said,  
And many fine songs about me have been made,  
But then it's a pity that poets don't know  
What is meant by "Tu-whit" and "Tu-whoo"  
and "Waugh-o."

SWALLOW.

I make no pretensions to musical song,  
Only twitter, by way of instructing my young,  
But the thrush and the blackbird, I know what they say,  
And the mavis that sings the slow twilight away.

OWL.

My nest in the fork of two branches I fix,  
And line it with feathers and build it with sticks.  
Or else, in the hollow of some decayed tree,  
My children are born—perfect pictures of me.

SWALLOW.

Sometimes in a chimney, sometimes in a steeple,  
Sometimes in a barn loft I rear my young people.  
Or, weary, at night time, I fly to my rest,  
Where, under the eaves, hangs my clay-plastered nest.

OWL.

Amid the dark ivy I hide me away,  
Despising the broad, vulgar blaze of the day;  
The moon frets me less, yet I love not her light;  
I am pleased that men call me "the bird of the night."

SWALLOW.

That title be yours if you like; as for me  
The bird of the morning I rather would be  
No sooner the sun rims the hilltops with red,  
My wings to the first morning breezes I spread.

OWL.

Where clings the blind bat to her caverns I know,  
And where the flat toadstools mysterious grow;  
I know where the soft-coated wood squirrel hides,  
And where, through the shadows, the swamp serpent glides.

SWALLOW.

I see the first May grass that springs on the hills;  
I dip for the minnows in summer's soft rills;  
I know how the sun and the dewdrops, with ease,  
Stir the heart of the flower into sweets for the bees.

OWL.

The hawk is my cousin, and fairly to speak  
There's a family likeness I know, in the beak,  
But friendships I form not, acquaintance have none.

Wise birds, like wise men, prefer living alone.

SWALLOW.

Careering in circles, all eager and free,  
A social bird-party is charming to me;  
What sport, when my friends, the fly catchers and I,  
Dart out for a gnat, or dive down for a fly!

OWL.

Good bye Mistress Swallow, for truly, I fear  
To continue our gossip with Colin so near.  
Perhaps you have heard that my wife is no more;  
'Twas Colin who nailed her against the barn door

COLIN.

Off with you, sir owl, I have listened too long;  
And swallow, I've had quite enough of your song,  
Farewell to you both, wheresoever you roam;  
Old Dobbin is tired, and we must go home.

THE

## Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1868.

### EDITORIAL.

There is a little fellow at our house who has only seen four birthdays. Ever since last winter he has been counting months and counting days, full of impatience to have May come and bring him another birthday, for I am sure you will laugh when I tell you that the dear, little simpton thinks *he only grows on his birthdays*. Last year, when the robins began to sing, about four o'clock in the morning, he started up broad awake, and called to his sleepy, little brother, "Harry, did you know I'm are four years old? *Wake up and see how far down my feet go!*" He was greatly astonished to find his clothes fitted as well as ever, but in spite of all explanations he has kept his faith as strong as ever, and fully expects the second day of May will see him suddenly shoot up a foot or two. After all he is a good deal like the rest of us. I can remember when it used to seem like a very useless thing to lay up seeds from my garden for another year, and when nobody could induce me to plant anything that must wait for its blossoms till the second summer. Such a long, long time it seemed, to wait to see the fruit of my labor. And when my father once offered to give me a peach tree for my *very own*, I chose a crabbed, old thing that was full of blossoms, rather than

a young, thrifty tree, that gave great promise if one would only wait for it. This waiting is the hardest lesson of life. We all like the ripe fruit, but we find it hard work to prepare the ground and sow the seed, and sometimes we grow weary of the long days of toiling and watching, before the harvest comes.

I hope every one of my little readers will have, somewhere, a bit of garden to care for. There are so many beautiful lessons to learn, so much of pleasure to be found in helping Nature work her wonderful miracles of growth. How patient she is all the time—how hopefully she goes on in spite of cold and heat, frost and drouth.

If we only would learn the lesson she teaches us, and be as patient, as watchful and as hopeful with all our work.

Have you a quick, impatient temper, or an obstinate self-will to conquer? Don't think you can do it with one, mighty effort, and be master of it forever. It is only step by step that you will gain the victory, and whenever you feel discouraged, think how slowly the child grows into manhood, and the tiny seed brings forth the delicious fruit.

And while you pull up the weeds, don't forget to sow the good seed also—fill up the ground with corn, and by and by it will crowd out, and overshadow the weeds, and leave them no place to take root.

Emily Huntington Miller.

## OUR CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

The March number of *Hours at Home*, Scribner's popular magazine, contains a long article on Sunday-School Songs, in which the author pays a very high compliment to our Associate Editor's song, "Because He Loved me So," written for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* of last November. He says it is one of the few "hymns that will not die," and places it along with the glorious "I think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old," "Jesus Loves me, this I know," and others of like merit.

Our Children's Hymns are attracting a great deal of attention, and winning many admirers. Mrs. Miller will continue to write them for every number, hereafter, and with Mr. Root's beautiful music, they will prove a special and delightful feature of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*.

"KATIE'S FLOCK," from Uniontown, Pa., came safely. Thank you. We gave them to our little Freddie. He was delighted, and thought they were beautiful birds.

**HOW TO REMIT:**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of *ALFRED L. SEWELL*.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, which went into effect June 1st, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe, the Registry fee, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending only one dollar, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

**AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE** to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.

## THE ORGAN PREMIUMS.

There is so much inquiry about the Organs we offer as premiums, that we give below a few extracts from letters from persons who have received them as prizes. Our offers will remain open for the present. See the advertisement on our advertising page. Every school may thus earn an organ. Try it.

THREE OAKS, Mich., May 28, 1867.

Alfred L. Sewell—Dear Sir: The Organ which you sent us as a premium, has reached us. I am very much pleased with it. I like the tone and finish. I think it is all that it is represented to be.

Yours, respectfully, LUCY WILCOX.

POSTVILLE, Iowa, Feb. 6, 1868.

Mr. A. L. Sewell: Our Prize Organ has come. The children are perfectly delighted with it. It is pronounced by the best judges a perfect success. They say the "tremolo" attachment makes it superior to others. I will add, that I feel more than compensated for all exertions in getting up the club, as I feel that the paper alone is worth the prize.

Respectfully yours, L. HALL.

OTTAWA, Ill., February 22, 1868.

A. L. Sewell—Dear Sir: The Peabody Cabinet Organ you ordered for me last fall, as a prize for a club of subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, was received, after several weeks of delay, (occasioned, as I afterwards learned, by the orders largely exceeding the supply). And after having had the instrument in my family for several weeks, being thoroughly satisfied with its tones and the beauty of its external finish, as well as its having the commendation of better musical critics than myself, I have no doubt you will continue to receive orders as fast as you can fill them. And the price, too, at which it is placed, (\$130), if I had paid it all in cash, without receiving any papers, would have been as cheap as I could have bought as good an instrument at retail.

Yours, &c., E. W. GRIGGS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 2, 1868.

A. L. Sewell, Esq.—Dear Sir: Long will *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* be remembered by the McKee Mission Sunday School of this city, as its advent in our midst opened the way to secure a valuable and almost indispensable assistant and attraction in our school. Your liberal offer to give a Peabody organ to any person, church, or school, that would send two hundred subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, came under the observation of the lady teachers of the school, who are ever on the alert to advance the interests of the great and good work in which they are engaged. They immediately commenced soliciting subscribers, and now we are enjoying the fruits of their exertions.

For three Sabbaths the school has enjoyed the sweet tones of the organ, and teachers and scholars are charmed with it, and all who have seen or heard it praise it in high terms. Mr. William Semple, the accomplished organist of the Chestnut-street Presbyterian Church, of this city, pronounces it a very fine instrument; and we would advise all Sabbath Schools not provided with an organ, to at once improve the *LITTLE CORPORAL*'S offer. The paper is well worth the money, full of instruction and amusement for children, and our subscribers anxiously look for the *CORPORAL*'S arrival on the first of each month.

In behalf of the teachers of the McKee Mission School, allow me to thank you for the great promptness with which you forwarded our organ.

Very respectfully,  
CHARLES H. FLETCHER,  
Supt. McKee Mission S. S.

A note from Mrs. Semple, a teacher in the same school, written a few weeks after the above date, says:  
"We like our organ better and better every Sabbath."

DAVENPORT, Iowa, March 19, 1868.

Alfred L. Sewell—Dear Sir: The Premium Organ for Grammar School No. 3, has arrived and is now in the school room. It is declared to be even superior to the one that you sent us last year.

We are indeed under great obligations to you, not only for the premiums you have given us, but also for the papers you furnish us. I consider the Picture Stories alone worth the subscription price of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. As a basis for an essay, the Picture Story excels anything else I have ever seen. We often allow our pupils by classes to practice upon them.

Please accept our thanks for your liberality and kindness, and earnest wish for your prosperity.

Very respectfully, W. A. BEMIS,  
Superintendent City Schools.

MUNCIE, Ind., March 10, 1868.

Mr. Sewell: Our Prize Organ arrived to-day. Upon the part of the children the demonstrations of joy were excessive. We feel more than paid for all our trouble, and would say to others, persevere.

We have been working to raise the required club for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, now nearly six months—many times we felt discouraged and almost ready to give

up, but renewed exertion was always followed by success. Now our work is completed, and as our reward we have in our school room a beautiful instrument giving forth a richness of tone we have never heard surpassed.

We hope yet to be able to send you many names as subscribers to your excellent *LITTLE CORPORAL*.

Respectfully,  
M. JENNIE NEELY.

POLO, Ill., March 25, 1868.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: I write to tell you how much we are delighted with the Organ. Everybody says, "I like it," and one of our best organists pronounces it "capital." The whole school think it "splendid," but, better than all, they like *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. We certainly are under great obligations to you. You have sent us, as prizes, two chromos of "Red Ridinghood," five copies of the "Heavenly Cherubs," and an Organ. Please accept our thanks and best wishes.

Very truly yours,  
L. B. SEARLE.

From the Wife of a Clergyman.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 17, 1867.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: My Premium Organ arrived on Monday. I like it very much; the exterior is quite neat, made of black walnut, oil-finished, and carpeted pedals.

I am equally pleased with the interior, and think it is all that its manufacturers claim for it. I like particularly its mellow tones, and easy action.

Several of my musical friends have tried it, and express themselves highly pleased with it.

When an instrument so desirable can be obtained so easily, I wonder that every large school in the land does not secure one.

I feel amply rewarded for my efforts, and take pleasure in recommending "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" as one of the very best papers in the country, and the Peabody organs as among the very best instruments.

Yours most truly,  
MRS. A. F. MANTON.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,

If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on strong rollers, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.
  2. For a club of ten, at \$1 each, we send in the same way, a Chromo, (an exact copy, with all the original colors, and same size as the original, 18 x 24 inches,) of Beard's great thousand dollar Oil Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." For a club of fourteen, we send the Chromo mounted and varnished, by express.
  3. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see another column in this paper.
  4. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.
  5. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.
  6. For Tool Chest Premiums, see article in April No.
  7. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. See April number.
  8. The Self-Binder; see April number.
- None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 5, (the club of six).
- The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10.

## GILES, BROTHER & CO.

GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

The old, and best known house in Chicago. Dealers in watches, Gold Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

my-107 142 Lake St., Chicago.

## "SONG QUEEN."

A new book for singing-classes. Containing just what is needed, and no more. Paper covers 50 cents, or \$5.00 per dozen. Board 75 cents, or \$7.50 per dozen.

RUDIMENTAL CLASS TEACHING.

A common-sense method of teaching singing classes. Price 50 cents. Also,

Elements of Musical Composition.

To which is added a vocabulary of Modulation, price 50 cents. Address H. R. PALMER, my-11 No. 38 Crosby Opera House, Chicago, Ill.

## A NEW PREMIUM

FOR MINISTERS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS, AND OTHERS.

We are now authorized to offer, as a premium for clubs, APPLETON'S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Ministers, and others, who would like this addition to their libraries, or any congregation who would like to present their minister with this invaluable work, will please write to us, and we will inform them how they may easily procure it by raising a club for THE LITTLE CORPORAL; they may pay a portion in money if they so desire. For particulars address

ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Pub. LITTLE CORPORAL, Chicago.

We give below the publishers' advertisement:  
A LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION.

## THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Complete in Sixteen Volumes.  
It should be owned by every intelligent family in the country.

The New American Cyclopædia presents a panoramic view of all human knowledge, as it exists at the present time. It embraces and popularizes every subject that can be thought of. In its successive volumes is contained an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information.

*Price and Style of Binding:* In Extra Cloth, per vol., \$5.00; in Library Leather, per vol., \$6.00; in Half Turkey Morocco, per vol., \$6.50; in Half Russia, extra gilt, per vol., \$7.50; in Full Mor. Antique, gilt edges, per vol., \$9.00; in Full Russia, per vol., \$9.00.

## THE ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA.

Commenced in 1861. Six Volumes now out. The same price per volume, and uniform with the New American Cyclopædia. Published one volume annually.

Registering all the important events of each year—valuable as a work of reference.

"It is an enterprise of immense value to the public, and ought to be in every library, public and private, as an invaluable book of reference."—*Atlas and Argus, Albany, N. Y.*

"We can confidently and conscientiously recommend the 'Annual Cyclopædia' to all who would have an accurate and readable history of contemporary events close at hand, and as a safe work of reference."—*Evening Traveller.*

"It is indeed a most excellent work. It is thorough and reliable, and just such a work as is greatly needed, a faithful chronicler of important events, too numerous to be remembered, and of too much account to be lost."—*Cleveland Daily Plaindealer.*

TO THE THOUSANDS who read these columns, we would say, that Mr. Sewell not only confers upon us a personal pleasure in giving us this opportunity to introduce ourselves to your favorable notice, but, in a business point of view, it is of very great importance to us to be allowed to solicit your patronage for such of our publications as may be useful to you.

CHAPEL GEMS (enlarged edition), for Sunday Schools.

Price, paper, 30 cents; board, 35 cents.

THE FOREST CHOIR, for Day Schools. Price 60 cts.

THE MUSICAL FOUNTAIN (enlarged), a Temperance Music Book, with the odes of the different organizations. Price, 35 cents.

THE MUSICAL CURRICULUM, for the Piano. Complete, \$4.00. In parts, \$1.25 each.

THE TRIUMPH, a new book of Church Music, now in press. \$1.50.

The above works are all by our senior partner, MR. GEO. F. ROOT, and will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of marked price. The Song Messenger Extra, containing a full description of all our recent publications, sent free on application.

ROOT & CADY,  
67 Washington St., Chicago.

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES, put

up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
P. O. Drawer 6058.

tf-oc

## A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

THE ADVANCE.—Although but a few months old The Advance has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest, religious weeklies. It employs the best writers. It is read by all denominations. It believes in an every-day-life religion. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!  
GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!  
GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!  
GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN!  
GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!  
GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!  
GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!  
GOOD READING FOR SCHOLARS!  
GOOD READING FOR OLD FOLKS!  
GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!  
GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN!  
GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

The extraordinary success of The Advance speaks in eloquent terms of its excellence.—*Evening Post, Chicago.*

Improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

It is full of enterprise and ability, and is pushing itself rapidly into the good graces of the reading public.—*Baptist Record, St. Louis.*

There is a spiciness about it which shows that a religious paper need not, necessarily, be a dull one.—*Press, Owosso, Mich.*

We are not a Congregationalist, but we are a lover of a good religious paper, and here it is.—*Citizen, Rushville, Ill.*

It defends New England ideas with a vigor which is refreshing.—*American, Waterbury, Conn.*

For choice selections, really good reading, and all that makes a first rate religious paper it is of the very best.—*Tribune, Detroit, Mich.*

One of the very ablest religious journals in America.—*The Christian World, London, England.*

Will be heartily welcomed by thousands of christian families outside of the denomination it more particularly represents.—*Gazette, Davenport, Iowa.*

TERMS.—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent free to any who write for them. Subscriptions can commence at any time.

Address,  
THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.

WM. GOODSMITH & CO.,  
GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENTS

FOR ALL  
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Office, No. 138 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. O. DRAWER 6058.

## REFERENCES.

Hon. John D. Defrees, Sup't Government Printing,  
Washington, D. C.

Palisher of New York Tribune, New York.

" Amer. Agriculturist, " "

" The Independent, " "

Publishers of The Little Corporal, Chicago Tribune,  
Chicago Journal; Chicago Type Foundry; Rounds  
& James; Hon. Mark Skinner; E. B. McCagg, Esq.;  
E. W. Blatchford, Esq.; B. W. Raymond, Esq.;  
H. Z. Culver, Esq.; T. M. Avery, Esq.; Chicago.

Business men wishing to advertise in any paper in the Union, can send their orders to us. The Agent's commissions are paid by the publishers and not by the advertisers. Indexed files of papers from all parts of the country can be seen at our office.

Particulars as to prices, etc., will be sent promptly on application.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 5th Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to my-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau st., New York.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL WORLD.—An illustrated monthly, devoted to music, literature, fine arts, and the drama. Each number contains a large amount of beautiful new music. One dollar per annum—specimen copies ten cents. Address  
S. BRAINARD & SONS, Publishers,  
my-ty Cleveland, Ohio.

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE is the MOTHERS' JOURNAL. Forty-eight Octavo pages, monthly, richly embellished with steel and wood. Price \$2.00 in advance. Liberal discount for "clubs." Send for specimen copy. Address MOTHERS' JOURNAL, 8 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill. my-11



A SAFE,  
CERTAIN,  
AND  
Speedy Cure  
FOR  
NEURALGIA,

AND ALL  
NERVOUS  
DISEASES.

Its Effects are  
Magical.

One package, \$1.00, Postage 6 cents.  
Six packages, 5.00, " 27 "  
Twelve packages, 9.00, " 48 "  
It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,  
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

STEINWAY'S PIANOS  
AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

To those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of The Little Corporal.

WM. GOODSMITH & CO.,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

GEORGE PARR, Merchant, and Manufacturer of Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS, TOOL CHESTS, Etc. Also, Carriers', Shoemakers', Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery. Office and Factory, dec-tf No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N. Y.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

A very sober, old gentleman sat down in my study, just in front of my chair, and faced me squarely. He put his large hand on my knee, cleared his voice, and was just about to begin, when his eye caught sight of an old horse-shoe over the door. He was shocked, and pushed his chair back and stood up.

"Do you believe in witches?" said he, pointing to the shoe.

"Yes," said I, "in the Witch of Endor, and the witches whom Moses would not suffer to live."

"O yes," said he; "they were Bible witches. But do you believe in witches and witchcraft, and charms, and heathen horse-shoes over your study door, and—?" The earnest, old man would have gone away shocked, but I called him back, and showed him THE CORPORAL for April, and SHOE's story in it; and when we came to where SHOE began to sulk, and got hung up, the old man looked up forgivingly at SHOE, and said, "O take him down and let him talk."

"But it's witchcraft," said I.

"Pooh! never mind your witchcraft; let him talk. I thought you had a horse-shoe nailed up to guard against witches, and I couldn't stand that, any way. But if it's only hung up, no matter; take him down and let him talk."

So I took SHOE down, thinking how many good, old men there are in the world who are shocked by what they see, and think hard thoughts about people whom they do not half understand. And I laid SHOE, bright side up, on the old man's knee, saying, as I did so, "I forgive him, for your sake, sir, and he may thank you for it."

At this, SHOE slid down to the floor, and rattled off four or five sentences in the "Klink" tongue, before the old gentleman could catch him up again, and set him on his heels against the back of my table. Then he bade him "Go on with your story, sir, like a good boy." And here it is

## SHOE'S STORY, AGAIN.

"Yes, I was well off. My outside grew black and shiny; my inside was gray and smooth and clean. Every day they used me and then washed me and put me with other pots and pans in a closet. But one day the girl took me out and set me on the stove over a hot fire, and found she had no water ready to put in me. So she went out to the well, and was gone a long time. I grew hotter and hotter. By and by she came in, singing—

'Chickeremy, chickeremy, crany crow,  
I went to the well to wash my toe!'

and suddenly slashed me with a dipper of cold water. Oh! I never shall forget what cramps and spasms it gave me. I pulled in and shrank and trembled, till at last I got relief, after a loud "Snack" had let my cold parts go free from my hot parts. The girl never noticed my troubles, but filled me half full with water, and then put in a soup bone, as she called it, and some scraps of meat, and covered me up, and went off. But I couldn't hold water any more. Drip, drip, drip, it ran down and sizzled in the fire, till no more was left; then the meat began to fry and the marrow melted out of the bone, and the smoke poured into the room, till the mistress sent out to 'see if the soup isn't scorching.'

"Then Bridget took off my cover, and shouted out, 'Sure the water is all leaked out, and the pot is cracked and good for nothing.'

"'When did it happen? What cracked it?' asked the mistress.

"'I cannot tell ye, marm; it's the same pot I b'iled the beef in, yesterday, and 'twas all right then.'

"I tried to speak, but could not; and Bridget threw me out behind the wood house. There I lay all winter long, till they cleared up the garden in spring. Then the man who dug the garden took off 'that old, cracked pot,' and sold me for two cents a pound, as old iron.

"And now I was in queer company, very far from select. I was not accustomed to it. I had always kept with the POTTS, who are a numerous branch of the HOL O' WARE family. But now I was heaped in with broken stove legs, old sadirons, cracked griddles, bits of stove plates, half hinges, and all manner of rusty rubbish; and they sold us by the pound, and called us "scrap iron," and had no regard for our feelings at all. They carted us off and dumped us in a yard by the noisiest house I ever saw or heard of."

"I know what's coming now," said I. "You were piled-up 'scraps'

at a puddling and rolling mill. The people made you into bar iron, next."

"Iron stone, pig iron, cast iron, scrap iron, bar iron," said SHOE; "you call me all sorts of names, and change the name every time I go through the fire! Yes, they put me in the fire in the middle of driving blazes, that licked me and set me on fire—no, I mean set Coal on fire, what little of him was left in me; and when I began to sparkle and burn, myself, they opened a side door and stirred us all up together, like white-hot dough, and we stuck together, we scraps, so close that no one could tell which was pot, nor which was stove leg, nor hinge, nor cracked plate. The man stirred us 'round and 'round, and rolled us up into a ball, and then suddenly the door opened wider, and he jerked us out on to a little, iron wagon, and off we rolled to be 'squeezed.'

"So they squeezed all the slag out of us like juice, and then rolled us between great rollers; every time we went through they would find a smaller place to put us through the next time. So they served us till the ball that we were became a long, red-hot bar—just iron and nothing else—the coal and slag I have never seen since."

"Well, SHOE," said I, "did you ever go through the fire again?"

"Yes, sir. The blacksmith bought the bar I belonged to, and cut me off, and heated me, and turned me, and grooved me, and punched me, and toed and corked me and fitted me—and whenever he did anything to me he put me in the fire first. But at last I was 'set,' and began my travels. You men go on horses' backs; but I prefer hind legs. You men see further than we do, but we Shoes see more closely than you, and look into things more deeply, and make our mark as we go. But I suppose my traveling days are about over."

"That's so, SHOE," said I. "There's not enough left of you to shoe a mule. What shall I do with you? Hang you up? Throw you out on the ground to rust? What?"

SHOE was silent for a little time, thinking. "Lift me up," said he. I took him up. "I used to be strong. Many's the time I've struck fire from big stones! Where is the rest of me?"

"Worn away all along the roads," said I.

"Can I wear all away, and be done? I'd rather wear out than rust out," said SHOE.

"Yes," said I. "I'll take you to the smith's, and have you in the fire again, and drawn out into nail rod, and then made into horse nails, and you shall go right back to Fanny's feet again, and travel till you are worn out and lost on the road, where all the rest of you is gone."

"Do it," said SHOE. I did it. And now, if you would know how many nails can be made from a worn-out shoe, there were just enough nails to set four shoes on Fanny, our mare; and if you do not know how many that is, you must use your eyes and count. THOS. K. BECKER.

## No. 31.—CHARADE.

Like a troop of fairies  
Sailing through the air,  
Fast my *first* is falling,  
Silent, cold and fair.  
With a deadly message,  
Oft my *second* flies,  
Where the smoke of battle  
Veils the gloomy skies.

When the yellow cowslip  
Blossoms in the spring,  
When the blackbirds whistle,  
And the robins sing;  
When the fields are greenest  
With the springing grain,  
Then you'll see me nodding  
In the sun and rain.

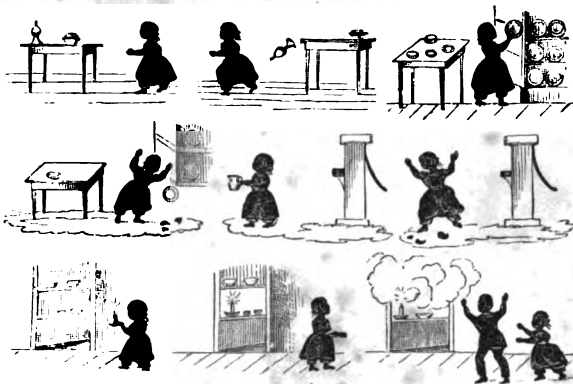
Prudy.

## No. 32.—RIDDLE.

We dance and play, in frolic gay,  
Races we run together,  
We roam abroad without regard,  
To night, or storm, or weather.  
When loud we sing, the echoes ring  
With anthems grand and olden,  
In bed we lie and watch the sky  
Pour down its sunbeams golden.  
Anon we leap out of our sleep,  
Or in or out of season,  
And foam and rage, as, in its cage,  
A beast devoid of reason.  
We dress ourselves in uniform—  
White caps of fashion rare;  
In robes of green we're always seen—  
Pray tell us who we are.

S. E. H.

## No. 33.—A PICTURE STORY.

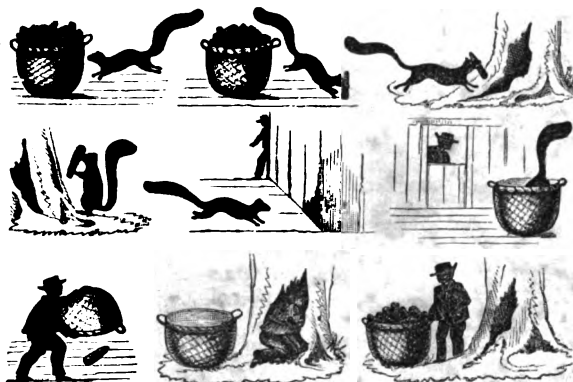


Jenny was a careless girl. You might know that any time, in five minutes, if you were with her. It always took some one to watch her, to keep her from doing harm. If a lamp happened to stand on the table when she passed by, she was almost sure to brush it off and break it. When she put the dishes up, after dinner, she would nearly always let something fall and break. Her mother often wished that the dishes were all of wood. She said she was tired of hearing them "smash."

When Jenny went to the pump to bring a pitcher of water, *down* would go the pitcher, broken into a thousand pieces.

O Jenny! how can you be so thoughtless? I should think the lesson you had the other day, would make you wiser. Jenny took a candle, one evening, to go into the pantry. She set it under a shelf, until she had finished her errand. When she came away, she left the candle burning, just where it was. By and by, there was a strong smell of smoke; and Jenny's father ran, and found the pantry all on fire. Careless girls always *will* have trouble. W. O. C.

## No. 34.—A PICTURE STORY.



Bunny had his home in a large, hollow tree, not far from the farm house. He knew where there was a basket of nice, yellow corn; and it run in his head all the time, that he had better see to it, and have it laid up for winter. So back and forth he went, every time with an ear of corn in his mouth. No basket could long hold out against such a raid as this.

The farmer missed his corn, and felt sure that one of his neighbors was a thief. Perhaps he was, but it wasn't the one that wore boots and that said "Good morning."

One day, the farmer spied this nimble Bunny hieing away toward his corn house. He watched him go through a place where a piece of a board was broken out. Then he looked in through the window, and there was the saucy fellow, helping himself. A basket had been set there only the day before, heaping full of corn. But now he

turned it up, and out came just one ear. So he followed the little thief to his home, and found the corn all stored away nicely. He filled his basket, and carried it off, saying; "What's fair play for one, is for t'other." So Bunny lost his corn *that* time. W. O. C.

## PETER PUNSTER'S PUNNING PICTURE PUZZLE STORY.

## NO. 2.—LAUGHING'S CATCHING.

Thomas Robinson was a waggish chap. He had a great



of fun, though it could scarcely be called wit. He was always making puns. He called chief justice Story "the great *ten-pounder*." "What do you mean?" said a friend. "O!" said Tom, "I mean that he is the great X



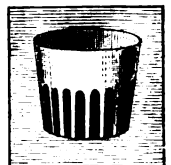
of the law." One stormy, winter's day he was looking at a friend's little baby that had a very little nose, even for so small a baby. "See!" cried Tom, pointing out the window with one hand and at the child with the other. "See!



One day Tom's father started him to mill on top of a bag of corn which was on top of a horse. Tom's brother Fred rode another horse with a bag of corn. In crossing a creek the horses stopped to drink. Fred lost his



and rolled with his bag of corn into the creek. Tom, heartless fellow, only laughed, and said it did not matter if such a



as Fred did get wet. Fred said "Remember, Tom, laughing's catching." Tom's horse did not seem to know that he had a



## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN APRIL NUMBER.

No. 26.—Charade.—Ant-i-mony. No. 27.—Riddle.—Water. No. 28.—Transposition.—Sirs, proclaim peace to nations.

CLUBS FOR THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our superb steel line engraving is growing in popularity every month. As it is seen, throughout the country, people are learning to value it more and more. It is certainly the finest premium ever offered for so small a club. See list of premiums for clubs.

CROQUET. CROQUET. CROQUET.  
BRADLEY'S PATENT, BRADLEY'S PATENT,  
BRADLEY'S PATENT.  
REMOVABLE SOCKETS FOR BRIDGES.  
INDEXED BALLS.  
PLATED BRIDGES.  
RUBBER COVERED BALLS.  
SUPERIOR FINISH.

LATEST RULES OF GAME, with PROBLEMS for LEARNERS.

CROQUET RECORD DIALS.

Examine *Bradley's Patent Croquet*, before buying any other.

For sale everywhere.

my-2t-ly

BOUND VOLUMES.—We have now a full supply of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, including from the beginning (July, 1865) to December, 1867, bound all in one, in substantial boards, cloth sides—price \$4. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. The book will be sent as a premium, post paid, for a club of fifteen subscribers.

AGENTS WANTED FOR  
MITCHELL'S NEW GENERAL ATLAS

which is the Best, Cheapest, most Accurate, and only thoroughly posted Atlas published.

It contains ONE HUNDRED elegant maps and plans, showing correctly, clearly, and minutely, every County in the world; it gives every City, Village and Post Office in the United States and Canadas; shows all the new Railroads, Towns, Territorial Changes, and Recent Discoveries. Sent to any address, on receipt of \$10.00.

For terms to agents, call upon, or enclose stamp to my-1t R. A. CAMPBELL, 131 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts

Office, 138 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

A few advertisements, only, will be inserted in *The Little Corporal*. One Dollar a line, each insertion, is charged for inside page; one dollar and a half a line for outside page; double price for cuts or extra display.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**

Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.





# The Little Corporal.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,  
AND FOR  
The Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Vol. 6. }  
No. 6. }

Chicago, Ill., June, 1868.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### A NIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

BY ABBY SAGE.

There had been an interval of several weeks since the children had seen Mr. Trimble, and when they saw him approaching the farm house, one afternoon in September, they both ran eagerly out to meet him.

He carried in his hand a miniature ship, with hulk and rigging all complete. Her masts were tall and tapering, her sails were all spread, and she was as perfectly-modeled a little craft as one would wish to see.

When Mr. Trimble handed it to the children, telling them he had spent all his leisure hours for a week in making it for them, their delight was unbounded. John had no words in which to thank the good, old sailor, and Nancy was almost as much pleased as her brother.

After they had thanked him again and

again, Mr. Trimble said, "Now if you are ready to hear the yarn I promised you the last time we were together, here I am, all in trim to spin it for you."

At this, Nancy and John ran to place a chair for Mr. Trimble on the front piazza, and as soon as they had taken their seats close by, the old sailor cleared his throat and began.

"You know I told you the coral island, in whose lagoon, or harbor, our ship had taken refuge, was inhabited by Malays. They were the same race of people which inhabit the peninsula of Malacca, and Singapore, Sumatra, and the islands of the South Pacific. They were seemingly a peaceful and quiet people, though we heard many stories of the treachery and cruelty they show when their anger is roused. We went among them freely, and they treated us in a very friendly manner.

"The Malays lived a great part of the time on the water, rowing swiftly from one island to another in their long, slender boats, made of the cocoanut tree, and trading in various articles of merchandise, such as spices (which grew freely on this island), cocoa oil, dried fish, and other commodities. They were great fishermen, and very expert divers. Their wives stayed on shore and sowed the grain and rice which they used for food, and wove mats of palm and cocoanut leaves. Their houses were built of bamboo or cane and thatched with palm. Sometimes these were set up six or eight feet from the ground, on posts, and I have seen them built among the branches of trees, like the house of the Swiss family Robinson, of which I suppose you have read in the story book.

"Altogether we found the Malays obliging and friendly. We bought the fruit and fish which they offered us, and paid them with some printed cottons which we had on board.

"So much for the natives; and now I will tell you about an adventure I had on

the island just before we sailed out of the lagoon. One morning I started on shore with one of the men, in pursuit of some game, that we might have a nice dinner before getting to sea, and returning to salt rations again. There were plenty of birds on the island, wild ducks, pigeons, etc., of which our ship's cook could make most excellent pot pie. So Jack and I started with our guns, and, after getting on shore, struck for the forest of cocoanut, palm, ebony, and other trees, which covered a great part of the island. The day was very hot, and after shooting a pretty good bunch of birds, we got so thirsty that the sight of the cocoanuts over our heads was very tempting. Jack was resolved to have some. This was not an easy matter, for the bunches of nuts grew close to the top of the straight and branchless stem of the cocoanut tree, which was often fifty feet high. But Jack, who was an old sailor, declared he could climb a greased pole, and he knew there wasn't a tree he couldn't tackle. So, with a good deal of difficulty, he went to the top of one of the finest, and threw down a bunch containing a dozen large nuts."

"Were they the same as the cocoanuts we see here in the stores?" asked John.

"Yes, the same, except that these nuts were only half grown, and the inside, instead of being hard, was about the thickness and color of cream, so that we could scoop it out with a spoon. We ate it on the blades of our knives. It was almost as cool as snow, and very delicious.

"After eating as many nuts as we wanted, we both agreed to get up in a tree and take a noonday nap, for the heat was so oppressive we could not go on with our shooting. There was a small stream of water not far from us, and we knew it contained many water snakes, whose bite was poisonous, so that we did not like to lie down on the grass. But we found a tree with spreading branches, which made a comfortable shelter, and, climbing up, we were both fast asleep, in spite of the

heat and the mosquitoes, in a very few moments.

"When I waked up, Jack was still snoring heavily, and I noticed it was beginning to be dusk. I woke him up in a moment, and told him we must make haste to get back to the ship before dark. I scrambled down the tree to the ground; Jack hastily followed me, and we began making our way out through the trees. But, somehow or other, we lost our bearings, and the farther we went the deeper and denser grew the trees, till we found ourselves in among tangled vines, which hung from tree to tree, so we could only make our way with great difficulty.

"At length it became pitch dark, so that we could go no farther, and we concluded to get up in a tree again, and wait for morning.

"Though the day had been so hot, the night was not more comfortable. The air became very cool and moist, and the dew which had fallen drenched us to the skin. We had no pea-jackets, either, but merely wore shirt and trousers, and had not even a blanket for the night. We were not very apprehensive of an attack from beasts, because the island apparently contained only a few smaller species of wild beasts, beside the domestic animals used by the inhabitants. Still we perched ourselves up in the foliage of the nearest tree, holding our guns in our hands, and prepared to pass the night. Neither of us felt very sleepy after our long nap, so we kept awake a long time, listening to the various sounds in the forest. We could hear the scream of the wildcat, occasionally, and the monkeys kept chattering and gibbering all night long.

"It must have been after midnight, when we were awakened from a light slumber, into which we had fallen, by a terrific bellow, or cry of some animal in pain, then a tearing and crashing of branches, seemingly almost under the tree where we were seated. The night was so dark we could not see our hands held up before our faces, and this commotion in the darkness was more frightful than any danger by daylight would have been. Jack wanted to fire his gun down below, but I persuaded him not, but to keep the charge till we found we were attacked. In a short time the cries ceased, and we heard a sound as if one animal was tearing another, limb from limb. Then a dead silence followed.

"We waited anxiously for daylight, and when the first faint dawn began to penetrate through the trees, we peeped down out of our roost in the branches to see what was the matter. Not far from the foot of our tree was a huge buffalo, a straggler from a tame herd which the Malays kept as domestic animals. He lay stretched on the ground, which was torn up for several feet around with his death struggle, and slowly uncoiling itself from his body was a huge boa constrictor—the monster snake of the tropics.

"This snake was as large around as a man's body, and looked twenty-five feet long. Its belly shone with all the colors of the rainbow, and its neck was circled with hues of green and gold. At sight of it, the cold sweat started out on our bodies from fear. But it was so occupied with

its prey, that it paid no attention to us, and we slipped quietly down on the side of the tree farthest from the reptile, and ran with all our speed through the forest.

"Fortunately, we took the right direction, and in a short time we came to the edge of the forest. We made as fast as we could for the harbor, and, without waiting for ceremony, plunged into the water and swam to the ship as if the boa were after us.

"This was our last adventure; for, twenty-four hours later, we left the island, and were on our way to Calcutta."

## DO YOU KNOW HER?

BY ANTOINETTE S. MOFFATT.

Hurly burly, topsy turvy,  
Tell me, who's this maiden fair,  
With her restless feet and fingers,  
Violet eyes and nut-brown hair?  
Up among the apple blossoms,  
Peering through the sweet peach bloom,  
Hid among the scented clover,  
Resting in the cool wood's gloom.  
Can you tell me who this sprite is,  
Weaving sunshine all day long?  
Never weary, always cheery,  
Singing low her bird-like song.  
By the roadside, on the hillside,  
Down across the meadow green,  
With her bare feet in the brooklet,  
Plashing thro' the clear, cold stream;  
In the springtime gathering violets,  
Twining wild flowers in her hair,  
Weaving oak leaves, chasing squirrels,  
Hunting berries ripe and rare.  
Then, when wintry days are weaving  
Shrouds so white for flowers and trees,  
When the softly-falling snowflakes  
Float like feathers on the breeze;  
In the twilight, by the firelight,  
With the embers' ruddy glow  
Fitful dancing, coyly glancing  
Over brow and neck of snow;  
She will ask you endless questions—  
"Where do birds and fairies dwell,  
When the snow king spreads his mantle  
Over wood and field and dell?  
How do flowers unfold their blossoms?  
What makes stars shine in the night?  
Does God hold them up in heaven  
While we sleep all through the night?  
Don't His fingers ache? and won't He  
Sometimes let them slip and fall?  
If He does, I'll try and catch one—  
Then I'll have a golden ball.  
What makes kitty purr so softly  
When I stroke her gently, so?  
Does she mean to say 'I thank you,'  
When she does like this—'purr, maou'?"  
Then the cricket in the corner,  
What a funny noise he makes!  
Perhaps he's got a bow and fiddle  
Hid between the warm hearth bricks.  
Don't you think I seem a giant  
To the little, wee, wee thing?  
Will it fright him if I whisper  
How I love to hear him sing?"  
These and thousand other questions,  
Asks this little maiden fair—  
Do you know her, have you seen her  
Violet eyes and nut-brown hair?  
Can you tell me who this sprite is,  
Weaving sunbeams all day long?  
Never weary, always cheery,  
Singing low her bird-like song.

## THE FUNNY LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Little Tilda Tulip had two lips as pretty as any little girl might want. But Tilda Tulip tilted her two lips into a pout, on a moment's notice. If anything went wrong—and things had a way of going wrong with her—if anything went at all wrong, she would go wrong, too, as if it would do any good to do wrong. Some people are always trying to mend crooked things by getting crooked themselves. I never heard that a tailor could patch a pair of pants by panting with anger, or that a tinner could solder a coffee pot by a cough and pout; but there are some little girls, and not a few big ones, that seem to think the quickest way of straightening a seam that is puckered, is to pucker a face that is straight. Little Tilda Tulip was one of that kind—the unkind kind.

Sometimes her friends would ask what she would do, if her face were to freeze in frowns, but her uncle Jack used to say that she was always too hot to freeze. But one evening she came to uncle Jack with the usual frown, showing him her new brocade doll dress. She had put it away carelessly, and it was all in "beggars' presses."

"Just see, uncle Jack," she whined, "dear me! I never get anything nice that isn't spoiled somehow or other. Isn't that too bad? This dress has been wrinkled for a week, and now it will never come smooth at all."

"That's bad, surely," said uncle Jack, "but there is something more than that. I know something of yours that is finer than that brocade silk, that is all in 'beggars' presses.'"

"Why, no, uncle Jack, I haven't anything so fine as this, you know, and now this is all puckered and wrinkled and wrinkled, and what will I do?"

"Give me your hand," said uncle Jack. "Do you see that skin. There is no silk so fine as that. These chubby cheeks are covered with a skin that is finer. But you have kept this skin puckered about your eyes and your forehead and the corners of your mouth, you have kept it puckered and wrinkled and crinkled as you say, till I am afraid it will never be straight. I don't think a hot iron would smooth it. Do you?"

Now uncle Jack spoke very kindly, indeed. There were no wrinkles in his voice. Some people have wrinkles in their words. But notwithstanding her uncle's kindness, naughty little Tilda Tulip went off in a pout and declared that uncle Jack was "real mean." He never feels sorry for a body when they are in trouble." And so she wrinkled her voice into a whine, and wrinkled and puckered her face up most frightfully.

At last, tired of teasing and talking and troubling, Tilda Tulip tumbled into her trundle bed and was tucked tightly in. Everybody was glad when she went to sleep. Everybody dreaded the time when she should wake up. She was a good girl when she was asleep. Never at any other time.

She dreamed. It was a funny dream. I think she must have remembered what

uncle Jack said, for she thought she saw a funny little old house, by a funny little old hill, near a funny little old bridge. Out of this house came a funny little old woman, with a funny little old bonnet, carrying a funny little old bag on her back, and with a funny little old cane in her hand. Her face was wrinkled and cross—wrinkled all over, and she stooped dreadfully. But she tossed her funny little old bag on to the back of a funny little old donkey, and climbed up herself. Then she was cross with the funny little old bag, and mad with the funny little old donkey, and she beat him with the funny little old stick, and scolded and scolded with a funny little old cracked, quivering, peevish, hateful voice.

And so Tilda followed her as she rode, and all the rude boys along the road cried out, "There goes the funny little old woman and her donkey!" And a beautiful lady came along, and when she met the funny little old woman she sat down on a stone and wept and said, "O, Miriam, my daughter!" But the funny little old woman only beat her donkey and scolded more than ever. And Tilda wondered why the beautiful woman called the funny little old woman her daughter. And Tilda dreamed that many days passed, and that every day the funny little old woman rode on the funny little old donkey to the city. And every day the beautiful woman wept and said, "O, Miriam, my daughter!" One day Tilda approached the beautiful woman and spoke to her.

"Why do you call that funny, hateful, little old woman your daughter?"

"Because she is my daughter."

"But she is so much older than you are."

"Why," said the beautiful woman, "don't you know the history of the funny little old woman that rides her donkey to town every day? She is my daughter. She is not old; but she was a cross child. She fretted and pouted, and scolded and screamed. She frowned till her brow began to wrinkle. I do not know whether a fairy enchanted her or not, but when she became angry there was one wrinkle that could not be removed. The next time she was mad, another wrinkle remained. When she found that the wrinkles would not come out she became mad at that, and of course, every time she got mad, there came other wrinkles. Then, too, her temper grew worse. Her once beautiful voice, began to sound like a cracked tin horn. The wrinkles soon covered her face, then they grew crosswise; you see it is all in beggars' presses. She got old. She shriveled up. She stooped over. She became so cross that she spends most of her time in that funny little old house, to keep away from the rest of us. She must have something to do and so she gets mad at the stones and breaks them up. She then carries them to the city and throws them into the river. She must have something to beat and so we let her have this poor donkey, whose skin is thick. She beats him and thus people are saved from her ravings. I do not know whether she will ever come to her senses or not. O, Miriam, my daughter!"

At last Tilda dreamed that the funny, wrinkled, cross, little old woman, got down one day, off her donkey, poured the stones

out of the bag and came and sat down by the beautiful lady. Then the funny little old woman cried. She put her head in the lap of the beautiful lady, and said; "O, mother, how shall I get these wrinkles away?"

And the beautiful lady kissed her and said, "Ah! my daughter, if you will but cast out the naughty temper from your heart, as you poured the stones from the bag, I shall not care for the wrinkles."

The next day Tilda saw the funny little old woman feeding and petting the donkey. Then she saw her carrying food to a poor widow. And every time the funny little old woman did a kind act there was one wrinkle less on her face. And then she went into a hospital, and she was so kind to the sick that they all loved the funny little old woman. And still the wrinkles grew fewer, and the form grew straighter, and the face grew fresher, until all the people in the hospital said, "our funny little old woman is really getting younger." And younger and still younger she became, until the beautiful lady kissed her beautiful Miriam again, and the music came back into her voice once more. And Tilda Tulip thought in her dream that Miriam looked like herself, and that the beautiful lady seemed like her own mother. And then she waked up and found it morning, for she had dreamed all this long dream in one night.

And when she was about to fly into a passion with her stockings, in dressing, the thought of the funny little old woman and her face in beggars' presses kept her from it. When she was dressed she told uncle Jack all about the dream and he smiled.

"Suppose you try the plan that the funny little old woman did, and see if you can't get rid of some of your wrinkles," he said to Tilda.

"But when I want to be good, the naughty temper will come out."

"Ah!" said uncle Jack, "I'm much afraid the wrinkles are in your heart. What if that is all in beggar's presses, like the funny little old woman's face?"

Tilda Tulip looked sad.

"I'll tell you what," said uncle Jack presently. "Let us ask Jesus to take the wrinkles out of your heart, and then see if you can't get them out of your face."

And uncle Jack and Tilda knelt down together, and he told the dear Christ all about Tilda's trouble with her heart, and begged him to help her. And then he read about the Syro-Phenician woman whose daughter was vexed with the devil.

And Tilda had to fight her temper as well as to pray. But I believe she got all the wrinkles out at last.

Are there any wrinkles in your heart? May Christ help you get them out.

A new church was being built in the vicinity, where little Milton H— lived. The work went on very slowly; and sometimes stopped for days. At last Milton's patience was exhausted. "I do wish," he said, "they would *finish* that church." "Ah!" said his grandmother, "don't be in too big a hurry. The world wasn't made in one day." "I know it *wasn't*," Milton replied, "but when the Lord *commenced* to make it, he never *stopped* until he finished it."

M. F. B.

## "THEIR ANGELS."

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

[The following incident is related by a Federal Officer, of a lovely, little, northern girl, now living in Alabama. She bears the poetical name of "Tillie O'Connor." Her father was Asst. Adjt. General to Gen. Meagher, and a most gallant soldier.]

I love to think the angels tender and full of grace—

They who stand *near* the Father's throne, and *always* see His face—

I love to think they have in charge, even from earliest birth,

Our treasures and our darlings, the "little ones" of earth.

I never see a little child but some such thought as this

Attunes my voice to loving tones and my heart to gentleness;

And when they do a sudden act of trustfulness, or love,

I know that wings invisible wave o'er them from above.

I know a little maiden, seven summers scarce have shed

Their showers of golden sunbeams upon her lovely head—

Her lovely head, whose long, bright curls go dancing to and fro,

As if to chide the dignity of her brow as pure as snow.

Her eyes are like the summer stars, brilliant, yet soft and clear;

Her voice, like spoken melody, floats softly on the ear;

Her loving mouth—her lip of rose—her breath like fragrant dew—

Her varying cheek—all tell the same—tender, and sweet, and true.

I was a stranger, and it seemed as if she must divine,

So sweet she was, the yearnings hid that filled this breast of mine;

She gave me gentle, loving words, and she would often bring

The blossoms of her sunny clime—a graceful offering.

At length there came an order—I was a soldier then—

Calling me to another post quickly to move my men;

Adieux were said—the boat was gained—the bell was ringing loud—

When the dear child came swiftly running through the crowd.

With flying ringlets, eager eyes, color that went and came,

She held aloft some farewell flowers, and called me by my name;

Culled and arranged by her own hand, it was her own sweet thought;

And she was sweeter, lovelier far than any flower she brought.

My men cheered loudly; straight at this she turned to them and smiled,

And they, redoubling cheer on cheer, greeted the lovely child.

All silently, with moistening eyes, I took her offering fair;

No word I spoke—I doffed my hat, and stood uncovered there.

That child I ne'er may see again, but yet her deed that day,

Its memory and its fragrance have never passed away;

And often when I muse thereon—the time—the scene—the men—

How they and I were touched, I say, "Angels were with her then."

## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Walters was as busily engaged in his missionary work among the newsboys as ever; and though he met with many discouragements, yet now and then he had the satisfaction to see some real good as the result of his labors. John Freeman had disappeared from the Home, but Mr. Walters was well satisfied that he had not gone to Michigan. Several times he had been sure he caught a glimpse of his face as he dealt out liquors behind the bar of a low saloon, but John carefully avoided him, and he never succeeded in speaking with him. Naturally enough he thought, when he saw him, of his old friend, Jimmy Marvin, and wondered if he, too, had gone down in the tide of evil.

One day, among his letters he took up one with a western postmark.

"Shelby, Ohio," he said, as he opened it; "who can have written to me out there?"

He turned, wonderingly, to the signature, and read, "From your grateful friend, Jimmy Marvin."

"Dear me," said Mr. Walters, with a look of great satisfaction on his tired face; "so I wasn't mistaken in that boy, after all."

Business letters had to wait, that day, till the last line of Jimmy's letter was read. He told him all about his working his passage to Cleveland, and then going as train boy until he lost the place.

"It seemed pretty hard to go back to my brushes again," wrote Jimmy; "but I remembered how you used to tell us nobody need be ashamed of any kind of honest work, so I went at it, and did the best I could. It was good that it ever happened to me, for that's how I got acquainted with Mr. Warren, where I live now. He's a farmer, but he raises stock on his farm, and he hired me to help him. I didn't get much at first, but I'm doing pretty well now. I've learnt most all about farming, and Miss Ruth, that's Mr. Warren's sister, she gives me lessons every evening. The folks are all kind to me, and Mr. Warren always says *our farm*, to George and me, and it seems as if we had a share in everything. You ought to see our colts—there's forty-six of 'em; and when we turn 'em loose in the pasture, mornings, they set up their heads and tails and go racing around, and it always makes me toss up my cap and say *hurrah!* I've got some stock, too. Mr. Warren sold me two lambs for a dollar. Their mother died, and they were such little, sickly things, George was going to kill 'em. But I asked Mr. Warren to let me have 'em, and he laughed, and said I should try my hand, and if they lived I should pay him a dollar for 'em. I raised 'em myself, only Miss Ruth helped me; and I don't think they ever would have lived, if it hadn't been for her. They're real lively now, and run all about the farm yard; and George says next year they'll be worth five dollars a piece."

Jimmy closed by sending his love to the

boys, and requesting Mr. Walters to forward the money he had left in the bank.

On the back of the letter, Mr. Warren had added this message of his own—

"James Marvin is a *faithful, industrious, intelligent* boy. I am well pleased with him, and think he is fitting himself to fill an honorable and useful place in life."

"That pays for a hundred failures and discouragements," thought Mr. Walters, as he folded the letter and laid it away.

And, in less than a week, Jimmy's heart was gladdened by a long letter from his friend in New York, which was carefully laid away among his few treasures.

As the spring came rapidly on, the work on the farm increased, and all hands were busily employed. The great crops of the farm were hay and oats, which were raised as food for the stock; but there were extensive fields of corn, and the great garden, with its abundant supply of all kinds of vegetables. Jimmy found himself deeply interested in the success of everything, for Mr. Warren very wisely thought that the only way to make his help really valuable, was to impress them with the idea that they were all mutually dependent upon each other, and whatever was for the good of one was for the good of all. So they came very naturally to talk and think about "our farm" and "our crops;" and Jimmy, especially, seemed to have brought every living creature about the place into a kind of sympathy with him. The sheep came to lick salt from his hand, the farm horses laid their great heads familiarly on his shoulder, and even the troop of unbroken colts recognized his presence with a friendly neigh.

"It does beat all," said George, to Miss Ruth; "I believe that boy's a regular snake tamer. The critters all take to him as naterally as if he was one o' their kind. There's that black colt, that never shows me more'n the tip of his heels, he'll just let that boy pat his neck and handle him like a cat. I always said there was something more'n common in him, and the critters think so, too. They've got more sense than lots of humans, if they only could tell what they think."

A great deal of the garden work fell to Jimmy's share. The potatoes, sweet corn, and some of the larger crops, were kept clean by a one-horse cultivator, but among the smaller vegetables was almost daily work for the hand and hoe. Miss Ruth superintended the garden, so Jimmy worked under her directions. She soon saw that it was not quite to his taste, and that she must use a little diplomacy about it.

"You see, Jimmy," she said, as they were transplanting cabbages, in a fine, misty rain, "we all take turns about the garden. Last year Mrs. Warren and George managed it; and, I can tell you, they made a fuss over it. Why, Mrs. Warren was so proud of her beets she would scarcely let us pull any to eat, because it spoilt the rows; and if we wanted any cabbage, we had to slip off a head when George was out of the way, and hide the stump. I just thought we'd show 'em, this year, that other folks could do as much as they did; and I believe we shall beat them completely."

That was enough for Jimmy. It was

*our* garden, now, and instead of simply helping Miss Ruth, he was an independent gardener, with Miss Ruth for counsel. So it was all summer. If any hard job was to be done, Miss Ruth would say,

"Don't you think we can manage that without calling on George? We shall never hear the last of it, if he thinks we can't get through without him."

In haying and harvesting, there came a troop of day laborers to the farm, and two stout servants to the house, and the great work of the season was made more a frolic than toilsome work. For the rest of the season, George and Jimmy, with Mr. Warren to aid and direct, kept everything in working order, though many a farmer wondered how Mr. Warren managed to "run his farm with so little help." The secret was partly in the help themselves—for intelligent labor is worth twice as much as mere ignorant strength—but a great deal more in the perfect system with which all the work was arranged, so that no time went to waste, and the workers did not interfere with each other.

When winter came, Mr. Warren proposed to Jimmy that he should go to school for four months; and Jimmy was very glad of the chance. But, to his great surprise, Mr. Warren decided that he had better attend the academy.

"Not because I think you could not learn a great deal in the public school, but at the academy you can come and go when you please, and we can arrange for you to come home early enough to help George through with the evening work."

So Jimmy was regularly admitted as a pupil at the academy, and at first he felt strange and awkward, when he found himself among a set of boys and girls who were rather disposed to look down upon the new comer.

"He's only a hired boy at Mr. Warren's," said a pretty, little simpleton, loud enough for Jimmy to hear her. "I don't see what he wants to come here for."

Jimmy didn't know that the little simpleton's father had been only a hired boy for a great many years of his life, but he had enough good sense not to feel at all ashamed of himself or his work, though he did not relish being laughed at, any better than other boys do.

So he felt a good deal relieved, when he heard the teacher say to the little lady,

"I'm only a hired man myself, and I don't see but it's just as honorable to be paid for feeding sheep as for training a lot of young—"

"Say a lot of young donkeys, Mr. Latimer," interrupted a merry girl; "that's what we are, anyhow."

There was just a suspicion in Mr. Latimer's mind, that the merry girl chose to call herself a donkey, for the sake of including her young companion; but he only smiled good naturedly at them both, and walked away with Jimmy. The few words of quiet encouragement, which he found opportunity to say to him before he left him, did Jimmy a world of good.

"I'm always glad when I see a boy trying to push his way in the world, especially if he has a good deal to contend with, and not very much to help him. I've been through it all myself. I've been

a poor boy, and I'm a poor man, now, but I'm getting on a little every year."

"There's another of 'em," thought Jimmy, as Mr. Latimer turned away. "I'd no idea there were so many poor boys in the world; and seems to me the poor ones have the best of it, after all."

"How d'ye like it up to the 'cademy?" asked George, as they tossed down the hay to the horses.

"Pretty well," said Jimmy. "At least I shall like it when I get fairly started, I guess."

"Well," said George, reflectively, "some folks take to books naterally, and some don't. I never had any great hankering after books, myself, though I can write pretty fair, and cipher some; but my brother 'Lisha, he just beat all at learning. Why, that boy could read like a parson when he wa'n't higher'n my knee, and talked more big words 'n a dictionary. We couldn't none of us understand him; but father, he 'lowed he'd send him to college to learn to be a lawyer. He died, though, with something in his head—information, I believe the doctor said."

Jimmy watched the colts with a queer, little smile on his face, but George was too busy to notice it. He was often amused at some of George's expressions, but if he was ever tempted to laugh, he always checked himself with the thought, "How strange it is that I should know any better than he, with everything against me at the start."

Mr. Warren drove up to the house before their work was done, and called Jimmy to take Miss Ruth out to spend the evening with a friend, a few miles away. Jimmy loved driving, and he loved to do anything for Miss Ruth, and so did everyone else about the premises; only it seemed, for some reason, that Miss Ruth found fifty ways of helping and pleasing others, while they seldom could find out any need of hers.

The family where she was going were plain, old-fashioned Quakers, and had been early friends and neighbors of the Warrens in Pennsylvania. One daughter had married and died in New York, and her only child, a pretty girl of fourteen, spent nearly half her time with her grandparents, in Ohio.

Old Mrs. Harmon greeted Miss Ruth and Jimmy with the same quiet, cordial tones, and took them both into the same great sitting room, with its plain, neat furniture, and great, open fire that filled the low walls with a warm glow. Jimmy found two of his schoolmates here, and an odd-looking boy, a little younger than himself, dressed in a complete suit of drab of the very clumsiest make, and with his thick, black hair cut squarely around his head.

"James," said Mrs. Harmon, "this is Hezekiah Benson. Thee remembers his mother, Ruth. She was Mary Read—a worthy woman, but the Lord has afflicted her sorely. Hezekiah is a good lad, and means to take care of Mary, some day."

The good woman nodded approvingly at the homely boy, and sat down again to her knitting; and Jimmy looked at him with a sudden feeling of envy—it seemed to him it must be so pleasant, to do some-

thing for one's mother, and to look forward to being able to support her, by and by.

Mrs. Harmon's grandchild, Nelly Curtis, was also there, and Jimmy recognized her as one of the girls whose face had attracted his attention at the academy. He remembered the remarks one of the group had made, and felt a little uncomfortable at first, but Nelly was bent upon setting him at his ease, and the three were soon deep in the study of a new historical game which Nelly had brought with her from New York. Miss Ruth left her corner to join them; and if Jimmy had felt disposed to exult over George that evening, he was soon put to confusion by finding that the homely, little Hezekiah was thoroughly acquainted with events and characters of whom he had not even heard.

Jimmy blundered on for a while, and then, when Hezekiah said, innocently, as if half ashamed of prompting him—

"Why, the *Magna Charta*, thee knows; King John had to grant it to the English to save his crown."

"No, I don't know," said Jimmy, frankly. "I don't know much about any history but our own, and only a little about that."

Hezekiah blushed up to his eyes, and said, in a tone of apology,

"I'm sure it's no matter; thee knows a great deal more than I do, only I learned to read in a book of English history, and that's how I happen to know. Nelly can tell thee I'm a real stupid in grammar."

"He isn't a stupid in anything," said Nelly, with a bright smile; "only I don't think he takes to grammar naturally. I never could make him really see the difference between active and passive."

"I should like to know what I learned to read in," said Jimmy. "I believe I must have picked it up a little at a time for several years. I know I never was set at it, regularly, till I went to evening school at the Newsboys' Home."

"Where was that?" asked Nelly.

"In New York—I was a newsboy there."

"Were you? Why, I live there, myself," said Nelly; "I mean papa lives there, and I stay half the time with him, and the rest with grandmother. He's away this winter, but I generally come here in summer."

"I shouldn't think you'd ever want to go back," said Miss Ruth; "only, of course, you want to see your father."

And if Nelly had known all that her grandmother did of the dark days through which the Warren family had passed, she would have understood why Miss Ruth shuddered at the very thought of the great city.

"I don't know," said Nelly; "somehow I like New York. There's so much stir and bustle. Everybody seems so busy, and out here they don't do very much. I don't like to work so very well myself, but I like to be in the whirl, when other people do."

"Thee isn't an idle child, Ellen," said Mrs. Harmon, affectionately.

"Not with thee, grandmother; but when at home I'm afraid I am. Grandmother looks out for me, though," she said to

Miss Ruth. "She writes me splendid letters, and sends me nice, little, illuminated cards to put in my books and fasten up in my room. I carried one in my French Reader for six months—you know I hate French—But I finally lost it in the street."

"Did it say *The hand of the diligent maketh rich*?" asked Jimmy, eagerly.

"That was the very one," said Nelly, wonderingly. "How should you know anything about it?"

"You lost it getting into an omnibus," he went on; "I saw you drop it, and I picked it up. I was sweeping the crossing. I've got it now, at home. You don't know how much it has helped me."

"How strange," said Nelly, after a moment of silent astonishment; but her grandmother repeated, in her clear, low voice—

"A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

This strange, little incident gave them all a new interest in Jimmy; and when he left them, Mrs. Harmon gave him a most cordial invitation to visit them often.

He was unusually silent, as they drove home; but when they came near the farm house, and saw, through the window, old Mrs. Warren knitting by the fire, Jimmy said—

"I was thinking, Miss Ruth, if I had a mother, I should want her to be a Quaker. They're so nice, and clean, and happy looking."

"That means my mother and Mrs. Harmon are happy looking," said Miss Ruth, laughing. "I believe they are the only Quakers you ever saw."

"Yes, but there's something about them different from other folks, I think."

"A contented spirit, and love to God and man, will make almost any face happy, and almost any life peaceful and blessed," said Miss Ruth, quietly.

[To be continued.—See Editorial columns.]

## A SONG WITHOUT MUSIC.

BY PRUDY.

O Robin, singing in the tree,  
A song so full of gladness!  
Your music fills my heart with glee,  
And leaves no place for sadness.  
Beneath the orchard trees I lie  
And hear the bees go droning by,  
My heart is glad, I know not why,  
This lightsome summer weather.

O Robin, singing in the tree,  
When fades the daylight slowly.  
Your vesper hymn floats down to me,  
Through twilight shadows holy.  
The skies have caught a beauty new,  
A softer light has touched their blue,  
And tender stars are trembling through,  
To watch while earth is sleeping.

O Robin sleep! till golden rays  
Shall light thy radiant morrow.  
I sleep to dream of sunny days,  
Without a fear of sorrow.  
For, while I sleep, my Father wakes,  
His hand my sure protection makes,  
His tender mercy ne'er forsakes,  
Through joy and grief unailing.



## DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.

BY MILDRED LEIGH.

Tot was the prettiest, little, wax doll of a girl I ever saw. She was a Swede, and, like all the children of that far-away land, had real flaxen hair and blue eyes, with cheeks like apple blossoms. I wonder if it is because Sweden is such a cold country, and has few flowers, that all the children look like June roses. At any rate Tot did, and I loved her just for her beauty.

She was about seven years old when she came to school, and when she sat perched up in a chair she looked so funny. Her legs were very short and her feet swung away off from the floor, just as yours did, the first time you ever went to church. Don't you remember?

O! but I haven't told you that Tot was a little deaf and dumb child, have I? Well I knew it all the time, and so thought you did. And now I think I had better tell you a story that Tot told me one day. It is about a hen. I shall translate it "in her own words."

## LITTLE TOT'S STORY.

"At home, one day," bob, bob, go the chubby, little hands, telling me the story, "I went to the barn, climbed up, up, up"—climb she does with her hands—you can see her when she reaches the big beam, that runs across the barn; "way off there, at the end, old hen, speckled all over like this," (showing me my own dress;) "had a nest in the hay." *Dry grass*, Tot calls it. She crooks her finger like the letter J and draws it across her tightly closed lips, to say *dry*. "Nest was in the corner," (making a corner by putting the tips of her fingers together at right angles.) "Old hen," (makes a sign of wringing a chicken's neck for hen) "so cross," (scratching her own face for cross.) "I got up, way up there, walked along the beam so far." Tot walks across the floor, balancing herself first on this side, then on the other; then she makes her foot slip to show me how she almost fell, and I jump to catch her, but her tiny feet carry her safely over.

"I got down *easy* so, and said *klck, klck, klck*." Really, Tot can say that word splendidly. "Old hen bit and bit and bit and bit my hand, but I didn't care. I was looking for chickens."

Now if you had been there, you would have listened very softly for the "pip, pip," of the little shell babies, but poor little Tot was deaf, and couldn't hear a sound.

"I put my hand under and got such a pretty, little chicken, so high; old hen just flew at me, and pecked my eye so hard," says Tot laughing; "and I fell, way down, down, down on the hay, with the little chicken squeezed tight in my hand."

"Did you cry, Tot?" I asked.

"Little," says Tot, scraping her thumb and forefinger together, (that is the sign for *little*), and looking rather ashamed of having cried; "but I ran away with my chicken and it grew big, big."

Tot's story was cut short by school being called and she having to go to writing, "A hen eats corn."

I cannot make Tot's story as pretty on paper as she did with her hands. You try

to tell it yourself with your hands and see if you can. Perhaps some of you will look as pretty, but I don't believe you can tell the story as funny as Tot did.

I think Lucy dressed as the Little Corporal, would do better on this than on the "shay-raid." Harry and Barbara had better try "Tot's story."

Deaf and Dumb Institution, Jacksonville, Ill.



## PLAYING GRANDMA.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

She dons a kerchief, cap and bows—  
She's only three feet high—  
With spectacles across her nose;  
Her nose tips toward the sky.

And, bless you! she's deaf, and lame;  
A trifle, I confess;  
But then she's such an ancient dame,  
A hundred years or less.

Yet strange to tell, the wondrous truth,  
Her cheeks are fresh and fair;  
She must have found the Fount of Youth!  
Dear Gran'ma, tell me where.

And somehow she has learned to chide;  
She calls us careless chits,  
And opens her eyes so very wide,  
It scatters all our wits.

O, she's a darling, little—fie!  
I mean I love her well;  
But whether older, she or I,  
I am not going to tell.

## NETTIE'S VERSE.

BY ANTOINETTE S. MOFFATT.

One morning, last summer, a pair of bright, blue eyes looked wistfully over the low fence of a neatly-kept, flower-filled garden, in which stood a small, but pretty, white cottage. The owner of this pair of blue eyes is a little namesake of mine, and the pretty, white cottage with its garden, belongs to her father.

Such a cozy, sunshiny, attractive home is this of Nettie's, with the breath of sweet flowers filling the air all summer long; a little, sheltered nook, where the shadows play bo-peep with the sunshine; great trees beneath whose cool green you can sit and listen to the bird's song among the branches, the hum of the busy-working bees, and the softened echo of human voices, and tread of distant footsteps.

The cottage is perched high on the brow of a steep hill, its white walls gleaming through the trees' green foliage like delicate pearls set in a cluster of emeralds.

Nettie dearly loves this pleasant home, and the warm, summer days are only too short for her, as she watches the birds and flowers and ripening fruit.

"I wonder what's the name of that gentleman who speaks so kindly to me, whenever I meet him on the street! He's a real good man, I know, and I guess he'd like to have me call and see him a little while. He lives in that nice house over there, and it won't take me a minute to run down the hill. Mother won't care, for I shan't be gone long."

Nettie said this to herself, as she stood looking over the fence by the garden gate. In going down the street, occasionally, on errands for her mother, her bright face had attracted the notice of a gentleman, who spoke to her in passing, in such pleasant, friendly tones that her childish confidence was won directly. Nettie was a warm-hearted, impulsive child, and had a way of her own in deciding very quickly upon any course of action. So, without asking her mother's permission, she opened the gate, crossed the green field beyond the garden, ran down the street, and in a moment more stood on the doorstep of her friend's house.

Ring the bell, she soon made known her errand, and was ushered by the girl, into the sitting room, where the family were assembled for morning prayers.

The gentleman, who was a Methodist clergyman, greeted his little friend most cordially, and led her to a seat near his own. It was his usual custom to require each member of his family to repeat, in turn, a verse or two, of their own selection, from the Bible, before kneeling with them in prayer.

Family worship was something new to Nettie, and the eager, questioning look she turned upon each one, as he or she repeated their chosen text, induced her friend to say,

"Perhaps you would like to repeat a short verse from the Bible, Nettie. If you can remember one, I should like to hear you say it."

"O, yes, sir, I've got a verse to say," exclaimed the child, perfectly delighted that her turn had come at last, the smiles rippling all over her face, like sunbeams on the water. "I can remember the whole of it," and, with a quick glance around the room, she repeated in a clear, distinct tone,

"I had a little dog and his name was Muff,  
I sent him down the street for a penny's worth of snuff,  
But he broke my new box and spilt all the snuff,  
So my story is ended and that is enough."

For a moment, the astonished family could not restrain their mirth, but the intense satisfaction beaming on the dear child's happy, little face, all glowing as it was, with a tremulous consciousness of having contributed her share of the entertainment—whatever she thought that entertainment might be—helped them quickly to control themselves, though it was some moments before the reverend gentleman could compose himself sufficiently to proceed with the morning's exercises.

"Never, in all my life," he said afterwards to her mother, "was I so put to it to collect my thoughts for prayer, as I was that morning. I think neither myself or my family will ever forget little Nettie's 'verse.'"

## WILD FLOWERS OF JUNE.

BY MARY LORIMER.

June is so beautiful, and there is so much out of doors to charm the children, that I am almost afraid they will not stop to read a single word. But I hope the "LITTLE CORPORAL" is too great a favorite to be neglected, even for the blue skies and green fields of this bewitching month. So I will say a few words about flowers, both wild and tame.

By *tame*, I mean those that grow in gardens and are cultivated. I hope every little girl and boy will have a garden this summer. Ask your father to give you a little piece of ground, no matter how small it is. A little bit of a flower bed is charming, and if you have only room enough for a few fragrant sweet peas and flaunting morning glories, and gay, gorgeous pansies, it will be a daily delight. Then, when you plant your flower seeds you must be patient and let them grow in their own way, for they know better about this than you do. They know when to get up, and they do not like to have you digging down and poking away the earth to see if they are awake. Very often when children do this, the delicate shoots stop growing and never show their heads at all. But I hope your seeds will all come up and reward you with their brightest blossoms. Besides planting seeds, try to get a few flower roots to set in your garden, such as a Geranium or Rose-bush or Fuchsia or Pink. If these are carefully put into the ground, without disturbing their roots, they will keep growing right along and you can have beautiful flowers on them while your seeds are getting ready to bud and bloom. O, it is so delightful to pick flowers from your own dear, little garden; to put them in a pretty vase and set them on the breakfast table to surprise and please your mother and grown up sisters. I knew a little girl who had in one corner of her little garden, three or four strawberry plants which were kept neatly trimmed and grew finely; and in strawberry time she was so happy to run out in the morning and gather her *very best* in a little glass plate for an invalid brother. He said hers tasted better than any others.

But you must not forget the dear and beautiful wild flowers, which make the woods and meadows gay. In June there are more flowers than in any other month. I have not room to speak of one quarter of them, but you must press all the pretty ones you can find, and if you do not know their names now you can learn them by and by, if you have the pressed flowers.

You must look in the meadows for the beautiful *Arethusa*, and the delicate, little, blue *Forget-me-nots*, and the wild Morning glories, running over the old fences, and the Wild Roses opening in the woods. In the deeper woods you can find the Ladies' Slipper and the nodding *Trillium*, and in wet places the wonderful Pitcher plant, with its cup-shaped leaves, always partly filled with water. I wish I could tell you about many more of these "darlings of the forest."

And in this sweet month you can find every leaf in perfection. Be sure to have

a book on purpose for pressing *leaves*. Pick all the varieties you can find and press them carefully, then when winter comes and you have no "gay, green wood" to wander in, you do not know how pleasant you will find it, to examine all these treasures, and to arrange them and draw the outlines very nicely and write the name of each beneath.

## A PICTURE.

BY KATE.

Sitting there in the old barn door,

One, two, three;  
Gay Queen Bess, with her golden hair,  
Meek-eyed Allie, and handsome Clare;  
And o'er all, the sunbeams ling'ring there,  
What prettier sight can there be?

They are weary; tired of play.

Strange, though it be;  
Tired of romping-o'er fragrant hay,  
With chasing butterflies all the day,  
With climbing to look at the nest that lay  
High in the apple tree.

And now they have seated themselves to rest,  
In the old barn door.

To talk and laugh, in the sunlight's glow,  
To drink in the breezes that gently blow,  
To watch the shadows that come and go,  
On the rough, worn floor.

Hark! they're telling tales of fairy-land,  
Wondrous and strange;  
Of bright-eyed maidens, and stern, old kings;  
Of tiny beings, with gossamer wings,  
Of jewels, and diamonds, and all such things  
O'er which childish fancies range.

And now they are building castles of air,  
One by one.

Grand and beautiful; towering high!  
Filling with rapture each beaming eye;  
Yet ready at only a breath, to fly,  
Quick to be gone.

I wonder, sometimes, what their future will be—

Whether sad or gay,  
To Bess, sweet Bess, of the golden hair,  
To timid Allie, and brave, bright Clare;  
Will he and they find the world as fair  
As it is to-day?

I can hear the laugh and the merry sound  
Of their happy play;

I can see them running to and fro,  
And the sunbeams come, and the sunbeams  
go,  
But on no prettier sight have they rested, I  
know,  
Than this, to-day.

Yet call not these life's happiest days,

When they ~~are~~ gone;  
For all life is happy, if lived aright,  
Thus childhood and manhood shall both be  
bright,  
And shine each day with a fairer light,  
As the years roll on.

But sometime, far off in the years to come,  
When childhood is o'er,  
They'll look back to this picture, with pleasure  
I know,  
And their hearts will thrill with a warmer  
glow,  
Caught from the sunbeams that come and go,  
On the rough, worn floor.

## ADDIE.

BY AUNT FLORENCE.

We have a little, black-eyed girl at our house, named Addie, who says some very funny things. She is only two and a half years old, but she is a very wise little body. She has a black and white cat that she loves very much, and who returns her affection as well as a cat can. Curling up beside her on the floor, among her playthings, and submitting with a very good grace to the frequent dressing's up in her baby brother's clothes that she subjects her to. The cat is named "Nora," after the little Irish girl who gave it to her. One morning Nora was missing. Up stairs and down we searched in vain; no Nora. Addie mourned and would not be comforted.

At last, one day, her father found the cat in the hay loft, with a nice little family of five kittens. Putting them into a basket he carried them into the kitchen.

Addie had never seen any kittens and we were curious to know what she would say. Calling her in from another room, he put the basket down on the floor. She stood still a moment looking at them and then, to our surprise began to cry.

"O mamma," she said, "somebody's b'oke my Nora all to pieces!" Nor could we convince her, until we brought Nora from the barn. And then what delight those soft, little kittens offered! But I need not tell; the children know.

## FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

NUMBER VI.

One morning, Mrs. Rivers came into the drawing room, after an absence of an hour or two, and found, to her astonishment, half a dozen children clustering around her little Fanny. Where they all came from, was a mystery to her; but Fred, after amusing himself for a moment or two in watching her puzzled face, relieved himself from an armful of knives, books, sticks, umbrellas, flower pots, bunches of violets, and various other articles, and came forward to volunteer an explanation.

"You see, mother," said he; "but first of all," he added, suddenly interrupting himself, and rolling toward her a great arm-chair, "I think you will be more comfortable sitting than standing; and comfort, you know, makes all the difference in the world in regard to judgments passed by older people upon the doings of young folks, and in this case we are very anxious that there should be no clash between your views and ours. In fact, this happy agreement is quite necessary to the success of the plans which I was about to lay before my audience when you came in."

His mother laughed, as she took the chair, wondering what was to follow this eloquent prologue. Ever since they sailed from America, both her children had been so completely engrossed with the wonders around them, that they seemed to have quite forgotten their old, mischievous ways,

and this speech from Master Fred carried her back, in imagination, to the merry days at home, when he, Fanny, Kate, and other cousins and playmates, like all children wanting "something to do," were constantly coming to her with absurd and before-unheard-of propositions for amusement. She was rather glad, than otherwise, to see now the old, fun-loving spirit returning; and as she watched Fanny's eyes sparkling through the demure expression she tried to wear, she prepared herself for anything which would be likely to enter even the heads of such light-hearted children as her own.

"You see, mother," Fred began again, "when Fan and I saw you and father drive away, this morning, in the carriage, which we had fondly hoped would take us, also, but which didn't, we stood looking out over the square, imagining ourselves driving, too."

"Not looking, Fred, for I had to shut my eyes tight, to keep from seeing the people, before I could imagine at all," interrupted Fanny.

"Well," continued Fred, "it wasn't much fun, any way, so we didn't try very long, but gave our undivided attention to a party of tumblers, who were performing just under the windows. They had a hand organ, which an old man was grinding, and all his family were tumbling around him. The oldest one must have been twenty-five; and I thought he was in pretty poor business to be turning somersaults and twisting himself into such shapes, and then teaching his little brothers and sisters to do the same thing."

"Al can do it, too!" exclaimed a chubby, little fellow, as broad as he was tall, starting up from a corner behind Fanny, where he had hidden himself when Mrs. Rivers entered, but forgetting now all embarrassment in his eagerness to show his proficiency in the art under discussion.

"Al 'ill show 'ou," he repeated, not heeding Fanny's attempts to hold him back. And forthwith down went the little, short, round hands to the carpet, then the curly head, while the feet tried vainly to rise from the floor. Pretty soon he lost his balance, and rolled over and over, which made the rest all laugh. But having succeeded in turning the somersault to his own complete satisfaction, and no doubt, as he thought, to theirs, he stood himself up again, pushed his curls away from his

laughing eyes with both hands, saying, "Al could, couldn't he? S'all I do it again?"

"'Twas splendid, Al," said Fred, "but I wouldn't do it again. Thank you, though, for your illustration of what I was saying; and now just look at your cheeks!"

Al eagerly looked up, then down, first with his eyes wide open, then trying it with them half closed, and finally said, without a smile, "Al can't see 'em."

While they were still laughing at the droll, little fellow, Fanny drew him toward her, saying, "Let's be still, now, Al, and hear Fred's story."

"Well," continued the boy, "every once in a while, one of the youngest of the tumblers would take a tin cup and go among the crowd, which had gathered around them, to beg for money. After a while the oldest one rolled up the carpet he had spread on the pavement, and tucked it under his arm; the father drew the green baize down over the organ, and the mother helped him put the organ on his shoulder; then the little dog jumped up on it; and father, mother, sons, and daughters trudged away to another corner of the square, where the carpet was again spread out, the organ began to grind and the children to tumble."

## Rejoicing.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

**MODERATO.**

1. Fath-er in heav-en While an-gels a-dore thee, We lit-tle

**CHORUS.**

chil-dren Would wor-ship be-fore thee. Glad as the birds in the

morning we raise Songs of thanksgiving to ech-o thy praise And in the

even-ing with an-gels we'll sing Songs of rejoicing O Sav-ior and King.

2. When in the morning  
The daylight is breaking,  
When from our slumbers  
In peace we are waking.

3. Father thy promise  
Forever prevailing,  
Brings to us blessings  
Unnumbered, un-falling.

**CHORUS.** **CHORUS.**

"But they were so far away we couldn't see them very well," said Fanny.

"Yes—so we went to the other window to see what was going on there. The first thing we saw was a tight rope, stretched from one post to another, about twenty feet apart, and on the rope a girl, of Fanny's age, walking, swinging, dancing, kneeling, and balancing herself, with a large, Italian flag in each hand. After watching her till it made us dizzy, we went into the ante-chamber and looked from the window in the end of the corridor upon another part of the square. There we saw a young man standing on the top of a barrel and auctioneering. His arms were full of things, and when those were gone, he stooped down and drew others out of his barrel. He was talking all the time, praising his goods, I suppose, and—"

"And, mamma, just think, not just talking as other people do, but talking poetry," again interrupted Fanny.

"I hadn't got to that part yet, Fanny," said Fred, very gravely; "but now I shall be obliged to skip what I was going to say, just because it won't do to go back. You really mustn't interrupt

me so often." His mock gravity, however, gave way, as he saw little Fan's repentant look, and he couldn't help laughing, saying then that even though she was a girl, he had no doubt she could sometimes tell a story as well as a boy, but in this case she must remember that he was speaker.

"But," he continued, turning again toward his mother, "where was I?"

"Perhaps Fanny can tell you," provokingly suggested his mother, "although she is a girl."

"I'm afraid, at this rate, I shall never get to my intentions in regard to that armful of things I held as you came in," said Fred, despondingly. "At any rate—"

Another interruption came in here, in the way of a low knock at the door. Fred opened it, and a bright-faced, piercing-eyed lady entered, and spoke with a slight foreign accent, as she introduced herself to Mrs. Rivers, who rose to meet her. Glancing around the room, she evidently found what she was looking for.

"Ah! my children, here you are," said she.

"Yes, mamma; you got tired of having Al gone, didn't you, mamma?" And the dear little fellow hurried across the room, clasping his arms around his mamma's

neck, as she stooped down to lift him to a chair beside her.

Then she told Mrs. Rivers how she had gone out that morning for a while, leaving Al in her room with his nurse, and how he had begged so hard to come with his brother and sister, when Fred Rivers asked them, that the nurse had consented.

"I am afraid, however, you have found them troublesome—so many of them," she added.

"Quite the contrary," returned Mrs. Rivers. "I have been exceedingly amused by them, since coming in, for I also returned from a drive only a few minutes ago. Fred was just giving me the history of his morning, but the poor boy was interrupted so many times that he got on slowly with his story, and I hadn't yet learned how he and Fanny managed to gather so many little folks around them. We are quite near neighbors, I think, so you must let the children come in often."

"Yes, we are near—on the same corridor with only three doors between us—and my little ones are very fond of play-mates; but I have two children older than these three—one a boy of your Fred's age, the other a daughter some years younger. They are now away visiting some friends, but will return next week. By that time we hope to have a home of our own, for we are quite tired of hotel life, and have rented a charming villa on the hills across the river. There I shall hope to see you all."

The lady stayed for some time, till Al began to grow uneasy, then, leading him by the hand, she said—

"Come, Karl and Xena; Al's tired, we must go."

"Good bye, Xena," said Fanny; "don't you want the violets?"

"No," replied Xena; "you may keep them, if you like. Our nurse, Teresa, takes us almost every day out on the hills, where we gather as many as we choose. You must come with us, some time."

"Well, if mamma's willing, I should like nothing better."

Mamma consented, and it was arranged Fanny should go with them the next day. Then they all said "good bye," and went away—that is, the lady, with Al, Karl, and Xena, went away—but there were still two little ones left, one of whom was curled up among the sofa cushions, fast asleep, the other one was leaning over the

## Cradle Song.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

TENDERLY. Sing first four lines of first verse each time in *Da Capo* as a Chorus.

1. Ba - by sleep! the sum-mer breezes Rock the young bird in the tree,

Mother's breast shall be thy pil-low, Mother's arms have cradled thee!

Down the ro - sy vales of slumber Soft and low the dream-bells ring,

Fol - low where their voices call thee, While my cra - dle song I sing!

2. Baby sleep! the rose has folded  
Half her sweetness from the night;  
Sleep! and when the rose is fairest  
Thou shalt wake to new delight!  
Sweeter, clearer, softer, nearer,  
I can hear the dream-bells ring!  
Follow where their voices call thee,  
While my cradle song I sing!

3. Baby sleep! some brighter vision  
Then thy Mother's eyes can see,  
Angel hands are swiftly bringing  
From the silent land to thee:  
Down the rosy vales of slumber  
Fairy chimes the dream-bells ring,  
Baby sleep! and dreaming listen,  
While my cradle song I sing!

balcony, dropping bits of paper down and watching them sail along on the air before falling to the pavement.

"That's Beppo, out there," said Fred, seeing his mother look toward the balcony, and this little round ball on the sofa is his brother. They live in the hotel; and when I saw them in the corridor, an hour ago, I brought them in here. A hotel is a grand place for making acquaintances," he added, in conclusion.

"And you, - see, are determined to make the most of your opportunities, as far as little folks are concerned," replied his mother. "Well, I'm glad you have met these children. I like their appearance, and you can learn a good deal from them of the difference between child life here and in America. But where have they all learned to speak English so well?"

"They have been in England a good deal," said Fred. "Karl was born there; and he says that at home they are obliged to speak in different languages to different members of the family, so that they may forget nothing they have already learned, and so that one language may become as much their own as another. For instance, with the mother they all speak German; with the father, Hungarian; with a brother,

English; with a sister, French; with nurse and servants, Italian."

"I should think they would forget, sometimes," said Fanny.

"No; Karl says they have always done so, and it wouldn't seem as though they were talking with their mother, unless they spoke in German—and so with all the rest. Only, he says, she tells them that when they are with those who do not understand all these languages, they must speak to each other in whatever language is understood by all present, for it would be very impolite to speak to each other in Hungarian, for instance, if their play-mates couldn't understand them. Karl talks a great deal about his brother Ulric, and I wish he would come home."

Pretty soon two little, dimpled fists rubbed open a pair of large, wondering eyes, and two rosy, pouting lips made the usual baby demand for "mamma." Beppo came in at this, helped the little fellow to his feet, and while the great eyes wandered around the room, trying to remember where they were and how they came there, Beppo, with an "addio" to Mrs. Rivers, Fred, and Fanny, carried him off to his mother's room.

Fanny, in the meanwhile, had been clearing away the small mountain of articles which Fred's ingenuity had gathered together, and by the time order was once more restored, Mr. Rivers came in, saying,

"Well, I've made arrangements with Count Poniatowski to take his castle for six months."

"Castle!" exclaimed Fanny, in a whisper, to Fred, catching her breath.

"I'm glad you succeeded," said Mrs. Rivers. "I was afraid he would insist on your taking it for a year, and six months there will be all we shall care for."

"Six months in a castle!" said Fanny, again, in the same loud whisper. "Just think of it, Fred."

"Just think of it!" Fanny did not notice the merry twinkle in Fred's eye, as he spoke; and she continued.

"In a castle! Why, castles have towers and dungeons and moats and walls! And there are almost always ghosts. Of course, there must be ghosts, for people don't build castles now-a-days; and if it is really a castle it must be very old, and there were so many ghosts then, that I am quite sure there must be some left."

"Yes," said Fred, "no doubt there are

ghosts; and perhaps hidden treasure—who knows?"

"And maybe we shall find some of it," continued Fanny; "O dear, I'm so glad!"

"Glad of what, Fanny," said her father, drawing his arm around her, "that you are going to find a treasure, or see a ghost?"

"O, glad of both, and everything, papa," said she; "but is it really a castle?"

"Put your hand in the pocket of my overcoat, and see what you find there."

Fanny did as directed, drawing out a couple of large photographs. She looked in silence from one to the other.

"Rather a dismal place," remarked Fred, looking at them and shrugging his shoulders, "but quite suitable, no doubt, for ghosts."

"I'm sure they will be there, if there are any," said Fanny, emphatically.

"If there are any!" echoed Fred. "Why, Fanny, I thought your faith was firm on that point."

"Yes, but I mean one that won't turn out to be a sheep or a goose or a guide post. When are we going out there, papa?"

"I can't tell, yet, when we shall go to stay, but we will drive out to-morrow and see how the old place looks."

"Then I can't go for a walk with Xena, can I?"

"Xena? Who is Xena?"

"O, just Xena. You can't think what a dear, little girl she is, papa. She lives in the hotel, here, and she has the *nicest* sister, about as old as I am; but she isn't here, now; and she isn't coming till next week."

"Then how do you know she is so 'nice,' if you haven't seen her?"

"Well," said Fanny, reflectively, "she's old enough; she ought to be."

"O, that's it, is it?" said papa, laughing, and taking out his watch. "Now," he added, "to-day is Thursday, so the king's garden is open, and the band playing there. What do you all say to going over and seeing his wild animals? I believe he has quite a menagerie."

"Delightful!" answered Fanny, eagerly. "Let me speak for all."

"Well, then, birdie, off for your hat."

### LOVE.

BY ALTA GRANT.

One morning I found little Dora busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

How true it is that love makes labor sweet. So, if we love the blessed Saviour, we shall not find it hard to work for Him. It is LOVE that makes His yoke easy and His burden light.

A good action, prompted by good motives, always secures good results.

### THE LITTLE GLEANER.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

She glides among the banded shocks,  
As blithe as robins after rain,  
With pansy eyes, and tossing locks  
Of tawny gold that shames the grain;  
She follows where the binders go,  
To glean, among the stubble low,  
The stalks they spill or break in twain.

The reapers smile to see her face,  
They drop the stalks before her feet,  
They lift their heads, as though her grace  
Sent life and coolness thro' the heat;  
And, list'ning to her childish song,  
They spread the rustling swaths along,  
Nor think a bird could sing as sweet.

Where tardy clover blossoms late,  
And hum-birds suck its honey wine,  
She loves, at noon, to lie and wait  
Till sickles freshly clink and shine:  
Or, where a streamlet parts the grass,  
She feels the supple zephyrs pass,  
And hears the crickets piping fine.

She turns aside the sickles keen  
To save a sparrow's humble nest,  
And goes her merry way to glean  
The wide, wide field, from east to west,  
Till slily o'er the noisy mill  
The moon is rising, fair and still—  
Till truant birds go home to rest.

And then she climbs the mossy bars,  
To bear away her broken wheat;  
She laughs to see the peeping stars,  
She sighs to hear the lambkins bleat,  
And gaily skirts the sluggish pond  
To meet the miller's hound beyond,  
Who guards her to the village street.

And while they go, she twists a chain  
Of sweet wild flowers around his head;  
She greets a beggar in the lane,  
Who toils to make his leafy bed;  
"Good night," she says, and passing so,  
She leaves his heart a warmer glow,  
As if an angel passed instead.

The village panes are softly dusk,  
The streets are blithe with children's play,  
But down across her beds of musk  
A tiny square of light doth stray;  
She threads the walk, she shuts the door—  
The shadows gather more and more—  
May angels keep her night and day!

### THE GRAND ROCKY MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

THE CORPORAL'S "RIGHT-HAND MAN" AND TWO HIGH PRIVATES DETAILED FOR THE SERVICE. PREPARATION FOR THE DEPARTURE, AND FULL PARTICULARS OF THE OUTFIT OF THE EXPEDITION.

The Little Corporal sat one evening by his camp table, with a pile of letters before him. He had been reading some of the many kind words which are all the time coming to gladden his heart and make him more and more happy in his work as the months go by. All at once as he opened a letter headed "Office of the Illinois Natural History Society," his eyes began to shine and a bright smile broke over his calm face. As he read on, line after line, the smile seemed to spread all over him, until at last he waved his hand above his head as if he were heading a charge, and called out, "that's a splendid campaign for

you, boys. Now we shall see what kind of stuff you are made of—fall in, double quick, *forward march!*"

Here is a copy of the letter which the Corporal read aloud to Private Queer, who, just at that moment, entered with dispatches from Elmira.

#### OFFICE OF ILL. NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

April 15th, 1868.

To the Little Corporal commanding the Juvenile Armies of the United States, fighting for the Good, the True and the Beautiful.

SIR—I have the honor to state that the First Scientific corps of the department of the West is under marching orders for the second exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains and the Colorado River. The object of this grand enterprise is to make collections in natural history, and a map of the middle valley of the Colorado River; a region which nobody but the birds and bears have ever explored. It must be a great country. The mountains are supposed to be full of gold and silver, the rivers full of trout and bullheads, the woods full of grouse, opossum and bears, the valleys full of flowers, the air full of mosquitoes and the grass full of snakes and spiders. We want to collect specimens of all these, except the mosquitoes, to be preserved in the museum of our society.

The Prairie State will help to furnish our outfit, to pay for the reputation we shall make for her in the far West; Uncle Samuel will give us some hard tack and bacon to pay us for staking out that part of his farm; half a dozen colleges and learned societies will help us with books and cans of alcohol, (in which to pickle our snakes and scorpions—we are all teetotalers,) and all the boys in the country want to go with us, to help collect the specimens, hear the camp-fire stories of the old, mountain hunters, and to share in our grand pic nic, six months long.

It is all very fine, Sir Corporal, to have seven or eight colleges take us by the hand, to be patted on the back by governors and congressmen, and to have the broad palm of Uncle Samuel himself laid kindly upon our heads. But to complete our good fortune, we want the good will and patronage of the Little Corporal. I would respectfully request that a small detachment of picked boys from your command might be detailed to join my expedition, to be under the special eye of the Rev. Professor W. H. Daniels, our historian and correspondent, who is himself Corporal, by brevet, in the School House Light Guard. The detachment to report direct to your headquarters every month.

With the highest respect, I have the honor to be Your most obedient servant,

J. W. POWELL, Major U. S. A.

Prof. of Natural History, commanding Scientific Expedition of 1868 to Rocky Mountains and Colorado River. To The Little Corporal, commanding the Juvenile Armies of U. S. A.

"Well," said the Corporal as he folded up the letter, "what do you think of that?"

"Send the detachment by all means," was the reply. "Who knows but they may capture a new state or two out there in the mountains? At this rate we shall have possession of the whole continent before long."

The Corporal at once directed an order to be made out, to be read at drill next morning. It ran thus:

HEADQUARTERS JUVENILE ARMIES U. S. A.,

APRIL 16, 1868.

Private True, of the Right Wing, and privates Sharp and Goodfellow are hereby designated for special service with the Grand Scientific Expedi-



tion under Maj. Powell to the Rocky Mountains and the Colorado River. They will report at headquarters for orders, immediately after parade.

Signed,  
LITTLE CORPORAL,  
Commanding, etc.

The order created no little surprise when it was read, and was eagerly discussed when the line was dismissed. Everybody agreed that private True, or the Corporal's "right hand man," as he was sometimes called, would do himself honor in the new field of action to which he had been detailed.

"He isn't a bit scary," said one.

"Hasn't a lazy bone in his body," said another.

"No, nor he isn't a bit of a sneak," said another. "when there is any hard work to be done; he stands square up to it and no dodging. Won't he catch it, though, out there amongst the mosquitoes and rattlesnakes and wild Indians and grizzly bears!" said one of the awkward squad.

"Not a bit of it," said private Queer, "the rattlesnakes and the bears and the Indians will be the ones to 'catch it,' I'm thinking; and as for mosquitoes, why, just take a little pennyroyal and stew it in some bear's grease, and rub it on your hands and face, and a mosquito wouldn't come within smell of you. 'Old Brains' knows too much to be bitten by that kind of gentry."

The title "old brains" had been given to private True by some of the small boys of the awkward squad, as the highest kind of a compliment to his superior knowledge of drill and tactics. The selection of private Goodfellow was also highly approved, on account of his great good nature and patience under difficulties. And as True and Goodfellow both won the good-conduct medal, they were entitled to be sent on this most honorable service. "But what does the Little Corporal mean by picking out that young chap, private Sharp?" asked a tall boy who was always behind in his study of the manual. "A little fellow like him ain't of any account; besides, he's all the time getting into some awkward scrape or other. The Corporal might about as well detail Jacko for such work. He might be of some service in climbing trees and throwing down cocoa nuts, but as for that young scapegrace, he's no account at all."

"Hold on there, no grumbling," cried Tom Wideawake, the color bearer of the right wing. "Don't be jealous of Sharp because you are a head taller than he. I dare say he knows better than to expect to find cocoa nuts on the Colorado river. I like to see a young fellow have some snap in him. No matter if he does get into scrapes now and then, if he has sense enough to get out again. It is the quality, and not the size the Corporal looks at. Mister Timbershanks you had better set to and fill up that empty head of yours, instead of opening it so often to let out the little that's in it; and above all things don't be mean and slander a fellow because he has a place you want yourself—that's a kind of dodge that aint the thing in this company."

It must be confessed that Tom was a little severe on the big fellow, but he was a fast friend of Bob Sharp, and wouldn't let anybody say a word against him. He had helped him out of ever so many difficulties, and Bob was always grateful,

and had a way of putting his mishaps in such a funny light, that what would have seemed like mischief in anybody else, was looked upon as 'cuteness in him. Besides, Bob was one of the most generous boys in the world, and seemed to take delight in sharing all his goodies with everybody, so that very often he had to go without himself. Bob was a splendid fellow, too, and couldn't bear to see any foul play. He was once out fishing and saw a couple of boys disputing about the place where they should drop their lines. The big boy insisted on fishing in every hole first, and kept the little chap behind him. This the small boy resisted as an infringement of his natural rights, and his big tyrant was pretending to pitch him into the river just as Bob came up. "You let that little fellow alone and take one of your size," said Bob, and without further ceremony pitched in to take the part of the small boy, not stopping to think that the one to whom he gave battle was big enough to thrash them both. In the struggle that followed, the little fellow got off, but Bob, after making the best possible use of his fists and elbows and knees, and working about in the grip of his enemy as nimbly as a cat, was at last pitched plump into the water. But he could swim like a duck, and always having his wits about him, he struck out for the opposite shore. The big fellow stood close on the bank watching his fine swimming, when, before he could say Jack Robinson, the little fellow, who had been watching his chance, ran full tilt against him and pushed him into the river after Bob. He was awfully scared and as the current was strong, and he could hardly swim a stroke he was carried several yards from the bank. Bob heard the splash and turning round to see what was the matter, found the tables suddenly turned in his favor. "Oh! oh! help me out!" cried the poor fellow, floundering and struggling, while the current bore him every minute nearer and nearer to the middle of the stream. Bob lost no time, but struck out for his old antagonist, and when he had swam up to within about a yard of him, he stood up in the water, by a process well known to every good swimmer, and with a roguish twinkle in his eye he called out, "Well, old fellow, how do you like it?"

"Ugh! phoo! help! ugh! phoo! help!" snorted out the big fellow, trying to blow the water out of his nose, and half choked with the gulps he had swallowed.

"Will you let the little fellow fish where he pleases?" said Bob.

"Oh! ugh! yes—ugh! yes! help me out," said the half drowned rascal, blowing like a porpoise, and frightened almost out of his wits. "All right," said Bob. "Here you chap on shore, just take that fish pole and throw out that long line with the big pickerel hook on it." The boy did as directed, and Bob, dodging the hook which struck the water close to his head, seized the line, hooked it to the waistband of the big fellow's trousers, taking care to settle the barb of the hook well down into his clothes "for sure hold," as he said, then he called out, "gently now, haul him in; aint he a big fish?"

"The big fish" was safely landed, for a very little pull will move a large body as it

floats on the water, and without stopping to look round him, he tore out the hook, and started for home on a run, leaving Bob and his new acquaintance to have the fishing all to themselves.

It was always so with Bob's troubles. He was as spry as a cat and very much like one in another respect, for no matter how he was thrown up, he was sure to come down on his feet; he was rash and self-reliant, never was afraid of anything in his life, and, of course, was always getting into scrapes, but his quick eye and ready wit always helped him to come out, as the boys said, "right side up with care."

For these qualities, as well as the good training he was expected to get in the school of Natural History, which the expedition would afford, (and of which study he was exceedingly fond,) the Corporal at once decided that Bob Sharp should go to the mountains, though there were plenty of older and wiser lads in the company.

The fitting out of the expedition was no small matter. It required the study of the Corporal for nearly half a day, but at last he completed the list of articles which he thought would comprise all the party would need, and directed Adjutant Syntax to make out a requisition on the Quartermaster and Commissary for the following supplies for each member of the detachment, viz.:

One riding mule with McLellan saddle, saddle bags, blankets, bridle, halter, and lariat, holsters for pistols.

One pack mule with pack saddle, panniers, bridle, and lariat.

75 pounds of bacon, 75 pounds of hard tack, 25 pounds of coffee, 25 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of salt, and a package of cayenne pepper.

Tin plate, tin quart cup, with bail and handle, knife, fork, and spoon.

Smith & Wesson rifle for True and Goodfellow, and Charles Parker breech-loading shot gun for Sharp and True, pair of six inch pistols, seven inch sheath knife, with belt, ammunition belt and flasks, powder, shot and balls, 15 pounds to the man, bullet molds, caps, and fishing tackle.

Jacket and trowsers with ten pockets, heavy boots, broad-brimmed hat, forage cap, two flannel shirts with four pockets, six pairs of socks, handkerchiefs, and gloves.

One poncho, gum blanket, pair of woolen blankets, rubber overalls, and rubber cape for cap.

Two yards mosquito netting, two green vails, housewife with buttons, scissors, needles, thread, and pins.

Matches in water tight oox, soap in tin box, towels, tooth brush and comb.

Memorandum book, pencils, paper, and postage envelopes, in water-tight portfolio.

One canteen and haversack, one section of dog tent, one side of lace leather for strings, harness, etc.

Pocket compass and pocket Bible.

Also one each of the following articles for the mess, viz.: Iron pot, frying pan, axe and spade with removable handles, gun wrench and screw-driver, curry comb, clothes brush, stone for sharpening knives, and a small pocket case of medicines.

When the requisition was handed to the boys they were surprised at the number of

things comprised in their outfit, but an old campaigner like the Corporal knows more about the comforts of life in the field than the boys have ever dreamed of.

"Must be going to send us out to trade with the Indians," said Goodfellow.

"Or start a variety store on the Colorado," said Sharp.

"Don't be too fast boys," said True, "tell me which one of these articles you would be willing to leave behind." After a long study they gave it up.

"Tell me then," said True, "what more you think we shall want."

"Can't think of anything else," said Sharp, "unless it were some books on Natural History."

"They will be furnished by the expedition," said True—and so it was agreed on all sides that the detachment was handsomely fitted out.

"Of course it is," said True, "did you ever know the Corporal to do anything by halves?"

## THE

# Little Corporal.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1868.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

## NOW FOR ACTIVE WORK.

A new volume begins with our next number. We want fifty thousand *new subscribers* to begin with July, and we have the Premiums ready to send those who help us to secure them.

Now is the time for work. As an extra inducement for you to offer, we will send the JUNE NUMBER FREE to all who subscribe now for one year, beginning with July.

Push on the columns, friends. We are in for a glorious year together, and we want all the children in America to join THE CORPORAL's beautiful army. Remember our motto, and do your duty bravely.

## REMOVAL.

We have removed our office to the beautiful store, (on the street floor,) No. 6 Custom House Place, in Lombard's Marble Block, directly opposite the west side of the Custom House and Post Office building. We have taken a lease of these premises for five years, and THE LITTLE CORPORAL will be pleased to see his friends in his new home.

CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled notify us and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller premium. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

## YOUR TIME HAS EXPIRED.

A good many subscriptions expire with this number. You will know by the printed direction slip. If just after your name is printed Jan 8 or Jan 68, you will know that your time as paid for, expires with this number.

Renew at once, by sending your dollar for the next year. Write plainly your name, post office, county and State. If during the past year, any numbers have failed to reach you, tell us what numbers they were, and we will re-mail them. We are very careful to send all papers regularly, but sometimes the mails fail to deliver.

## PREMIUMS.

Our friends will find our premium list in another column. Our Premiums are all very fine, and are warranted genuine and valuable.

We have added to our former list, Sewing Machines, Silver-Plated Ware of all kinds, and all good and useful books found in the regular trade. Any who wish for any of these articles as premiums, may write to us for terms. Don't wait for an answer, but begin your clubs at once, and send the names and money as rapidly as you can. All you send will be credited on your club, and you can select your premium after you find out how many names you can secure.

## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

Mrs. Miller's story will be continued in the next volume. The July number will give a brief recapitulation of all that has been told in the chapters already given, so that new subscribers beginning with July, will have the whole story.

Both young and old, everywhere, are delighted with our Associate Editor's stories and songs. Hundreds of letters declare her stories alone worth many times the price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Remember, she writes for no other Juvenile.

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

Our readers will be pleased with the series of articles, of which the first appears in this number, to be furnished during the next volume, by Prof. W. H. Daniels.

This will be one of the most important Scientific Expeditions ever sent out by the U. S. Government. Prof. D. goes as historian to the expedition, and he will give the children something genuinely *American*, and full of interest. His will be actual experiences, among mountains and rivers heretofore unexplored by white men. These articles alone will be worth more than the price of the paper.

BOUND VOLUMES.—THE LITTLE CORPORAL has now completed his sixth volume. We will immediately have the six volumes, (three years) bound in one beautiful book, in stiff boards with embossed cloth sides, and gilt title. This bound volume will be sent by mail to any address for \$4.50, or will be delivered at our office for \$4.00. A full set of all back numbers furnished for \$3.00. Money sent for this can count in clubs if desired. The book will be sent by mail for a club of sixteen subscribers.

## APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA

Is one of our Premiums for clubs. Ministers, Teachers, and others who would like to earn this magnificent work for their libraries will write us for terms.

## THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO.

RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming Chromo of Mr. Beard's great Painting is giving great delight wherever it is seen.

We might give many extracts from notices by prominent editors, but, for want of space, content ourselves with one by Dr. W. W. Patton, editor of *The Advance*. In an editorial article, among other things, he says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *fac simile* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Frang's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars! Mr. Sewell intends to use it, also, as a premium for those who swell the army of his subscribers."

We send the chromo by express, mounted, varnished, and ready for framing, (price ten dollars,) for a club of fourteen subscribers. We send them not mounted, by mail, on rollers, for a club of ten; but, though the people are very much delighted with them in that way, we find it is better to have them sent properly mounted and all ready for framing. We sell them mounted only, at ten dollars. As Dr. Patton says in the above extract, they "would be cheap at fifteen" dollars, but we desire to put the picture within reach of all.

Send on the clubs and secure this superb work of art.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our Premium for a club of three subscribers, the superb steel line engraving of The Heavenly Cherubs, from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is very much admired by all who see it. It is one of the finest and best steel engravings ever executed in this country, and sells readily for two dollars. It is sent by mail, post paid, on a strong roller, for a club of three subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, at the regular price.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
Chicago, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company:

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of *The Little Corporal*. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your institution may give to the West more like this, which must gladden every lover of art.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,  
GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

THE CHILDREN'S HYMNS, with music, now given every month in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, are attracting much attention, and are receiving high compliments. Mrs. Miller intends to continue these as a regular feature in our paper. They are the best children's hymns now issued.

We will also publish them, hereafter, on sheets, a sheet every two months, each containing two hymns, with music, for general distribution.

The sheets will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents per hundred, 15 cents for fifty. We have now six hymns—three slips—which may be thus sent.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

## A PRIZE PICTURE FOR TWO SUBSCRIBERS.

The name of PAUL REVERE, is one of the most honorable connected with the first scenes of the Revolutionary War. He was one of the famous Boston Tea Party, and in many ways rendered signal service to the Colonies, in their efforts to rid themselves of British tyranny. We intend, shortly, to publish an article, giving you many particulars of interest in his life. Paul Revere was a silversmith and engraved some of the first pictures ever made in America. One of these was made in 1768, just one hundred years ago, and is a view of eight Ships of War, landing British troops in Boston Harbor, for the purpose of "supporting ye dignity of Britain, and chastising ye insolence of America." Its size is 10 by 15 inches, besides the margin, and there are only two or three copies of it known to be in this country.

We lately paid fifty dollars for one of these copies of this curious, old picture, and have just published a *fac simile* of it, for the benefit of The Corporal's children. It is the same size as the original, and as nearly like it as colored Lithography can make it. Our space in this number is crowded, and we have not room to say what we would like about this old relic of the early and dark days of our country. In future numbers we will be able to say more, for memories of the stirring scenes of the revolution set the blood in THE LITTLE CORPORAL's veins tingling, as he looks upon this scene in Boston harbor, one hundred years ago, and we want to set the children to studying American history. We will love our country, and liberty, and God with a warmer love, if we go over that history sometimes and remember how He led our fathers.

We desire that every boy and girl shall possess this picture with its array of British Flags. Remember, when this picture was made, we were not even a nation, and had no national flag. Now the Stars and Stripes wave proudly over forty millions of freemen, and light up every sea.

A copy of this colored lithograph, "Paul Revere's picture of ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO," will be sent by mail, on a strong roller, to every one who will renew his or her subscription, and send one new subscriber, or to every person who will send two new subscribers, at the regular price of one dollar each. Or the picture will be sold at one dollar per copy; sent by mail on roller, post paid if desired.

Every one may have this old curiosity. It is a premium worth working for, and this offer by THE CORPORAL puts it within easy reach. Begin now to work for it.

**MOUNTING THE CHROMOS.**—If any who have received the Chromos in sheet form, by mail, would like to have them mounted, they may be returned to us in the same way they were received, and we will mount them on canvas stretchers, similar to oil paintings, and return them to you by express, nicely varnished and ready for framing. We will pack them at our own expense, and you will pay the express charges when you receive them. You can pay us for mounting either by sending us two dollars in money, or four subscribers at the regular rate.

**AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE** to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. See editorial columns.
  2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.
  3. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.
  - Where it is inconvenient to reach a party by express, we will send the Chromo by mail, on a roller, not mounted, for a club of ten subscribers. It is much better, however, to have the picture properly mounted, and sent by express.
  - The price of the Chromo, mounted, is ten dollars. We do not sell them unmounted.
  4. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see another article in this paper.
  5. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.
  6. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.
  7. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. Write for particulars.
  8. The Self-Binder; see April number, or write us.
  9. Sewing Machines. Write for particulars.
  10. Books. Any good book in the regular trade. Write for particulars, stating what book you desire as a premium.
  11. American Watches. Write for particulars.
  12. Silver-Plated Spoons, Forks, and other plated table Ware. Write for particulars.
- Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.
- None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 6, (the club of six).
- The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10. Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," \$1.

**OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES;** being a History of the Work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries, during the war of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw, Including a full Report of Receipts and Disbursements, by E. W. Blatchford, Treasurer, and an introductory chapter by Hon. Mark Skinner. Chicago; Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher.

The official history of the Northwestern Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, is soon to be placed before the public. Its title, as given above, shows the scope and design of the book, and the high authority by which it is endorsed.

Its author was selected by the Northwestern Sanitary Commission to write this history. Her experience as an officer of a leading Aid Society, and an Associate Manager of the Northwestern Commission peculiarly fitted her for the task to which she was invited, and to which she has given her best energies.

Few historians have found better materials, and few books have ever been produced that will be read with greater interest by all classes. The great wealth of material at hand, has been wrought up in such a manner that a "dry history" has developed into a most interesting and dramatic story.

We are sure that all Northwestern people, and all friends of the Sanitary Commission must desire to possess this record.

Address the publisher for a circular.

**HOW TO REMIT**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of ALFRED L. SEWELL.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, which went into effect lately, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the *Registry fee*, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending only one dollar, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

## THE PRIZE ORGANS.

The Prize Organs seem to be attracting more attention now than ever. We hope that all who think of getting instruments for schools, will write to us, and we can give them hints that will be of value in raising the club. We will gladly give you the benefit of our experience.

We gave in our last number several enthusiastic letters from those who have received the instruments. These organs have made a great many families and schools happy. They are everywhere praised for their volume and sweetness of tone, and other qualities in which musicians delight. Let your Sunday school or day school work for one. You can gain it, and will be more than repaid for your time and trouble. See another article in this paper.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH &amp; CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

	Page.
Addie.....	Aunt Florence. 87
A Letter from Knife Handle.....	85
Among the Coral Reefs.....	Abby Sage. 55
A Night in the Tropics.....	Abby Sage. 51
An Old Doorstep.....	Lucia Chase Bell. 58
A Story for the Wee Ones.....	Aunt Ann. 35
A True Story.....	S. N. Thomas. 21
Aunt Carrie's Letter from Prussia.....	35
Balilla.....	Prof. D. H. Wheeler. 65
Crooked Jack.....	Edw. Eggleston. 43
Deaf and Dumb Children.....	Mildred Leigh. 69, 86
Diamond.....	Mary A. P. Humphrey. 5
Early Times in Ohio.....	Grandma Gage. 42
Editorial.....	13, 28, 44, 61, 76, 92
Effie.....	Alta Grant. 59
Fanny's Owl.....	Cousin Kate. 52
Fred and Fanny in Italy.....	35
Good and True.....	Caroline Marsh Crane. 4, 24, 39, 56, 68, 87
Guy.....	Kate Woodland. 74
Horse Shoe's Story.....	F. P. C. 20
How the Baby got a Crib.....	Thos. K. Beecher. 63
Keeping Warm.....	Lucia Chase Bell. 74
Letter to George.....	Thos. K. Beecher. 47
Little Frank.....	E. K. 27
Looking through Glass.....	Lina Hayes. 66
Love.....	Alta Grant. 90
Mamma, take Katie.....	Cora Bella Eaton. 58
My First Disobedience.....	Aunt Florence. 19
Nettie's Verse.....	Antoinette S. Moffatt. 86
Old Sledge Hammer's Trojan Horse.....	P. Fife Read. 58
Our Railroad.....	J. H. Vincent. 71
Playing Red Ridinghood.....	Ella L. Walcott. 8
Private Quaker's Knapsack.....	15, 31, 47, 63, 79, 95
Quit Crowding.....	Thos. K. Beecher. 15
Reply to Knife Handle's Letter.....	Thos. K. Beecher. 95
Rosebud's Friend.....	Antoinette S. Moffatt. 7
Shoe's story again.....	Thos. K. Beecher. 79
Story for the Boys.....	Ralph G. Leonard. 8
The Berlin Thier-Garden.....	Aunt Carrie. 35
The Boy that Slept in a Barrel.....	Hannah T. Hirstin. 67
The Days of the Week.....	Private Little. 36
The Fate of Puffy.....	Mildred Bentley. 60
The Funny Little Old Woman.....	Edw. Eggleston. 82
The Grand Rocky Mountain Campaign.....	90
The Paper Dime.....	Alta Grant. 22
The Persevering Pool.....	Alta Grant. 74
The Royal Road to Fortune.....	35
Mr. Emily H. Miller. 1, 17, 33, 49, 71, 84	
The Strawberry Feast.....	Aunt Ann. 51
The Sunny Side.....	C. 52
The Two Draughtsmen.....	J. H. Vincent. 59
Three Poor Little Kittens.....	Lee. 27
Tide Marks.....	Lee. 36
Totty's Wish.....	El. 54
Training for a Cage.....	E. H. M. 53
Uncle Ben.....	W. O. C. 26
Uncle Hepworth.....	J. H. Vincent. 44
Uncle Worthy.....	Miss S. J. Pritchard. 11
What are the Children to Do!.....	35
What shall the Children do Next.....	Aunt Judy's Magazine. 23, 37
What They Said.....	A Connecticut Mother. 54
What would You do?.....	Thos. K. Beecher. 31
Widow Wiggins' Wonderful Cat.....	Mildred Bentley. 27
Wild Flowers of April.....	Edw. Eggleston. 75
Wild Flowers of May.....	Mary Lorimer. 59
Wild Flowers of June.....	Mary Lorimer. 87

Poetry—	
An Advertisement.....	Anna North. 60
A Picture.....	Kate. 87
April.....	Emily J. Bugbee. 52
A Song without Music.....	Prudy. 85
Bennie and his Kitty.....	Mrs. Anna E. Bennett. 71
Bunnie's Journey.....	Mrs. S. T. Perry. 54
Colin and the Birds.....	Mrs. A. M. Wells. 76
Do you Know Her?.....	Antoinette S. Moffatt. 82
Frankie's First Steps.....	Mrs. Emily H. Miller. 52
Frankie's New Year's Gift.....	Mrs. S. T. Perry. 12
Going to Sleep.....	Luella Clark. 24
Grandma's Dreams.....	Mrs. Emily H. Miller. 5
Hide and Seek.....	J. 59
Hurry Along.....	Mary B. C. Slade. 37
Jingles.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 55
Little Nell.....	Luella Clark. 3
Maggie Reading her Testament.....	1
Marbles.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 28
Naming the Kitten.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 67
Nellie's Gifts.....	Prudy. 53
Nellie's Mother.....	Prudy. 1
New Year's Morning.....	Julia C. R. Dorr. 66
Our Play Houses.....	Emily J. Bugbee. 12
Playing Grandma.....	Felicia H. Ross. 20
Playing Lady.....	Julia M. Thayer. 86
Saint Kilda.....	Julia M. Thayer. 19
Santa Claus.....	Julia M. Thayer. 39
Seeing the Angels.....	Sidney E. Holmes. 5
Snow Birds.....	Felicia H. Ross. 20
Ten Little Fairies.....	Prudy. 12
The Crocus.....	Mary B. C. Slade. 70
The "Chirp".....	Prudy. 49
The "Chirp".....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 83
The Little Corporal's Greeting.....	Lottie M. Rose. 11
The Little Gleaner.....	Felicia H. Ross. 90
Three White Mice.....	Julia C. R. Dorr. 51

Poetry—	Page.
To-day.....	Luella Clark. 56
Tommy.....	Emily J. Bugbee. 22
Waiting for Spring.....	Luella Clark. 37
Music—Geo. F. Root. Words by Emily Huntington Miller.	
New Year's Song.....	9
Promise of Spring.....	25
Our Beautiful Home.....	40
Blessed are the Children.....	57
Praises.....	72
Light Heart.....	73
Rejoicing.....	88
Cradle Song.....	89

## A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

THE ADVANCE.—Although but a few months old The Advance has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest, religious weeklies. It employs the best writers. It is read by all denominations. It believes in an every-day-life religion. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!  
GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!  
GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!  
GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN!  
GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!  
GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!  
GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!  
GOOD READING FOR SCHOLARS!  
GOOD READING FOR OLD FOLKS!  
GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!  
GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN!  
GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

The extraordinary success of *The Advance* speaks in eloquent terms of its excellence.—*Evening Post, Chicago.*

Improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

It is full of enterprise and ability, and is pushing itself rapidly into the good graces of the reading public.—*Baptist Record, St. Louis.*

There is a spiciness about it which shows that a religious paper need not, necessarily, be a dull one.—*Press, Oconto, Mich.*

We are not a Congregationalist, but we are a lover of a good religious paper, and here it is.—*Citizen, Rushville, Ill.*

It defends New England ideas with a vigor which is refreshing.—*American, Waterbury, Conn.*

For choice selections, really good reading, and all that makes a first rate religious paper it is of the very best.—*Tribune, Detroit, Mich.*

One of the very ablest religious journals in America.—*The Christian World, London, England.*

Will be heartily welcomed by thousands of christian families outside of the denomination it more particularly represents.—*Gazette, Davenport, Iowa.*

TERMS.—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent free to any who write for them. Subscriptions can commence at any time.

Address,

THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.

WM. GOODSMITH & CO.,  
GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENTS

FOR ALL  
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.  
P. O. DRAWER 6058.

## REFERENCES.

Hon. John D. Defrees, Sup't Government Printing,  
Washington, D. C.  
Palisher of New York Tribune, - New York.  
" Amer. Agriculturist, - "  
" The Independent, - "

Publishers of The Little Corporal, Chicago Tribune, Chicago Journal; Chicago Type Foundry; Rounds & James; Hon. Mark Skinner; E. B. McCagg, Esq.; E. W. Blatchford, Esq.; B. W. Raymond, Esq.; H. Z. Culver, Esq.; T. M. Avery, Esq.; Chicago.

Business men wishing to advertise in any paper in the Union, can send their orders to us. The Agent's commissions are paid by the publishers and not by the advertisers. Indexed files of papers from all parts of the country can be seen at our office.

Particulars as to prices, etc., will be sent promptly on application.

GEORGE PARR, Merchant, and Manufacturer of Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS, TOOL CHESTS, Etc. Also, Curriers', Shoemakers', Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery. Office and Factory, dec-tf No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N. Y.



IT is an UN-FAILING REMEDY in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than two or three pills.

No other form of Neuralgia or nervous disease has failed to yield to this

**A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.** It has long been in constant use by many of our most eminent physicians, who give it their unanymous and unqualified approval. Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements,—of many years standing,—affecting the entire system, its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure. It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can always be used with perfect safety.

One package, \$1.00, Postage 6 cents.  
Six packages, 5.00, " 27 "  
Twelve packages, 9.00, " 48 "  
It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,  
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

## NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST

ENGLISH NEEDLES, put up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
P. O. Drawer 6058.

GILES, BROTHER & CO.  
GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

The old, and best known house in Chicago. Dealers in watches, Gold Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

my-tot 142 Lake St., Chicago.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL WORLD.—An illustrated monthly, devoted to music, literature, fine arts, and the drama. Each number contains a large amount of beautiful new music. One dollar per annum—specimen copies ten cents. Address  
S. BRAINARD & SONS, Publishers,  
my-ty Cleveland, Ohio.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 5th Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to  
my-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau st., New York.

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all papers are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

A few advertisements, only, will be inserted in *The Little Corporal*. One Dollar a line, each insertion, is charged for inside page; one dollar and a half a line for outside page; double price for cuts or extra display.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.





## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## A LETTER.

Mr. Beecher! Mr. Beecher! If you only would stop a minute, and listen to me, this morning. I know you're very busy, but then you found time to see to that *horse-shoe*. I ain't a horse-shoe—I'm a—I'm a—in fact I'm most afraid to tell it, but I'm only a part to a jack-knife—the *handle to a jack-knife*! I used to have a blade—I remember that, though I don't remember a great deal, like the horse-shoe—but I don't know what ever became of it. That is just what I should like to have you tell me—*what became of my blade*? When I was nice and new and shining, I belonged to a little boy who wore pants with only one pocket, and he was always putting me in the wrong side and letting me slip down his leg to the ground. Then I would be lost for a day or two, and when he found me, there would be some ugly, little, black spots on my blade. He said it was *rust*. What is rust, I wonder? Once he took me to dig fish worms with, and left me in the dirt for two months. When the gardener found me, my nice blade was all rough and red, and my hinge wouldn't bend. He said, "Throw it away Charley, it's rusted and spoiled." What is *rusted*, I wonder? I lay there in the garden, until one day somebody picked me up, and my blade fell right out—*rusted off*, they said. Now, what does *that* mean? I've lain here ever since. I'm only an old handle to a jack-knife. I don't know what will become of me, but somehow I don't seem to rust. Why don't I? Why don't wood rust? And what is rust, anyhow?

Yours, obediently,

KNIFE HANDLE.

*My Dear Handle*: I would like to have a talk with you, and see how you look and what you are made of. There are several families of *Handles* living around here—Cocoa, Shinbone, Buckhorn, Shell, Hard Rubber, Ivory, Iron, Pearl, and others that I do not now call to mind. If I could see you and learn your family name, I could tell you about how long it will be before *rust* eats you up, too. Perhaps your inside lining and your metal tips are rusted away already. You must not think that your lost blade is the only thing that rusts easily. Some things rust more easily than other things, but almost everything in this world comes to rust sooner or later. We do not always call it rusting, but it is the same thing going on.

UNCLE WORTHY told THE LITTLE CORPORAL folks, last October, "The oxygen gas is the most important part of the air. It is, as we may say, a very lively, busy gas." Now, dear *Handle*, if you want to know what oxygen is busy a-doing, I will tell you in one word. He is *rusting* things. And sooner or later this busy, busy gas soaks into everything and makes a rust of it. Sometimes he rusts things slowly, and sometimes very fast. Some things he cannot rust unless they are very hot. But when he does begin at a hot thing he makes it hotter and hotter—hot as a blaze of fire. If you, dear *Handle*, are a wooden handle, cocoa wood, you just fall into the fire some day, and in less than two minutes you will be all rusted up and changed to gas and nothing left of you! When wooden things rust so fast as to blaze up, we call it burning. But burning is only swift rusting. And if you don't like to burn up, you may go lie out in the garden or in the grass, and stay there long enough, and you will grow soft and fall to pieces, slowly rusting. Slow rusting of wood we call decaying or rotting.

That blade of yours that rusted out was a steel blade. Steel is made of iron. It rusted slowly. The rust was reddish. Almost all the red color you ever see is the rust of iron. The red stones, and red clays, and red woods, and red blood, are red with iron rust almost always. The red paint that foolish women put on their cheeks, is usually iron rust.

Iron and steel rust slowly when cool, but very fast when very hot. They will take fire and burn, and throw out splendid sparks in all directions. But when they rust in this swift way, the rust is black—black scales; you can find them by the handful on the floor of any blacksmith's shop, and if you put them in water, they will turn red, or iron-rust color.

Iron and steel rust very easily. They soak up oxygen, just as a lump of sugar will soak up hot water, and fall to pieces. Lead, when melted and kept hot, rusts easily and turns red—red lead or litharge, which is much used in making glass. Copper does not rust as easily as lead. Copper rusts are green in color and very poisonous. Gold and silver are not at all fond of oxygen; and because they do not easily rust, they are called royal metals!

When a good beef steak has been kept a little too long and begins to smell bad, it has begun to *rust*. Rusty beef steak! We usually say that such meat is "a little gamy," or "a little too far gone." Oxygen helps everything to go!

The oil in my lamp is pretty nigh rusted out. The oxygen got hold of it at the wick, and made a blaze there, rusting it all to pieces so small that they fly away in the air invisible—a curious gas, called carbonic acid. (UNCLE WORTHY told us about it, August, 1867.) Carbonic acid is only the rust of charcoal, and the oil in my lamp is nearly all of it charcoal, or carbon.

A great many useful things are only rust. Almost all stones are rusts of metals, which very few people ever saw. Lime is a rust of a metal called calcium. Sand is a rust. Soda is a rust. Common clay is a rust. And the metals which are dug out of the ground are usually in the state of rust, and the first thing men have to do is to get rid of the oxygen.

"How do they do that?" Oxygen loves hot charcoal better than any thing else in the world. And so, if you take almost any kind of metal rust and mix it up with powdered charcoal, and heat it all very hot, the oxygen will leave the metal and soak into the carbon and fly off, a gas.

There, good Master *Handle*, I have written you a letter. Do you know now what's become of your blade? Oxygen has soaked into it. It has fallen into little, red pieces. It is mixed up with the dirt in your garden. Maybe a part of that very blade will be dissolved in water and carried up into a red beet to make it redder! And who knows? the very boy that left you by the worm diggings, and lost you for so long, may perhaps have some of that very rusted blade in his red cheeks! If not *that* rust, he has some rust in his blood!

It is very hard to keep nice things from rusting. Therefore wise men lay up their treasure "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." *Thos. K. Beecher.*

## No. 35.—CHARADE.

My second is a harmless word,  
Until my first is put before it;  
In whispers sad my whole is named,  
And gloomy terrors gather o'er it.  
I once befel a king of old,  
Whose woes in Shakspeare's tales are told. *Gerty.*

## No. 36.—RIDDLE.

Out in my garden, beneath a green tree,  
Some one is working and toiling for me.  
All through the winter, so dreary and chill,  
In her white chamber my lady lay still.  
Soon as the orchards were blooming once more,  
Calling her loudly, I knocked at her door:  
"Wake up, my lady! 'tis time you were working;  
This is no world to be sleeping and shirking!"  
Out she came, quickly, the summer to see—  
Now all the day she is toiling for me. *Johnny.*

## No. 37.—RIDDLE.

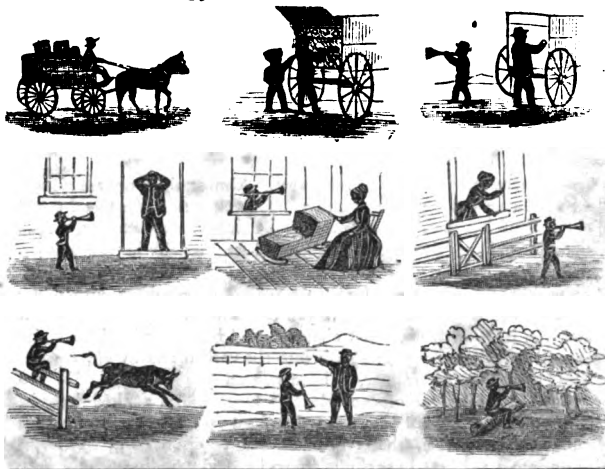
Darling, my darling, listen to me,  
And tell by these tokens my name and degree.  
You stand off before me and look in my face,  
With a questioning smile and an innocent grace.  
You ask my advice for all that you do,  
And you always believe what I say unto you.  
I point with my hands, and you always obey,  
And sometimes I strike, to impress what I say.  
I've a tremulous heart, and a weight in my breast;  
I always am running, and always at rest. *S. E. H.*

## No. 38.—RIDDLE.

I'm speckled, I'm spotted, I'm black, or I'm white—  
I pull, and I scratch, but never do bite;  
I'm without head or body, but yet I've a back—  
It is straight, it is round, it has often a crack.  
I never am thirsty, and care not for meat;  
I've a fine set of teeth, yet never do eat.  
My teeth often loosen, yet never once ache,  
And never decay—though they frequently break.  
You can't do without me, you want me each day;  
I'm good for the headache—I've no more to say. *S. E. H.*



## No. 39.—A PICTURE STORY.



## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

It will be easy to raise a club *now*. Our next number begins a new volume, and *all new subscribers* for the coming year, whose names are sent in after *this* (June) paper is issued and before the end of June, will receive **THIS NUMBER FREE**, so that by subscribing *now*, they will receive one number extra.

*Now* improve your time, while the weather is pleasant, and secure

## A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM,

by sending a club of subscribers. See the list of Premiums on another page. Tell everybody that by subscribing now they will secure

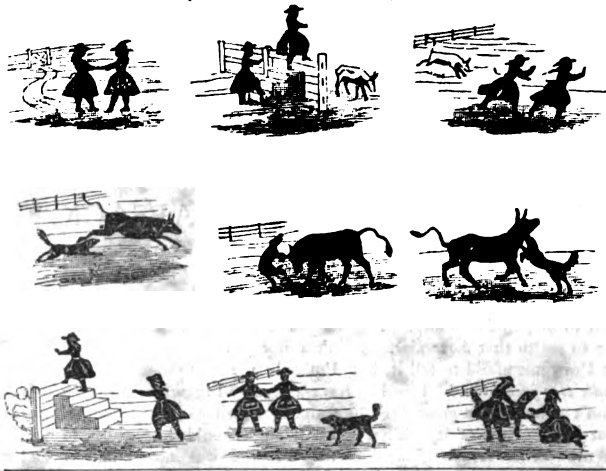
## THE JUNE NUMBER FREE.

We have added several new premiums.

CLUBS for THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

## No. 40.—A PICTURE STORY.



Picture Story, No. 39.

George was looking up the road, and saw the peddler's wagon coming down the hill. He clapped his hands and ran into the house. This was a grand affair to George; almost as grand as the coming of Santa Claus or Christmas Eve. But there was one thing, however, that the peddler didn't do. He didn't put nice things in your stockings, without money to pay for it. By the time the wagon came up, George was out, with his pennies jingling in his pocket, ready for a bargain.

Now George was a pleasant, cheerful, wide-awake fellow, only he had one fault; he "didn't think." So this time, before he thought, he spent his money foolishly, for a tin horn. George and his tin horn vexed and troubled the whole neighborhood. Everyone was sorry to see him coming. Some stopped their ears. One lady, who was stilling her babe to sleep, ran to the window and begged him to be still. The cattle in the fields rushed headlong, when he blew his terrible blasts. One man said to him, "Go to the woods, sir, and blow away until you are tired of it."

And he went. That was just the place for him, because no one has a right to let his fun give another pain. Mean, selfish boys, delight in making others unhappy. That isn't noble.

Picture Story, No. 40.

Mary and Lucy had an aunt who lived a mile off, on another road. There was a path that led down across the meadows, and was nearer. Mary and Lucy often chose this path, when they went on a visit. Squire Elsy, who owned one of the meadows, kept an ugly cow; "too ugly to live," as he said himself. And moreover, he said he intended to have her killed. But that did not help matters just now; the cow was still alive, and as ugly as ever.

When the girls had crossed over the stile, and had about reached the middle of the field, the ugly creature came rushing headlong toward them. Rover, the good, old, faithful dog, seeing the danger, sprang in an instant, and came bounding over the stile. There was a fight, and Rover was wounded. But while Rover was bravely fighting, the girls were swiftly running, and soon found themselves safely over the stile. As they turned to take a look over the field of battle, Rover came limping along, as if saying to himself, "Well, I have done my duty, if I am wounded." To the girls, he seemed like a hero, returning from the wars. He had fought their battle and saved their lives. So they promised him a pension, and very tenderly bound up his wounded leg; and they loved him as well as a dog could wish to be loved.

W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN MAY NUMBER.

No. 31.—Charade.—Snow-ball. No. 32.—Riddle.—Ocean-waves. *Peter Punster's Punning Picture Puzzle Story.*—1, Store; 2, Expounder; 3, It snows (its nose); 4, Balance; 5, Tumbler; 6, Wagon (wag on).

## NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CENTRAL OFFICE, 416 MAIN ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CASH ASSETS,	- - -	\$3,260,000
MEMBERSHIP,	- - -	22,000
POLICIES ISSUED 1867,	- - -	10,000
RISKS COVERED 1867,	- - -	20,250,000

THIS VIGOROUS COMPANY now ranks among the twenty-five New York Companies, **THIRD** in number of members; **FIFTH** in amount of Assets.

IT IS A PURELY MUTUAL COMPANY, that is, an Association of Policy holders managed by men selected by themselves, from themselves, for themselves. Thus all officers and members are alike interested. Each member is a *full partner in the whole business, with liability limited to the amount actually invested.*

It thus adapts its plans to the benefit of its mem-

bers, adopts all real improvements, and aims to be **A MODEL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

It was one of the first to adopt the popular feature known in insurance circles as the **NON-FORFEITING PLAN**, and now applies it to all the Policies it issues.

IT IS THE ONLY COMPANY that adopts the full benefit of the note system without doing a credit business or destroying the cash principle, and also gives the note privilege to the poor man, who needs it most and takes a small policy.

IT IS THE ONLY COMPANY which gives proportionate amount of full paid insurance after two annual premiums, (if other premiums are not paid,) on ordinary life and endowment policies.

IT WILL LOAN A MEMBER a sum equivalent to the surrender value of his policy, and thus often helps a member in extremity to keep his policy in force. Policy holders permitted to travel anywhere in the United States and Europe, but risks in the far South not sought.

Few appreciate the **ADVANTAGE OF ITS LOCATION** at the West, where money can safely be loaned at higher rates than at the East.

## One Thousand Dollars Loaned for Fifty Years,

At Six per cent. compound interest produces	\$18,420.15
At Eight per cent. compound interest produces	\$46,901.61
At Ten per cent. compound interest produces	\$117,390.85

And thinking men know that money can be loaned with care at the West, where nearly all property is rapidly enhancing in value, quite as safely as, if not more safely than in older communities. Therefore, as the rate of mortality is also low at the West, its

## DIVIDENDS MUST BE LARGE.

Dividends made annually, to commence three years after date of the policy, but to equal in number the years of insurance, and

DISTRIBUTED TO POLICY HOLDERS ONLY, There being no Stockholders to absorb the surplus or control the Company for selfish purposes. For a Policy or an Agency apply to the officers.

S. S. DAGGETT, President.

A. W. KELLOGG, Secretary.

it-j HEBER SMITH, C-n'l Superintendent.



# The Little Corporal

## FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. 7. }  
No. 1. }

Chicago, Ill., July, 1868.

### TOO LARGE FOR HER AGE. A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS AND OLD FOLKS.

BY JULIA F. SNOW.

My own opinion always has been that children are rarely understood, often cruelly misunderstood, and their feelings hurt, their self-respect injured, where their sensitiveness ought to be protected and their every effort encouraged. The golden age of childhood, in many cases, is a galvanised humbug—a mere wash. It is a pity, but it's true, nevertheless. I've said so before, and I'll maintain it at the needle's point. But the sufferings of children are beds of roses, compared to those who occupy the debatable ground,

"Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

It is always the frontier which bears the brunt of war. It is respected by neither party, but plundered and ravaged by both.

Especially is this true of precocious girls. Those who are "large of their age," as my poor friend, Nelly Bright, was. They are ordered about by the grown-ups as if they were children; they are called upon for all sorts of service by the children, as if they were grown up; and they are not permitted to share the conversation of the one, nor the romps and games of the other. It would be a mercy to put such under a barrel, like a supernumerary rooster, until their position is fairly defined. "I know their tricks and their manners," and believe that the original idea of Procrustes' bed may have been formed in some such case; for the poor things are stretched to the one and snipped off to the other, and the patient is treated to both measures at once.

Happy are those who are permitted, in due course of time, to glide from a careless, happy childhood to a joyous girlhood, and pass tranquilly as a shadow to a graceful and perfectly self-possessed womanhood. But all are not so fortunate.

Nelly was the victim of many theories.

Grandma had a theory of quiet. Children were noisy. Nelly must not have companions. Neither must she go out to visit, for that entailed dress, and worldly vanities of various sorts, and, of course, if she could not have company, she couldn't expect to visit.

Aunt Clara and Aunt Mabel were unmarried, and thought that children should neither be heard nor seen, especially when they were as large of their age as Nelly, and had such a wilful, little tongue as she rejoiced in.

Aunt Hodge and Aunt Dodge were married, and had children nearly as old as Nelly; and in their eyes Nelly was as the small dust of the balance.

It was terrible, too, to have her outgrowing her clothes at such a rate. As tall as a woman, and not twelve years old yet! Not a dress in the house that would fit her! and they drew her shoulders back, and grew aggravatingly short waisted, and her feet and hands poked out, and her neck grew long, and—O dear! what was to be done?

"What's to be done with Nelly?" said Aunt Hodge.

"Keep her back!" scowled Mrs. Rob Roy Knockemround.

"But she keeps on growing!" said Aunt Dodge.

"Don't yield to her and let her put on long dresses."

"Augustus Davenport asked for her the other evening," pouted Aunt Mabel, "and shrugged his shoulders, when I said she had gone to bed."

"Keep her back!" said grandma, hearing rather imperfectly. "It's all I can do to keep her in clothes. Dresses to her knees! cloak the same! and it takes all my spare time to keep her letting out her dresses. She wears a bigger waist than I did when I was married."

No doubt of it. Now for the other side.

"I won't be in the same class with such

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## For Boys and Girls.

### MORNING MUSIC.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Do you love the merry music  
Of the village bells at morn,  
When the dew sleeps in the sunshine,  
The shadows in the corn?

Do you love the careless cadence  
Of bird-song, clear and low,  
In the garden or the greenwood,  
Greeting you where you go?

Do you love the quiet murmur  
Of the river wide and deep—  
The whispering of its flowing waves,  
That never, never sleep?

Do you love to hear the breezes  
Go singing past your door,  
Kissing each leaf that they have kissed  
A thousand times before?

Do you love the swallows' chirping  
Under the cottage eaves,  
Or the robin's earliest matin  
From out the clustering leaves?

O rich and fair, on earth, in air,  
Of the free, glad sunshine born  
Are the sights and sounds whose daily rounds  
Make glad the summer morn.

a big girl as Nelly Bright! I want classmates of my own size."

"Don't let's ask her to play tag, at noon. She looks like a lighthouse running away!"

"Why don't she wear long dresses, and done with it. She's as big as the teacher, any day; and if I had such feet, I'd cover 'em up or chop 'em off."

"The idea of her playing 'oats, peas, beans!' etc., etc."

And there was nothing for poor Nelly but to wear the short-waisted, tight frocks, to let her feet poke out from the short and scanty skirts; to slink off to church in by-ways in the outgrown cloak; to take what cast-off clothing would fit her; to be snubbed by the grown up, to be avoided by the children; to excite the most unreasonable expectation from her teacher, and the most unreasonable displeasure when she failed; to sew her long seams, and knit her forty rounds a day, as girls did when grandma was young; to feel as if she was ninety; and when the odious task was done, to fly up stairs to the little study that had but one door, and that with a lock and key on it, and there, forgotten as long as she was quiet, write long, wretched letters to Cousin Delphine; tearful letters—passionate letters—letters so full of pent-up affection, of misunderstood feelings, that it was pitiful to read them, and think of the possibilities of such a spirit, if it could but have fair play.

Delphine was a woman—one of the blessed ones that make it their especial mission to understand everybody, to encourage everybody, to hope the best for everybody, to believe the best of every one. One of the true gentlewomen; one who could both weep and rejoice with you. Well, in short, much such a woman as Leslie Goldthwaite's "Cousin Delight."

And so Nelly, feeling like the prisoner in the awful iron tower that grew smaller every day, repressed the wild desire to bound through the house, singing and shouting. She had done it not a week ago, and Uncle Joe had laughed at her "cow-like gambols;" and Nell would have died before she would have had him say so again; and she settled down, feeling as if she was ninety, indeed.

One evening, Lucy Simmons' mother and father went out to tea. Not that that was in itself a surprising event; but they gave Lucy permission to ask somebody to take tea and spend the evening with her; and she chose to invite Nelly.

Now this may seem a very trifling matter to record, but when you are as old as I, you will have given over thinking anything a trifle. And, strange as it may seem, Nelly, though nearly twelve years old, had never taken a meal from home, except at her aunt's, and there but rarely. Think of that, young folks! never to know the flavor of the neighboring preserves; never, to taste the bouquet of the neighboring tea cakes!

There was a great sensation at 21 Center street, when Lucy's message was delivered.

Grandmother did not like to have children "out nights."

"But I won't stay late, grandma," pleaded Nelly.

"Yes you will; it will be nine or ten o'clock before you come home."

"O no, it won't, grandma. I'll come the minute Sam calls for me!"

"And you'll be wanting to go all the time, when you once begin; and it'll take your mind off your lesson; and late hours will make you pale. You never *could* stand them."

"I'd like to try just once, grandma; you'll see how well I'll bear it."

"Well, then, your calico dress is good enough to wear to visit with Lucy Simmons."

Nelly gave a great bound. This speech, being interpreted, meant, "You can go, and wear what you please; but mind you don't trouble me any more."

Aunt Mabel cared the most of any of the family about Nelly's presentability. She took down Nelly's green merino, groaned over its short and scanty skirt and short waist, but basted a bit of lace in the neck, (which Nelly probably thought made it look more countrified than ever,) and promised that, when she got time, she'd put in a belt, and make it longer waisted. But, skimpy as everything was, Nelly was glad to go on any terms; and, as it was getting dark, she did not like to keep Lucy waiting, and away they went. Lucy's mother had already gone, and tea was nearly ready.

Lucy presided at the dish of stewed plums. Besides, they had milk toast, cheese and cookies, and tumblers of cold water. Never did an imperial banquet relish like that simple feast.

After tea, Lucy proposed to send in next door for Edith Singleton. Nellie had heard of the Singletons—the Hon. Singular Singleton, and his bright daughter; but as she never went anywhere, she had never met any of them, though her aunts knew the family. "Edith's a first-rate girl; she's an awful case to carry on, and sometimes she talks as funny as you do."

"Do I talk funny?" asked Nelly.

"Why, yes; and she reads books out of school, too, just as you do."

Lucy's vocabulary was limited, but Nelly guessed vaguely at her meaning, and began to feel a sort of fluttering anticipation of a great pleasure.

Edith came as soon as she was sent for.

Nelly looked at her, and she looked at Nelly. That look decided them both. They liked each other.

If I was writing a novel, (which I am not,) I should talk about the vibration of sympathetic chords, which you little people wouldn't understand, and which the older people know more about already than is good for them. But the girls knew that instant that they liked each other, that they always should like each other, and wondered how they had ever got along without each other before that five minutes in which all this was transpiring.

Both of them were tall enough for twenty years old, (in fact, Edith never grew any taller;) were within six months of the same age, of nearly the same temperament and complexion. How fine these complexions were, neither of them suspected, and either of them would have sold their patrimony for black hair and eyes. They were both of them rather shy, naturally, but both sad hoydens on occasion; and—well, it was all over in a moment, and

within five minutes from the time Edith flung her blanket shawl into a corner, they were as intimate as if they had known each other for years. In fact, Edith argued that it ought to have been so, and they were only making up for lost time.

The difference between them was, that Edith was understood, at least partially, at home, and appreciated; dressed plainly, but still in the fashion of the time, and was quite at ease when she had anything to say, about being allowed to finish her sentence.

Nelly was misunderstood and treated like a child; was ill dressed and had little enough liberty of speech.

Edith instantly proposed a new game.

"Come girls," she said; "let's act a play! I went to the theater, once; I know how they do them."

"A play! the theater!" Nelly didn't know about liking Edith so well.

"Yes; now you'll be a rich lady, and Lu will be a bandit chief, and I'll be your lover and rescue you, and the bandit will conduct us to his cave; and it will be over there in the corner; and he must produce the hidden stores, and that will be cookies, and we'll have a feast. There!"

And while Edith fairly stopped for want of breath, she went on preparing the stage wardrobe.

I just wish you could have seen those girls! The bandit chief wore a huge lynx muff on her head, surmounted by a feather duster; a red crape scarf around her waist, with a case knife stuck in it, and her big brother's boots, into which she vainly tried to thrust her skirts. Consequently, her motions were obliged to be the most circumspect, or the little skirts would have freed themselves and fluttered to the breeze in the most un-bandit-like style imaginable. Then Nelly was ordered to put on her cloak and hood. Edith put on the cape of her cloak, and Jack Simmons' cap, and took another case knife in her pocket.

Then the bandit chief said, "Stand your money or your life," in a mild voice, without a shadow of a pause.

Then Edith flourished her case knife, and cried, "*Die! terratur!*" in a perfectly awful voice, and flung her arm around Nelly, and nearly carried her off in one arm.

Then Nelly, who was almost in earnest, clung to Edith, and remarked, "Save me," in the most subdued manner.

Then Edith kissed Nelly's cheek two or three times, and said, "Forever mine!" as if it came from under the floor.

But Nelly didn't take her face from the shoulder of her rescuer. The girls thought she was acting "perfectly splendid." But she kept it there so long, that Edith lifted her face in her two hands; and, of all things, that silly girl had been crying in real earnest. For you must know that never in her life had she been kissed by one of her mates before that moment.

Edith looked steadily into the flushed, tearful face for a moment or two. She understood it all, and made up her mind to know more of this Nelly Bright.

Then the bandit chief, being duly subdued, brought out what cookies were left of tea, (the rest were locked up,) and they ate them in the robber's cave, (the corner

between the bookcase and the lounge and the dining table.)

Then they played until Sam called for Nelly, with his lantern. O, that blessed evening! Nelly wished it might never come to an end, that she and Lucy and Edith might always live together, and act plays, and eat cookies in the corner. O, golden evening!

But next week another wonder happened. An invitation from Edith to a birthday party. She would be twelve, then, and had leave to ask some young people to spend the evening.

"There," said Grandma, "I told you so! going in company at eleven years old!"

"I don't believe in children putting themselves forward so," said Aunt Clara, with a toss of her head.

"It makes them so fond of dress," said Aunt Hodge.

"If she *must* go, the Singletons are a good family," remarked Aunt Dodge.

"I was eighteen before I ever went out," said Aunt Mabel.

"Just nine years ago," remarked Uncle Joe; "the first evening I ever saw you."

Aunt Mabel blushed.

"I vote that she shall go, and learn where to put her hands and feet. Edith Singleton is a remarkably well-behaved girl of her age," said Uncle Joe.

"What's all this about?" cried grandpa, waking up. "La! do let the child go, if she wants to. She goes little enough."

That was enough. Grandpa seldom interfered, but when he did, it was to the purpose. So Nelly was to go, and Aunt Mabel bought her a new winter dress, which, as she prudently remarked, she had needed all winter. And Nelly, out of her own little savings, bought a pair of gloves, for Aunt Mabel said they wore gloves to parties; a pair of delicate, sky-blue kid, (all the rage that winter.) Aunt Clara gave her a straw-colored ribbon, to tie her Kenwigs braid. The dress was a high-colored cashmere, blue and gold predominating. First and foremost, it was long-waisted enough, and full enough in the skirts, with an eighth of a yard turned up at top, and two tucks with a gimp heading. Nelly feared she should never get another, when she saw the great seams. But it was finished in time, was put on, and worn.

Nelly's ideas of a party were the most vague. She had spent but one evening from home, recollect, and it was a sort of rule of three: "As staying at home is to going out to tea, so is going out to tea to a party. Given, the first three, to find the fourth."

Nelly felt nearly equal to the occasion. Her dress was new, and all that; and Lucy, who went with her, had on her old one, and, beside, had no gloves. Nelly's heart beat high, as she rang the door bell. The door was opened so quickly that it frightened her, and a glimpse of a muslin and pink ribbons in the parlor made her tremble. In the dressing room were more white dresses and pink and blue ribbons; and they shook out their skirts, and settled their waist ribbons, and smoothed their hair, and put on their slippers, as if she and Lucy were invisible. And the way

the girl rolled up her cloak and hood, showed plainly that neither cloak nor wearer were of much account in her eyes. But Nelly thought if she could but get to Edith, dear Edith, all would be well. So she bravely drew on her blue kids, and preceded Lucy into the parlor. A kind of mist came over her eyes at this moment, her tongue got dry, and her hands and feet grew cold as ice. Edith greeted her warmly, but what of it. Every thing was so strange. The richly-furnished room, (everything at grandpa's was rich, but so plain;) and nearly-grown-up young ladies so delightfully old; and young gentlemen, too, so enviably old; and some of them not as tall as herself; for if Nelly had been Simeon Stylites, pillar and all, she could not have felt taller.

Edith introduced her, but, bless you! she couldn't have done more than mutter, if she had died! So she sat down, and made the cashmere and the blue kids and herself generally, as small as she could.

"Gentlemen, take partners for a promenade!"

Of course, they didn't take Nelly; why should they? And they trod on her feet, and flirted the muslin and pink and blue ribbons into her face; and she sat like a statue, and her tongue got drier, and her feet and hands colder than ever.

The first thing the two girls knew, the rest had all paired off into the dining room, from which floated a delicious odor of fruit cake, oranges, smoked tongue, and ice cream. They were all gone in a minute, and there sat Nelly, glued to the floor.

It seemed as if Nelly was not to have any supper that night, for she would have died rather than have gone out there alone. Then she began to grow dreadfully hungry; and the carpet got indistinct; and the voices and clatter seemed very far off indeed; and she had an odd feeling of indifference to all things creeping over her.

"Miss Bright, may I have the pleasure of your company to supper?" said a pleasant voice, near her.

Nelly looked up in surprise. She afterward said that she had given up supper, long before that. It was Edith's father, the Hon. Singular Singleton, who was offering her his arm as if he was an Usher of the White Rod, and about to conduct her into the presence of royalty. (I don't know if the Ushers of the White Rod actually do offer their arms or not, but you all know what I mean.) Timidly enough she took it, with such a complete feeling of rest at being near some one who was taller and stronger than herself, and who was, moreover, fully equal to the important occasion.

"There is more room this way," said Mr. Singleton, taking the girls around through the deserted library, thus placing them at the head of the table before any one noticed that they had been left alone in the parlor. Then, in the most matter-of-course way, he saw that they were properly served with refreshments, inquired politely after Nelly's grandparents, and especially desired his regards to Miss Delphine.

"And you know Cousin Delphine?" said Nelly, eagerly.

"O yes, I have known her from a child."

This fairly unloosed Nelly's tongue, and she chatted to Mr. Singleton till the mist of white muslin and gay ribbons seemed to clear from her eyes, and she entirely forgot that she was large for her age, that she had on a thick, winter dress, and that she was speaking to an ex-member of congress, and really grew almost pretty.

Mr. Singleton smiled.

"I see young Groves is longing to be introduced," said he. "I will leave the field to him for a few moments."

Nelly looked up. The idea of somebody longing to be introduced to her was so absurd, she had nearly laughed aloud, when she caught a look of gratitude passing from Edith's eyes to her father. Nelly was very quick witted. She understood in a minute that Edith had seen her forlorn position, and had sent her father to the rescue.

It was such a relief to find that somebody could talk to her without thinking how tall she was, and how stiff and ungraceful. And when Mr. Groves, aged fifteen, was introduced, Nelly had grace to show—to talk of the weather, etc.; for he was less at his ease than herself.

Just at that instant, Sam rang the bell; and though Mr. and Mrs. Singleton protested against her leaving them, and Edith's eyes begged as hard as her words, Nelly wasn't sorry to go, for the best of the evening she could take home—the fact of Edith's affectionate care for her.

The first plunge was over. Nelly had seen fashionable company for once; had been escorted to supper by the Hon. Singular Singleton, and actually introduced to young Gregory Groves, son of Hon. Gregory Groves, Sen., our minister to Dead Man's Isle.

It was very little for the Hon. S. Singleton to escort the most diffident and least attractive of his daughter's birthday guests to supper; very little to introduce her to a lad as silent as herself; but it was much, very much to her—he never knew how much. It was a revelation to her. It showed that it was possible for children and grown folks to establish pleasant relations between each other. It showed that, while Edith had all of her personal disadvantages, she and her father understood each other; and the bold idea entered her mind that it might in time be her privilege, too, to make friends—even to be understood by some of them—Edith Singleton, perhaps.

Well, Edith Singleton *was* her friend. The wise ones smiled, when the girls were now always together, between home and school, walking, talking, reading, studying, drawing, planning, (for the iron rule had relaxed a little for the daughter of the M. C.,) loving with a love surpassing that of women, a love that bore faithfully all tests of prosperity, absence, sickness; a love that grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, ripening, perfecting, day by day, and knowing neither the variableness nor shadow of turning; till, with the seal of perfect and lovely womanhood upon her fair brow, Edith Singleton slept 'neath the sod of the sunny hillside; leaving a vacant place in Nelly's heart, which the love of husband or child was never to fill. Leaving the legacy of a self-respect,

a quiet sense of native power in the soul of a friend, which, but for those first few words of kindness and consideration, would have been crushed and smothered under a cloud of diffidence and torturing self-distrust.

Remember this, if you please, elegant ladies and gentlemen, when you pass by the silent, blushing schoolgirl, the gawky, awkward lad, so conscious of hands and feet, and remember what a word may do for them.

### THE NAUGHTY LITTLE WREN. A STORY ABOUT ENVY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

There was a pair of bluebirds,  
With soft and gentle breast,  
And in our yard they built themselves  
A nest, nest, nest.

They came one bright, spring day  
To our tallest cherry tree,  
And they twittered and they chattered,  
Full of glee, glee, glee.

It was early in the season,  
And the work was hard to do,  
For often times the wind arose  
And blew, blew, blew.  
And then a cold, raw day would come,  
And then the rain would fall;  
But the bluebirds worked so earnestly  
Through all, all, all.

To east they flew, to west they flew,  
And heeded not the weather,  
But bill'd and coo'd, and chirp'd and peck'd  
Together, gether, gether.  
With lint and twig and hair and moss,  
The nest was quickly made;  
And soon four small, blue, speckled eggs  
Were laid, laid, laid.

The bluebirds were so happy!  
But, sad to say, just then  
There came into the garden  
A wren, wren, wren.  
A little, spiteful, envious thing,  
All temper, fret, and noise,  
And she seemed to hate the bluebirds  
For their joys, joys, joys.

She was so little, one would think  
She could not make a muss;  
But little people often raise  
A fuss, fuss, fuss.  
She scolded father bluebird,  
And darted through the air,  
And tried to snatch away his crumbs,  
Right there, there, there.

But the bluebird held his own,  
And drove her quick away,  
And went about his business  
For the day, day, day;  
Then, don't you think, she sought the nest  
Where mother bluebird hid,  
And I cannot bear to tell you  
What she did, did, did.

Upon the edge she perched herself  
In ruffled, angry mood—  
And first she snatched from bluebird  
Her food, food, food;  
And she scolded and she chattered,  
And she tried to make her fly,  
And she nipped her, and she peck'd her  
In the eye, eye, eye.

"And so you've built a nest," she said;  
"Feel mighty grand, I s'pose!  
Nothing to do but sit and warm  
Your toes, toes, toes!"

Nothing to do but eat your worms!  
I work the whole day through!  
And you think you've got a husband,  
So you do, do, do.

"I met him (peck) just over there—  
A very shabby fellow!  
He might have (peck) been something  
Were he yellow, yellow, yellow.  
Let's see your eggs! (peck, peck, again;)  
Such frights! they're spoiled, I know!  
All blue! (peck, peck; ) they'll never hatch!  
Now go! go! go!"

The gentle bluebird, all afright,  
Flew off to find her mate,  
And left her pretty, little eggs  
To their fate, fate, fate.  
The wren flew straight upon them,  
And pecked them 'round and 'round,  
And crushed them all and threw them  
On the ground, ground, ground.

The bluebirds left the yard, and built  
Other fair trees among,  
Where they in peace could live, and hatch  
Their young, young, young.  
But sometimes I'm reminded  
(I'll not say how nor when)  
Of the gentle, little bluebirds,  
And the envious, little wren.

### A BABY'S GRAVE.

BY LEONA.

Where the Zumbro's sparkling waters  
Sing along their winding way,  
Through the woodlands, through the meadows  
In the sunlight, in the shadows,  
Flashing, dashing on their way;  
I alone was idly wandering,  
Many sad and fond thoughts pondering,  
Of beloved ones far away.

Thinking, dreaming, little heeding  
Where the wild-wood path was leading.  
Shaded path I loved so well;  
Following still the sylvan clue,  
Many a tangled thicket through,  
Many a bosky dell.

Slowly onward thus I strayed,  
Now in sunshine, now in shade,  
Suddenly my feet were stayed  
By a little, grassy mound,  
Swelling gently from the ground;  
I a baby's grave had found!

Beautiful it was I ween,  
Lying in the summer sheen,  
With its covering of green,  
'Broidered o'er with violets blue,  
And seeded thick with pearls of dew;  
Fringed with bright mosses—overhead  
A vine, with glossy leaves had spread  
A canopy with tassels hung,  
And crimson flowers their censers swung,  
Perfuming all the summer air—  
Was ever little couch so fair?  
And from above a golden glory,  
Shimmered down through branches hoary,  
As if some watching angel smiled  
To see how sweetly slept the child.

When, and how the baby died,  
If I questioned, none replied,  
But a whisper seemed to swell  
From each flow'et's fragrant bell—  
"It is well, it is well;  
And with every babe beside,  
That hath ever lived and died,  
It is well."

### THE GRAND ROCKY MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

THE CORPORAL GIVES A FAREWELL BANQUET.  
MUSIC. DISTINGUISHED GUESTS. SPEECHES.  
THE CORPORAL GIVES SOME FINAL INSTRUCTIONS, AND PRESENTS A FLAG.

Everything was ready at the appointed time. The Corporal inspected the detachment, to see that nothing was wanting, and that everything was in good order; and finding the lads to be all right, he could not help being a little proud of their fine, soldierly appearance, and he looked as if he thought he could trust them to bear the flag of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, not only to the Rocky Mountains, but if needs be, to the very ends of the earth.

Parade being over, the Corporal went to his quarters to look after the final preparations for the grand farewell banquet, which he had ordered in honor of the departure of the flower of his army. The drill room had been beautifully trimmed with evergreens and flags; three long tables stretched across the hall; the Chief Commissary was bustling about among his assistants, to see that everything was properly arranged; the band could be heard in their room, not far off, putting the final touches to the music that had been composed in honor of the occasion, called "The Little Corporal's Mountain Quickstep;" quite a number of young ladies, sisters and school-mates, were bringing bouquets to decorate the tables, which began to look like long forests of flowers, among which the fruits and other good things nestled in great profusion.

At seven o'clock the company began to arrive, and it was plain to be seen that the Little Corporal had found a great many distinguished friends during his three years campaign. He had issued a large number of invitations, and the company was the most brilliant ever assembled on such an occasion. There were Judges, and Congressmen, and Doctors of Divinity, and Editors, and Artists, and Officers of the Army and Navy, and distinguished travelers and Authors, and a large number of ladies; for the Corporal is very gallant, and is a great favorite with the fair sex, and on this special occasion he had resolved to illustrate all the three elements in his motto, the beautiful, the good, and the true.

True and Goodfellow and Sharp were assisting in doing the honors of the occasion, and the medals that glistened on the breasts of a large number of the boys showed that they were in good company, and that the Corporal recognizes real merit, and is not slow in rewarding it. The band was stationed on a little platform at the side of the hall. Their uniforms of scarlet, white and blue showed off beautifully under the lights by which they were to play, and their bright silver bugles, and big brass horns, which had been polished to their brightest sheen, almost dazzled you to look at them.

The music, too, was fully up to the mark. If ever a dozen boys worked hard for the honor of the company, it was the band. They had a hard time of it, at first; for though it is said to be easy to blow your



own trumpet, these lads found that it took something besides wind to play the style of music to which the Corporal's soldiers marched. Ever so many sleepy people had vowed vengeance against these noisy fellows during the first three months of their practice, and declared they would break their horns if they didn't stop their din; for they kept up their toots and blasts and strains till a late hour of the night, so fully determined, were they to learn the art and be worthy musicians for the Corporal and the soldiers under his command. But they learned how to use their instruments at last, and you never heard finer music than they made. They could play the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Red, White and Blue," and "Hail Columbia," with so much spirit that you couldn't help swinging your hat and hurrahing; their marches and quick-steps had so much snap in them, that you'd begin to mark time before you knew it, even if you were sitting still in your quarters; and if they happened to strike up while you were on the march, it would make you stride along as if the music had gotten even into your legs and you were full of steel springs. They could play "Home, Sweet Home," so as to bring the tears into your eyes, and cause you to love home better than ever; and sometimes they would play sacred music, "Charity," or "Vesper Hymn," till your heart would grow tender, and you began to see more beauty in the world, and more kindness in our Father who made it, and more joy in doing good to the poor, and sorrowing, than ever you dreamed of before. It was indeed a wonderful band of music; and the Corporal used to tell his friends that he could hear sweet voices speaking to him, when they played, and see shining angels holding out their hands to him; and sometimes he used to imagine he could see the beautiful faces of his mother and sister, who were gone to heaven, as he looked into the distance, where the echoes of their music died away; and so he had named it the "Heart-Cheer Band."

It was not long before the company had all arrived; for the Corporal's friends didn't think much of that foolish habit of turning night into day, but, like sensible people, they used the time as it was meant to be used—the day for work, the evening for pleasure, and the night for rest.

Everybody was talking and laughing in high glee, or asking hosts of questions about the expedition, and wishing they were going to the mountains, too, when a slight rustle near the door caused every eye to turn in that direction; and who should they see entering the hall, arm in arm, but the Little Corporal and his good friend General "Unconditional Surrender." Private Queer, who had been on the lookout, jumped on a hard-tack box, which he had taken care to have standing by him, and called out,

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to announce two of the four great heroes of the nineteenth century. Three cheers for General 'Unconditional Surrender,' and the tiger for the Corporal; hip! hip! hur-ra-a-a-ah!"

O how they did cheer! three times three; hur-ra-a-a-ah! hur-ra-a-a-ah! till the

evergreens trembled, and the flags seemed trying to break away from their fastenings against the walls, and the drill room shook with the great shout of welcome. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the assembly joined with the instruments and sung with all their might, till the roof must have felt like lifting with the great tide of music that rolled aloft and along.

As soon as quiet was restored, the call was sounded for supper, and all sat down at the well-filled tables. The camp stools had been numbered, and a little card with a number on it, had been given to the guests as they entered the hall, with a respectful request to take the seat at table which had the corresponding number. So the places were all arranged without difficulty, and there was no rushing and scrambling, such as there sometimes is at the great receptions at the White House, but, with the help of some one of the Corporal's aids, each person found his own particular camp stool; and in a minute or two after the call sounded, the whole company were quietly seated at the tables, ready for the "Grace," which was said by the Corporal himself. Then such a clatter as ran along the tables!

The posts of honor at the table were assigned to the Corporal's distinguished friends; the General sitting at the Corporal's right, with the three boys of the Rocky Mountain Detachment ranged at his left.

The feast went on merrily, with music and jokes and stories.

"Eat all you want," said Tom Wide-awake, giving Bob Sharp a poke in the ribs with his elbow, "it will be a long time before you will sit at the Corporal's mess table again."

"Never fear," answered Bob, "Uncle Sam has promised to feed us, and has issued orders to all the buffaloes and bears and wild turkeys on his great Colorado plantation to join the expedition for that purpose."

At last the Corporal rapped on the table and said, "Toasts and speeches are now in order; Private Queer will act as toast master."

Queer jumped to his feet at once and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, affairs at the White House having been slightly mixed of late, I give you, as the first toast of the evening, 'the Army and Navy'—may they ever fight beautifully for the Good and the True, and with as grand success as Farragut at New Orleans, or Grant before Richmond."

The band at once struck up "Rally Round the Flag Boys;" after which there were loud calls for the General.

"The Corporal won't get a speech out of him, unless he's smarter than all the politicians have been," said Bob Sharp to his neighbor True.

The General looked around somewhat shyly, and said to the Corporal, "You respond; you are better at making speeches than I am." But the calls became louder and louder, and the General came to the desperate determination to make a speech. He rose to his feet and looked around on the company for a minute or two, as if to rouse up his courage for the great effort.

"O, the General's going to make a speech, sure enough," said Tom Wide-

wake; "we've got him into the right place at last."

And so they had. The General made a speech. The following is a correct report:

"Boys, I like your flag—go in—I'll back you!" and the General sat down, amid a perfect storm of cheers.

The next toast was, "the Grand Rocky Mountain Expedition. May its commander, Maj. Powell, find good luck, along with the rest of his specimens; and as for our three comrades who go with him, he will be sure to find them true as the compass, sharp as a new jack-knife, and right jolly good fellows."

True and Sharp and Goodfellow were each called on for a speech; and though they were taken by surprise, all agreed that they did themselves honor.

Other members of the expedition were then called on—Writ Mandamus Hatch, Esq., B. Larkspur Burrill, W. Historicus Daniels, Bumble B. Sonne, Valerian Vasey, M. D., and others.

The last toast of the evening was—"The Little Corporal, may his life be as full of good things as the table he has spread for us to-night; and may his army grow in numbers, and improve in all the qualities of true soldiers, till he shall be strong enough to capture the whole continent, and hold it against all the enemies of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful."

The Corporal rose to respond to the toast.

"I thank you all," said he, "for the honor you have done me, and for the kind wishes you have expressed for my command. It is no small responsibility to be the leader of such a company of boys and girls as fight under our flag, and it makes us all happy to have the good will of those who are higher in rank than ourselves.

"Boys and girls are the materials to make into good men, and true and beautiful women; so let us not be proud, my brave comrades, of all the fine things our friends say of us, for, after all, we are *only* the beginning of something great and good. Apple tree blossoms are nice things; ripe apples are better; but, for all that, you count your prospect of apples in the fall by the way the trees blossom in the spring. Our friends seem to think the trees in the Little Corporal's garden are blossoming out pretty well; let us hope the fruit will be fair and sound and sweet.

"And now a word to you, my comrades, who are to join the great Expedition. There will be hard work and hard study; for Major Powell, your new commander, isn't afraid of trifles, and Prof. Daniels, your preceptor, though he is very fond of his boys, don't believe in making babies of them; he says it is a fine thing for boys to get into a hard place once in a while, so as to give them a chance to show of what kind of stuff they are made. Well, my boys, I know you are true grit, and the Professor will not be long in finding it out; for he hasn't forgotten that he used to be a boy himself, and, if he will let me say it, a pretty wide-awake one, too, I guess.

"Stand square up to your work, whatever it is; don't whine or shirk; and be sure not to think you know everything, for that will spoil anyone. Keep up

jolly spirits and good courage, and don't be afraid of danger, for there never can be any real danger in doing your duty. You might fall sick, or break your legs, or be shot by the Indians, but that would be better than sneaking; it never harmed anybody to get wounded, or even killed for doing his duty.

"Your preceptor will keep us posted about your adventures, and I have also asked him to write us some account of your studies in Natural History. The hearts of all your comrades will be with you, the eye of your Commander will watch your path, the prayers of your fathers and mothers will follow you, and our Father in Heaven will expect you to be as true to your colors, away in the Rocky Mountains, as if you were right here in the drill room, or on dress parade."

Then the Corporal, taking a beautiful banner from the hands of his good friend, Emily Heartsease, who had worked the motto of the Corporal's band in a golden circle on the stars and stripes, presented it to Private True, with these words—

"My dear, right-hand man, I now entrust this flag to your keeping; stand by it, all of you, and it will be a charm that will always bring you good fortune."

Upon this the whole company rose to their feet, and waved their caps and handkerchiefs, and cheered again and again for the dear, bright flag of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Then the Corporal gave his hand for a farewell shake, to True, and Goodfellow, and Sharp, who pressed it lovingly; and with tears in their eyes, and a great purpose of noble conduct in their hearts, they bade their beloved Commander "good bye."

And when the banquet was over, and the lights were out, and the three lads had committed themselves and their new enterprise to the kind care of the Good Father in Heaven, and had almost fallen asleep, they heard the sound of sweet music floating on the night air. It was the "Heart-Cheer Band," who had come to give them a farewell serenade; and, while they listened to the music, their hearts grew tender with thoughts of the dear homes they were leaving, and strong with hope as they thought of the grand, old mountains to which they were going, and brave with good resolutions to be true to themselves, and to their glorious motto. And when the last echoes of the music had died away, they knelt upon the barrack floor, clasped each other by the hand, and with a prayer to God for help to keep their vow, they pledged themselves to stand by each other in everything, in toil and weariness, in sickness if it came, in danger among wild enemies, even with death staring them in the face; and that, come what would, each one should hold the heart, and health, and life of his comrades as dear and sacred as his own.

The Urbana (Ohio) *Union* calls THE LITTLE CORPORAL "The Napoleon of magazines for children."

The Kankakee *Gazette* calls it "The General Grant of Juveniles."

Go on, gentlemen, calling us names. We can stand all such treatment as this, and never feel badly at all.

## GOING TO SLEEP.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Come hither, my baby, my darling,  
My lily, my wonderful rose!  
The white-bosomed flowers in the garden  
Begin their soft petals to close;  
The bees have gone home from the clover,  
The swallows are under the eaves,  
And down in the orchard, the robin  
Broods over her nest in the leaves.

Come, baby—my beauty, my darling!  
Your eyes they are heavy with sleep;  
Your little, red mouth has grown silent,  
And scarcely its laughter can keep;  
Lay off the white robe from your shoulders,  
Unclass the small shoes from your feet—  
O, daintiest blossom of Eden,  
I kiss you, my lily, my sweet!

Do you feel the cool wind coming softly,  
And see the young moon in the sky?  
The clouds sailing over the sunset,  
The bats flitting silently by?  
Do you hear how the cattle are lowing  
Along the green lane by the hill?  
And the brook running over the pebbles  
With music that never is still?

Now hush! while I sing to you, baby,  
A song of the angels above,  
That come on invisible pinions  
To watch o'er the children they love.  
So all through your beautiful dreaming  
The voice of your mother shall creep,  
Lest, hearing the harpings celestial,  
Your soul should fly homeward in sleep!

## JOHNNY'S LESSON.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

Johnny, come here, and look at the cat!  
Notice how nicely she washes her face;  
Now rubbing this cheek now rubbing that,  
Carefully putting each hair in its place.  
Johnny you dear, little, dirty elf,  
Don't you feel just a little ashamed of yourself?

Her hands she takes next—now, Johnny, look there!

Carefully—daintily—see her scrub!  
Now she arranges her soft, silken hair,  
And her tail and her ears have an extra rub.  
She owns neither looking-glass, towel nor comb,  
Yet she keeps herself neat, abroad and at home.

Johnny, what do you think of this?  
With that smile on your bright, little, smutty face;

I declare there is not a spot I can kiss!  
And you know that your hair is *never* in place.  
No wonder your hands in your pockets go!  
You're ashamed of them, Johnny! you are, you know!

Playing with marbles down on your knees,  
Grubbing for angleworms under the ground,  
Riding the fences and climbing the trees,  
You're the dirtiest fellow anywhere 'round,  
You know you are, Johnny, you need not look hurt!

You know you delight to play in the dirt.

O Johnny! O Johnny! what *shall* I do,  
Is a question that puzzles me evening and morn,  
With a dear, loving, little fellow like you,  
Who is always dirty, and tumbled, and torn?  
Johnny, if you don't do better than that,  
I believe I shall send you to school to the cat.

## WILD FLOWERS OF JULY.

BY MARY LORIMER.

And now, little girls and boys, how many wild flowers do you suppose I found in June?

I am afraid you will be discouraged if I tell you, for I do not suppose you found a quarter as many. But I shall tell you, for you have no reason to be discouraged; and I hope some of the young eyes that read these papers will be searching around in all the woodland nooks for every flower that blooms.

If you only look sharp you will be rewarded, and every year you will find more and more. Beside this, you will form a taste for a beautiful, healthful pursuit—a taste which will never forsake you. When you grow up, and live, perhaps, in a great house in the city, you will rejoice, when the summer comes, to go to the country and take the old wood paths again, and find your fair friends of early days as fair and sweet and *young* as ever, though *your* heads may be touched by the frosts of time.

You can hardly believe that your bright, young heads will ever be thus touched. Well, I hope they will not be for many and many a year; but, in the meantime, if I were you, I would be forming those tastes and cultivating those habits which will make life pleasant to you whether young or old, and which will give you *resources*, so that you will be able always to employ yourselves, and not be a trial and weariness to others. The finding of wild flowers, ferns and mosses, the continued study of Botany, or of Butterflies, or of Birds, any pursuit connected with natural productions, is a perpetual resource and delight.

But how many wild flowers do you suppose I found in June? Fifty-eight; and these without counting the thirty found in April, or the twenty-four in May.

One hundred and twelve wild flowers in April, May, and June! Did you think there were as many? And there are many that I have not found. I dare say that two hundred might be found by enterprising boys, who do not care for a splash of mud and water on their boots, and by girls who are not afraid of soiling the bottoms of their dresses.

How I wish every young person who reads THE LITTLE CORPORAL would become a *student of nature*, and especially become interested in botanical pursuits. What I would have done without this taste I do not know. In long months of illness, and indeed years of invalid life, it was a perpetual delight to arrange and draw and paint these forest blossoms. I suppose I have painted hundreds and hundreds. I have learned to feel a real affection for every one of them, and their sweet faces are like the faces of friends. But I must tell you some of the flowers which you may find in July, though I shall not have room to mention one-half.

In the meadows you will find the fragrant rose-purple Swamp-Pinks, five or six flowers on a stalk, and the lip crested with a fringe of purple, orange, and white. There, too, you will find, in wet places, the lovely, little, blue Forget-me-nots. Wild Roses make the woods gay, and if you find the

Sweet Brier, do not mind the thorns, for the delicious fragrance of flowers, leaves, and stems, will atone for a few scratches. I hope you will find the mountain Laurel and the splendid Rosebay. If you did not find the Pitcher-plant in June, perhaps you will in July; also the Pyrolas and Ladies' Slippers, and the showy wild Lilies and Silkweeds, and wild Honeysuckles and Ox-eyed Daisies, and the beautiful sprays of fragrant Clethra, by the ponds, and the sweet blue of the Cichory flowers by the road sides. But, O, it is time for me to stop, and you must find all the other beauties which I have no room to mention.

### THE TEA PARTY.

BY KATE.

O dear! O dear! what can I do?  
Sighed little Annie Gray;  
I'm tired of pictures, tired of books,  
And almost tired of play.

I've been and broke my prettiest doll—  
My rabbit's runned away—  
I'd go down stairs, but cook 's so cross  
She wouldn't let me stay.

I'll find mamma—I guess that she  
Can tell me something new;  
She likes to 'muse me, too, she says—  
She'll tell me what to do.

She'll tell me—but I 'member, now,  
She's gone to town, to-day,  
And won't be back till two o'clock;  
O dear! what can I play?

I guess I'll get my tea set out,  
That dear Aunt Jane gave me,  
And make a party with my dolls,  
And ask mamma to tea.

I'll say, I send my compliments,  
And hope she'll come at four,  
And bring her work, and stay to tea,  
And—I can't think of more.

I'll go and fix my dollies now,  
In all their very best—  
Louisa Jane, come here to me;  
Sit still while you are dressed.

Miss Lily May, where's your white frock?  
I'll find it in a minute;  
Yes, here it is—and, I declare,  
With two great holes torn in it!

Lucinda Ann, now where's your sash,  
And ribbons for your sleeve?  
O dear! you've dropped, and cracked your  
I really do believe. [nose,

Now all are dressed, you may sit down;  
You really look quite nice—  
Now do sit still—for, if you fall,  
'Twill break you in a trice.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mamma is home, and says she'll come  
And take her tea with me;  
So, dollies, you may take your place  
Here, on this side, all three.

Now don't act quarrelous and bad,  
But 'have, as dollies should;  
And show that you are well brought up;  
Else mamma'll think you're rude.

Now we are seated, mamma dear,  
How do you take your tea?  
Three spoons of sugar, three of milk—  
Is that the way 't should be?

Not quite so sweet? Well, then I won't;  
But I should like mine so;  
Louisa Jane, please pass the bread,  
And sit up straighter—do.

Here are some very nice p'erves,  
Do try them, mamma, please;  
And here's some honey—ain't it queer,  
That this is made by bees?

I'm 'fraid this cake 's not very light;  
(Jane 's dropped her shawl, I'll pin it,)  
I guess that cook forgot to put  
A little sugar in it.

O, mamma, look! there's Jenny Dean!  
She's come to play with me;  
She's brought her doll's new carriage out,  
And dolly, too, I see.

I'd like to play with her so much,  
We'll have such fun, I know;  
So, mamma, will you please play, now,  
'Twas time for you to go?

### DOLLY SNOW'S CALL ON THE CLAM FAMILY.

BY MISS SARAH J. PRITCHARD.

Dolly Snow was such a breezy, little creature, full of short calms and sudden tempests, that she made one think of a wind-vane, and, somehow, she managed to make the places where she chanced to be, little corners of excitement, so that no one could be dull, within sound of her voice.

The child's Christian name was Dorothea, a stately name that Dolly never thought of, except when she looked at the portrait of a lady in shining satin, "barrel curls," and gay gilt frame, which she had been taught to call 'grandma,' as soon as she could speak.

So much of this great earth of ours as Dolly Snow had seen, amused her very much; it was one vast play house, in her eyes, and every day she seemed to get into a new and more wonderful compartment of it.

Dolly went "down east" with her father, when she was seven years old, and had the "wonderfullest" time, according to her own report of it.

Mr. Snow, I "guess" his Christian name was Philip, loved his little Dolly so much, that he was willing to take care of her on a journey of a thousand miles.

The secret of the journey was, that Dolly had a grandmother living pretty near "down east," and the Snow family were to spend a summer with her, so Dolly was to go on in advance and remain there, but when Mr. Snow announced his approach to the town, he was met at the threshold of the old family mansion, by news; and the news was, that three children of the family had died with scarlet fever, and two children were under its grim grasp still.

Mr. Snow clasped Dolly's hand, and marched away as fast as if the fever were racing after them. He did not even wait until morning, but traveled on that night, one hundred miles nearer to the coast line.

"Well Dolly," he said; "you will have to 'rough it' a little with me, I reckon, for I can't leave you here."

"What does 'rough it,' mean, I wonder," thought Dolly, but she would not ask, for, of all the names that were show-

ered upon her, she the most dreaded that of 'little goose.'

Presently she said, "Where are you going, papa?"

"Clamming, for aught I know," he replied.

After that, Dolly was in deeper darkness than ever, but she did not ask to be let out, she waited for the door to open, and she did not have to wait long, for the next morning Mr. Snow opened the window of his room, in the hotel where they were staying, and the sweet, salt smell of the sea came in to him.

That salt odor stirred all the pulses of his boyhood, again. He had been born on the coast, and his heart was always beating after it, go where he would; so, on that morning—it was just after "Green Grass Day," in April—he let the impulse grow about him, until, after breakfast, he could not resist it any longer, and he said to Dolly, "Dolly, we will go clamming to-day."

"What shall I wear? Shall I put on my green silk, with the nice ruffles?" she asked.

"Dear me! I never thought of that. I do not believe you have any dress fit to go clamming in," said Mr. Snow, in such a dismal sort of tone, that Dolly was ready to cry with vexation, for she fondly thought her little trunk contained clothes fine enough for any lady in the land.

"Never mind, Dolly," he said, seeing the cloud on her sweet face, "we will fix it all right;" and he went to the woman who had the rooms in her care, and said, "I am going out fishing and clamming to-day, I wish you would dress Dolly the best way you can, for I must take her with me."

"Yes sir! I know just how to do it," she said, and forthwith Dolly Snow was led away for the wonderful dressing.

The little store of dresses were examined, one by one, in silence.

"Don't you think this pretty enough?" asked Dolly, showing up the green silk.

"Its new, and all ruffles."

"The clams would laugh at it, if the sea didn't."

"Are they such fine folks?" asked Dolly, not standing in so much fear of the woman, as of her father.

"Who, fine folks?"

"Why Mr. and Mrs. Clam, and all of them; do tell me how their little girls are dressed!"

"Where do you live?" asked the woman, and then she sat down and laughed so, that she did not seem to hear Dolly's feeble answer of "in Missouri."

After she was tired laughing, she told Dolly that Mr. and Mrs. Clam were very fine folks, that they lived in pearl castles, and wore pearl dresses, and all their children were dressed in pearls, and that every single castle had a fountain playing over it, every once in five or six hours.

"O, I am so glad!" said Dolly, "do make haste and dress me."

"O, I can't, not in any of these things. You see the fountains would play right over you; now if you only had a waterproof cloak, that would be just the thing."

"But that is not nice; I never wear it when I go out calling with my mamma." And Dolly drew out her little "aqua scutum" from its place of concealment.

"But your mamma never took you to visit the 'Clams,' beside, what notice do you think people who can dress in *pearls*, will take of *your* clothes? Come, make haste! I have forty rooms to put in order this morning."

Dolly was a bit afraid of the woman after that, so she never asked one question, not even when the plainest and oldest dress she possessed was put upon her, and she was told to wear her Shaker bonnet and leave her pretty, new parasol in its box.

"So you are all ready, Dolly Snow," said her father, and the little girl looked in amazement, to see her father in a broad brimmed hat, with high boots, and dressed just exactly as if he were going hunting on a prairie.

They went out from the heart of the city, to the country, where the grass was as green as only grass *can* be, and along a wide river bank for a few miles, and then suddenly the Atlantic Ocean lay before Dolly Snow.

"O, papa!" she cried, clapping her little hands together, "O, papa! tell me what it is, this great, beautiful water; does it go all the way on to heaven?"

"This," said Mr. Snow, "is the Atlantic Ocean, and it rolls away three thousand miles and touches many lands."

"It looked so big, I thought, papa, maybe it was the way we took to heaven. It is so bright and shining—you know we sing about the 'Shining Shore.'"

"See that great ship," said Mr. Snow, "and here are the boats."

Dolly stood on the glistening sands in a rapt sort of way, feeling as if she had gone into a new world since she awoke that morning, whilst her father went down to a group of men, who were talking together, and pointing toward the sky. He came to her afterward and said, "Come Dolly, we are ready to go out clamming."

A minute later and they were in a small boat with two fishermen, who rowed the boat across the water to a little island.

"Papa, where do the clams live, I thought we were going to see *them*," said Dolly, just before the island was reached.

"And so we are, they live over here."

"I don't see any houses."

"Their houses are under ground, Dolly."

"The funniest folks," thought the child, "I don't see who is going to see their pretty pearls."

Presently they came to shore, the men made fast the boat, Mr. Snow picked up a basket and a narrow hoe, and called Dolly to follow him. They went down the shore and Mr. Snow kept his eyes on the ground, so that Dolly ventured to ask him what he was looking after.

Just then he stopped, put his basket down and pointed to a little hole in the sand. "There now, Dolly," he said, "you wait, I am going to knock at this clam's door, and you see what will happen, if he is at home."

He knocked with his hoe, on the sand, and up there sprang a tiny jet of water, out of the opening.

"You see he's there; now I am going to dig for him."

Dolly watched the proceeding with great excitement. Two or three strokes of the hoe lifted the sand, and Dolly cried out,

"O, papa! there's a worm or something, moving, *don't* kill it!"

"That's Mr. Clam's head. You see he is trying to draw it in before I get him." When the words were said, out came the clam; a large, flat, long clam.

"Why father," cried Dolly, in utter dismay, "the woman at the hotel told me the clams lived in pearl houses and all, with fountains over the houses."

"Well, you saw the fountain over that clam's house; his shells are his house, and I do assure you they are lined with pearl, you shall see it for yourself."

"What a little goose I am, papa; I thought clams were *folks*, just like you and mamma, only a great deal richer, and that I must dress up very much to visit them."

A minute more and Dolly Snow was down on the sand, digging clams. She thought it the "nicest thing in the world to do," and when the tide came up, and covered the ground and the clams, she was ready to cry, because her visit to "the clams," had been so short.

### THE FIRE-FLY.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

We walked along the garden way,

My little boy and I,

And watched the golden summer day

Fade slowly down the sky.

And while the gentle evening let

Her cooling shadows fall,

From flowers and branches dewy wet,

Obedient to her call,

A host of all the insect things

For mirth and singing made,

Came trooping out on happy wings,

To play their serenade.

The careless beetle whizz'd and whirr'd,

And droned his heavy bass;

Cricket and katydid we heard

Pipe shrilly in their place.

And up above the clustering fire,

A shadow in the blue,

A million million revellers,

The dancing atoms flew.

"Mamma, a fire-fly!" cries the child;

And, pointing through the dark,

He darts away with laughter wild,

To catch the wandering spark.

And thro' the garden bowers they come,

And past the latticed door—

But still the tiny lampadrome

Holds high his torch before!

"Quick! quick! mamma, I have him now!"

The victor shouts aloud,

With flashing eye and eager brow,

And voice and bearing proud!

But when he strove with cautious care

To view his hard-won prize,

A small, dark fly alone was there,

To mock his longing eyes.

I saw him for a moment stand

And gaze up in my face;

Then, opening wide his little hand,

With sweet, pathetic grace,

He said, while on his cheek a rain

Of tears made mournful lines,

"O let him fly away again,

Since only so he shines!"

O little child! O darling child!

How many a precious thing

We long for most unreconciled

Shines brightest on the wing!

### THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Private Queer came up to my chair this morning, with his knapsack over the wrong shoulder, and forgot to make his military bow, he was so much excited.

"Madam," said he, "excuse me for interrupting you; but here's a lot of new recruits, come in to enlist under THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S banner. They're not *raw* recruits, by any means, but as wide-awake a set of young soldiers as ever stood guard, only, you see, they have just come into our camp, and haven't heard all the stories we've been telling around our camp fires. Now if you wouldn't mind stopping a minute, just to introduce Jimmy Marvin to them, and tell them a little of his past adventures, I think it would help to interest them in the rest of his story, and how he found the 'Royal Road to Fortune.'"

"To be sure," I said, "that was very well thought of."

And if the rest of my little soldiers will excuse me, I'll stop right here and tell them that this friend of ours, Jimmy Marvin, was a poor, little waif who never knew very much about his early life. He was fatherless and motherless when he first remembered anything about himself, and was being trained to beg and steal by an old man. A queer, old peddler, who went about the country selling liniments and essences, came across him, as the old beggar was abusing him for his honesty in returning a purse of money to a lady who dropped it. The peddler took him away, bound up his cuts and bruises, and from that time Jimmy lived with him, until the old peddler died, and he was left alone again. Then a kind-hearted farmer kept him for awhile, but Jimmy did not like doing small chores, and when he was ten years old he persuaded the farmer to take him to the city of New York. Here he began life for himself by sweeping a crossing, earning a few pennies, and getting kind words from a lady who crossed every morning to her work. A little girl dropped a card on his crossing, with this motto—"The hand of the diligent maketh rich." Miss Andrews, the kind lady, explained it a little to him, and Jimmy laid the card away carefully, and took it for his motto. His next business was rag picking, which he found more profitable; but on Christmas day, Miss Andrews found him out and took him to her boarding house to see her little sick brother, to whom Jimmy had sent some wild flowers. Charley gave him a suit of neat clothes, and his sister introduced him to the newsboys' lodging house. Jimmy now went to selling papers, and learned rapidly at the evening schools, making great progress and winning the respect of all his teachers. By the advice of Mr. Walters, who had charge of the lodging house, he went out to Ohio, working his way by blacking boots. At Cleveland, he took the place of a sick train boy for a while, and was doing very well, when he lost the situation. Not a bit discouraged, he went to blacking boots again, doing chores for his board, and keeping a sharp look out for something better to do.

Mr. Warren, who owned a large stock farm a few miles out from Columbus, was very much interested in Jimmy, because he seemed so earnest and intelligent, and finally took him out to his farm, and gave him work and a pleasant home. Jimmy was very happy in his new home, and in our last chapter we left him attending school, and growing up into an active, intelligent young farmer.

We must now pass over several years of his life, and look at him again when he is eighteen years old. We shall find him still at Mr. Warren's, where he has come to seem so much like one of the family, that they would almost as soon think of sending away the dear, old grandmother herself, as "Our James." He is a strong, well-built lad, not very tall, but active and sinewy, and with the same keen eyes and intelligent face which first attracted Miss Andrews' attention, when he stood by the crossing, in New York.

George, the man that Jimmy found on the farm when he came, is married, and Jimmy has taken his place as Superintendent of the farm in Shelby; and, in spite of his youth, Mr. Warren declares the farm was never so well managed. Nobody laughs at Mr. Warren's "hired boy" now, for he is gentlemanly and well-informed, and has no need to feel ashamed in the presence of any of his young companions.

One evening, he received a letter from his friend George, very awkwardly written and badly spelled, but full of kindly interest in him and his plans. The principal item, however, was a matter of business.

"Sairy and me send our respects to Mr. Warren; and tell him if he has any loose cash to invest, which is sure to bring good profits, my advice goes for to put it into a sheep farm up here. It's land that jines me on the east, and jest the prettiest bit in all the country; nice creek running across it; timber and all handy. There's a dreadful sickly chap been foolin' along with it for a spell, but he's about done up with the shakes and the rheumatiz, and he'd jump at a chance to sell, ef he wa'n't too shifless to jump at anything. He aint half so much 'count as his sheep; they can jump, you may be shure—don't a soul of 'em know what a fence is for. I only wish't I had money to buy the farm myself, only I couldn't run two farms."

Then followed a description of the farm, giving its size and exact location. Jimmy

## Heavenly Shepherd.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Heaven-ly Shepherd! who dost hold In thy gracious keep-ing,  
2. Man - y snares are round us spread, Yet what-e'er be - tide us,

All the lambs with - in thy fold, Waking or in sleep-ing—  
Safe in a - ny path we tread If thou walk'st be-side us.

CHORUS.  
Still, in ev - ery path we tread, Meadows green or des-erts dread,  
Let us hear thee gent - ly say "Fol - low me! I am the way."

3. Rough may be our earthly way, 4. Take the trembling hand in thine,  
Sharpest thorns may grieve us: All thy love revealing,  
If our feet should sometimes stray, Heavenly Shepherd! Friend divine!  
Shepherd! never leave us! Our transgressions healing.

CHORUS. CHORUS.

read the letter and handed it to Mr. Warren, half smiling at the idea that he should buy a farm so far away. Mr. Warren read it all through, attentively, laughing heartily at the message to his wife. "Make my respects to Mrs. Warren, and tell her my Sairy can make apple dumplin's to beat any livin' woman, 'cept Miss Ruth."

"Bring me the Atlas, James," said Mr. Warren, slowly folding the letter.

The Atlas was brought, and the wonderful sheep-farm traced out on the map of Iowa.

"It must be about here," said Mr. Warren. "George's farm lies on this creek; here's his post office town; and the farm is east of him. It's a fine location. This railroad will come through there, somewhere, in a few years."

Jimmy went back to his book, and Mr. Warren sat silently watching the fire that glowed and sparkled in the grate. He said no more about the farm for several days. But one morning, when Jimmy was out in the garden, laying down some choice grape vines to protect them through the winter, Mr. Warren came out and stood by him, as if watching the operation.

"If Lester comes for those colts," he said, presently, "you can let him have

them. I'm going away for a few days."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"I'm going to Iowa.

The fact is, I can't quite get that farm out of my mind, and I'm going to see it. If I find it as George says, I shall buy it."

Jimmy stopped his work to straighten up, and looked Mr. Warren in the face with a puzzled expression. It seemed to him a strange investment of money, but he did not feel as if it would be respectful to express his opinion.

"You don't understand it exactly," said Mr. Warren, smiling, but looking troubled, after all. "Well, James, I mean to give you a fair chance in the world, and I can't do what I'd like for you here. My boys are growing up, and I must let them take matters here in hand, pretty soon. If I buy that Iowa farm, I shall want to put you on it."

"Me!" exclaimed Jimmy, in a bewildered way.

"Yes. I'm sure you could do it. I'll stock it for you, and you may farm it on shares till you get able to buy it, and then you may have it for just what it costs me now."

Mr. Warren paused, and Jimmy thought he must be dreaming, he felt so strangely bewildered.

"Of course, I shall miss you here; you've been a good, faithful, boy to me, Jimmy, and I've always been glad that you and I were brought together."

Jimmy tried to say how thankful he felt for all the kindness he had met with in the family, but the words seemed to mix up strangely in his throat, and presently he broke down altogether.

"Well, well," said Mr. Warren, shaking his hand heartily, "we won't say any more about this until I come back. Maybe I shan't like the farm well enough to buy it, after all."

While Mr. Warren was away, Jimmy went about the farm in a kind of feverish excitement. He had never realized, before, how strong was his interest in everything, and how hard it would be to part with the very least of them. But then to go to that wonderful, western country; to be an independent farmer, managing his own business, and by and by actually owning one of those splendid farms! It seemed almost too bright a dream to come true.

"I won't think so much about it; for, after all, Mr. Warren may not buy it. But then George is a good judge of farms, and he knows just what Mr. Warren likes. If he does buy it, I'll show him that he



hasn't taken so much pains with me for nothing."

And then Jimmy would go to building wonderful air castles about that farm in Iowa, laughing aloud to think what the boys at the old lodging house would say to know it, and whether Miss Andrews wouldn't think that was better than going to the Legislature, where she once said she expected to see him.

Half an hour before the train came in, on the evening that Mr. Warren was expected home, Jimmy hitched the gray horses behind the depot, and walked restlessly up and down the platform. Somehow he could not help thinking of that evening when he walked up and down the depot in Cleveland, a little, homeless stranger, with all his possessions in the tin trunk he carried in his hand. He thought gratefully of the kind Heavenly Father, whose hand he could so plainly see in all the events of his life.

"He's done *His* part," thought Jimmy, remembering the days when he first committed himself to the guardian care of the Lord. "He's done *His* part a great deal better than I've done mine."

For Jimmy understood what was meant by serving the Lord a great deal better now than when he was an ignorant, little news-boy, and he felt that a life of loving, thankful devotion was but his reasonable service.

"I'll do it. I'll serve Him better, if He only shows me how," was his earnest resolve, as he looked down the track to see the long train come rushing through the gathering twilight.

Mr. Warren greeted him heartily, and asked a great many questions about home, as they drove along; but neither of them said a word about the farm. But as they rode silently into the yard, watching once more the cheerful light shining far out from the windows, Mr. Warren said, briefly,

"Well, James, it's all settled. *I've bought the farm.*"

Jimmy's heart gave one quick bound, and then for a few moments he felt almost sad, as if he were already bidding good bye to what was dearest. As he put away the horses, Miss Ruth's favorite chestnut, Prince Charley, put his head out of his stall with a neigh of recognition. Jimmy stopped to stroke his glossy neck, and could not help saying,

"Good bye, old Charley; you and I were rough colts together, five years ago. I wonder if my training has done as much for me as yours has for you."

It was plain enough that all the family knew that Jimmy was to leave them, though for a few days no one said much about it. Arthur, the oldest boy, was the first one to speak of it in the family circle.

"I shall be the farmer now," he said, proudly, as they sat around the fire, one evening. "I'm most as old as Jimmy was, when he came here first."

"O, Jimmy," said little Alice, "I'm making you two pincushions; one to carry in your pocket, and one to put in your room; and when we go to the store, Aunt Ruth is going to get me some beads to make a watch-case, like papa's. O, I forgot! that's a secret, but you won't tell anybody, will you, Jimmy?"

Aunt Ruth looked a little bit annoyed, but the laugh that followed helped to pass it all off, and then they all began to discuss what they should do when Jimmy was gone, and what Jimmy would do away from them.

"You'll board with George for the first year," said Mr. Warren. "After that, you may be able to get a man and his wife to go into the house, and help you on the farm. I depend a great deal on your having George to advise you. He has good, sound, common sense, and understands farming thoroughly."

"And Sairy can make *such* apple dumplin's," said Arthur, roguishly; "couldn't you manage to express a few to me?"

"I'm learnin' to make dumplin's, my own self," said Alice. "I peeled the apples, the last time, and sometime, when I know everything, I'll come myself, and keep house for you, Jimmy."

"And you can have a little, crooked pole, and sit out in the fields watching the sheep, like the shepherdess in my picture," said Frank.

The long evenings of that winter seemed fairly to fly away. Almost every one of the family had some work on hand, which was to add to Jimmy's comfort or pleasure on the far away farm—"Jimmy's farm," as they all called it. The pretty watch-case was secretly finished, but it made its appearance at New Year's, to hold a good, substantial, silver watch, which Miss Ruth bought as a present for Jimmy. As for Jimmy himself, his evenings were nearly all spent in studying practical books on the management of stock, and talking with Mr. Warren, whose own experience was invaluable to him.

"Now then," said Frank one evening. "Father's away, and I've hid your old sheep book where you never can find it in all this living world—without Allie tells," he added, with a doubtful glance at his sister.

"O, I shan't tell," said Allie, triumphantly, "and nobody'd ever think of lookin' for a book under—"

"Allie! you little goose!" interrupted Frank, with a warning shake of his head.

"I wasn't going to tell," said Allie, positively.

"What are we going to do?" asked Jimmy.

"First, you're going to try my Chinese puzzle again; and then you're going to tell us all about the old peddler—we haven't heard about him for an age; and then we'll get some apples, and make such a racket over them that Aunt Ruth will say; 'Do hush, boys, and I'll tell you a new story that you never heard.'"

Aunt Ruth was counting stitches in a tidy she was knitting, but she smiled at Frank, and shook her head, without looking up.

"She's agreed," said Frank, "now for the puzzle."

The puzzle proved as obstinate as ever; but, after many unsuccessful trials, they succeeded in taking it to pieces, though they could not put it together again.

"Pshaw," said Frank, at last, tossing it into the box, "nobody could put that together, unless he had a long handle to his head like a Chinaman. They look exactly

as if they could take themselves to pieces and get into a bottle."

"The old peddler would have found out your puzzle," said Jimmy. "I've seen him work a whole evening to get a cork out of the bottom of a little vial. He used to buy old bottles of the people through the country, and then we used to clean them, to put liniment and essences in."

"What kind of essences?" asked Allie.

"O, peppermint, and wintergreen, and bergamot, and almost everything. Some things we gathered in the fields, but he raised a great many sweet herbs in his garden. One morning, I remember, when we got up we found a ragged, little boy, sitting on the steps to the hut, with a great basket of the finest lavender to sell. The old man soon made a bargain with him, and he went racing across the fields with his half dollar. But in half an hour the old man went out into his garden, and found the little rascal had *sold him his own lavender!* He had crept through the back fence and cut every stalk of it."

"I hope the old fellow caught him," said Frank, with a threatening shake of his head.

"He never did. He never found out who he was, or where he came from. But I don't think the old man would have hurt him, if he had known him. He was as gentle as a woman, with all his queer ways. I wish I remembered more about him, for I always feel sure that he saved me from growing up to be a thief, and everything else bad."

"God saved thee from it, James," said the old grandmother. "He always finds hands to do His work."

"Yes, I know," said Jimmy; "and I often think that what I should like best would be to find some one just as badly off as I was, and try to help him as Mr. Warren and everybody else has helped me."

Jimmy was very much in earnest in this wish, and, though he did not know it, his work was waiting for him on his new farm. We shall see, presently, how he found it, and what he did with it.

[To be continued.]

### THE DEAREST FRIEND.

"I do think," said Susie Corle to her cousin Cora, as they went from school, one afternoon, "that, without any exception, Kate Seldon is the most disagreeable girl I ever knew!"

"O, Susie, don't say that!" cried Cora, with her blue eyes full of tears. "Kate is my dearest friend." And she pleaded so lovingly for her, that Susie was ashamed of her hasty words, and eager to ask Kate's pardon.

Turning a corner, they espied Kate waiting for them at the gate. Susie ran at once to greet her, and presently the three were walking up the garden path, with their arms about each other.

It was a pleasant picture; and, watching them, I wondered if there were not those at discord with the dearest Friend of all, who, through the influence of a loving word, might be led to seek pardon and reconciliation?

*Alta Grant.*

## A RAINY DAY.

BY JOHNNY.

Dear! how the wind and the rain together  
Rattle the blinds this stormy weather!  
Down in the garden the roses red,  
Wet and dripping, hang down their heads.  
Poor Mrs. Biddy, the fussy, old thing,  
Cuddles her chickens up under her wing,  
Shakes her wise head and keeps clucking away,  
"Who ever saw such a strange summer day?"

What shall we little folks do for our fun,  
All the long hours till the rain shall be done?  
All our old puzzles and games have been told.  
Books are too stupid, and pictures are old.  
Come to the garret, where every old rafter  
Smoky and black will re-echo our laughter.  
Nobody ever will warn us to hush!  
Nobody cares if we go with a rush.

This is the loom, where our grandmother White  
Wove the stout homespun, from morn until night.  
This is the saddle she rode to the town,  
Covered with cobwebs, and dusty and brown;  
This is the high chair in which father sat,  
Eating bean porridge to make him grow fat;  
This is the cradle they rocked him in, maybe;  
Isn't it funny that he was a baby?

Hark! if you sit without speaking a word,  
Here in this corner, as still as a bird,  
Something will peep from that hole in the floor.  
That's Mr. Rat, looking out at his door.  
See how he stares with his shining, round eyes!  
Even his whiskers look knowing and wise.  
He's an old citizen, stately and fat—  
How he would run if I only said *scat*!

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY HANNAH THIRSTIN.

LITTLE CORPORAL, do you know that I  
dearly love *old* things? From my mother's  
wedding belt of white moire antique and  
its buckle of pearl, and the time-honored  
piece of white brocade, that would "stand  
alone" when it was a part of my great-  
great-grandmother's bridal robe, and the  
plate that has come down to me from the  
set that bore her maiden initials, to my  
solitary coin of an ancient date, and the  
cane that has been "in the family" for  
five generations; how I love and cherish  
these, my relics!

And now you have sent me another  
relic, such as I could not buy in all New  
England for love or money—a Picture of  
the Port of Boston with red-coated troops  
landing from the British fleet, in 1768.

Boston Bay is as full of islands as it was  
a hundred years ago, and on one of them  
sat Paul Revere, when he drew the out-  
lines of the city and the landing of the  
troops, as they are seen in the picture.  
The street that leads down to the Long  
Wharf was "King street," then; changed  
to State street since the "King" ceased  
to be acknowledged by Americans. To  
the left of this street, may be seen the spire  
of the Old South Church, "the most noted  
meeting house in America." The first  
church edifice was erected there nearly  
two hundred years ago. The present  
building was robbed of its pulpit and  
pews, and converted into a riding school  
for British dragoons, by order of the British  
commander, during the first year of the

Revolutionary War. The old church lifts  
its spire to-day as it did then, only now  
there is a tablet beneath the steeple, which  
tells us that this church was "desecrated  
by British troops, 1775-6."

Time would fail to tell the stories of the  
other steeples—and every one has its story.  
There, away up at the north end, at the  
right of the picture, is the Old North  
Church, which had reasons of its own for  
being famous. I hope the children of THE  
CORPORAL's army all know the story that  
Mr. Longfellow has written out, about the  
"Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," in which  
the Old North Church had a part to act:

"He said to his friend, if the British march  
By land or by sea, from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light.  
One, if by land, two, if by sea,  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

This was the night before the battle of  
Lexington.

In his efforts to "alarm the country  
folk," and save the military stores at Con-  
cord, Paul Revere was captured by the  
British and threatened with death. But  
they finally took his horse for an officer to  
ride, and let him go. As if the horse was  
worth more than the prisoner! If they  
had known who he was, that midnight  
ride would have been his last. But he  
never told them that, for a long time, he  
had been influencing and helping the colo-  
nists with all his might, and in a great  
many ways, to take a stand against Eng-  
lish tyranny and injustice. He never told  
them that his spirit had burned within him,  
when the government had tried to force  
unrighteous taxes upon the people of the  
colonies, until his inventive brain projected  
the plan of the famous "Boston Tea  
Party," and he, with some of his friends,  
dressed and painted like Mohawk Indians,  
had set whole ship loads of the taxed tea  
a-steeping in the great tea-pot of Boston  
harbor! No, not he! He just quietly  
watched his opportunity, and straightway  
betook himself to more congenial company  
than that of British officers.

A few years before this, he had made  
the picture we have been talking about,  
and two or three others, which were very  
popular with the patriots. Historical au-  
thorities say that "copies of all these pic-  
tures are extremely rare."

The art of copper-plate engraving was  
then almost unknown in the colonies, and  
Paul Revere was entirely self-instructed in  
it. He was by trade a goldsmith, and  
very ingenious and fond of mechanical  
work. When the colony of Massachu-  
setts found that they must have money to  
carry on the war, the Provincial Congress  
engaged him to engrave the plates, make  
the press, and print the bills of the paper  
money they had ordered.

When they were in need of powder for  
the soldiers, they sent Paul Revere to the  
only powder mill then in the country, near  
Philadelphia, to learn how to make it.  
The proprietor of the mill, fearing that  
his profits would be diminished, would not  
let him make any drawing or memorandum  
whatever of the process, but permitted him  
to see the mill in operation. With the  
slight information thus gained, he went

home and constructed a mill that was  
soon supplying the American army with  
powder.

Several times he was sent by the Provin-  
cial Congress of Massachusetts to the  
general or Continental Congress, on confi-  
dential business. How trustworthy and  
efficient and brave all this proves him to  
have been!

After the long and terrible war was  
over, he engaged in the business of casting  
cannon, and church bells. He died in the  
early part of this century, in a good, old  
age.

I have seen a picture of him, taken when  
he was an old man, judging by his white  
hair. But there is no other sign of age  
upon him. His penetrating eye looks  
straight into yours, and you feel instantly  
that his was an honest and fearless soul.  
The lines of his countenance are placid  
and serene, as well as rugged and heroic,  
as though the traces of the stormy times  
through which he had passed in youth and  
manhood had been softened and beautified  
by the gladness of the later days, when a  
free, happy, and united people remembered  
with gratitude the way by which God had  
led them from oppression and defeat to  
victory and liberty.

I went down to Long Wharf, the other  
day, and winding my path among vessels  
from across the sea, amid strange odors  
and foreign-looking cargoes, I mused on  
the scenes of old that there might be re-  
counted—of the contemptuous tread of  
the red-coated regulars along its length, as  
they vauntingly went "to support ye dig-  
nity of Britain and chastise ye insolence  
of America;" of the hurried tramp back  
to their boats, as they hastily weighed  
anchor, and made for Halifax, fleeing  
before the handful of determined patriots,  
who had made their stay so uncomfortable.

I went to Faneuil Hall, whose walls had  
so often echoed the voices of Hancock,  
and Adams, and Otis, and other leaders  
in that long struggle. I went to the Bat-  
tle ground on Bunker Hill, and from its  
monument looked forth on the heights of  
Dorchester and Roxbury, and other places  
where

"The old Continentals,  
In ragged regimentals,  
Faltered not."

but with bare and bleeding feet, and shiv-  
ering forms, watched Boston town through  
that ever memorable winter's siege. I rode  
over Charles River bridge, and thought  
how Paul Revere had "silently rowed"  
over those waters on the night of "the  
eighteenth of April, seventy-five." I look-  
ed with reverence on the ancient elm in  
Cambridge—an old tree, probably, when  
the Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower—  
under which Washington drew his sword  
and wheeled his horse, in command of the  
American army, July 3d, 1775. I looked  
from the dome of the State House, down  
upon the gay promenaders in the common,  
upon the statues of some of the old heroes,  
upon church spires and temples of science,  
upon libraries and free schools, and beau-  
tiful homes, upon the circle of sister cities  
which join hands from south to west, from  
west to north, from north to east; out on  
the harbor and the bay, white with a thou-  
sand sails, and on the free, blue sea beyond,

and thought of the time—a hundred years ago—when Boston was a village on Trimountain, when the inhabitants were fitting out their little vessels for trading along the coast, or occasionally to cross the Atlantic, then “a hundred weary days in width,” when the spirit of resistance to the oppression of the mother country was being fanned into a flame, and the sturdy stuff of which those old patriots were made was being tested and hammered and molded into the characters of which we are so proud.

Now millions enjoy in ease and plenty, the blessings of liberty they toiled through bloody years to win. Now, the civilization they nourished, the institutions they planted, are spreading in successive waves over the prairies of the interior, the plains and mountains of the west, until they break in blessings on the golden slope of the Pacific.

Boys and girls of the Corporal's brave army! Children of America! Are you making the rich legacy left us by our forefathers *yours* by right of possession, in heart and memory? Do you study, as a labor of love, the history of your country and its defenders? Will you prove loyal forever to the principles for which they fought? Are you preparing to fulfil, in gratitude to God, and love of freedom, the responsibilities which such a history lays upon you?

Then the injunction on the old stone tablet in Boston State House, will be written in your hearts as well. The original inscriptions have periods between the words, and long S's.

“As . you . look . on . these . scenes . and  
enjoy . the . blessings . secured . by . blood  
and . treasure . forget . not . those . who . pur-  
chased . them . for . you.”

### MEADOW THRUSH.

BY EMILY J. BUGBEE.

O, little, brown thrush of the meadow,  
Singing so tenderly there,  
Do you not hear, high over your head,  
The song of the birds in the air?  
See yonder the lark soaring sunward,  
And robin high in the tree;  
The clear, ringing voice of the bluebird;  
All lifted so far above thee.  
Do you think, O meek, little warbler,  
Half hid in the folds of the grass,  
There'll be anyone pausing to listen  
To you as they happen to pass,  
While the blue dome echoes the voices  
Of gay prima donnas of song?  
Their plumage is ruffled in triumph  
At the praise that is floating along.  
Ah! you sing on as sweet and untroubled  
As if not a voice but your own  
Floated out on the sweet summer morning,  
In its tender, musical tone.  
Your song is the simple upswelling  
Of praise from a glad, little heart,  
And so will accomplish its mission,  
Though humble and lowly the part.  
Some ear that is stooping may hear it,  
Some weary heart, burdened with pain,  
May take to it comfort and sweetness,  
From hearing thy pleasant refrain.  
Then, little, brown thrush of the meadow,  
Sing on, in the rain or the sun,  
Till autumn comes down on the grasses,  
And singing and working is done.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1868.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### EDITORIAL.

Once, a gentleman who had just returned from the land of prairies, said to me, “I have seen a beautiful sight. Two days ago I stood on a little, green knoll, and looked right and left, for miles and miles, over the prairies. The great wheat fields were just changing from green to gold—the corn stood in masses of the brightest emerald, glistening in the sunshine—while acres and acres of prairie grass rolled in great, green billows in the morning wind. In every direction, we could hear the sharp click of the mowing machines, and we counted six in operation near us.”

That was farming on a grand scale, for almost all that beautiful prairie was owned by one man. But when I think of summer mornings in “haytime,” the picture is a very different one. I think of the little, rocky farms away among the hills of New England, with narrow fields, shut in by rickety, stone walls, over which the squirrels and the children dearly loved to run. By the roadsides were hedges of wild blackberries, large and luscious, and on the scanty soil of the hillsides grew huckleberries, whose sweetness has spoiled all the berries they call by that name “out west.” Then the meadows had wild strawberries, and over all the clear, little brooks the wild grape hung its great, purple clusters, with their wonderful, musky fragrance, which, in our ignorance, we thought delightful—not knowing then that fruit growers had decided that it was only *foxiness*, and abominable.

When “haytime” came to those farms, you might wake, on a clear morning, to see the dew lying heavy as rain on the grass, and a faint, white mist going up from the pond in the sunrise. Out under the great apple-trees in the yard, the men would be gathered about the grindstone, grinding their scythes and whetting them to a keen edge, with that ringing sound which was real music to hear. Then, when the dew had dried a little in the hot sunshine, you might see them sweeping through the green meadows, side by side, with even, steady stroke, bending to the work, and leaving a long line of fragrant grass behind them, for the boys to toss about in the sunshine. How we little folks ran after them, to watch for the fall of the yellow and red lilies, that had nodded their heads at us for weeks from the middle of the field, so tempting, and so unattainable.

Ah! there was a romance about haymaking, then, that no one ever found in a mowing machine. And while reaping and mowing on the grand prairies must be done on a grand scale by the tireless strength of machines, we shall always be glad that, in some quiet, little nook, one may still hear the mower whet his scythe, and the quails pipe loud, on a summer morning.

Emily Huntington Miller

### PAUL REVERE'S PICTURE.

“ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.”

Our readers will be interested in the article, on another page, by HANNAH THIRSTIN. We noticed, in our June Number, Paul Revere's picture, of which she speaks. This picture possesses a peculiar interest at this season of the year—the Fourth of July—and that interest will increase for the next eight years. Do you remember that eight years from this Fourth of July our nation will be one hundred years old? Oh! what stirring times were those eight years, a hundred years ago!

Think of it, children; eight years from now many of you will be the *men* and the *women* of America. So live now that you will then be intelligent, Christian patriots, worthy to be the voters and rulers of this great, free nation; that it may be even more mighty and glorious in your hands than in the hands of your fathers. Follow *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*'s teachings, and it will be so.

### A NEW DRAWING BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

We have in press a new Drawing Book for beginners, prepared by P. Fiske Reed, a prominent landscape painter of this city. It will be the best thing of the kind, for the price, for schools, or for children at home, ever issued. It will contain a great many drawings, with common sense lessons, containing, in a very simple style, all the directions necessary for a beginner, by one eminently well qualified to teach the art, which he knows so well how to practice.

MRS. HENSHAW'S NEW BOOK, “*Our Branch and its Tributaries*,” noticed in another column, will be issued before our August number is sent out. The price of the volume, first edition, will be \$3.00, \$3.25 and \$3.50, according to style of binding. We may prepare another edition at a higher price hereafter.

We bespeak for this beautiful book a hearty welcome from all who were interested in the noble work of the Sanitary Commission.

Sent by mail, on receipt of price. Agents are wanted for the work. Liberal discounts to the trade.

A NEW NEWSPAPER FILE AND BINDER.—We have been trying for years to find some means by which we could file and bind our paper, and other periodicals and newspapers, firmly and cheaply. Our search has been fruitless, until within the past month. We have now found a file which fully answers the purpose, while its simplicity enables us to put it at a price that all can pay. We hope to be able in our next number to offer this binder to the public, and give account of styles and prices. It is the most perfect Newspaper File we have ever seen, and will supply the long felt want.

### SAMPLE COPIES.

We will send a sample copy of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, free, to every person who will try to raise a club.

If you have a friend any where, who you think would subscribe, or raise a club, please send us his or her address, and we will send a sample copy free.

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.

Papers sent in clubs need not necessarily go to the same Post Office, or State.

## RAISE A CLUB NOW.

Now is a good time to raise a club, or to complete any club already begun. Let all our subscribers, both old and new, try to send a club, large or small, and secure some of our beautiful premiums.

## OUR NEW VOLUME

Begins with this number. If any whose term ended with June shall see this number, (and we may send it to a few of them,) we trust they will lose no time in renewing their subscriptions. Send a club if you can, but at any rate send your own name and dollar.

## A DAINY VOLUME.

"VOICES OF THE WIND," is the title of a new volume of Poems by P. Fiske Reed, the Poet-artist of Chicago. We intended to give it a more extended notice in this number, but are compelled, by want of space, to defer it till another time. We will only say, that we have read the book with very great pleasure, and pronounce it one of the daintiest volumes of poems we have met for many a year. We will send it to any address, postpaid, on receipt of the price, which is \$2.00, or it will be sent as a premium for a club of seven subscribers to our Paper.

"TOO LARGE FOR HER AGE."—The story in this number will interest many of our readers. Many will also be interested to know that it is written by the author of the beautiful story, "*On the Hearth Rug*," in our last December number, which was signed "Aunt Laura." We have other stories from Mrs. Snow's pen, which are reserved for future numbers.

JIMMY MARVIN.—The August chapter of "The Royal Road to Fortune," which is already in the printer's hands, is charming. This story is growing in interest all the time. We are glad to know, by the children's many letters, that all are delighted with it, and watching the progress of our hero with so much eagerness.

WHEN SENDING FOR BOOKS which are not named in our premium lists, you must tell us where they are published, and by whom, as we may not be familiar with them.

We can send any good book, but cannot give nearly as good terms on books not named by us. On all books, the titles of which we publish among our premiums, we have *special terms* and discounts larger than usual.

The following books will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

	Price.
6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys by Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Æsop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—Moore's Lalla Rookh. Illustrated, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache, illustrated.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	85
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.25
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.50
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

## SILVER SPOONS

AND  
SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS  
AS PREMIUMS.

In addition to our previous list of premiums, we have arranged to send a set of half-dozen warranted *pure coin silver* TEA SPOONS, the retail price of which is \$15.00, to every person who will send us a club of thirty subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, at the regular rate; or to every person who will send us ten subscribers at the regular rate, and \$7.00 in money, besides.

We can also send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen ornamented, double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each. A set of half-dozen ornamented, double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen ornamented, *Double Silver Plated forks*, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Silver Spoons are made by the Northwestern Silver Manufacturing Co., Chicago, and are warranted pure Coin Silver.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the *best quality of Nickel Silver Metal*, and Double Plated with pure Silver. These premiums will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Begin to work on your clubs at once, and there will be plenty of time to write for particulars, and to select what premium you will take afterwards.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. Don't wait till the club is full. Thus you will save time and trouble.

OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES; being a History of the Work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries, during the war of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw, Including a full Report of Receipts and Disbursements, by E. W. Blatchford, Treasurer, and an introductory chapter by Hon. Mark Skinner. Chicago; Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher.

The official history of the Northwestern Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, is to be published by the middle of July. Its title, as given above, shows the scope and design of the book, and the high authority by which it is endorsed.

Its author was selected by the Northwestern Sanitary Commission to write this history. Her experience as an officer of a leading Aid Society, and an Associate Manager of the Northwestern Commission peculiarly fitted her for the task to which she was invited, and to which she has given her best energies.

Few historians have found better materials, and few books have ever been produced that will be read with greater interest by all classes. The great wealth of material at hand, has been wrought up in such a manner that a "dry history" has developed into a most interesting and dramatic story.

We are sure that all Northwestern people, and all friends of the Sanitary Commission must desire to possess this record.

Address the publisher for a circular

CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled notify us and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller premium. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

## APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA

Is one of our Premiums for clubs. Ministers, Teachers, and others who would like to earn this magnificent work for their libraries will write us for terms.

## THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO

## RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming Chromo of Mr. Beard's great Painting is giving great delight wherever it is seen.

We might give many extracts from notices by prominent editors, but, for want of space, content ourselves with one by Dr. W. W. Patton, editor of *The Advance*. In an editorial article, among other things, he says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *fac simile* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Prang's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars! Mr. Sewell intends to use it, also, as a premium for those who swell the army of his subscribers."

We send the chromo by express, mounted, varnished, and ready for framing, (price ten dollars,) for a club of fourteen subscribers. We send them not mounted, by mail, on rollers, for a club of ten; but, though the people are very much delighted with them in that way, we find it is better to have them sent properly mounted and all ready for framing. We sell them *mounted only*, at ten dollars. As Dr. Patton says in the above extract, they "would be cheap at fifteen" dollars, but we desire to put the picture within reach of all.

Send on the clubs and secure this superb work of art.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our Premium for a club of three subscribers, the superb steel line engraving of The Heavenly Cherubs, from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is very much admired by all who see it. It is one of the finest and best steel engravings ever executed in this country, and sells readily for two dollars. It is sent by mail, post paid, on a strong roller, for a club of three subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, at the regular price.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
Chicago, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company:

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of *The Little Corporal*. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your invention may give to the West more like this, which must gladden every lover of art.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

THE CHILDREN'S HYMNS, with music, now given every month in *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, are attracting much attention, and are receiving high compliments. Mrs. Miller intends to continue these as a regular feature in our paper. They are the best children's hymns now issued.

We will also publish them, hereafter, on sheets, a sheet every two months, each containing two hymns, with music, for general use.

The sheets will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents per hundred, 15 cents for fifty. We have now six hymns—three slips—which may be thus sent.

**BOUND VOLUMES.**—THE LITTLE CORPORAL has now completed his sixth volume. We will immediately have the six volumes, (three years) bound in one beautiful book, in stiff boards with embossed cloth sides, and gilt title. This bound volume will be sent by mail to any address for \$4.50, or will be delivered at our office for \$4.00. A full set of all back numbers furnished for \$3.00. Money sent for this can count in clubs if desired. The book will be sent by mail for a club of sixteen subscribers.

### OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. See editorial columns.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDING-HOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

Where it is inconvenient to reach a party by express, we will send the Chromo by mail, on a roller, not mounted, for a club of ten subscribers. It is much better, however, to have the picture properly mounted, and sent by express.

The price of the Chromo, mounted, is ten dollars. We do not sell them unmounted.

4. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see another article in this paper.

5. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

6. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

7. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. Write for particulars.

8. The Self-Binder; write for particulars.

9. Sewing Machines. Write for particulars.

10. Books. See another article in this paper.

11. American Watches. Write for particulars.

12. Silver and Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See another article in this paper.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 6, (the club of six).

The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10. Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," \$1.

**HOW TO REMIT:**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of **ALFRED L. SEWELL.**

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us *without any loss.*

Registered letters, under the new system, which went into effect lately, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the *Registry fee*, as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps* at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending *only one dollar*, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

## WM. GOODSMITH & CO., GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENTS

FOR ALL

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

P. O. Drawer 6058.

### REFERENCES.

Hon. John D. Defrees, Sup't Government Printing,  
Washington, D. C.  
Palisher of New York Tribune, - New York.  
" Amer. Agriculturist, - "  
" The Independent - "  
Publishers of The Little Corporal, Chicago Tribune,  
Chicago Journal; Chicago Type Foundry; Rounds  
& James; Hon. Mark Skinner; E. B. McCagg, Esq.;  
E. W. Blatchford, Esq.; B. W. Raymond, Esq.;  
H. Z. Culver, Esq.; T. M. Avery, Esq.; Chicago.

Business men wishing to advertise in any paper in the Union, can send their orders to us. The Agent's commissions are paid by the publishers and not by the advertisers. Indexed files of papers from all parts of the country can be seen at our office.

Particulars as to prices, etc., will be sent promptly on application.

TO THE THOUSANDS who read these columns, we would say, that Mr. Sewell not only confers upon us a personal pleasure in giving us this opportunity to introduce ourselves to your favorable notice, but, in a business point of view, it is of very great importance to us to be allowed to solicit your patronage for such of our publications as may be useful to you.

CHAPEL GEMS (enlarged edition), for Sunday Schools. Price, paper, 30 cents; board, 35 cents.

THE FOREST CHOIR, for Day Schools. Price 60 cts.

THE MUSICAL FOUNTAIN (enlarged), a Temperance Music Book, with the odes of the different organizations. Price, 35 cents.

THE MUSICAL CURRICULUM, for the Piano. Complete, \$4.00. In parts, \$1.25 each.

THE TRIUMPH, a new book of Church Music, now in press. \$1.50.

The above works are all by our senior partner, MR. GEO. F. ROOT, and will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of marked price. The Song Messenger Extra, containing a full description of all our recent publications, sent free on application. ROOT & CADY,

11-jy 67 Washington St., Chicago.

CROQUET. CROQUET. CROQUET.  
BRADLEY'S PATENT, BRADLEY'S PATENT,  
BRADLEY'S PATENT.

REMOVABLE SOCKETS FOR BRIDGES.

INDEXICAL BALLS.

PLATED BRIDGES.

RUBBER COVERED BALLS.

SUPERIOR FINISH.

LATEST RULES OF GAME, with PROBLEMS for LEARNERS.

CROQUET RECORD DIALS.

Examine *Bradley's Patent Croquet*, before buying any other.

For sale everywhere.

my-21-jy

NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES, put

up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.

tf-oc

P. O. Drawer 6058.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the Wolf.*" Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.

## A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

THE ADVANCE.—Although but a few months old *The Advance* has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest, religious weeklies. It employs the best writers. It is read by all denominations. It believes in an every-day-life religion. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!  
GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!  
GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!  
GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN!  
GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!  
GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!  
GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!  
GOOD READING FOR SCHOLARS!  
GOOD READING FOR OLD FOLKS!  
GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!  
GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN!  
GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

The extraordinary success of *The Advance* speaks in eloquent terms of its excellence.—*Evening Post, Chicago.*

Improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

It is full of enterprise and ability, and is pushing itself rapidly into the good graces of the reading public.—*Baptist Record, St. Louis.*

There is a spiciness about it which shows that a religious paper need not, necessarily, be a dull one.—*Press, Owosso, Mich.*

We are not a Congregationalist, but we are a lover of a good religious paper, and here it is.—*Citizen, Rushville, Ill.*

It defends New England ideas with a vigor which is refreshing.—*American, Waterbury, Conn.*

For choice selections, really good reading, and all that makes a first rate religious paper it is of the very best.—*Tribune, Detroit, Mich.*

One of the very ablest religious journals in America.—*The Christian World, London, England.*

Will be heartily welcomed by thousands of christian families outside of the denomination it more particularly represents.—*Gazette, Davenport, Iowa.*

TERMS.—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent free to any who write for them. Subscriptions can commence at any time.

Address,  
THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
mh-tf 25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.

## GILES, BROTHER & CO.

GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

The old, and best known house in Chicago. Dealers in watches, Gold Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

my-10t 142 Lake St., Chicago.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL WORLD.—An illustrated monthly, devoted to music, literature, fine arts, and the drama. Each number contains a large amount of beautiful new music. One dollar per annum—specimen copies ten cents. Address

S. BRAINARD & SONS, Publishers,  
my-1y Cleveland, Ohio.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 5th Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to  
my-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau st., New York.

GEORGE PARR, Merchant, and Manufacturer of Carpenters' FIRMER and SOCKET CHISELS, TOOL CHESTS, Etc. Also, Curriers', Shoemakers', Saddlers', and Carpenters' Tools and Machinery.

Office and Factory,  
dec-tf No. 122 Court st., near Fifth, Buffalo, N. Y.

## THE NEW SPANISH PERFUME!

"FLOR DEL SANTO," "FLOR DEL SANTO," "FLOR DEL SANTO."

Taken from one of the rarest tropical exotics, by one of the most eminent Chemists in the world; it possesses a richness and delicacy of odor, placing it far in advance of any American perfume, and fully equal to any foreign production. Prepared only by

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON, Rochester, N. Y.  
11-jy Office 46 Lake Street, Chicago.





## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## GOLD AND GREENBACKS.

A good sailor at Callao had sent money home to his wife by me—a double eagle of gold, and a twenty-dollar greenback. While I was writing a letter to send with them, by express, to the good woman, the two lay together on my table. Of course, the gold lay on the greenback, and, being on top, looked down and muttered something which I did not clearly hear. *Greenback* fluttered and answered,

"Yes, you're on top of me. You are heavy—you keep me down. They say you are worth eight dollars more than I am. But, after all, I do more work than you do, and make more people happy! I don't care if you are solid gold. I'd rather be busy than precious, like you."

Said *Gold*, contemptuously, "You are not money at all—not at all. You are only paper, with a promise written on you. But I am money. I am twenty dollars. Anybody that gets me gets money. But you—what are you worth? You didn't cost two cents. It is a shame to call you twenty dollars."

I stopped writing the letter, and began to think. Which is worth the more, gold or greenback? money or a good, true promise? Said I,

"What is it that you promise, *Greenback*?"

"I do not promise anything. I just run around and tell people that 'THE UNITED STATES will pay the bearer [of me] twenty dollars at the treasury in New York.' And people believe the promise. And so they are willing to work hard and take me for pay."

"But how happened the United States to make such a promise?" I asked.

*Greenback* replied, "I remember well what the promise on me was given for. In 1865, I was young and new, and nobody had ever owned me. One day I was taken out of a little iron box by a man whom they called Paymaster—sometimes they called him Major. He took the bundle I was in, and came up to a little bed in a large room, and put me and four more like me into a sick man's hands, saying, 'There, Corporal, there's your pay in full!' The sick man took us, but did not look at us, nor read the promise. He held us in his hand, till the Major went away. Then he sent for the hospital Chaplain. He came, and asked what was wanting. 'I want you to write a letter for me,' said the Corporal. 'I can't see. I reckon I never shall see any more. Tell me what is on these new bills that Paymaster gave me. Read them to me.' So the Chaplain read, 'THE UNITED STATES will pay the bearer twenty dollars at the treasury in New York.' 'Well,' said Corporal, 'you put all five of them into a letter, and send them to my wife. She's a nice, little woman as you ever saw; and if I don't get back to her, tell her to pay off the debt on our house, and good people will be good friends to her, and help her to find work to keep the children together.'

"O, Corporal," said Chaplain, 'you'll go home yourself and see her, by and by. I'll write your letter, though, just as you say.'

"I hardly want to go home," answered the Corporal. "A blind man can't do much, you know. I'd rather finish up here, at City Point, and let Uncle Sam bury me with the boys. They'll pay my little wife a pension, won't they?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Chaplain. "They promised to; and the United States never break their promise."

"So the Chaplain took us five new and clean promises, and put us in a letter, and wrote to the Corporal's wife, and read to him what he had written, and then asked, 'Shall I write anything more?'"

"N—n—no," said the Corporal, slowly. "I may think of something—let me keep the letter till to-morrow." So he put it under his pillow, and fell asleep. By and by he woke, and took all five of us out of the envelope and counted us over—"one, two, three, four, five—twenty. That's a hundred. The United States will pay my wife a hundred dollars, and she will give the United States her husband. I wish I was worth more." And he put us all back into the envelope, and sealed it, with a kiss; and we could see no more.

"In the morning, we heard the Chaplain come again. He took the sealed letter, but did not open it. He wrote a postscript on a new half-sheet, and we heard the Corporal's wife read it to her children, a week afterward:

"P. S. My Dear Mrs. G.—I send you the sealed letter which I took from the

lips of your dear husband, Corporal G., who unexpectedly died last night. He was a brave man. He did his duty. He loved you and the children. God will comfort you, good people will love you, the United States will care for you."

"And that's the way," continued *Greenback*, after a pause, "that's the way the United States came to make the promise written on me; and I say it is as good as gold any day. I don't know where *Gold* was all those days, when we were so busy. I don't know what he was doing. Perhaps he does."

*Gold*, a little red in the face, replied, "I was reserved."

"Reserved?" said *Greenback*; "that means hid, don't it?"

"Well, yes—usefully hid. The currency was disturbed, and coin retired. Specie payments were suspended," said *Gold*, with dignity.

"That means," said *Greenback*, "that you were so precious, that when our country was in danger, and good men were dying to save her, you hid away, and left us greenbacks to do the work. And now you sneer at us, and call us nothing but paper promises! I tell you, a promise well kept is better than *GOLD*!"

"Perhaps so," replied *Gold*, coldly; "but suppose the promise is not kept!"

Not kept! The United States not keep a promise? The United States cheat? The United States tell lies and swindle folks? You ought to be ashamed to speak of it! And I was so angry at *Gold* that—

I woke up, and finished my letter to the good sailor's wife in Brooklyn, and sent it to her by express, with the double eagle and greenback twenty inside of it. But I love greenbacks better than gold. And the United States will keep their promises, every one of them. *Thos. K. Beecher*

## No. 41.—CHARADE.

My first, now Freedom's strife is o'er,  
On southern fields is used no more.  
My second you will often meet  
In country road or city street.  
My third the rich man makes with care,  
But in it has no part nor share.  
My whole my first will bid you take,  
And such a use of it to make  
As you must not, for pity's sake!

*M. B. C. S.*

## No. 42.—CHARADE.

When the morn, with shining pinions,  
Drives my second far away,  
Then o'er broad and wide dominions  
Holds my first his regal sway.  
'Gainst my first, to make my second,  
When you walk the sunny street,  
Half the number can't be reckoned  
Of my whole that you will meet—  
Dark or bright, or plain or speckened;  
Fringed or frilled, or gay or neat.

*M. B. C. S.*

## No. 43.—RIDDLE.

<p>Tell me, little Laughing Eyes, Who am I, both fool and wise? Who am I, both gay and sad? Who am I, both good and bad? Who am I, all black and white? Who am I, stupid and bright?</p>	<p>Who, when you alone must be, Bears you pleasant company? If I lie upon my face, Straight my back will break apace! Laughing Eyes, now say to me What you guess my name to be.</p>
--	--

*S. E. H.*

## No. 44.—RIDDLE.

Out of a dungeon deep I came  
Into the midst of cruel flame;  
Out of the fire I sprang at last,  
In at a narrow door I passed;  
But when I came out again to view,  
They took down the walls to let me through. *Johnny.*

## No. 45.—RIDDLE.

A trim little soldier, with only one eye,  
Clothed in shining armor, came slowly riding by;  
He planted his spear in a lily-white bed,  
Up sprang a rose, like a ruby, bright and red.  
Awkward little soldier, use your spear with care!  
Never try your weapons on a maiden fair!

*Gerty.*

## No. 49.—A PICTURE STORY.



This story tells how Bunny, the squirrel, helped to build a church. He was a real missionary, though he didn't know it. One day, he had been up in a tree for an acorn, and was sitting on a stone, taking the shell off. A man, looking over the fence, saw Bunny, and Bunny saw the man, and jumped. But as he sprang, he dropped his acorn; and the acorn made itself a nest in the soft, brown earth, and lay tucked up under the snow, until spring. When the spring came, with its spicy breath, the little acorn, having its shell already cracked, had nothing to do but to sprout and grow up. It wasn't much of a tree the first year, and Bunny could have gnawed it off in a minute, with his sharp teeth. But it grew bigger and bigger every year, until it came to be a great oak, full of acorns.

Now, the good people of that town were building themselves a house of worship. So the great oak that Bunny had planted, was cut down, hewn into timber, and drawn to the place. The men lifted it up, and placed it in the frame of the building, and it became a part of the house of God.

So every word that you drop from your mouth, sprouts up, and grows into a good tree or a bad tree, and God remembers it. W. O. C.

## No. 46.—CHARADE.

My first and second you will meet  
On Broadway, when you walk the street—  
So nice, so trim, so superfined,  
Yet most ignoble of his kind.  
My third and fourth roams o'er the sands,  
In distant Afric's desert lands—  
So brave, so strong, so grand and free,  
The noblest of his kind is he.  
My whole in summer time is seen  
On sunny meadows, broad and green;  
On lawns, fair palaces before,  
Or peeping in the poor man's door.  
No gold from California's mine  
Can half so bright or purely shine.

M. B. C. S.

## No. 47.—PUZZLE.

There's something that each child, woman and man  
Has looked for ever since the world began;  
All think, while they sleep, what came not to-day  
Will come, but at morn 'tis still far away.  
Always expecting 'twill come with the light,  
Yet ever it stands just over the night.  
To their dying day they look for it still—  
No one e'er saw it, and none ever will.

Lotta H. R.

## No. 50.—A PICTURE STORY.



There are a great many persons who think it a splendid thing, if they can manage to play a trick, and frighten people out of their wits. Harry had thought of a trick that he was sure would "frighten some one awfully." He took a sheet and wrapped it around him, and then hid himself in a large, old-fashioned chest, that stood in the chamber, in a corner. The cover of the chest closed down over him, and he lay there quietly, waiting for some one to come into the room. It was a pleasant, sunny room, and Emily, Harry's sister, loved to go there and play. So, when she had come in, and was quietly playing with her little, pet kitten, not knowing that any one was near, Harry sprang up, like a white ghost, from his hiding place. No wonder that Emily was frightened. Who wouldn't have been? Harry called it fun; but it proved to be dear fun to Harry, and to Emily, and to all of them. Emily, in her fright, fell down the stairs; and her father and mother came to her, and found her lying senseless at the foot of the stairs. For years and years, she did not recover from the hurt of that fall, and could only go, with her crutch and cane, down the garden walk.

I think Harry is sorry enough by this time, or I would tell him what I think of such things. W. O. C.

## No. 48.—RIDDLE.

There's a wonderful river that silently flows  
By channels and courses that nobody knows;  
Its tides never ebb, and its currents are strong,  
As it sweeps from its magical fountain along;  
It runs its swift course without pausing to rest,  
Till back to their fountain its surges have press'd. Prudy.

Little Allie Bentley is two years old. One evening, she was looking at the stars, and she saw a meteor fall, when she clapped her hands and said, "O, mamma, God flew a kiss to me, down from heaven."

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN JUNE NUMBER.

No. 35.—Charade.—In-sane. No. 36.—Riddle.—Honey Bee. No. 37.—Riddle.—Clock. No. 38.—Riddle.—Comb.

CLUBS for THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular

price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH &amp; CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

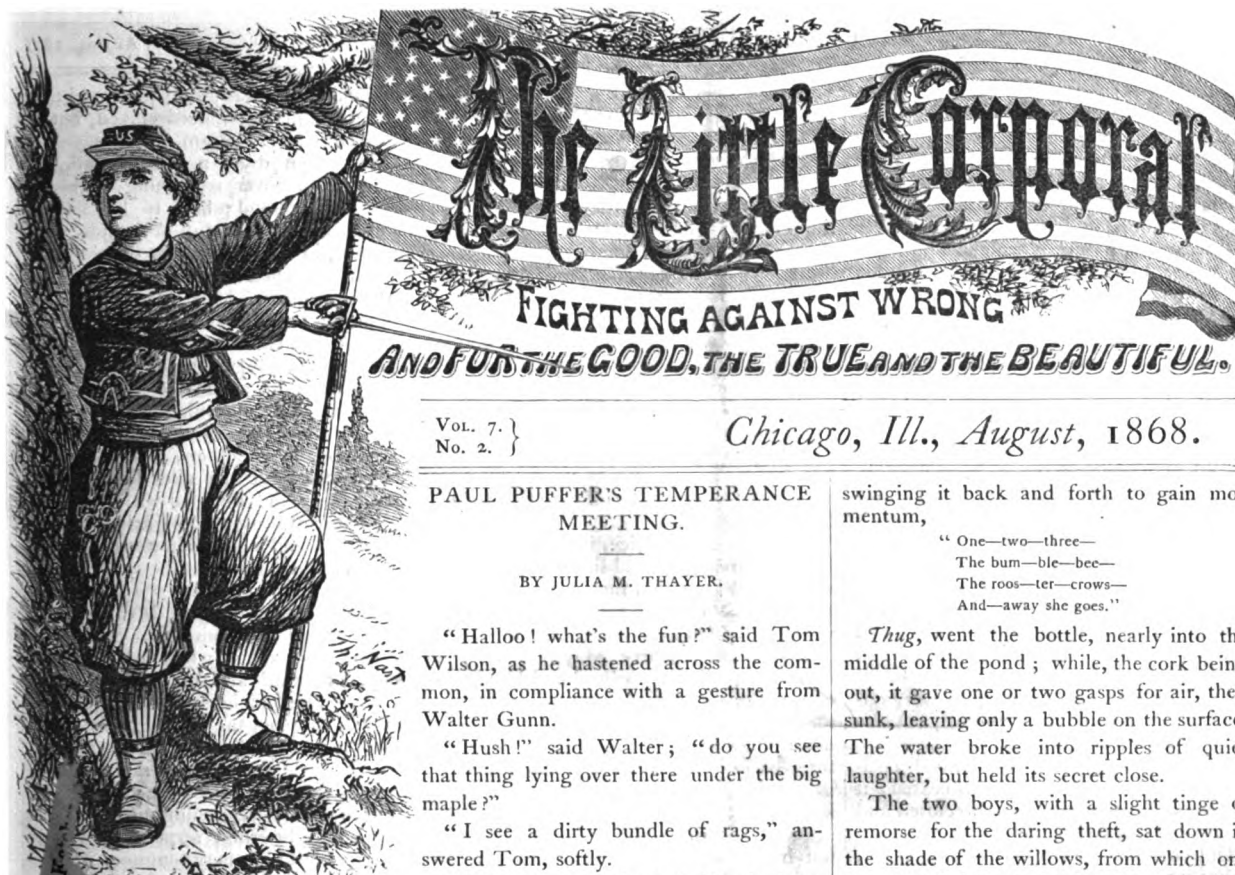
Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

A few advertisements, only, will be inserted in *The Little Corporal*. One Dollar a line, each insertion, is charged for inside page; one dollar and a half a line for outside page; double price for cuts or extra display.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**

Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



Vol. 7. }  
No. 2. }

Chicago, Ill., August, 1868.

### PAUL PUFFER'S TEMPERANCE MEETING.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

"Halloo! what's the fun?" said Tom Wilson, as he hastened across the common, in compliance with a gesture from Walter Gunn.

"Hush!" said Walter; "do you see that thing lying over there under the big maple?"

"I see a dirty bundle of rags," answered Tom, softly.

"Humph! and what's inside the bundle, Tom? Make that out, if you can."

"It's Paul Puffer, as true as I live," cried Tom; "and a precious sot he is. Dead drunk, I'll warrant. And what is he hugging so close, Walt? a baby—or a kitten—or a—pshaw! it's his old demijohn. Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Tom, holding his sides; "how he loves the 'cratur,' Walt."

"Now," said Walter, "keep quiet, and see what old Puffy will do, when he wakes up and finds his 'baby' gone."

"What! Walt, you're not going to—"

"Yes, that's just what I'm going to," said Walter, resolutely. "Why not, pray tell? If I saw a man with a razor at his throat, wouldn't I snatch it away, double quick? Now, here's a poor fellow with no more sense than a dead dog, and a dose of poison directly under his nose. I tell you what, Tom, there's death and destruction in that old demijohn, and I shall consider myself the benefactor of mankind, if I make away with it. So here goes!"

Tom held his breath, while Walter crept softly up to the sleeper, who was too thoroughly steeped in the contents of the bottle to be aware of its abstraction. They watched him a moment, in silence; then, with hasty steps, turned toward the margin of a pond that lay at a little distance. Making a stone fast to the wicker handle of the demijohn, "Now," said Walter,

swinging it back and forth to gain momentum,

"One—two—three—  
The bum—ble—bee—  
The roos—ter—crows—  
And—away she goes."

Thug, went the bottle, nearly into the middle of the pond; while, the cork being out, it gave one or two gasps for air, then sunk, leaving only a bubble on the surface. The water broke into ripples of quiet laughter, but held its secret close.

The two boys, with a slight tinge of remorse for the daring theft, sat down in the shade of the willows, from which one began to fashion a whistle; the other, with hands clasped over his knees, was wrapt in thought. At last, Walter broke the silence.

"I say, Tom, was that a shabby trick, or not?"

"Rather," said Tom, coolly, "considering that your father sells him the liquor."

"I never thought of that," replied Walter, his brow flushing crimson; "my father does sell it, and we live on the profits. We have a fine house and furniture, and a grand piano; while Paul Puffer, and others like him, have rags and dirt and disgrace; and their families have abuse and starvation. It isn't a very even trade, is it, Tom? O, I hate it from the bottom of my soul."

"Fie!" said Tom, "what need you care? If your father didn't do it, somebody else would."

"Just what father says," replied Walter; "but my mother is a good, Christian woman, and she's down on the whole thing. She says she would rather have her children beggars, than to see them enriched by such a traffic. I've promised her, solemnly, that I will never have anything to do with it. The truth is, Tom, I'm a sworn enemy to King Alcohol, and if I were only a man—fact is, I've a great mind to do something, now."

"And who says you haven't done something," cried Tom; "come!" and giving a last look at "old Puffy," who still clapped

MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
OR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewall, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

### "WHEN I AM A MAN."

BY PRUDY.

Rosy, little dreamer!

To your childish eyes  
All the wondrous future  
Shines in rainbow dyes;  
And the golden distance  
Fairy arches span,  
While your red lips murmur,  
"When I am a man."

How your dark eyes kindle  
With a hidden fire,  
While your busy fancy  
Builds the castle higher;  
Never knight was braver  
Noble deeds to plan,  
Waiting for their doing  
"Till I am a man."

Rosy, little dreamer,  
Build upon the rock!  
Though your castles crumble,  
That will bear the shock;  
In your simple childhood  
Serving as you can;  
Grandier work awaits you  
When you are a man!

his darling demijohn, in dreams, they turned homewards.

Mr. Gunn was a highly respectable liquor dealer, wholesale and retail, in the beautiful village of Maplewood.

His establishment, with its large assortment of liquors, its shining rows of glasses and decanters, its neatly sanded floor, and the pretty bouquet of flowers that graced the center table, on a summer morning, had a cosy and pleasant aspect.

Mr. Gunn was, also, in his way, a strictly honest man. His brandies were the purest, his wines the choicest, his business transactions the most honorable.

If a well-to-do customer presented himself, he did the best he could for him; ransacked the cellar for the rarest beverages, was polite, friendly, agreeable; and strove to overcome any unpleasant memories of a neglected home or forsaken workshop.

For all this kindness, he accepted, as long as it was to be had, money; after that, jewelry, at one quarter its value—a wife's locket, or a wedding ring; the well-saved wardrobe of better days; or, these failing, a mortgage, perhaps, on the little house and lot, already so stripped of every appearance of decency and comfort, as to be scarcely worth his acceptance.

But there was a point where his disposition to oblige his thirsty friends ceased; it was when the mortgage was foreclosed and his victims beggared.

Did you ever see a fat, villainous spider, luring simple flies into his meshes, and then sucking their life blood?

Just so was Mr. Gunn. Many a man, prosperous and happy, had gone into his den, and come out, so to speak, stripped of all that makes life a blessing.

Many a youth, full of promise, had stepped in there to take a social glass with a friend, and come out with character wrecked, and hopes blighted. Many a lad, from sucking cider through a straw, outside the door, had gone on until he drained the very dregs of woe and ruin.

But it is time we had Mr. Gunn's opinion of all this.

"Let me see," said he, to himself, pacing back and forth, with his hands behind him; "twenty-five years ago I commenced business; one year more, and I shall be satisfied to close out the concern. Light up, Jenkins, and make it look as cheerful as possible. We must try and get back some of our old customers. There's Puffer hasn't been around these six weeks; wonder what's become of him! and Joel Grinders—do you know anything about him?"

"Dead," said Jenkins, shortly, giving the gas an extra turn.

"Dead! how's that?"

"Delirium tremens, sir; was down there, myself; never want to see another such a sight. Goodness! he thought all the fiends of darkness were after him!"

Mr. Gunn was silent; and, to judge from the expression of his countenance, his thoughts were anything but pleasant.

At this moment some one touched his elbow, and, turning around, he beheld a little, pale, pinched face, with a precocious look of suffering stamped upon it. A child's voice whined,

"Please, sir, I want a loaf of bread—I'm hungry; and mother said I should ask

you for a new hat and a pair of shoes—these 'uns has holes in 'em."

"In the name of goodness, who is your mother, and what did she send you to me for?"

"Ain't your name Mr. Gunn?" asked the child, innocently; "and don't you keep a whisky store?"

Mr. Gunn nodded, mechanically.

"Well, then," continued the little one, "my n.other says you owe her, and she'd just as lief have it now as any time. Something to eat, first; and then we want to get fixed up a little, so that the boys and girls won't laugh at Jenny and me when we go to Sunday school."

"There's some mistake about this," said Mr. Gunn, hastily; "take that, and buy a loaf of bread, and be off with you! d'ye hear?"

"Stop!" said a voice, in the doorway; "do you treat my child like a beggar, and send him forth with a mere pittance, when all our little fortune has gone to enrich your coffers? Tell me, Mr. Gunn, do you remember Harry May? Ah! you may well quail, sir. Who lured him from the path of virtue? Who held to his lips the enticing cup? Who robbed his family, day by day, and little by little, of the comforts of life? Who stole away the husband's love, the father's honor, the dear, little home, until, at last, goaded to madness, he put the razor to his throat, and fell into a suicide's grave? As sure as there is a God in heaven, his blood will be required of you!" cried the woman, frantically, with clasped hands and uplifted, streaming eyes.

Mr. Gunn was paralyzed; and, before he could recall his scattered senses, a tall form stepped between him and the doorway. Her gray hair streaming in the wind, her tattered garments fluttering around her, she lifted one palsied hand to heaven, and almost shrieked,

"Come to judgment! Samuel Gunn! Come to judgment! the books are opened, the vial of wrath is full! Woe, woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips! Isn't it all written down in blood?"

"Put her out," cried Mr. Gunn, sternly; "put out the crazy hag!"

No one stirred.

"Listen," said she, more softly, stepping a little nearer; "they are all waiting for you there. Benny, my darling—he was the last—and his five, tall brothers, noble and beautiful—O how my heart swelled with pride! but they are all gone—they fill drunkards' graves, with their father before them."

"Come, come, boys," said Mr. Gunn, "put her out! the woman's mad."

"Yes! yes!" she cried, wildly; "I am mad! and who made me so? Who mixed the cup that poisoned my darlings, and sent them unprepared to judgment? and crazed poor, old Sal, that the very children in the streets point their fingers at her? It was you—you!" she cried, shaking her fist at Mr. Gunn, who, terrified and utterly cowed, shrank into the farthest corner of the room. "Assassin—serpent—devil! I loathe you, I despise you! I would rather hug my woe, and wander, a barefooted beggar, from door to door, than stand where you do when the last trump sounds."

Suddenly she was gone; poor, old Sally, whom trouble had indeed crazed, but not deprived of every gleam of sense.

Mr. Gunn drew a long breath, and thought to recover something of his lost sense of manhood; but, to his astonishment, his room was full of people, whose entrance, in the excitement of old Sally's visit, had escaped his notice. There were a dozen women, Mrs. May and others, whom he recognized as wives of his customers—drunkards' wives—with care-worn faces and shabby garments; and foremost among them he shuddered to observe the pale face and mourning garb of poor Molly Grinders. A score of children clung to their mothers, or gazed with eager curiosity at the gilded garniture of the room. And mingled with the crowd were many of those who nightly frequented the saloon, and now, voluntarily or involuntarily, remained to witness the *dénouement* of the strange scene. The idea of a plot entered the mind of Mr. Gunn, and he was about to inquire the cause of the unusual proceedings, when, lo! Paul Puffer stepped forward and requested a glass of spirits. The officious Jenkins poured it out, and dropped the money in the drawer. There it stood, full in the gas light.

"Ah!" said Puffer, in a sarcastic tone, pointing to the glass; "there you are again, my arch enemy, beckoning me to perdition with your glittering, serpent eyes; there you are, with your fiery tongue, luring me, body and soul, to destruction. See it foam, and dance, and sparkle," he continued, shaking the liquor; "what visions I see! here is a pretty cottage, a lovely group of children, a happy father and mother; now they are gone, and I see a cursed and blighted wretch, raising his hand to strike the heart that loves him, spurning his children with his feet, and reeling towards the gutter. Here are two aged parents, frenzied with grief, laying their only son in a drunkard's grave. Here is a prison filled with convicts; a gallows with its victim. O what scenes of horror and desolation! O what souls lost, what homes blighted, what hopes destroyed, by this cup! Don't I know it? haven't I tasted it? But think you I will ever put it to these lips again? With God's help, *never!*" and he set it down so violently that the frail glass was shattered to atoms.

"When I was a boy," he continued, "I read of an Egyptian queen, who, with lavish hand, dissolved in her goblet a costly pearl, and quaffed it. One pearl—only one; how many have I cast into this cup? Manhood, one; health, two; happiness, three; friendship, four; each more precious than the wealth of the Indies. But I have done with it—I am a free man. Six weeks ago, as I lay asleep in the gutter, some good angel stole my demijohn—no, snatched from my grasp a deadly reptile. That night I went home a sober man. With the morning light, new thoughts dawned upon my soul. My Maggie, true wife, whose love never failed in the darkest hour, stood by to pray for and encourage me; so I stand here to-night, a *sworn foe to all that can intoxicate!* now, comrades, who will join me?"

There was an instant's hush.

"I," said John Bellows, stepping forth

with a manly stride, by the side of Paul. "And I," said Patrick Ryan, "with God's help."

"You'll have it, you'll have it!" cried a woman's voice.

"Now," said Paul Puffer, "Mr. Gunn, I am done with you. I thank you for the use of your room for this *temperance* meeting. Perhaps it will relieve your perplexity to know that you are indebted to me, chiefly, for this *pleasant* surprise."

"Stop! stop!" said Mr. Gunn; "I have something to say;" and he stepped out before the strange, little assembly, and paced back and forth, with rapid strides; his features worked nervously, and his face flushed and paled by turns, "Before God, Puffer, I believe you've spoken the truth; and old Sally spoke the truth; and poor, little Mrs. May spoke the truth; and I—O Heavens! what have I not to answer for? I will give up this wicked traffic. Would to God I had never gone into it! would that I were free from this load of responsibility! Jenkins, turn it into the street! out with the poison, I say; stave in the barrels!"

"Good! good!" cried Walter.

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom, no longer able to control himself; for, to be sure, they had been interested witnesses of the evening's proceedings.

Now busy hands went joyously to work—even the women helped; and almost in less time than it takes to record it, streams of ardent spirits—more to be dreaded than burning lava—were flowing down the street.

"Once more," said Mr. Gunn, "I have a word to say. I wish to make some little reparation to these women and children who have suffered through my instrumentality. Here are a thousand dollars of the profits of this vile business. It surely is no more than honest to divide it among you." So, with glad hearts and tearful eyes, the little company dispersed.

A few months later, the liquor establishment of Samuel Gunn was remodeled into a literary hall, where, through the efficient labors of the owner, was begun a radical reform in the morals of Maplewood, which traced back its origin to Paul Puffer's temperance meeting.

### BLIND JOSHUA.

BY W. O. C.

When I was a boy, I had a friend who was blind. He was an old man, and I was but a lad; but I loved him very much, and I think he loved me in return. He used sometimes to come up to my father's, to saw wood, and that was how I came first to know him. When I saw him coming, down at the end of the long, green lane, I often ran out to meet him, and offered to help him along.

"Ha! my friend," he would say, "you needn't be troubled about me. I know these roads better than any man around here. I could show any of them the way in a dark night; because, you see, I know how the ground *feels*, every inch of it."

But there is one thing I haven't told you. My dear, good, old friend was *poor*; just

as poor, I suppose, as a man could be. He had no friends who were able or willing to take care of him. He earned a little, making mats and baskets, but he was very poor. Still, I never loved him any the less on that account. He always made me feel that he was *rich*. He seemed to me the richest man I knew. *He felt rich in his heart*; and that's more than a great many people do, when they have bags full of money. He never had any troubles to tell over, when I met him, but his face always shone as if there had been a light behind it. There were some glorious thoughts down behind those sightless eyeballs. "Why," said he, "I am the happiest man in the world. I feast with angels all the day, and have a Friend who never leaves me. No, no; I wouldn't exchange my lot for the crown of a king."

Sometimes I called at his poor, old cabin, and I always found him happy. I always loved to go, and watch him at his work, and hear him talk, for it always made me better.

"What is it," I said, "what is it that makes you so happy, when you haven't any eyes nor any money?"

"O," said he, "it is because I am so rich. God is my father and Christ is my Saviour, and I have a new house—"an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

### ADINE'S GUEST.

BY ALTA GRANT.

One golden morn, to Adine's home there came  
The angel bearer of a sweet behest—

With loving care,

Adine, thy house prepare,

For Christ the Lord this day shall be thy guest.

With awe, Adine the heavenly message heard—  
A holy hush fell on her heart and face—

And going to and fro,

She whispered low,

"To-day His presence shall make glad this place."

Long hours she watched—and while she bent  
her ear,

And thro' the twilight strained her eager sight,

A shadow crossed the floor,

And at the door

A sad-eyed child begged shelter from the night.

But Adine, waiting for her Kingly guest,

With hope and fear at war within her heart,

No thought or care

The weary child could spare,

And with ungracious alms bade him depart.

Then suddenly the childish form was changed,

And with a look that smote her like a sword—

All fair and bright

In robes of silvery white—

He turned and said, "Adine, behold thy Lord!"

And while with trembling hands her face she hid,

The glory faded that thro' the place had shone;

The sheen of pinions fair

Swept thro' the silent air,

And in the twilight dim she stood alone.

Still for the Master's coming Adine waits,

But help from those who ~~no~~ more with-

For, evermore, ~~no~~ holds,

In all who seek her door,

Adine the image of her Lord beholds!

### FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

#### NUMBER VII.

The months were already clustering into years, since Mr. Rivers brought his wife and children to Italy, and still all was indefinite about returning home. For the next six months, however, their stay was determined upon; and, finding the air of Piedmont so clear and bracing, Mr. Rivers had chosen an old, mediæval castle, ten or twelve miles south of Turin, as their headquarters for the summer. As yet, neither Fred nor Fanny had seen the place, but one evening, after all arrangements for taking it had been satisfactorily made, Mr. Rivers promised that the next day they would all drive out to it; so, early the next morning, a large, double-seated carriage, with top thrown back, and drawn by a span of impatient horses, drove into the court. Fanny had been watching for it, and now bounded around the room like a little grasshopper, in her eagerness to "hurry up things." Beside shawls and other wrappings, taken to keep off the chilly, night air, in which they might return, a large lunch basket was stowed away.

Fanny had asked her father a great many questions about this Piobesan castle to which they were going, but he only shook his head, saying, "You will see before long." So her imagination had had full play; but it must be a very cheerless and forlorn place, if that old photograph looked like it, she thought, and wished again and again she hadn't seen it.

"Well, it's a *castle*, if it is uncomfortable!" and this consoling assurance made all bright again.

From the lunch basket, she argued that no one lived near there, else they would surely have something to eat.

At last all was ready, and the carriage glided across the square and down the broad streets, with their white pavements. Turin always resembled an immense palace with its hundreds of corridors, so neat and clean was every street. Its shining pavements looked as if scrubbed each morning as faithfully as a ship's deck. Tiny, round stones were used in paving the streets of the city, but each street was traced with a double line of broad flagstones, upon which the carriage wheels rolled almost noiselessly.

Outside the city, both round stones and broad flags disappeared, and in their stead was the brilliant gleam of the smooth, hard, white road. Trees, with their thick, green foliage, arched above the carriage, while the soft air was loaded with the sweet notes and clear trill of the matchless nightingale.

"This is the royal avenue to Stupinigi," said Mr. Rivers. "What do you think of it, little one? Is it fit for a king?"

"Yes, for just such kings as we are," answered Fanny, dreamily leaning back against the soft cushions. "If they had made it merely for us, they couldn't have suited us better, could they?"

"What do you mean by 'Stupinigi,' father?" asked Fred. "Is it a village?"

"I believe there are a few houses near,



but this avenue leads directly to the hunting lodge of the king. Here, stand up and turn around, and far ahead you will see it."

"How far off is it?"

"Eight or nine miles from Turin."

"Is the—our castle near it?" asked Fanny

"Three miles beyond," replied her father, amused to see how lovingly she dwelt upon the possessive pronoun.

The nine miles were quickly left behind them, and the carriage stood before the gate of the Stupinigi palace, or royal hunting lodge. On the roof of the building was poised a bronze stag, while behind it stretched away in the distance a fine park, filled with deer, silver and golden pheasants, rabbits, hare, chamois, and other kinds of game. The king often invited his friends to come here and hunt with him.

Here the broad, shady avenue abruptly ended, and the carriage turned off into a careless, country road, winding gracefully through the wheat fields bright with scarlet poppies.

"Drive slowly, Giovanni," said Fred to the coachman. "It is too beautiful here to hurry away."

"Look, Fred, here is a river!" called out Fanny, as the carriage rolled along the high banks which sloped down to the shining, dancing waters of the Cislago; "only I wish it weren't so far away from our— from the place we are going to."

"I don't think it can be very far away," said her mother; "for, see, you can count one, two, three bends in the direction we are going."

The carriage was climbing, now, a heavy, stone bridge which here spanned the stream, and when at the top of the arch, one fairly held one's breath with delight. Around them were the green fields, brilliant with poppies, on one hand the hunting lodge and park, on the other the massive, royal palace of Moncalieri; before them, the black towers of their future home; while, almost encircling them, and seemingly at but a few rods distance, was that mighty, mountain chain, blinding them with its glittering diamond-drops; and below them, the cool, happy, sparkling water.

But the horses were too impatient to stop long, and dashed away as soon as they felt the rein slacken.

The castle towers now rose higher and blacker among the trees which at first concealed them. At the foot of the walls, the river again cut the road, and was here arched by an exceedingly venerable excuse for a bridge. Fred concluded it must be older than the walls, and, as they crossed it, enjoined silence upon all present, unless they wished for a cold bath, as he was sure the weight of a word would cause the whole structure to crumble away. However, determined on proving that appearances belied it, it sturdily held together while the carriage passed over. On this side the wheels again clattered over the inevitable, round paving stones, announcing, unmistakably, the proximity of a village. Sure enough, at the next corner, the carriage turned into a narrow street, lined on both sides with low, stone build-

ings. Every door and window was filled with dark, bright faces, and innumerable black eyes followed the strangers as they drove slowly through the town.

"Where are we, papa?" asked the bewildered, little Fanny.

"This is the village of Piobesi, from which the overlooking castle takes its name. Can you see it, on yonder elevation?"

In a few minutes they came upon an open square, edged on one side by high, stone walls and iron gratings; above them were seen, a few rods within the walls, sloping roofs, engaged columns, and jagged battlements.

The carriage stopped at a closed archway, and the footman gave the bell rope a pull which would have done credit to the bellringer at Cock Robin's funeral. It was quickly answered by a sweet-faced woman, with a bright-eyed, laughing baby in her arms, and an eight-year old boy at her side.

"Ah! the new Signori," said she, with a graceful courtesy; "welcome, welcome."

The footman let down the carriage steps, and, as the party alighted, told them this was Leopolda, the gardener's wife. They entered the archway, and found themselves under a long row of stone cloisters. The supporting columns of the open sides were twined with rosebushes and grapevines, and through these were seen flower-garden patches, hedged around with box, and large magnolia trees laden with blossoms. Still farther, a shaded avenue led from the iron entrance gates beyond the tower. They could see no farther than this in that direction, so they turned to look in another. By this time Leopolda had returned from her room with the keys.

A rough, stone staircase led from the cloisters to the first floor, or rather, as we should have called it in America, the second floor; for there the ground floor was used only for gardener's rooms, porter's lodge, kitchen department, and things of that kind.

There were several turns in the staircase, but the last one brought them into the cosiest, coolest, little room to be imagined. One side was quite open, and looked east over the garden through broad arches, resembling those of the cloisters, while the morning sun was excluded by green, rolling blinds, drawn upward from the capitals of the columns. From this room they went on exploring the place, each moment revealing something which called forth exclamations of delight or astonishment from the two young folks.

The drawing room was very large, and, like most of the other rooms in the building, vaulted and frescoed. The floor was of bits of wood laid together in a beautiful, mosaic pattern, waxed and polished till one could almost see one's face in it. All the other floors were rough stone, painted and varnished brick, or marble. The drawing-room windows opened upon a vine-covered veranda, which, by following around, brought one to the little room at the head of the stairs.

Up stairs and down wandered Fred and Fanny, through long halls, crooked turnings, and almost endless corridors. Finally they returned to the drawing room and

threw themselves, quite tired out, upon the low, cushioned divan.

"Well," said Fred, "Fanny and I have counted over thirty rooms, and I shouldn't be surprised if there were half as many more."

"A splendid place for rainy days," suggested Fanny.

"Have you climbed the tower yet?" asked Mrs. Rivers, who was lying on a sofa opposite the long divan.

"No," answered Fanny. "Leopolda says her husband went to Turin, this morning, and she doesn't know where he keeps the key, so we must keep that climb for another day."

"And, indeed, just now," continued Fred, "for my part I feel quite resigned, and decidedly prefer this divan even to the black moss up there, for Fanny insists it must be mossy, and that the moss must be black. The only thing that troubles her is that there is no drawbridge here."

"And then the old moat," said Fanny, "is quite spoiled—instead of water, it's all filled with flowers, peach, plum, cherry, and fig trees."

"What a misfortune!" signed Fred, interrupting her; "how much more agreeable in every way the dark, stagnant water would be than these troublesome trees!"

"Now I'm not going to grieve for the moat, so you needn't take the trouble, Master Fred, to make fun of me, for even the grapevines with which the walls are covered would console me, if nothing else would; and beside—"

With a frightened "O, mamma!" Fanny here sprang from the divan to the middle of the room.

"What is it, child?" Mrs. Rivers asked.

"I'm sure I don't know, it was something running over me."

"Only a poor, little lizard," said Fred, comfortingly. "Never mind it, Fanny—come back."

"A lizard! Was it one, truly, Fred? No, indeed! I'll never lie down there again—never—ugh!"

"Why, Fanny, you little, silly thing! You'll have to give up all such nonsense, if you are going to enjoy 'our' castle; I dare say we shall have these beautiful, little creatures in the house and darting over us every day."

"Fred!"

"But truly, Fanny, I mean what I say; there seem to be thousands of them around here, and any dark, rainy day will drive them indoors."

"But they send shivers all over me."

"Well," and Fred shrugged his shoulders, "I advise you to make up your mind to associate with them willingly, for they will constitute themselves self-invited guests very often."

This was a view of things Fanny had not anticipated, and it dampened, somewhat, her admiration for the place. She threw herself back in a lounging chair among the cushions, and began to think about it. Her little, chattering tongue once still, Fred, on the divan, was soon dozing.

It was not Fanny's habit to make very lengthy reflections upon any subject, and a few moments later she was again in the garden. Half an hour after, when Fred

went to look for her, he found her pushing aside the currant bushes, opening the box borders with her fingers, and peering through the hedges.

"What are you doing, Fanny?"

"Following your advice, and making the acquaintance of the lizards," she replied, in a very business-like manner, and without looking up.

"Brava!" cried Fred. "I like that. Here's one that seems to favor your intention," he added, as a great, green-and-golden fellow darted into the path, stopping midway in the sunshine to look at the two intruders, and make up his mind if they were friends or enemies, and then disappeared, with lightning speed, within the shadows of the opposite hedge.

"Wait a moment, and let's see what he will do," said Fanny.

A minute or two after, the bright-eyed creature glided again into the sunny path, accompanied this time by its mate. For a half second, again, they looked around, then disappeared as before.

After this, Fred and his sister went down the avenue, through the gates, and out into the village among the village people. The women all smiled and courtesied, and the men touched their hats. Of course, Fred was polite enough to raise his in return; but he told Fanny, confidentially, afterward, that he meant always to wear his old hat when he went through the village, for a new one would be quickly worn out with such incessant taking off and putting on.

Altogether the day was a very happy one, and the sun sinking behind the snow peaks first suggested the thought of returning. The carriage was brought out, the horses were harnessed, the merry party seated, gates opened, closed and locked, then the wheels turned over the paving stones with a deafening noise, almost drowning every word spoken. A dead silence followed, as Fred gravely raised his finger to his lips while passing over the tottering bridge, and then the eager horses dashed away along the winding road to the royal avenue, and almost before the tired Fanny could fall fairly asleep, they drove into the court, and her father carried her up stairs in his arms. This made her laugh, and quite waked her up; but she was very glad, a few moments after, to say good night to all, and soon went to sleep to dream of golden and brown and green and striped lizards, and of Fred's "*brava*," which had pleased her most of all.

#### A PICTURE.

Three little children at play in the meadow,  
Merry as heart can be;  
Watching the shadows floating over,  
Chasing the honey bee;  
Sucking the drops of nectar hidden  
Deep in the clover cell,  
Blowing the seeds of the downy thistle,  
Guessing their fairy spell.

Close by the door the patient mother  
Toileth the whole day long;  
Smiling to see the children's frolic,  
Thanking the Lord in song.  
She has no share of the lordly acres  
Stretching away from her door;  
Shelter and food the Father sends her,  
Why should she sigh for more? *Prudy.*

#### BIANCA.

BY E. F. MILTON.

"Mamma," said little Bianca, as she came in from play, looking quite unhappy, "Helen Willis said, just now, that I had a funny name; and then Lucy Mason laughed, and said yes, it was rather odd. People are always saying so."

"Well, what of that?" said her mother; "you don't mind, do you? I think Bianca is a very pretty name."

"O, I don't, mamma! Couldn't it be changed?"

"Why, no, darling, it is rather late for that; you are not a baby, you are six years old; and how odd it would seem to hear my little Bianca called Lucy, or Jennie, or Anna, or anything else. I wouldn't give it another thought. Don't you think, maybe, a story would drive this new idea out of your head?"

"O, mamma, *will* you tell me one? It's a whole week since you did."

"Wait a minute for me, too," cried Mary, who was getting off her cloak and hood, in the hall.

She was by her mother's side in half a minute, and this is the story, as Mrs. Spencer told it:

"A good many years ago, in one of the noisiest, most unpleasant parts of this great city, there was a public school, taught by a young lady named Mary. The school was in a low, wooden house, and so surrounded by taller buildings, that only a little bit of sky could be seen from its windows. But this little bit was a great comfort to the young teacher, who had been brought up in the country; and often, when she felt tired, from the closeness of her little schoolroom, she would go for a minute to the window overlooking the playground, to look at the sky, and at a tree that grew in a corner of the yard. The sky, of course, was not always blue, nor the tree always green; but they were always good company for her.

"One day in early spring, as she stood there, she heard a little voice calling, softly and timidly, 'Teacher! teacher!' It seemed to come from above, and she looked up. A high, brick wall bounded the yard, and on the other side of the wall was a tall, old, stone house, at the attic window of which she saw a little girl standing. This child had a sweet face, and very beautiful, dark eyes. Mary knew, in a minute, that she must be an Italian child, and she loved her, too, in a minute. She looked pale and sickly and lonely. Poor child! she had been at that window, day after day, watching the children at their play; watching the teacher, too, and wishing she could be a little scholar."

"Mamma, was it a nice teacher?" said Mary.

"You must judge of her from my story," said her mamma. "The children loved her—that's one thing in her favor."

"Well, she couldn't speak to the little girl, because it would disturb the children in the room; and she couldn't stay at the window, for there were all the lessons to hear; but she smiled and threw a kiss, and then the child laughed, and kissed her little hand, too."

"After this, Mary went almost every day to the window, to look and smile at her little neighbor, and the two became very fond of each other, although they very seldom spoke. Once or twice, Mary had looked up, at noon time, and said, 'How do you do?' or, 'Dear, little girl!' but it was so high and so far off, it was not much use to try to talk."

"She often thought of going to see the child; but although it seemed so near, it was really a long way around from the school to the stone house, and through such a wretched neighborhood, that she felt afraid to go."

"When the bright, June weather came, and the tree in the corner of the yard was green, Mary saw that the child was always watching; and so, whenever the children were singing, she set all the windows wide open, that she might hear the music. But one day the little face was gone. Mary missed it very much; and when she looked the next day, and still the place was empty, she felt very anxious."

"That second day, in the afternoon, a friend from the country brought her some roses—not a stiff, round boquet, but a great branch of white roses, with plenty of buds and green leaves. She loved flowers, dearly, but seldom had any, so she was delighted with these, and so were the children. She put them in a vase of water, and they made the little room look very cheerful. It was rather a dark room, even in summer. When school was done that night, Mary sat down to enjoy those roses, and she smelled of them every one, and counted the buds, and tried to calculate how long they would last. Just then she heard a knock at the door, and, on opening it, found a poor Italian woman, who proved to be the mother of the little girl in the attic. She said her child was very sick, and that she begged continually for 'the teacher, the kind teacher,' and wanted to be carried to the window, though she was too weak to sit up."

"And so," said the poor woman, "I made bold to come and tell you, ma'am, and ask if you will come to see her?"

"Mary hurried on her bonnet and mantle, but just as she was leaving the room, her eye fell on the roses. What a pleasure they might be to that poor child, she thought. But then they were such a pleasure to herself; how could she spare them? She hesitated just a minute—and then she felt sorry to have such a selfish thought, and she took them with her. She went with the woman through several dirty streets, and then into a narrow alley, where, over the high wall, she could just see the top of her little school-house, and then they went into the old, stone house, and up four long flights of stairs to the room where the little girl was. She was lying on a bed in a corner. It was a very poor bed, and a very wretched-looking room. When she saw Mary she raised herself up, and she did not exactly smile, but her face flushed, and she looked as if she felt quite contented—as if this was all she wanted. Mary sat down by her and kissed her, and then showed her the roses. She smiled, then, and pressed her little hands together. She was too weak to talk much. The tears came into

Mary's eyes. She thought she had never seen any face so beautiful. She gave her one of the roses to hold in her hand, and put the rest in water.

"For two days, Mary spent all the time she could spare from other duties by this little bed; and she talked to the child about Jesus, who loved little children, and told her much about that happy land where she was going to be with Him forever—for this dear, little girl was about to die. It was all new to her, and she would lie very quiet and happy, with her great, dark eyes fixed on Mary's face. When she had not Mary to look at, her mother said, she took great pleasure in the roses, which kept beautifully fresh, and she loved to smell them, and to watch the little buds opening, and often wanted one in her hand or on her pillow."

Mrs. Spencer noticed, just here, that Bianca's eyes were full of tears.

"My dear, little girl," said she, putting her arm around her, "don't cry."

"O, mamma," said Bianca, sobbing, "this is such a sad story."

"I did not realize that it was," said her mother, "though I understand how you feel about it. But do not feel so; it was not sad for this little girl to die. Her mother, though she loved her as well as she could love anything, was neglectful of her, and sometimes even unkind. She had no father, no playmates. She had lived, ever since she could remember, in this attic; she was lonely and sickly. This teacher, and the roses, were the greatest pleasure and the best company she had ever had. Now she was going to a beautiful home, away from sickness and poverty and loneliness, to be always with Jesus, who loved her. It was all a bright reality to her, and she was very happy. It makes me think of the two lines I have heard—

"Well shall be ended that ill begun,  
Out of the shadow into the sun."

"Don't cry for her. But there is not much more to tell you of her. In a day or two she died; and Mary made a little, white dress for her, and she put in her hand one of the newly-opened rosebuds, and laid around her the few that were left. And she talked with the poor mother, who was in great trouble; and she cried, and thanked Mary, and promised to try to lead a better life and meet her little child in heaven.

"The next autumn, Mary fell sick herself. She had not been feeling very strong for a good while, and finally she had to give up her school. She felt very sad, and thought she should never be well again.

"One winter's day, she was lying on her bed, very still, and with her eyes shut, though she was not asleep. She heard some one coming up; but she supposed it was some of her family, and did not open her eyes, even when the footsteps stopped very near her bed. But she smelled, in an instant, a most delicious perfume, and then she looked up. There, close by her, stood the Italian woman, with a flower pot in her hand, in which was a little rose tree, full of blossoms. This poor woman had noticed, from her window, that Mary looked pale and thin, and when she saw a new teacher in the schoolroom, she understood that Mary must be sick. She felt so grate-

ful to her that she wanted to give her something, and she could think of nothing so nice as that which had pleased her own little girl so much; so she had bought this rosebush, and now came with it to the sickroom. Mary cried when she saw it. She was very weak and sad, as I have told you, and she thought the roses would be growing on her grave before long, and so she told the woman. But you need not cry again, my little daughter, for she did not die. She got well again; and she is alive and well now, and is married and has children of her own. Her first little daughter was very fair, and she called her Mary, for herself; but her second baby girl, with her dark hair and soft, black eyes, made her think of her little Italian friend, and so she called her—Bianca."

"O, mamma! was I named for that little girl, and were you the teacher? Your name is Mary, isn't it?"

"I thought, for a good while, that it might be you, mamma," said Mary, "for I knew you taught school; but I thought I wouldn't say anything, as you didn't tell us."

"You are a dear, little bundle of discretion," said her mother, kissing her; "and when you are two or three years older, you shall be my little, intimate friend. It is very nice to know when not to speak. And now, Bianca, what do you think about the name?"

"O, I wouldn't have it changed for all the world! You dear mamma! I love you for taking the roses to that little girl. And you were a teacher! O, mamma, how I wish I could have gone to your school."

"Can't you tell us a little about the school?" asked Mary. "To think of my asking if you were a nice teacher? how funny!"

"Well," said Mrs. Spencer, "I suppose I might tell you about some of my little scholars, but not now. The next story I tell shall be about one of them. But it's six o'clock, and papa may be here any minute. You must run and get yourselves ready for tea."

#### RHYMES FOR FREDDIE.

Out of her hole, one sleepy day,

When cat and kittens were all away,

Stole a wee mousie, with fur so gray,

Blinking to see the light.

Her coat was like velvet all over her back,

Her four tiny feet made never a track;

Her little, round eyes were shining and black,

As they worked to the left and the right.

The cook was gone and the kitchen clear,

Right and left not a foe was near,

Nothing the mousie need to fear,

So over the floor she ran—

Mounted the table, steep and high,

Nibbled a lunch from a cherry pie,

Wiped her whiskers and winked her eye,

Laughing as mousies can.

"Ho, ho!" she said, "I have heard them say,

When the cat is gone then the mice will play;

But I wouldn't stir to run away

If the cat came in at the door."

"Hark!" said the cook, "I hear a rat!

Pussy, pussy! why, where's the cat?

Right on the table I'm sure it sat—

Here it goes! there it goes! stop it!" scat!"

But before she had said one half of that,

The mouse ran over the floor. Prudy.

#### THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

##### CHAPTER VIII.

Jimmy's journey to Iowa was a great event in his history. When he started alone from New York in search of his fortune, he was only like a bit of driftwood, tossed about on the water, not knowing at all where it might carry him, or whether it would land him in a pleasant harbor or on a desert island. But now he went out like a strong ship, with a cargo carefully stored, and a steady hand at the helm. On this great ocean of life, no one can know but that storm and shipwreck await him; but Jimmy meant to meet whatever came, with a resolute heart, and trust in God to guide him safely through.

As the train went rushing away with him through the darkness, for he started at evening, he could not help thinking of that other journey, and contrasting it with this one. Then he carried all his worldly possessions in the little tin trunk in his hand. Now he remembered the well-filled trunk in the baggage car, which loving hands had packed so carefully, and where everyone, from the dear, old grandmother to the baby Carrie, had put something which was to remind him pleasantly of the home he had left. By his side was the satchel, where Mrs. Warren had stored an abundant lunch, and in one corner a little bundle of cakes which Alice had put in, with the charge to give them to all the poor little children he saw.

"There's no one here to eat them," he thought as he glanced through the handsome car at the various groups that filled it.

Half way down the car were two young men, closely watching Jimmy. They had seen him part from Mr. Warren, and heard his hearty good byes, and one of them said, with a sly wink, to the other,

"That's a precious young spooney, just leaving his dad for the first time. Plenty of stamps, I reckon."

"He don't look so green," replied the other; "but if I can get hold of him I'll shell him out."

"No you won't, my hearty," thought an old gentleman, behind them, who was bumping about with a red-silk handkerchief spread over his bald head; "I'll keep a lookout for that craft, myself."

One of the young men presently arose and sauntered down the car, and by standing in the passage between the seats, managed to get a glimpse of Jimmy's ticket, as he handed it to the conductor.

"Going clear through," he reported to his companion when he came back.

"So am I," thought the old man, grinning to himself, under his handkerchief; "and if you show the black flag I'll give fair warning."

When the train stopped for supper, as it very soon did, the young men accosted Jimmy, as they passed out.

"Going out to supper? Capital place for grub here."

"No," said Jimmy, civilly, "I've only just started, and, besides, I have a lunch."

"I wish you'd keep an eye on my traps then," said one of them, throwing his overcoat into a seat in front of Jimmy.

"Certainly," said Jimmy, and the young men went out, leaving him alone in the car with the old man and a woman with two sleepy, little children.

"See here, youngster," called the old man, "lend me a hand with this satchel. I want to heave it up aloft."

Jimmy quickly lifted the satchel to the rack overhead, and, as he turned away, the old man gave him a keen look, and said,

"Young man, did you ever see a shark?"

"No sir," said Jimmy wondering.

"Well, I have; dozens of 'em; ugly customers they are, too; but they can't bite till they turn over. They'll swim after you as still as a shadow till they're close on to you; then turn over, and *snap*, you're gone."

"Yes," said Jimmy; "I've read about them."

"There's a couple of 'em just sailed out that way," he went on, jerking his thumb toward the restaurant, where the crowds of passengers could be seen through the windows; "regular land sharks they are, and they're after you. They look civil enough, now, but once you give 'em a chance to turn over, and they'll show the shark's teeth."

"I understand," said Jimmy; "I'll be on the lookout."

The young men returned to the car and seated themselves, as the old man expected, near Jimmy.

"Let's go and have a smoke," said one of them, presently, starting towards the smoking car. The other stopped to offer Jimmy a cigar, and invite him to join them.

"Thank you, sir, I don't smoke," said Jimmy.

"Ah! good boy," sneered the young man.

Jimmy glanced at the old man, who nodded approvingly to him.

In half an hour, the young men came back, bringing a strong scent of tobacco with them, and Jimmy saw them slyly slip a flask into their satchel.

On and on rattled the train, and the tired passengers settled themselves as comfortably as possible for the long, night ride, for there were no sleeping cars on the train. Jimmy did not feel at all disposed to sleep; he had too many new and strange things to think about. The young men, after dozing a while in their seats, pulled out a pack of cards and began to play. Jimmy leaned over the back of the seat, watching them, half unconsciously. They seemed very merry over their game, and perfectly good natured, and almost before he knew it, he found himself deeply interested in the success of the one who seemed to be the more skillful of the two.

"There you are again," said the successful player. "I believe I'll take a nap; there's no fun in beating so easy."

The other gathered up the cards with a careless laugh, then turning to Jimmy, challenged him to try a game with him.

"I never learned to play," said Jimmy, drawing back.

"That's no matter," said the other; "I'm no player myself, and you can learn all I know in five minutes."

I am sorry to say Jimmy hesitated a minute. It looked like a very harmless thing, and he really thought he could do better than his companion had done.

"Try him," urged the other; "you can beat him and not half try, if you ain't a precious baby."

Jimmy was on the very point of changing his seat, when the old man's warning came suddenly into his mind. "Sharks!" he said to himself; "I'm not going to trust myself in reach of their jaws."

So he sat down again, and resolutely declined to play, in spite of the urging and the sneers of the young men. The more strongly they urged the more he felt satisfied that they had some evil purpose to accomplish. And so they had, for they were professional gamblers; and if they could have induced Jimmy to play with them, they would probably have allowed him to win one or two games, until he became interested and excited, and then have induced him to stake money upon it, until they had robbed him of all he had.

Jimmy did not know how great a danger he had escaped; but he felt a sense of relief, when the baffled gamblers turned from him, with angry words, and settled themselves to sleep.

"They may be pickpockets, too, for anything I know," thought Jimmy; and he quietly gathered up his overcoat and satchel, and crossed over to the other side of the car, where he was soon dozing and dreaming of his new home in Iowa, and the old one he had just left.

When the uncertain light of the early morning began to rouse the passengers, they were all hurried out of the train by the order to change cars. Jimmy took up his satchel, and was just passing out, when he noticed a poor woman who was trying to make her way through the crowd, with one little child in her arms, and another clinging to her dress, while she was loaded down with bags and baskets.

"Let me help you," he said, kindly, taking one of her baskets, and lifting the little, struggling child out of the crowd that half crushed it.

The mother thanked him gratefully, and he left them in the sitting room of the depot to wait for their train, while he hastened to find his own, which was rapidly filling. There was no lack of children during that day's ride, and Alice's paper of cakes was in great demand.

"Black your boots, mister!" called the ragged, little urchins, as they crowded around the passengers, at every change of cars.

"How queer it seems," thought Jimmy, smiling, to himself. "I suppose I used to look just so. I should like to know just how Mr. Warren felt, when I was blacking his boots. I mean to try it."

There were fifteen minutes to spare, so Jimmy put his foot on the block of a keen-looking, little fellow, who was loud in his offers to every one who looked at him, to "*black your boots for a dime, Mister!*"

The boy went to work with a will, and Jimmy looked down at him, curiously.

"Do you live here," he ventured to ask.

"No," said the boy with a grin; "come up from Philadelphia on tower with my uncle, the Mayor."

Jimmy was puzzled at such an opening, but he went on, presently.

"Do you make pretty good wages?"

"Tol'able," said the boy; "want to hire out?"

"No," said Jimmy, wondering what to say next.

"'Cause I'm thinkin' of hirin' a couple of smart hands, to tend to the rough work, so's I can give my mind to the *finances*."

The boy straightened up, and looked at Jimmy with a quizzical smile.

"You rubbed that boot the wrong way of the leather," said Jimmy as he took out his wallet; "leather polishes best the other way."

"O ho! been in the polishin' business yourself, I reckon."

"Yes," said Jimmy, seeing a fine opening for a little missionary work. "I've been a poor bootblack myself."

"You don't say," said the boy compassionately; "how come yer to lose yer perfession? Git shoved out by the *p'leece*?"

"Here's your money," said Jimmy in despair, offering him a dime.

"Twenty cents, Mister," said the boy.

"You agreed to do it for a dime," said Jimmy, indignantly.

"In course I did; a dime for the work, and a dime for puttin' your foot on the block; s'pose I kin keep up a first class 'stablishment for gentlemen for nothin'?"

"You can take that or nothing," said Jimmy, decidedly, laying the dime on the box, and hurrying to the train, perfectly satisfied with his experiment.

"I guess I must wait until I'm a little older, before I do much good in that line," he concluded, as he took his seat; "but I'll find *something* to do."

George was waiting for him at the depot, when he reached his journey's end. He gave him a hearty welcome, eyeing him from head to foot, with a look of the greatest satisfaction.

"I'd have known you anywheres," he declared, at last; "but I must say you've shot up amazin' since I first set eyes on you. I've thought about it often and often; that first night you come out with Mr. Warren. You had a kind of wild look out of your eyes, like a colt that ain't broke in; I always liked that look in a boy or a critter; just handle 'em right and they come out tip top."

It was a long ride out to the farm, but George had a great deal to tell of his plans for himself and for Jimmy, and the time passed quickly enough. There was the route of the new railroad to point out; the place where the steam saw-mill was to be built; and all the other improvements which were to make of Iowa a very garden of beauty and delight.

"There's your farm," he said, at last. "It skirts along by that strip of timber, and comes down to where you see the smoke over that little hummock. That's the smoke of my chimney, and Sairy's there by the winder watchin' for us, I'll be bound. She's a stunner of a woman, Sairy is."

George cracked his whip with complete satisfaction, but Jimmy was too much engaged in examining his farm to care much what kind of a woman a "*stunner*" might be. There it lay, only a mile or so off—*his farm*—the mine in which his fortune lay. He decided in a minute that he had seen no such land as that in all his journey from Ohio.

"The house is right over there," said George, following Jimmy's eyes, "but

there ain't any smoke to mark it, and its getting dusk. The folks moved away last week—went back to Varmount, or somewhere thereabouts, and they'll disgust all their relations, tellin' what a mis'able country it is up west. Jimmy, I'd like to see a country where such shif'less, no account trash could make a livin', unless cattle grew on thorn bushes, and crops come up all ready for eatin'. Tell ye what, Jimmy, I don't make any doubt it was a bad thing that Adam got druv out of the Garden, but somehow it never seemed to me I should relish havin' every thing fixed up and sweetened ready to my hand. I believe the Lord must have meant us to get some good out of the curse, after all, for there's nothing ever made me feel better than right-down, solid, hard work. Makes a man feel kind of honorable, as if he had a right to what he eat."

George's home was a plain, substantial farm house, not yet completed, but built after a western fashion, while lumber was dear and scarcely to be obtained, ready for building. They had finished off a large wing, containing the kitchen and two chambers, and the rest of the house was waiting for the money to grow out of the fertile ground, in the shape of abundant harvests. "Sairy," was ready for them, with a plentiful supper, which justified her husband's pride in her housekeeping skill; and after a long talk over all that had happened in the old home in Ohio, Jimmy was shown to the great, bare chamber, which was to be his for the next year. He placed the candle on the little, pine table, and sat down on his trunk to take a deliberate survey. The bed, which was the principal article of furniture, was covered with a patch-work quilt of red, green, and yellow, in a most startling pattern, known among the enlightened as "rising sun." Jimmy didn't know it was the pride of Sairy's heart; he only reflected that it was astonishingly ugly, and then turned to contemplate a painting in water colors of "Joseph sold to the Ishmaelites." This was painted, as a line below declared, by "Sarah Jane Crandall, aged sixteen years." Jimmy stared stupidly at the woe-begone Joseph, and the jolly Ishmaelite who was buying him, and thought of his own pleasant, little chamber, with a sigh. He realized how great was to be the change from all the refinements of that Christian home to the coarseness of this, and for a moment he

## Evening Hymn.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by James R. Murray.

QUIETLY.

1. Fath-er, while the shadows fall With the twilight ov - er all,

Deign to hear my even-ing prayer, Make a lit - tle child thy care:

CHORUS.

Take me in thy ho - ly keep - ing Till the morning break,

Guard me thro' the darkness sleep - ing Bless me when I wake.

2. 'Twas thy hand that all the day Scattered joys along my way;  
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,  
Kept from snares my careless feet;

3. Like thy patient love to me May my love to others be;  
All the wrong my hands have done  
Pardon, Lord! thro' Christ thy Son.

CHORUS.

dreaded it. But then he started briskly up, laughing at himself, and saying,

"This looks brave; for a poor fellow who has seen such days as I have, to be sighing for luxuries. I need a little, good, hard work to steady me; and one of these days I'll make a home of my own, and put just what I want in it."

Jimmy unlocked his trunk and began to unpack it. There were books, old friends and new ones—and he filled the great, empty mantel with a substantial row of them. There was the pretty watch case, wrought by Alice's loving, little hands; and he looked at the smooth, white walls, in some doubt whether the model house-keeper would allow of any nails being driven into them. There was the noisy, little alarm clock, that had ticked off so many hours for him; he would make a pretty shelf for that; and the beautiful engraving of the "Valley of Peace" he felt tempted to use as a screen to hide the ugly faces of Joseph's brothers.

Little Carrie had insisted upon giving him her own china mug, with its painted roses encircling the motto, "for a good girl."

"It'll make a nice shaving mug, you know, Jimmy," suggested Arthur, mischievously.

ters said He would—just as I believe He guides everybody that wants Him to do it."

The new verse came to him like a command and an encouragement from the great unseen Leader whose voice he followed. He saw as he had never seen before, how one might truly serve the Lord by doing faithfully and diligently the daily work of life to which he was called, and living a humble, earnest, unselfish life, wherever he might be placed.

"I can do that for His service—any one can do that," he thought; and then, thinking of the old and the new, of the days that had been and of those that might be, he fell asleep.

[To be continued.]

The difference between evil men and good, lies not in the *esteem* of virtue, but in the *practice* of it. The noisy pretender fails to impress the minds of observing people with a belief in his sincerity; but he who embraces every opportunity for doing good, quietly and unobtrusively, proves beyond a doubt that his heart is right. It is the practice of virtue that fits the soul to a closer relationship with God, and secures His blessing.

"It won't look so bad, after all," thought Jimmy, surveying the room, when he had scattered his pretty keepsakes over it. He had a large card, beautifully illuminated, in his hand, bearing the familiar words,

"The hand of the Diligent maketh rich."

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!"

Good old Mrs. Harmon had given it to him, as her parting gift.

"Thee must hang it up in thy new home, friend James," she said, "where thee can see it every day."

"I'll put it right here for to-night," thought Jimmy, hanging it on one of the high posts of the bed, "then I shall see it as soon as I wake."

That first verse always carried Jimmy straight back to the old days when he first spelled out the wonderful promise on the muddy crossing in New York, and he never could wonder enough at the strange ways by which he had been led.

"I have been led, I am sure of that," he reflected; "just as sure as if I could see the hand that has led me. Nothing ever happened by chance to me, but the Lord has guided me just exactly as Mr. Wal-



## FOR LITTLE BELL.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

Hurry, hurry, little feet,  
Hasten in from yard or street;  
Grandpa wants his easy chair  
Wheeled, that he may catch the air;  
Wants his glasses, or his cane,  
Or a draught to soothe his pain;  
Wants a book, or stool, or stand;  
Waits your service to command.  
Hurry, hurry, little feet,  
Hasten to him light and fleet,  
All those little wants to meet.

Sadly, sadly, little feet  
Come no grandpa's wants to meet;  
In his room his easy chair  
Stands, but grandpa is not there;  
With the loved of long ago,  
Free from earthly pain and woe,  
Grandpa needs no service now—  
Fadeless youth is on his brow.  
Sadly, sadly, little feet  
Roam about from yard to street,  
Grandpa's call no more to meet.

Hasten, hasten, little feet,  
With your services so sweet,  
Human wants to satisfy,  
Gently, kindly, lovingly.  
So when helpless age shall come,  
And your feet no more can roam,  
Other little feet for you  
May, like you, be kind and true.  
Hasten, hasten, little feet,  
Every grief and want to meet,  
Leading to the golden street.

## TUDIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

Nobody wanted Tudie at home, for that was one of his "bad days." He "oiled" his hair with maple molasses, and scraped the bread dough all out of the pan to make into "Plaster-Paris Images" with his little, fat, dirty hands.

He tried to wind up the clock when it hadn't run down, and wanted to make the kitty eat lettuce, and "weeded" the flowers all out of his mamma's flower beds. Then he cried when his mamma wanted him to pick up chips, and he wouldn't hunt eggs, nor drive the old hen out of the front yard. O, yes! that was a bad, cross, all-snarled-up day for Tudie. So his mamma tied his old sunbonnet on his head, and fastened up his plaid skirt a little better, and started him off to his Aunt Hattie's.

Tudie had to wear a sunbonnet to keep his skin white—only on Sunday he didn't wear one—but he was a real boy anyhow. He could whistle "Dare to do Right" beautifully, and he was only five years old. I like to hear boys whistle, out-doors. I want you to learn to whistle, and make it ring out clear and sweet, and rich as a bird's voice. It'll make you have strong lungs, and glorious, big, broad shoulders, and help keep your heart sound and cheery, too. But I must go on telling about Tudie. He started off to his Aunt Hattie's, taking just as long steps as ever he could, because he wanted to walk like his Uncle Joe. I don't believe he was one bit ashamed of his old sunbonnet, and he kept whistling, "Dare to do Right," just as clear and loud as if he hadn't dared to do wrong the whole morning.

When he got to his Aunt Hattie's, she wasn't at home. At least Tudie couldn't find her; but boys aren't a bit good at hunting for anybody. Aunt Hattie wasn't in the kitchen. But the work was all done, and Tudie was glad of that. He never liked to be where work was—it seemed so hard to keep out of the way. I've felt that way myself. Haven't you? But it isn't the way to feel. *We* ought to help, too, and not bother.

It was very cool and clean, in Aunt Hattie's kitchen. Even the old moon-faced clock seemed to tick serenely, "The work's done up! the work's done up!" and even the high, old chairs, set back against the wall, looked as if they were taking a good rest. The sunshine came through the door, and lay in a long, golden stream across the white, scrubbed floor. You could see yourself in the brass candlesticks on the mantel. You could smell the pies and cake and doughnuts in the pantry. And there was a big bunch of sweet cabin roses and June grass in a pitcher on the table; and that was always a sign that Aunt Hattie's work was all done. Tudie didn't feel like getting into any more mischief right away, so he sat down in the door in the yellow sunshine to wait for Aunt Hattie. But she stayed away such a long, long time, and Tudie got so lonesome and tired, he didn't know what to do with himself.

"Mamma says I'm an old Bother," he said out loud, with his chin all in a quiver. "I know *she* doesn't want me till the housework's done, every speck. I wish Aunt Hattie'd come and tell me that story 'bout Christian, the part 'bout when he went through that deep, deep river, and the angels came down to meet him, with their faces all a-shining like gold, and you could hear the music up in the city. That's the end of the story. I like that part the best. Wish 't I was Christian. I'd like to fight an old dragon and beat him, like Christian did. I'd like to go to see the good King up in the Golden City. I guess the angels would help me through the river, being I'm so little."

Tudie stopped there, and looked to see if Aunt Hattie was coming. But she wasn't. Then he went on talking. He had a habit of thinking out loud to himself, under his old sunbonnet, like a little, crazy boy.

"I wonder if I could get to the Beautiful Golden City, if I'd start?" he said. "I haven't any burden on my back, like Christian had, and I haven't got any roll in my bosom, either; but I guess they'll let me in. I'll promise not to bother. And then, when I get there, I'll write a letter to mamma, and tell her how beautiful it is, and ask her to come, too, and bring papa and Aunt Hattie and everybody."

So Tudie ran down the path; and forgot to shut the gate after him when he went out. It was grand to be a pilgrim at first. Everybody seemed to know Tudie, and they all nodded and laughed and said, "Good morning Tudie! How are you, Tudie?" For you see they thought he was just going down town for a stick of candy, or a button for somebody's button string. But by and by nobody seemed to

be acquainted with Tudie, and sometimes big, hurrying men jostled him off the sidewalk; and some naughty boys pulled his sunbonnet, and called him "sissy;" and some women, sitting in a front door, screamed out, "O, there's a little runaway!" And then they caught him by the shoulder, and said, "We'd give it to you if we was your mother!" They asked him what his name was, but Tudie wouldn't tell, and they did not care much, anyhow, so they let him go on. And O, it was such a long, weary, hot way to go; it seemed to Tudie, by and by, that one of his feet wouldn't go one step farther, and then it seemed as if the other wouldn't, but he thought maybe pretty soon he would come to the House Beautiful, it told about in the story, and there he could rest and stay all night—only it made his throat ache to think about going to bed without any good-night kiss. And then he thought how mamma's work would be all done, and she'd be looking out the door at the dark, and wondering why Tudie didn't come. And then his throat ached harder than ever, and the hot tears got into his eyes; and so he sat down on a shady, old, cellar door, that reached out into the street, to wait till he got done crying. But when Tudie got done crying, he forgot to go any farther. He had his sunbonnet drawn over his little, fat, flushed face, and he was fast asleep on the old cellar door, when his own papa came to find him.

Because, when afternoon came, his mother went over to his Aunt Hattie's after him, and when she found he wasn't there, she was terribly frightened, and they all hunted and hunted for him, and then they sent for his papa, and he hunted till he found him.

And when Tudie woke up, there he was, on his own soft, white bed, in the little, cool bedroom at home; and he could smell the sweet-briar by the window; and see the redbirds in the old apple-tree. He thought he'd come to the House Beautiful, at first, when he was rubbing his eyes; but there was his mamma bending over him, with her fair, loving face, and she had on the nice, pink wrapper that she always rested in; so Tudie knew the work was all done, and it wasn't the House Beautiful, at all, and he was so glad to see his mamma, he just reached up and put his arms around her neck and kissed her, and held her so tight, tight, to show her how much he loved her. Then he told her how he had started to be a pilgrim, like Christian, but he couldn't find any lions in the way, nor any dragons either; and it was such a long, hot road to go, and his feet ached so, he thought he never, never could get to the Shining City.

And then his mamma sat down by him and told him how he could be a real, little pilgrim, and not go away from papa and mamma at all. Just by trying as hard as ever he could to be real good as long as he lived. But Tudie wanted to know how he could fight a dragon? And then his mamma told him that the dragon meant the "naughty" in his heart, and whenever he *would* be good in spite of it, he gained a victory over the cruel, old dragon. And she said that when the story tells about Christian going through the deep, dark

river, it means he was dying; and if Tudie tried very hard to be good, when he died, the angels would come and take him to heaven, to be with the Saviour always; for He is the Glorious King that Christian went to see.

And Tudie was so glad that that was what it all meant. It seemed so much sweeter to stay home with mamma and be good, than to trudge such a long, weary way alone.

Dear, little Bright-eyes, I hope *you're* a real, little pilgrim. I do wish I could get hold of you. I know I could get the sweetest kiss in the world, and then we'd talk about being pilgrims. Because I'm trying to be a pilgrim, too; and sometime I hope you and Tudie and I will all be together up in heaven with the dear Saviour.

### THE MILL AND THE MILLER.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

'Round and 'round the quiet wheel  
Strings of water weeds entangle;  
In the rafters, dashed with meal,  
Sits an owl, great eyed and gray;  
And the sharp-tongued jaybirds wrangle,  
Where the redder sunbeams stray.

Evening shadows creep the bank  
Where the yellow cowslips nestle;  
On the sunset's glowing flank  
Clouds, like beasts, are crouch'd to spring;  
Angry winds begin to wrestle,  
And the frogs forget to sing.

Watchers in a silent room  
Say, "He wakes," to one another,  
Seeing how a streak of bloom  
Lightens up the pallid cheek;  
And they hear a whisper, "Mother,"  
But the voice is deathly weak.

"Hear," he whispers, "hear the mill;  
Hear the wheel, how glad it dashes;  
Hear the tinkling waters spill!"  
But the watchers hear no more  
Than the hearthstone drip of ashes,  
And the wind a-wailing sore.

"Do you see my sister May,  
Through the buckwheat blow a-coming,  
With her rippling hair astray?"  
"No," the watchers say; "for years  
Honey bees have wandered, humming,  
Where she lies too deep for tears."

"Tears!" he says; "I saw her weep  
As she watched her squirrel dying,  
When the Christmas snows were deep;  
Now the grass is summer-green,  
And the berries red are lying  
All the forest rocks between."

"Mother, did you call? I come;  
But my feet are sore and weary,  
And it seems so far to home!  
Long I've searched the woods to bring  
(Ah! the wheel doth clink so cheery!)  
Little May a berry string.

"Father!" Now the talk is done,  
And he drops asleep in smiling,  
Sleeps, nor wakes at morrow's sun;  
Still his hoary head is bowed  
Through the blackbird's clear beguiling;  
And the watchers sew his shroud.

When the morning mists unwind  
From the creek, that breaks in laughter,  
Wheel and mill no more they find.  
Fierce it struggled with the blast;  
But the owl upon his rafter  
Hooted, as it fell at last.

### THE SWEET-BRIAR DELL RAILROAD.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

Uncle Hepworth measured off one hundred feet of ground, along the north side of our house, for the "Sweet-Briar Dell Railroad." He had already bought one hundred rails, each two feet in length, and Jack and the rest of us had carried them to the place where the work was to commence. Uncle decided to make the track two feet wide. (Would you call that "broad gauge" or "narrow gauge?" And, by the way, what does the word "gauge" mean?)

Of course the rails could not be laid on the bare ground, so we must have a wood-work of some kind to support them. Jack, our newly elected superintendent, said, "We ought to build our road on an inclined plane. Then the cars can run down the full length of the road themselves, and we can pull or push them back." So it was decided to make a timber frame or trestle work on which to lay the rails. The west or upper end of the road was to be four feet high, and for ten feet at the lower or east end, it was to be on a level with the ground.

Uncle Hepworth, who will never allow us to play, unless we can find in our play some study or work, ordered the Superintendent of the S. B. D. R. R., to issue the following questions:

1. How much of a descent will our road have every ten feet?

2. How many rails will it require to build the road?

All who solve these problems, (and they are very easy, don't you think, little reader?) are made honorary directors of the S. B. D. R. R. The Superintendent, (that's our Jack, you know,) issued an order. We found it posted on the side of the house, after dinner. Here it is:

"TO THE EMPLOYEES OF THE S. B. D. R. ROAD.

No work will be allowed on this road during the regular school, study, or labor hours, appointed by the head of the Elmwood household.

Oct. 5, 1887.

JACK ELMWOOD,  
Supt. S. B. D. Railroad."

Jim had brought from Mr. King's carpenter shop, several hundred feet of joist, scantling and planks. Six timber benches or frames were made, of different heights, the largest measuring four feet. We dug shallow trenches in the ground, and the frames were securely placed in them. Then the planks were laid from frame to frame, and nailed down; so that as soon as the rails were screwed on, our road was ready.

The next thing was to find a car. How wide should it be? The boys wanted all the room possible, and yet, said Uncle Hepworth, "If we make the car too wide it will upset." We were then ordered to examine the large cars at the depot, the next time we saw them, to judge how much wider the car may be than the road itself.

As we could not wait for a real and first class car, Uncle Hepworth built us a cheap one. He made a box two feet wide and about four feet long. He bought four grooved wheels, made for the barn door rails, and fitting them exactly. Each

wheel has an iron frame and an arm attached, by which the wheels were screwed to the box.

Soon the car was ready; Jack and Jim placed it on the track, attached a rope to one end, oiled the wheels, and Jack cried out, "All right and all ready—who'll ride?" As the car will only hold one grown person, or three children at once, and all were eager for the ride, this was quite an interesting question—"who shall have the first ride?" But all cried out, "Uncle Hepworth! Uncle Hepworth!" Then the old man stepped forward, and taking off his hat, his beautiful white hair trembling and shining in the sunlight, said:

"Who first our lips in childhood pressed?  
Who first with prayer our childhood blessed?  
Who first consoles when we're distressed?"

And the whole crowd of us cried out, "Mother, Mother." And the reply ran into a loud call for "Mother." And then the call turned into a ringing hurrah for "Mother," as the half-frightened matron came running out to see what was the matter.

Uncle Hepworth handed her into the new car, and tucked her clothes in so nicely, and kissed her, as he says he used to do when she was his baby sister. With a whistle from Willie and a push from Jack, off went the car, whirling away at a splendid rate to the east end of the track. Then Jack took the rope and pulled the car all the way back. Down again it went, faster than before. Mother was very much afraid it would run off the track, but Uncle Hepworth told her that it was perfectly safe, and she enjoyed her ride very much. Then came Uncle Hepworth's turn, and then ours, and for a full hour we ran up and down our new railroad, glad as gladness itself. Uncle asked us to find out how many times we should have to go up and down the track to make a ride of two miles. He said this question must be answered before we could have another ride. That evening we solved the problem. How many times, my little reader, was it?

### A BIRD STORY.

BY JULIET GLEASON.

A young bird sat on the bough of a tree, and from pure gladness of heart, he thought he would sing. His father was a beautiful singer, and his mother quite a tolerable chatterer, so he inherited a fine voice, and all he needed to do, was to give it proper cultivation.

He struck a few notes, when, "how, wow, wow!" said a little dog, who was performing all sorts of antics near by. Away flew the bird in great chagrin, without waiting to see whether the little dog was barking at him, or at his own tail.

For a long time he would not try to sing again, but snapped up a few flies, shook out his feathers till he looked like a ball, and then smoothed them down with his bill. On the whole he was a fine looking bird. Could he sing?

After awhile he thought he would try it again. He had not noticed that the grove around was full of birds. But as he began

to gurgle out a few notes, he noticed at a little distance, a fine concert in progress.

"O," said he, "I'm not going to practice among these old singers; how they'd laugh at me. No! indeed, I'm not going to give them a chance to laugh at my blunders." So he became silent, while the charming concert went on the whole season through.

The other young birds warbled, and peeped, and chattered; trilling the notes as they could, gaining a little every day, without at all thinking who heard them; and so, in time, became truly accomplished singers.

Our poor little bird who was so foolish as to be afraid to try before folks, because he was not already perfect, never found time to practice much alone, and when he did, it didn't seem to amount to much.

So, with fine natural powers, he grew up to be a very dull, stupid bird, for want of true courage and independence of character.

### WILD FLOWERS OF AUGUST.

BY MARY LORIMER.

I sigh to think how the summer is flying, the beautiful summer!

It is true that we can find something to interest us at all seasons, and if we only cultivate our powers, we shall have resources that will give us pleasant occupation summer and winter.

I hope my young friends who read *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, will cultivate all beautiful tastes, and find the charms which God has scattered so lavishly, in the woods and fields, and all along our daily paths. The searching eye and the loving heart will be continually rewarded. The trees and blossoms of the forest; the minerals in the rocks; the shells and pebbles and beautiful sea mosses of the beaches; all of these have boundless stores of interest for those who seek them.

And this is the true secret of a filled up and busy life; no heavy-hanging time oppresses those who study nature.

It is now August; sultry, midsummer August. There are not as many flowers to be found as in the earlier months. The waxen May-flowers, and frail Anemones, and many delicate vernal blossoms have folded themselves away to sleep till next spring. But there are many beautiful flowers in August. I hope my young friends have found and faithfully pressed many a wild flower, and have become so in love with the charming and healthful pursuit as *never* to give it up.

In July I found forty-five wild flowers, and I hope you found several, and that among them were the six varieties of the pretty Silk Weed, or Milk Weed. The species called *Tuberosa* is the most brilliant orange, and the *Quadrifolia* is remarkably pretty, with balls of pale, pink flowers.

You must find in August the handsome Orchis family. The white Orchis is lovely, and the Purple Fringed Orchis is superb, with its elegant, fragrant blossoms.

The Wild Lilies are a gorgeous family, from the fiery red, single lily, growing so freely in the woods, to the graceful buff yellow, where twenty delicate bells often tremble upon one stalk.

The yellow and purple Gerardias are found in August; these you can never transplant with any success, because they are what is called parasitic plants, and so is the Scarlet Tipped Painted Cup. Of these parasitic plants I must tell you at some other time, and also of the beautiful air plants, which grow and blossom on a stick of wood, or piece of cork, and require no earth.

Do find the rosy-purple *Rhexia* or Meadow Beauty, and the flower of *Parnassus*, the large, white petals, veined with delicate, green lines. Above all, look sharp for the superb Cardinal flower, that marvel of brilliant carmine color, though you will not have to look very sharp, for you can see it from afar. It seems to light up the damp nooks by the brooksides, where it loves to grow.

The Ferns, too, are beautiful in August, and the trees are full of interest; every tree having its own, peculiar way of growing. How wonderful this is; a Maple spray will never grow like an Elm spray; each knows whether the leaves must come out opposite on the branches or alternate, and they never make a mistake.

### RUSSEL'S RESOLVE.

BY FAITH LATIMER.

Russel heard the story of "Jennie's Memory-string," that perhaps you read in our last December number. But perhaps you did not, for we know that many thousands have begun to read *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* since the beginning of this year; so you will learn the story by finding how Russel heard it. He was at a public meeting in a country town where a lady made an address. She told of the want and hunger of more than five hundred children in the orphan asylum of Mississippi, made fatherless by the sorrows of war; and in touching language begged for help for them. She held up in the bright light a beautiful string of buttons, and explained how it had been the most blessed gift ever bestowed upon this cause, for which she had been pleading for more than a year. It was a little girl's "memory string," and a precious treasure to her, but she gave it to Mrs. Read that she might sell it and use the money to buy bread for the orphans.

Mrs. Read was willing to sell it, only to those who would give it back to the orphans again, and so it has been sold many times.

The generous heart of the little giver must have made it like a magnetized chain, for it has been a "charm string" indeed; it has unbuttoned closed purses and hard hearts, wherever it has been shown, and in one year has paid into the Orphans' Home Treasury, *fifteen hundred dollars*.

But it takes a great deal of food and clothing for five hundred children, who are also to be educated and taught useful trades; and they must have books, utensils, and tools of every kind. "Now," said Mrs. Read, "another season of want and failing crops is pressing hard upon us."

Again she held up the shining string and said; "This bright example has led to many acts of self-denial; who will respond to its pleading, now?"

Russel looked through tearful eyes at

the gift which had worked wonders, and sighed, for he had very little money to give, and he was only eleven years old; and thinking of the great need, and the little he could help, he went slowly home.

You know it is a serious matter, that can make an active boy very restless and wakeful, but for a long while that night, Russel turned over and over, troubled to decide what he could do. He had no dear mother, to whom he could go and lay his puzzled head on her lap, sure that while she stroked the boyish curls with her gentle fingers, she could smooth over all his difficulties, and show him just what was best. His mother had rested for two winters under the frozen ground, and his father—ah! he was in a soldier's grave, for long ago, on a bloody battle field, he lay wounded and dead; and these were reasons why his heart was so full of sympathy for the orphans.

He asked himself this question again and again; "Shall I do it, or not?"

You will not be surprised to find that the peaceful hand of sleep came gently to the tender-hearted, motherless boy, and helped to gather up the confused thoughts of his waking hours, and arrange them into this dream.

Do you not believe it was the angel presence of that loving mother, whispering to his spirit in a dream?

He seemed to be riding on his own swift pony, over a broad, green plain; but before he had gone far, a little child stood right in the path. He turned quickly away, lest his fleet footed pony should step on it, but as he turned, he saw that the child's clothing was in rags.

A few steps more and a bare-footed boy was at his side; as he quickly passed, the thin lips moved, but he heard no words.

He checked his speed as he rode along, and then came upon a group of children sitting on the ground. He stopped this time, and saw that one motherly looking girl held a baby in her lap, while a puny boy leaned against her side; the baby moaned feebly, and she rocked it back and forth in her thin arms, while her lips moved as if she would sing it to sleep, but no voice of song came, for tears were rolling down her own pale cheeks. Russel rode on, slowly and wonderingly. Gray twilight seemed settling down over the plain, while the sky above was still bright from the setting sun.

All along his way, were children, bare-footed, ragged, pale, with shrunken faces and hollow eyes, speaking no word, but holding out to him hands whose bony fingers seemed to tell of misery and want, while their faces were silent pictures of grief and despair.

What *did* it mean? He looked at the sky; far off, but coming nearer and nearer in the air above him, seemed some glittering thing of rainbow hues. It looked strangely like that string of colored buttons he had seen held up in the light. Was it not that which haunted his memory?

No! it was of different shape. It came nearer and nearer, until right before him, almost over his head, seemed a golden crown, set with sparkling jewels, held there by an unseen hand. He stopped—even his pony stood perfectly still, as if she

shared her master's wonder, while Russel gazed at the groups of pitiful children around, and the crown above. Then a voice seemed distinctly to speak these words in his ear:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these."

The question was settled—"I'll do it," he eagerly answered, so loudly that his own voice roused him from his dream. He woke—the morning sun was already shining in at his window, and he quickly dressed and went to tell his older sister what he had resolved to do. Her only advice was this:

"Think *well*, Russel, before you act; never do good from *mere impulse*, to repent it afterward."

He certainly did think it all over, for he got his pony and took a long ride all alone.

Towards noon he came back. "Well sister," said he, "I haven't changed my mind. I'm bound to do it."

During the next hour, a boy came riding up to the railroad depot, when he saw the very lady he was in search of, standing on the platform. Riding around close by her, he took off his cap, and, with a beaming face, said; "Mrs. Read, I haven't enough money to be any help in buying bread for the orphans, but I have resolved to give them this pony. She is a mighty good pony, and a fast rider. She has never done any hard work, but if they are only gentle and kind with her, I think she would work at the plow, and help raise grain to make bread."

I cannot tell you the words of gratitude at this great, unexpected gift from the noble boy, the greatest sacrifice yet recorded, among the many cheerful, loving offerings from happier children, to this Orphan Home.

The beautiful brown pony was soon on the train on the way to the city, where we hope some rich father who heard the story, will pay a generous price for her, as a gift to a good child, who will love her for Russel's sake.

A part of the money paid for her, can buy a strong plow horse, or a mule to work in the field, and the rest can be spent for food for the hungry children.

Now to the Corporal's great army, we ask, was not Russel a true, brave soldier? and ought we not to make him a major general?

While you are thinking of Russel's resolve, we have something more to ask. Have you ever been cracking nuts, and found a very hard shelled one, perhaps, but with *nothing* in it? Now, *you* know, just as well as we do, that a story without a kernel of wisdom in it, is just as good-for-nothing as an empty nutshell. Yet you often read a story and skip the lesson, don't you? You enjoy the nuts most when you pick them out for yourselves, so we will only give you one question, by way of a nut picker, to get out the lesson of this story.

Is there enough *pure benevolence* in your heart, to make such a sacrifice?

A love of Nature, the handiwork of God, is almost as essential to the growth of pure thoughts as is the love of God. With neither, the heart is barren indeed.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1868.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### RAISE A CLUB NOW.

Now is a good time to raise a club, or to complete any club already begun. Let all our subscribers, both old and new, try to send a club, large or small, and secure some of our beautiful premiums.

### EDITORIAL.

I wonder how many of my little readers have learned to know the trees of the field and forest by name, so that, riding through the country, they can tell an oak and an elm and a maple, by the shape and color of the leaf, by the form of the tree, or even by the bark and limbs, when not a leaf is unfolded? There is a wonderful variety in them, and by a little study you may learn to know all the various species, as readily as you can tell your friends by their faces. Once I stood by a lady who was sowing flower seeds in a large garden. All the many borders and beds were full of little sticks, to show where the seeds were planted, but I saw no names on them.

"How will you know what they are?" I asked.

"O, I know every plant in my garden by the leaf; and the moment a seed peeps up, I can tell what it is."

Yet this lady knew nothing at all of botany, and did not even call her beautiful flowers by their scientific names, but she had learned all about their habits, and even to know their baby faces, as quick as they found their way to the light, by watching them carefully, just as every one of you may do.

The world is full of interest to all who will observe what is passing around them; and, after all, the great difference between those wide-awake, intelligent people, who always seem to know everything, and the poor, stupid blunders, is, that one class takes notice of *little things*, and the other misses them all. I once heard it said of a man, "He's always looking for something to see." That's the way to go through the world. That's the way everything worth knowing was discovered. Why, right here in my garden, only a few rods square, I could show you a hundred curious things that I dare say one-half of you never noticed before. Do you know that every one of those bean vines, the moment they began to grow, started to wind in a particular direction around the pole, and that no amount of tying and coaxing can ever make a bean vine turn in the other direction? And do you know that hop vines twine in the opposite way—all the hop vines, all over the world? Do you know that the stalk of that purple pea shows the red color at every joint, and that no such

thing is ever seen in a pea with a white blossom? Do you know that those great, yellow pumpkins and squashes are properly called *berries*, while the delicious strawberry has no right at all to its name? Do you know that those currant bushes would be evergreen in a hot climate, and that every leaf in this garden is constantly pouring out water through a thousand little mouths? Do you know that the salt which makes this asparagus grow so finely will kill almost any other plant? And do you know that the tiny, white roots of all these different plants, in some wonderful way, suck up just the food that is needed for each plant, so that the strawberry never by any mistake draws up what will make onions, though the two grow side by side? O yes, my garden is full of wonders, and so is yours; and if you want to be put in the way of finding out some of them, get Dr. Hooker's "CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE," and then *use your eyes*.

Emily Huntington Miller.

### THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

In the last number of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, we gave an account of the farewell banquet, given to our Rocky Mountain Squad—Sharp, True, and Goodfellow. We supposed we would have a full and interesting report from them, of their western travels, for this number, but it seems our government at Washington has had its hands so full of other business, that the scientific expedition has not been able to get its outfit as soon as was expected. Major Powell and his company are, however, now among the mountains, and the following letter from Prof. Daniels, gives us the promise of what is to come for next number:

#### COLORADO SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

Camp Vasey, near Omaha, July 6, 1868.

*My Dear Corporal:* At last our good Uncle Samuel has given us his parting blessing, and sent us away to explore the great Colorado river. He has been so bothered of late that he could not attend to us very well, and we did not get off as soon, by a month or two, as we expected. We are now fairly *en route*, and are encamped on the banks of the Missouri river, waiting for our engineer to come up, but we shall go on to Cheyenne this afternoon.

This is the most curious river you ever saw. There doesn't seem to be any *water* in it, but the banks are full of a thick, yellow stuff, that goes rollicking and plunging along through the most beautiful valley, with high, sharp, green bluffs twisting and winding along on both sides of the stream, sometimes rising from its very bank, and sometimes half a dozen miles away.

The "Big Muddy," as some persons call it, seems to laugh at all the rules of well-regulated rivers, and, not content with carrying away houses and trees, it runs off every day with acres and acres of mud flats and sand banks and corn fields, depositing them again in the most unexpected places, and by this means changing its bed so often that you might think it was a very notional and uncomfortable stream. I'm sure I am glad it has those great, high bluffs all along on both sides of the great valley, or there is no telling where it would run.

We will make a full report next month.

Yours truly,

W. H. DANIELS.

### MRS. HENSHAW'S BOOK

NOW READY.

OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES; being a History of the Work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries, during the war of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw, Including a full Report of Receipts and Disbursements, by E. W. Blatchford, Treasurer, and an introductory chapter by Hon. Mark Skinner. Price \$3.00 to \$3.50, according to style of binding. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher.

This book is now ready for the public. We feel sure that it will be read with interest by many thousands of the men and women of America. It is a graphically-written history of much of our national life, both in the camps

and in our homes, during the war. While, as its publisher, it will not be improper for me to wait until the critics have passed upon its merits, I can claim that the matter of it is admirably prepared, and I feel sure that it will meet the expectation of all, and be appreciated by the best classes of people everywhere.

I will also dare to assert my belief that in mechanical execution it will bear comparison with the best made books of the year. I announce with what I trust is commendable pride, that while most of the best books bearing imprints of Western Publishers are manufactured at the East, "Our Branch" is, throughout, a Western production. It is a record of the work of Western people and Western soldiers, written by a Western woman and issued by a Western Publisher. It was stereotyped at the Chicago Type Foundry, where, also, the larger portion of the type was made; the paper was made in the West, and not only were the maps drawn and printed, and the whole book printed and bound in Chicago, but the printing was done on a press manufactured in every part, from the patterns up, entirely in this city, by A. B. Taylor's Son & Co. The press was set up in the establishment of Spalding & LaMontes, (lately Dunlop, Sewell & Spalding, of which firm the writer was managing partner for a good many years,) and I could bestow no higher praise, upon either press or printers, than to say that I believe this first book ever printed on a Chicago-made press is printed better than any other work ever produced in this city.

"Our Branch and its Tributaries" will be sold by subscription. I shall be glad to hear from agents in every county, who desire to canvass for it. It will, no doubt, have an extensive sale, and will pay canvassers a large profit. As it is, in a great measure, a record of woman's work, intelligent ladies would be preferred as canvassers. Please address me for particulars.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher.

### OUR NEW FILE, OR BINDER.

In our last number we gave a hint of a new Newspaper file, which we are about to introduce to our patrons, and the public. We hoped to be able, in this number, to give full particulars, with regular tariff of prices, but we are obliged to go to press so early in the month, on account of our large circulation, that we are not quite ready with our goods, which are being manufactured as rapidly as possible. We can only state that there will be twenty different lengths of the FILES, made so as to suit papers of every size in the country. They are recommended in the very highest terms, by such names as E. O. Haven, L.L.D., President of Michigan University, Hon. Geo. Bancroft, Abel Stephens, E. H. Chapin, D.D., and Daniel Wise, D.D., of New York, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, Bishop Simpson, of Philadelphia, C. C. Jewett, and Oliver Ditson of Boston, besides many other names of national reputation.

They are very much superior to anything of the kind ever offered. They are stronger, simpler, lighter, less cumbersome, easier to adjust, hold the papers in better shape, with the pages in regular, consecutive order, like a book. But while they are in every way superior to the old styles, the price is much lower—being only from one-third to one-half as much.

The size for THE LITTLE CORPORAL will retail at 25 cents. Those used for the ordinary religious and local papers, will sell for 45 cents. The smallest kind will sell for 15 cents; and the largest, for the great, blanket newspapers, will be only 50 cents. They will meet a great want, and will be needed by everybody. In our next paper we will be able to give engravings and further particulars.

### GAME OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

#### ADDENDUM TO CROQUET.

The following comes from Quincy, Ill. The writer does not state whether this is original with himself or not; we have not seen it until now. He evidently believes in Croquet:

QUINCY, Ill, July 1st, 1868.

Mr. Alfred L. Sewell—Dear Sir:

Please print the enclosed in the "Little Corporal," for the benefit of your Croquet loving readers.

Croquet is doing more for the health and happiness of our people than all the gymnasiums in the land. Like air, it can be enjoyed alike by persons of any age, and of either sex.

There is music in the click of the balls, and the handle of every mallet is medicated.

The "Great Mogul," seated with his body guard and pickets about him, bids defiance to all Croquet players.

Yours truly,

#### POSITION OF THE PEGS.

1	8	7
A	D	
2	M	6
B	C	
3	4	5

From A to M or 1: 7 feet. Hence, 1 to 2 to 8, about 10 feet.

The game consists of Zigzag, the Square, and hitting the Mogul.

The Croquet Post, M, represents the Great Mogul. Four black-walnut pegs, A, B, C, D, represent the Body Guard. Eight maple pegs, 1, 2, 3, etc., represent the Picket guard.

The rules of Croquet hold good as far as possible. For striking the wrong peg, at any time or in any way, croqueted against it, or by mistake, etc., if a picket, return one; body guard, return two; Mogul, return four. Striking in turn a body guard, entitles to an extra blow.

Zigzag—Strike successively, A, 2, B, 3, B, 4, C, 5, C, 6, D, 7, D, 8, A.

The Square—Strike successively 1, A, B, C, D. Additional figures may be introduced. The Cross—1, A, M, B, 3, B, M, C, 5, C, M, D, 7, D, M, A, 1. The Diamond—1, B, 5, D, 1. Letter F—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 2, M, b, 1.

### WARREN IVES BRADLEY.

This gifted young man, of twenty-one years, died at Forestville, Bristol, Conn., Monday evening, June 15th. His early death will cause deep regret and sorrow, not only among his many friends and relatives, but also throughout a wide circle who have become acquainted with him as "Glance Gaylord." The prolific pen of this young author has ministered to the pleasure and improvement of multitudes; and, though his hand is now palsied in death, the books it has written will live to do good, and be a lasting monument of their author's genius and worth.

One volume—"Culm Rock"—took a prize of \$300, among seventy competitors. Mr. Bradley was a contributor to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. He was distinguished for the purity and humility of a devoted Christian.

Bristol, June 17, 1868.

### LETTER FROM A BISHOP.

We receive so many letters from those who love THE LITTLE CORPORAL, that we would fill our pages with nothing else, if we should attempt to publish them all. But when we have one so marked, and from so old and good a man, as the following is, our readers will be glad to see it. This is from Bishop Morris, the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Church in the United States. He seems to love THE CORPORAL as well as the children do. He says:

"I feel safe in saying there is no boy of his size and age in the United States that has so many friends as *The Little Corporal*. They are found in all classes of society—among men of labor and men of leisure, sages and poets, soldiers and sailors, statesmen and ministers, scholars and politicians, ladies and gentlemen, old folks and little children. In a word, he is a general favorite with old and young, wealthy and poor, wise and simple—as he deserves to be—and is becoming more so."

### REV. J. H. VINCENT.

This gentleman, so widely and favorably known as one of the most active, intelligent, and progressive Sunday School workers in this country, has been appointed Editor of "The Sunday School Journal," published in New York city. His past labors and successes are sufficient warrant that the *Journal* will flourish under his care. With such a man as Mr. Vincent in New York, and Mr. Eggleston at the head of the "Teacher" in the West, the Sunday School interest in the United States will be most thoroughly cared for. They are both frequent and valued contributors to THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

### SILVER SPOONS

#### AND SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS AS PREMIUMS.

In addition to our previous list of premiums, we have arranged to send a set of half-dozen warranted pure coin silver TEA SPOONS, the retail price of which is \$15.00, to every person who will send us a club of thirty subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, at the regular rate; or to every person who will send us ten subscribers at the regular rate, and \$7.00 in money, besides.

We can also send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen ornamented, double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each. A set of half-dozen ornamented, double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen ornamented, Double Silver Plated forks, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the finest quality of Nickel Silver Metal, and Double Plated with pure Silver. These premiums will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Begin to work on your clubs at once, and there will be plenty of time to write for particulars, and to select what premium you will take afterwards.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. Don't wait till the club is full. Thus you will save time and trouble.

### "A MER. SCHOOL INST." FOUNDED 1855, is a

Reliable Educational Bureau,  
To aid all who seek well-qualified Teachers;  
To represent Teachers who seek positions;  
To give parents information of good schools;  
To sell, rent, and exchange school properties.

Thirteen years' trial has proved the *Amer. School Inst.* a useful and efficient auxiliary in securing "THE RIGHT TEACHER FOR THE RIGHT PLACE."

Those who want Teachers should have the "Teachers' Bulletin," published in the *Amer. Educational Monthly*.

Those who want positions should have the "Application Form."

Circulars explaining plan, and giving Testimony from first-class educational and business men, sent when asked for.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A.M., Actuary,  
14 Bond Street, New York.

Branch Offices in San Francisco, Chicago, and Boston.



## THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO.

## RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming Chromo of Mr. Beard's great Painting is giving great delight wherever it is seen.

We might give many extracts from notices by prominent editors, but, for want of space, content ourselves with one by Dr. W. W. Patton, editor of *The Advance*. In an editorial article, among other things, he says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *fac simile* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Praug's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars! Mr. Sewell intends to use it, also, as a premium for those who swell the army of his subscribers."

We send the chromo by express, mounted, varnished, and ready for framing, (price ten dollars,) for a club of fourteen subscribers. We send them not mounted, by mail, on rollers, for a club of ten; but, though the people are very much delighted with them in that way, we find it is better to have them sent properly mounted and all ready for framing. We sell them mounted only, at ten dollars. As Dr. Patton says in the above extract, they "would be cheap at fifteen" dollars, but we desire to put the picture within reach of all.

Send on the clubs and secure this superb work of art.

**THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.**—Our Premium for a club of three subscribers, the superb steel line engraving of The Heavenly Cherubs, from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is very much admired by all who see it. It is one of the finest and best steel engravings ever executed in this country, and sells readily for two dollars. It is sent by mail, post paid, on a strong roller, for a club of three subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, at the regular price.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
Chicago, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company:

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of *The Little Corporal*. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your institution may give to the West more like this, which must gladden every lover of art.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

**CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.**—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled notify us and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller premium. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

Papers sent in clubs need not necessarily go to the same Post Office, or State.

## APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA

Is one of our Premiums for clubs. Ministers, Teachers, and others who would like to earn this magnificent work for their libraries will write us for terms.

**BOUND VOLUMES.**—*THE LITTLE CORPORAL* has now completed his sixth volume. We will immediately have the six volumes, (three years) bound in one beautiful book, in stiff boards with embossed cloth sides, and gilt title. This bound volume will be sent by mail to any address for \$4.50, or will be delivered at our office for \$4.00. A full set of all back numbers furnished for \$3.00. Money sent for this can count in clubs if desired. The book will be sent by mail for a club of sixteen subscribers.

**THE CHILDREN'S HYMNS**, with music, now given every month in *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, are attracting much attention, and are receiving high compliments. Mrs. Miller intends to continue these as a regular feature in our paper. They are the best children's hymns now issued.

We will also publish them, hereafter, on sheets, a sheet every two months, each containing two hymns, with music, for general use.

The sheets will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents per hundred, 15 cents for fifty. We have now six hymns—three slips—which may be thus sent.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. See editorial columns.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

Where it is inconvenient to reach a person by express, we will send the Chromo by mail, on a roller, not mounted, for a club of ten subscribers. It is much better, however, to have the picture properly mounted, and sent by express.

The price of the Chromo, mounted, is ten dollars. We do not sell them unmounted.

4. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see another article in this paper.

5. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

6. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

7. Appleton's Cyclopaedia as a Premium. Write for particulars.

8. The Self-Binder; write for particulars.

9. Sewing Machines. Write for particulars.

10. Books. See another article in this paper.

11. American Watches. Write for particulars.

12. Silver and Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See another article in this paper.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 6, (the club of six).

The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10. Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," \$1.

## SAMPLE COPIES.

We will send a sample copy of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, free to every person who will try to raise a club.

If you have a friend any where, who you think would subscribe, or raise a club, please send us his or her address, and we will send a sample copy free.

## A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

**THE ADVANCE.**—Although but a few months old *The Advance* has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest, religious weeklies. It employs the best writers. It is read by all denominations. It believes in an every-day-life religion. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!

GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!

GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!

GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN!

GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!

GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!

GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!

GOOD READING FOR SCHOLARS!

GOOD READING FOR OLD FOLKS!

GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!

GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN!

GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

The extraordinary success of *The Advance* speaks in eloquent terms of its excellence.—*Evening Post, Chicago*.

Improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

It is fun or enterprise and ability, and is pushing itself rapidly into the good graces of the reading public.—*Baptist Record, St. Louis*.

There is a spiciness about it which shows that a religious paper need not, necessarily, be a dull one.—*Press, Owosso, Mich.*

We are not a Congregationalist, but we are a lover of a good religious paper, and here it is.—*Citizen, Rushville, Ill.*

It defends New England ideas with a vigor which is refreshing.—*American, Waterbury, Conn.*

For choice selections, really good reading, and all that makes a first rate religious paper it is of the very best.—*Tribune, Detroit, Mich.*

One of the very ablest religious journals in America.—*The Christian World, London, England*.

Will be heartily welcomed by thousands of christian families outside of the denomination it more particularly represents.—*Gazette, Davenport, Iowa*.

**TERMS.**—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent free to any who write for them. Subscriptions can commence at any time.

Address,

THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
mh-1f 25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.

## GILES, BROTHER &amp; CO.

## GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

The old, and best known house in Chicago. Dealers in watches, Gold Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

my-101

142 Lake St., Chicago.

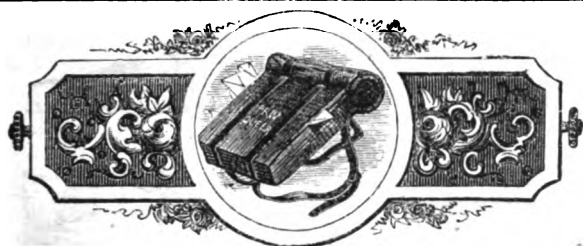
**THE WESTERN MUSICAL WORLD.**—An illustrated monthly, devoted to music, literature, fine arts, and the drama. Each number contains a large amount of beautiful new music. One dollar per annum—specimen copies ten cents. Address

S. BRAINARD & SONS, Publishers,  
my-1y Cleveland, Ohio.

**\$10 TO \$20 A DAY, SURE**, and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell our Patent, Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines. Address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William st., N.Y., or 16 Dearborn st., Chicago.

**WANTED—AGENTS.**—\$175 per month to sell the NATIONAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine is equal to the standard machines in every respect and is sold at the low price of \$20. Address NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER**, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 50th Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to my-1f O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau st., New York.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## PAPER.

Our flour comes to the house, now, in paper sacks—stiff, stout, buff-brown bags, with blue letters on the outside; and I see that each bag contains one-quarter of a barrel, or forty-nine pounds. Once we bought flour by the barrel, and every barrel had one hundred and ninety-six pounds in it. Why don't they make it exactly two hundred pounds, and so let each bag full be an even, easy fifty pounds, instead of forty-nine? Somebody that reads *THE CORPORAL* knows, and he ought to tell. Why do we call one hundred and ninety-six pounds of flour a barrel, or forty-nine pounds a quarter barrel? There's a question.

Well, our seven regular eaters, with a little help now and then from company, use three bags of flour in two months. When the bread is very good, we eat more. When it is poor, being heavy or sour, we do not eat as much. Will it not be best for us to have poor bread all the time? Why not buy strong butter to match it, and so make a saving? Is not one kind of saving quite as good as another?

But about those sacks or bags. We get quite a pile of them in a year. Before the great war, we used to buy flour in muslin sacks, and the miller would take them back, if we had kept them clean, and allow us ten cents for one. Sometimes we used to rip them up and make dishcloths of them. Once I saw a nice little boy going in to swim, and on his shirt, in blue letters, I could read "SUPERFINE" and "X X." He was a little boy, just a bagful of him. And so the old muslin sacks were never wasted. But during the war the millers began to use paper bags.

## WHY?

And now that the war is ended, the millers keep on using paper bags, and will not take them back when empty. What shall we do with them? It is a shame to burn them; it is a shame to let them lie idle out in the wood house. One day a bright idea struck us, that we would sell them for old paper. And why not stuff them full of old paper, and sell that, too? So the children began to pick up waste papers, all over the house and yard. They watched for paper as cats do for mice. They kept stuffing in and pushing down—it seemed as if the bag never would be full. But by and by, in about a week, even my big fists could not punch a hollow place in this paper bag of paper. And we sold it for thirty-six cents. You ought to have seen our eyes, when the money came home—all our own! The little children had earned it. They had saved it. We know what to do with our flour bags now. Three bags full of waste paper will pay for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* for more than a year! And the man said "thank you," when we sold the paper to him; he is glad to buy all that we can bring to him—the more the better.

"What does the man do with the old, crumpled, dirty papers? What makes him want to buy 'em?" asks one of the little girls.

Do with them? He sends them over to the nearest paper mill he can find, and there he sells them for more than he gave us for them. At the foundry, they melt old pots and scraps, and "cast" them over into new things. At the glass works, they melt over all the old glass you can bring to them. Anything that can be melted can be made over as good as new. They do not exactly melt all the old paper at the mill, but they wash it, and bleach it, and soak it soft; and then they pull and tear and stir it 'round and 'round in a tank full of clean water, until it is all fine and smooth and afloat in the water; and it looks like blue skim-milk. If then you should pour a pint of this floating pulp into a flour-sieve, and shake it gently, the water would run through and leave a sheet of white pulp in the sieve. If the sieve be new, and the wires bright and smooth, you can empty this sheet of pulp out on to a dry cloth or blanket, and then let it dry in the sun, and you have a sheet of new paper.

This is the old-fashioned way of making paper. The paper maker dipped up the pulp in a square sieve, and laid off the sheets one at a time. But now they have at the paper mills very large and curious machines to lay this pulp evenly on a gauze of wire, then squeeze the water out of it, and dry it at once by passing it over hot rollers, and smooth it between very heavy rollers, all in the same machine. And, as you may want it, they will sell you paper by the sheet or by the mile.

"A mile of paper? Who ever heard of a mile of paper?" You wouldn't wonder that men will buy old paper to feed the paper mills with, if you knew how much paper we use. There are four daily newspapers

in New York, which together print more than a thousand miles of paper on both sides every week! Enough to carpet the railway from Chicago to New York! I suppose that, counting all the newspapers and books that are printed in New York, they must use more than a thousand miles of paper every day. And then just think how much paper people put on the walls of their rooms. And they put tarred paper on the bottoms of ships, under the copper, and on roofs of houses, and on floors instead of carpet. And they make paper cuffs and collars by the million. They have begun to make paper stockings—a very good plan, for they never need mending—just send them to the mill and make them over!

The paper mills are glad to get poorer stuff than old paper to make over into new paper. They chew up straw and mix it with cheap rags, and make the yellow wrapping paper at your grocer's. It is nearly all straw. They take a stick of wood, and shoot it all to flinders out of a steam gun, and then grind it into fine pulp, and so make a tolerable, white paper, that rattles loud and tears very easily, when used for a newspaper. Old ropes make excellent paper. But the smallest and meanest paper mill that I ever saw, was a little boy who chewed up a wad of paper into a smooth pulp, and then threw it up in a big spat of new and nasty paper on the wall of his school room. Of all uses of paper, his was the meanest.

*Thos. K. Beecher.*

## No. 51.—CHARADE.

On a winter night, when the wind is up,  
And rises high and higher,  
You, shuddering, think of my first, and say,  
"What a terrible night for a —!"

When the sun comes out in the early spring,  
And the frogs commence their cries,  
You think of my second, and say, "Ah! soon  
Will begin to come the —!"

In the summer eves, when to whisp'ring leaves  
The dreaming birds reply,  
The children gay watch my whole and say,  
"Look! the stars are flying by!"

*S. E. H.*

## No. 52.—CHARADE.

Out in the barnyard look for my first,  
And she'll give you something white and warm!  
Look in the cradle where baby is nursed,  
And find my second on baby's form.  
Down in the meadow my whole is seen,  
Handsome and useful, yellow and green.

*S. E. H.*

## No. 53.—RIDDLE.

I'm "black, but comely," and contain  
That which gives pleasure as well as pain.  
I help the cook prepare your food,  
Though I eat nought but coal or wood.  
But when cold winter rules the hour,  
I most display attractive power.

*J. R. Smith.*

The following is sent to us as original. "Maybe" it is.

## No. 54.—WORD PUZZLE.

Read me forward, my name you will know;  
Read me backward, my business you'll find;  
Only six letters my name will contain,  
Yet I've been the ruin of many a mind.

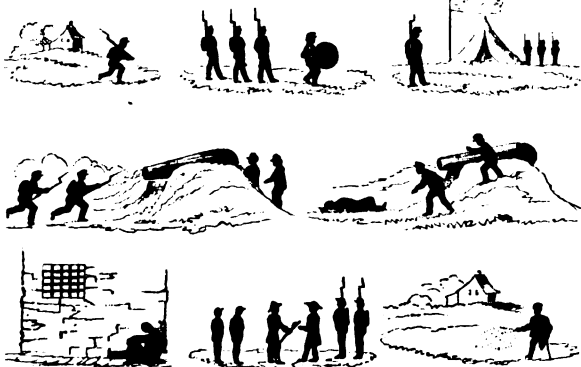
*Annie.*

## No. 55.—PUZZLE.—A PROVERB.

vent U R E have.

*THE LITTLE CORPORAL* was first issued July, 1865. There are two volumes a year, one beginning in January and one in July. Subscriptions may be sent at any time, and back numbers will be furnished from the beginning of any volume desired.

## No. 56.—A PICTURE STORY.



The soldier boy left his own beautiful home, at the call of his country, and hastened forth to join the ranks of our brave army. It was a grand sight, as they all marched proudly down the street, the drummer boys beating out the glorious, old marches of the "heroes gone before." Then came the camp, the tented field, the lonely picket, and thoughts of home and the dear ones far away. Then the long marches and the terrible battles. Up to the cannon's mouth, the brave soldier boy charged, with death staring him in the face at every step. But if he dies, he dies for his country.

O, there were thousands such as he, who hung their young, noble lives at their country's feet. Lying wounded and bleeding upon the field, he is taken a prisoner, and subjected to the mercy of cruel foes. Long and weary were the months, and heavily dragged the hours of his prison life. But the war came to an end at last. Peace opened the doors of the prison pens, and the poor, wounded, starved, perishing soldier boys saw once more the sweet sunlight of freedom, beneath the starry flag. Wounded, and crippled for life, they had suffered in a noble cause, and bravely done their duty.

W. O. C.

## No. 57.—A PICTURE STORY.



A little ground sparrow had built her nest in the grass, under a bunch of clover. Kitty heard the sparrow singing, as it stood in a bush, near by, and a wicked thought came into her head. The fact is, kitty was naughty. As for catching mice, no one had a better right than herself. She might have caught forty in a day, and never a word would have been said. But, as soon as she saw this Mr. Sparrow, singing in the bush, her eyes flashed, and she sprang up in a moment. She seized the little, warm, fluttering thing in her sharp teeth, and ran away to hide her cruelty. O, what a time there was among the birds! How they fluttered and flew and screamed! It made my heart ache to see them. They pounced down upon kitty, as if to make her afraid of them. But she only ran the harder.

Charley could not bear this. He could not stand by and see a great robber, like kitty, go free. So he gave chase, and kitty was caught, just as she was about to spring into the cherry tree. Lucky that he caught her just as he did, for poor birdie was almost dead. Charley used a switch pretty freely about kitty's ears, and she let the poor thing go. So birdie flew away to find a worm for his mate, as she sat waiting, on her nest in the clover.

W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN JULY NUMBER.

No. 41.—Charade.—Whip-poor-will. No. 42.—Charade.—Sunshade. No. 43.—Riddle.—Book. No. 44.—Riddle.—Iron. No. 45.—Riddle.—Needle. No. 46.—Charade.—Dandy-lion (dandelion). No. 47.—Puzzle.—To-morrow. No. 48.—Riddle.—The Blood.

CLUBS for THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS AND PELOUBET'S ORGANS AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of *forty* subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, five octave, new style, with Double Blowers, and Knee Swell, two stops, walnut case, price \$130.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

## WM. GOODSMITH & CO., GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENTS

FOR ALL

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

P. O. DRAWER 6058.

## REFERENCES.

Hon. John D. Defrees, Sup't Government Printing, Washington, D. C.  
Publisher of New York Tribune, - New York.  
" Amer. Agriculturist, - "  
" The Independent - "  
Publishers of The Little Corporal, Chicago Tribune, Chicago Journal; Chicago Type Foundry; Rounds & James; Hon. Mark Skinner; E. B. McCagg, Esq.; E. W. Blatchford, Esq.; B. W. Raymond, Esq.; H. Z. Culver, Esq.; T. M. Avery, Esq.; Chicago.

Business men wishing to advertise in any paper in the Union, can send their orders to us. The Agent's commissions are paid by the publishers and not by the advertisers. Indexed files of papers from all parts of the country can be seen at our office.

Particulars as to prices, etc., will be sent promptly on application.

**NEEDLES.—ONE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES,** put up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
tf-oc P. O. Drawer 6058.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.

HOW TO REMIT:—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of **ALFRED L. SEWELL**.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us *without any loss*.

Registered letters, under the new system, which went into effect lately, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. *Observe the Registry fee*, as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps* at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending *only one dollar*, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL, PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

A few advertisements, only, will be inserted in *The Little Corporal*. One Dollar a line, each insertion, is charged for inside page; one dollar and a half a line for outside page; double price for cuts or extra display.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**

Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## WAITING.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

O dear! how can I be quiet,  
When my heart is one throb of delight,  
And keeps saying over and over,  
My mother is coming to-night?  
My hair is tied up with blue ribbons,  
My stockings and apron are white,  
I'm keeping myself nice to meet her,  
My mother is coming to-night!  
Dark cloud, hurry off in the distance,  
Nor gather my hopes to affright—  
Let the rain storms wait till to-morrow,  
My mother is coming to-night!  
Now, what are you staying for, pussy?  
You've eaten your supper all right—  
Go home, and say to the kitten,  
My mother is coming to-night!  
Little star, I'm watching you shining  
Away in the west, silver bright;  
Can you see me, and hear what I'm saying?  
My mother is coming to-night!  
Dick, trot along, faster and faster,  
And bring the dear carriage in sight;  
I'm listening to hear the wheels rattle—  
My mother is coming to-night!

# The Little Corporal

## FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. 7.  
NO. 3.

Chicago, Ill., September, 1868.

### NELLY HOPKINS' "CELEBRATION."

BY JULIA F. SNOW.

And *such* a celebration as they were going to have at the Cross Roads! The schoolhouse was decked out with evergreens and red and white flannel. Commodore Plunkett had lent his big flag, and Burdock, the Carpenter, had knocked together a framework for a screen, which the ladies had covered with a white cloth and trimmed with wreaths of arbor vitæ; and said screen was to divide the refreshment tables from that part of the room to be used as an auditorium. (Ask your mother or aunt what that word means.) Sam Sparkle, the village beau, remarked that "it stood between the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and "thin partitions did their bounds divide;" but nobody laughed, for they were all too busy, and Dick Hawkins told him, if he wanted to spout poetry, he'd better get the appointment for orator, when folks would have time to listen to him; and Sam Sparkle was quenched, and cut twigs for Dolly Dumbelle, in silence, for half an hour.

They had mottoes, too, put up in huge, green letters above and around the portrait of Washington, (Mrs. Col. Lee lent it from her library, at Anthill, six miles away,) "Honor to the Father of his Country." And Lavinia Updyke had made one, all by herself, on a long strip of sheeting,

"OUR BEST BELOVED HERO."

"FEB. 22, 1732. FEB. 22, 1866."

And Tom Updyke was going to declaim the famous Eulogy on Washington, which the little girls all declared he made out of his own head, but the big ones said, "Pshaw! he don't know enough."

The girls, some of them, had been selected to recite some patriotic poetry. The good housewives, far and near, were busy for days in providing all sorts of goodies—cakes, pies, biscuit, tongue, chicken, and

pickles, not to mention delightful hints of ice cream, and an almost-positive promise of oranges.

Does anybody ever grow so old that the odor of cakes, pies, arbor vitæ, and oranges don't stir their blood to a quicker flow? I don't believe I ever shall. When I shall have reached the respected age of ninety-eight, and it is a doubtful matter if I still live, let one of my faithful descendants, or, at least, a devoted collateral branch of the stock, combine the said elements on a plate and present the same to my expiring sense. Then shall exhausted nature faintly rally, and I shall feebly gasp out, "May parties! pic nics! Washington birthdays! and the dear, old Sunday school! I die happy! *Exeunt omnes!*" which is stage Latin for "It's all over with the old lady."

Well, the preparations were nearly completed. The celebration was to begin at ten o'clock the next day, and Nelly went home from the schoolhouse, very tired and very happy, after her labors in assisting about the decorations; yet not so tired and happy but that she found time to baste a bit of lace in the neck of her red-merino dress, and to repeat once more, "Columbia's Daughters," which Grandma White had taught her. Then, kissing her dear mother and her poor, helpless grandmother, she went off to bed.

Mrs. Hopkins and Grandma White sat by the fire a few minutes, talking, and then Mrs. Hopkins helped the old lady to bed; for, you see, her limbs were partially paralyzed, and she could not move about the least in the world. Grandma was always carefully tended and waited upon, and the things she liked best were always cooked for her. And she was a delightful grandma, too—could tell such splendid stories, and knit such lots of mittens and stockings, and had such a nice, soft cheek to kiss "good night" upon. And because she could not help herself at all, Mrs. Hopkins never left her alone, lest she should try to help herself and get a

fall, or, at least, grow very lonesome for want of some one to speak to.

Early next morning, while Nelly was dressing, she was startled by a great jingle of sleigh bells stopping at the door. Not doubting that in some way it related to the celebration, she hurried at once down stairs. What was her dismay to find that it was nothing of that sort at all, but that her married sister, Margaret, was very ill, and her neighbor, Mr. Peagray, had come in great haste for her mother.

There was no choice about it. Mrs. Hopkins *must* go. Nelly *must* stay at home, must take care of Grandma, must keep house, must make her toast and tea and broth, and must *not* go to the celebration, after all!

Nelly turned away, with a great lump in her throat, and, pretending she had forgotten something, rushed up stairs and flung herself on the bed which she had just left, and crushing her face into the pillow, burst into tears. She forgot Margaret's illness, her mother's anxiety, everything, but the delightful and now inaccessible "celebration."

Presently Mrs. Hopkins came up stairs for a large traveling cloak, which hung in Nelly's closet. She saw Nelly, and understood the whole thing in a moment. She lifted Nelly's flushed and tear-stained face from the tumbled pillow, and held it in her two hands a moment. Then she said, softly,

"Nelly, pray that our dear Maggie may not die."

Nelly had not thought of this before. A new pang went through her heart at the words.

"O, dear mother!" she cried, "do you think she will die? I didn't think of Maggie! I only thought of the festival! What a wicked girl I am!"

Mrs. Hopkins wiped her eyes before she answered.

"I am *so* sorry you are disappointed, darling; but if Maggie should die, you'd think very little of the festival, you would grieve so for her. Now you must stop sobbing, and listen to me. I may have to stay all night, but Patty Lane shall stay with you, if I do. If I can, I shall come back. Whatever else you do, don't neglect your grandmother. Don't try to cook much. Her broth is in the blue bowl, and her tea is in the red caddy. I wish your father was at home, but there is wood and everything in the house. Let's eat breakfast at once, and start. You can clear up, you know."

Now I am not saying that Nelly was a very bad girl. Generally she was a very good girl; but it was a very great disappointment. Her mother knew it, but there was no choice. I have no doubt, if Maggie could have done so, to oblige her sister, she would have deferred her illness. But sickness and death always happen inconveniently to somebody. There was nothing to do but to choke down some breakfast, help mother with her wraps, (for it was intensely cold,) and tearfully watch the sleigh depart.

Then Nelly washed up the dishes, and cried into her dish pan, splash! splash! splash! Then she found she had no handkerchief, and had to run up stairs for one,

where she had another burst of tears; and when it was over, the dish water was cold and greasy, and had to be heated again; and then she swept and dusted, only she didn't half do it, her eyes were so misty; and she sobbed and sighed, so that it was pitiful to see her. She didn't dare to go to the window and watch the Browns and Greens and Whites and Grays drive past down the schoolhouse road; and about twelve o'clock, she found that she had nearly cried it all out. She had cried herself into a bad cold, something of a headache, a general feeling of prostration, and had troubled her grandmother more than words could tell. Only, you see, she couldn't help it—or thought she couldn't, which amounts to the same thing, practically. Don't think I am not sorry for her. I am. I have been through it all, many times. I know exactly how she felt.

Then she looked at the clock, and it was noon, and time to get grandmother's dinner. So she put down the nice broth in a little saucepan, to heat, made the tea in a tiny teapot, and toasted a nice, thin slice of bread, without burning either side, and put a clean napkin on the tray, and arranged it all on grandma's little stand, and put the Bible on the big table, to make room for it. And grandma was so pleased, that she began to think it was not so bad, after all, to stay at home. But Nelly was far from steady, yet, and could not trust herself to think of the schoolhouse. Then she got her own slice of bread and butter, with a piece of cold corned beef and piece of pie, and felt much more comfortable. Then she washed up the few dishes, and felt equal to sitting down to her sewing. She wished that her grandmother would talk to her, but she knew it was too early for that. The old lady must have her afternoon nap, now, so Nelly sat and sewed. She was turning a sheet, of all the dull work in the world; and the clock ticked, and the cat purred, and Grandma White snored in her great chair. She sat and sewed a long time, and her thoughts ran something like this:

"It is really too bad! If anything is the matter, I always have to stay in. None of the other girls do. None of them have old folks to take care of. I don't think it is so dreadful to be helpless one's self. All people put themselves out for them. They have real nice times—waited on and tended and fed with goodies. It's enough to do one good just to smell the broth that mother makes for grandma! and as for tea and toast, it's really wonderful, how much is made for her! Well, I don't care for tea and toast; it's the running and running, and staying at home for ever. I'd like nothing better than to be grandma for a little while."

"Suppose you try it, then."

Nelly started, to find her very thoughts anticipated. The voice came from her work table. There, perched on a coarse spool of sewing cotton, was the prettiest, little lady, about as tall as a pair of scissors, and dressed in shining, gray silk, with a dear, little, lace pocket handkerchief tied over her gray curls.

"Why, where did you come from? I didn't know anybody was near me."

But, somehow, Nelly could not take her

eyes off the gray lady; and it seemed as if grandma wasn't there, and Nelly was alone with the gray lady, and sitting in grandma's chair.

"O dear! what is the matter with me?" sighed Nelly. "My legs are so stiff, that it seems just as if I had none. Let me see. Yes, they are both there; but when did I put on grandmother's list shoes? And how faint I feel! I wish I had something to eat. But what has become of my teeth? I can't speak a bit naturally. And only see my hands! all brown and wrinkled and big veined. And how poor my eyes are! Why don't somebody bring me my tea? O, I remember, everybody has gone to the celebration, and left me alone to suffer cold and hunger and darkness! and I not even able to light a candle! That's what has happened. What if a spark should snap on my gown? No danger, the fire is nearly out. That grandchild of mine walked straight off, right before my eyes. Times are not as they were once. When I was little, I often was left in charge of my grandmother, and I took the best of care of her, and never even thought of grumbling."

There sat the gray lady on the spool, her gray dress shining in the moonlight, which fell brightly through the window, and her lace kerchief looked like a halo about her pretty head.

"Pray, neighbor Graygown," said the little, old lady in the chair, "what do you think of children, now-a-days? They think nothing of deserting old people, and neglecting them in all sorts of ways. It used to be so different. I had often to stay with my old grandmother, who was helpless, as I am."

"Did you?" remarked the gray lady, dryly.

"Yes, I did; and ran for her, and waited on her, and heated her broth, and gave up festivals and things, and never thought of complaining."

"What a good child you must have been," said the gray lady, swinging her feet. You see, the thread was so coarse and the spool was so large, that the seat was so high that her feet dangled.

"There isn't much need of your living any longer, grannie," said the gray lady. "You are about as old as you will be. After this you will grow younger and younger, and by and by you'll want to sit on the floor and eat peppermint drops. You won't be anything but a parody of an old lady then. Nothing of age but its weakness."

"O dear," sighed Nelly, "have I lived to be such an old lady, and have done so much for my family! and now even neighbor Graygown, who is older than I, just sits and laughs at me!"

You see, somehow, her own life was getting oddly mixed up with others—braided in, as it were.

"I remember my grandmother used to be taken to ride, sometimes."

"Yes," said Graygown, shaking her gray curls, "when there was room, which wasn't often. Lavinia Updyke went much oftener than she did."

"I remember one day in particular, when I was left at home with grandma,



one Washington's Birthday. There was to be a celebration."

"Yes," said Graygown, solemnly, "the day your sister Maggie died. The day when you refused to stay at home from the school festival, and so your mother had to stay at home with your grandma, and could not go to Maggie when she was ill. I don't see what has become of your memory. Don't forget the other time, when you had hickory wood, and a bit snapped on her poor, helpless feet, and burnt a great blister, which ulcerated, and was so dreadful, while you were off with Lavinia Updyke, but ought to have been at home."

"Spare me, spare me!" moaned Nelly.

"You used to think old folks and helpless ones had such a good time, with nothing to do, and plenty to wait on them. You see how it is. How do you like it, yourself? Don't you think, now, that old age and paralysis, pain and feebleness, are hard enough to bear, without adding to the burden by negligence and disrespect?"

"God forgive the sins of my youth!"

"You have yielded to many sinful thoughts to-day. I have made it seem to you as it would had your wishes been listened to; as it would if you were old yourself. Hark! hark to the bells!"

Why—what had happened? where was the gray lady—the moonlight—grandma—everything?

Nothing had happened, only Nelly had yielded to the drowsy influence of the ticking and purring and snoring, and a feeling of exhaustion, after her violent weeping, and had dropped asleep in her chair. And now it was getting dark, the fire low, and grandma just waking up, with a yawn that nearly threatened dislocation of her jaws. And a perfect shower of sleigh-bell music fell from the necks of James Peagray's horses, as he helped dear mother out at the gate.

Nelly was at the door in an instant.

"Is Maggie dead?"

One look at her mother's face reassured her.

"No, darling. God has been very good to us. She is much better."

A great weight lifted suddenly from Nelly's heart.

"She was not so very ill, but John was frightened, and she was all alone. Her neighbor, Mrs. Patterson, is with her, and will stay a day or two. She will soon be well, Nelly," said Mrs. Hopkins, as Nelly helped her take off her wraps.

"And grandma so well cared for, too; and the house so tidy! Guess you did not do much sewing. O, it seems that you got it out."

"Indeed I did, mother; but somehow I fell asleep over it, and had such a dream."

A sharp tap at the door interrupted the relation of the dream, which was followed by the lifting of the latch, and the entrance of the angular figure of Miss Patty Lane.

"Why, what in the world is the reason you wa'n't to the celebration?" was her energetic greeting.

"John sent for me to spend the day with Maggie. She wasn't well, and her help was gone."

"O, well, 'tain't too late yet. There's lots of 'em going to spend the evening. You see there's so many goodies that

they'll spoil if they don't eat 'em up; and everybody's been wondering why you and Nelly wa'n't there. Now just fix up and go. I'll get grandma to bed, (who was already nodding,) and knit by your fire, instead of lighting up mine just for an hour."

"Well, if Nelly would like it—I don't know—"

Nelly like it! I wish you could have seen her eyes then. One, two, three—she was up stairs; and before you could have counted a dozen, back she came, in the nice, red merino, with her cherished gaiters in her hand, to put on by the warm stove.

Mamma was a little more deliberate, but it don't take long to put on a black alpaca, a linen collar and cuffs, and a dress cap; and off they started.

Short as the distance was, Nelly told the dream to her mother, who pressed the little, mittened hand, and bade her not to forget it, for dreams are sometimes made to be the ways in which we are taught wisdom. And to her credit be it spoken, she did remember it.

But here was the lighted schoolhouse, and, in the name of all the blue bottles and bumblebees, what a buzz! and what a blaze of candle light! And such a welcome, and such a supper, and such a perfume of the cedar, spruce, and hemlock! And when the more staid elders went home, what fun! Mrs. Hopkins wasn't staid enough to go early, and there was Nelly to take home, too; and what the young folks didn't think of in the way of fun, she did; and she knew more jokes and games than all of them together.

Nelly isn't much older than most of the readers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and did not need her lesson any more than many of them do; for it is a great deal too common for children to feel duty irksome. But she remembers "when she was an old lady, and neighbor Graygown came to see her, and sat on the cotton spool and dangled her feet, the day of Nelly's 'Celebration!'"

#### COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

BY PRUDY.

Dear little bare feet,  
Dimpled and white,  
In your long nightgown  
Wrapped for the night,  
Come let me count all  
Your queer, little toes—  
Pink as the heart  
Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady  
That sits in the sun,  
Two is a baby,  
And three is a nun;  
Four is a lily  
With innocent breast,  
And five is a birdie  
Asleep on her nest.

Never sacrifice a right principle to obtain a favor. The cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you, by square and manly conduct, better do without it, by all odds. A little self-denial is better than dishonor.

#### MILLY'S FAITH.

BY MRS. IDA SOUTHWORTH HUBNER.

"Many, many years ago, when I was a child," said my grandmother, "my father lived on a small farm, and just across one of his wheat fields, there lived a poor widow, who had three children: Jane, who was nine years old; Jimmie, who was seven; and Milly, who was just five."

"As old as Nell!" said Benny.

"Yes," said grandma; "and she had blue eyes, and curly, brown hair, like Nell."

"The mother of these children was a very pious woman, and taught them to love God, and pray to Him night and morning. One evening she sent Jimmie and Milly over to our house, on an errand. It was almost dark, when they started to return, and my father said,

"Milly, won't you be afraid to go home?"

"No, sir," said she; "God will be with us!" and off they went, down the path that led through the wheat field.

"About nine o'clock that night, some one knocked at our door; and when father opened it, there stood Jane.

"Mr. Brown," she said, "do you know where brother and sister are? They have not come home, and mother is so anxious about them."

"Why," said father, "they left here before dark, on their way home. They must be lost."

"Jane cried, and so did my brother John and I; for we all loved Jimmie and Milly. My father called the servants and my older brothers, and went into the field in search of them. They had lanterns with them, so that the children might see the light and come to them. They searched all over the wheat field for them. My father would call 'Jimmie!' and then he would call 'Milly! Milly! Milly!' and at last he heard a little voice down in a clump of elder bushes, which grew near the brook that ran through the field; and the voice was Milly's. She cried,

"Here we is, God! I knew you would come, when I told you we were lost."

"My father went down to the elder thicket, and found the children there.

"Is it you, Mr. Brown?" said Milly. "I knew God would come, or send some one for us, when I told Him we were lost!"

"Were you frightened?" said father.

"No, sir," said she; "though we could not see God, we knew He was with us; and when we found we were lost, Jimmie said, 'O, sister Milly, we are lost! what shall we do?' I said, 'Don't cry, brother, let's ask God to help us.' And then we knelt down and asked Him to show us the way home; and then we just sat down and waited for Him to come or send for us."

"Father took the children home to their mother, and you may be sure she was glad to see them."

"Is that all, grandma?" asked Nell, as grandmother ceased speaking, and looked dreamily into the bright fire.

"Yes, dear, that is all. And now, Alice, what have you learned from my story?"

"O, I know," said Nell; "it teaches us, when we are lost in a wheat field, to ask God to find us."

"Wait, Nell, till I answer grandma,"

said Alice." And she laid her little, pale cheek down on grandma's wrinkled hand, and said,

"I have learned, grandma, that God will help us, no matter how great our trouble may be, if we will ask Him to, and have faith, as Milly had, to believe that He will."

"You are right, Alice," said grandma. "And now, children, I can tell no more stories to-night; but to-morrow night, Benny, I will tell you a story about a little boy I once knew."

### LITA'S LESSON.

BY ALTA GRANT.

Lita's mamma is trying to teach her how to be polite, and sometimes the little lady quite rebels. One morning, not long ago, Lita came down late to breakfast, and finding the family already seated, hurried unceremoniously to her high chair.

"Lita has forgotten to say 'good morning,'" said mamma.

The red lips pouted.

"Eta don't want to say 'dood mornin'."

"Then Lita must not have any breakfast," said mamma, decidedly.

I expected a scene. Not many four year old children could have kept from crying on such an occasion, but Lita straightway turned her back upon us and went up stairs.

"When Lita is a good girl, and will say good morning, she can have some breakfast," said mamma, a half hour later.

"Eta don't wants any breakfast," said the child, sturdily.

"Here's an apple, pet," said brother Fred, taking pity on his hungry playmate.

"Eta don't like apples!" was the disdainful answer, which just at that time was no doubt literally true.

For three long hours she held her ground, then a soft little voice broke in upon our morning chat.

"Dood mornin' mamma! dood mornin' auntie!" The battle was ended and the child's face was clear as sunshine.

We gave her two kisses, and two hugs, and then she had breakfast.

"Auntie," she said, confidentially, as she curled down beside me on the sofa that afternoon, "did 'ou know Eta was vewee, vewee naughty once?"

Looking at the demure little puss, it was rather hard to believe, but after the scene at the breakfast table, I thought it quite possible.

"We was all to dinner, and I wants to det down, and mamma says, 'Eta, say peas excoose me;' and I didn't want to say 'peas excoose me,' so I has to stay, and stay, and Bessie tums and eats her dinner, and tates away all de dishes, and de pudin' and everythin', and I wouldn't say 'peas excoose me,' and I has to sit dere all a'one in my high shair; and by and by mamma tums, and I say, *just as pleasant*, 'mamma, peas excoose Eta;' and den mamma 'ets me det down. And now, auntie, eve'y day I say 'peas excoose Eta,' *just as pleasant*."

"You're a little witch!" I said, with a hug that sadly rumpled the witch's white apron; and I wondered whether all life's lessons would be learned "*just as pleasant*."

### DAISY'S LESSON.

BY J. A. BELLOWES.

Once in cloudless summer weather,  
Many years ago,

Wandering among the heather,

Where the flowerets blow,

Roamed a little, dark-eyed maiden,

Pretty Daisy Gracme.

"I am weary," made she murmur,

"Life is all the same—

Drudge, drudge, work and work!

Can there be no rest?

Is there not some happy isle,

Where, forever blest,

Children play and sport lighthearted,

All the summer long,

While the tranquil air above them

Bright birds fill with song?"

But the flowers, and rocks, and brooklet

Flowing very near,

All alike gave back the answer

To her listening ear—

"Work, my child, is blessed and holy,

He who does the most—

Worketh for his suffering fellows,

Counts no moment lost—

Is the happiest of the happy;

Try, my child, and see;

For the earth is broad, and, darling,

Know it waits for *thee*!"

Little Daisy stored the lesson

In her childish heart,

Promising in life's great warfare

Well to do her part.

Think you not she is as happy

As long years ago,

Roaming *idle* 'mong the heather,

Where the flowerets blow

### DOLLY SNOW GOING BONY FISHING.

BY MISS S. J. PRITCHARD.

After Dolly Snow had been so absurdly deceived by her own thoughts regarding the "Clam Family," she determined to be on guard, and believe nothing down-east folks said, until her own eyes had given in their evidence. So, one night—only the third one after the visit to the clams, told by Mr. July Corporal—when Mr. Snow announced his wish that Dolly should go to bed very early and get a nice, long sleep, that she might be ready to go with him, at the first ray of dawn, bony fishing, she instantly began to doubt, and to say,

"Now, papa, I don't believe there are any bony fish."

"Why, Dolly, certainly there are; but I do not believe you can guess, even in Yankee land, what use they are put to, when caught."

"I *know* that already, papa. I am not such a little goose, even if I did come from a prairie. They eat the fish, of course."

"No, Dolly, you are wrong; but we will wait until to-morrow, and then you shall learn how bony fish are caught, and what is done with them afterward."

"Don't eat the fish!" thought Dolly, when she was left alone, that sleep might make her a visit; and she puzzled her brain for a solution of the enigma. While

she was trying to guess it, a dream came stealing in on the darkness, and undermined all her thoughts, ideas, and guesses, and carried them away into the land of Nod, and threw them down there in a great, mixed-up heap, and then began to pull out a little thread of one thing and a bit of flossy tangle of another, a little hook of reason and a great breadth of imagination; then went racing away over a great roadway, with the waves leaping up on every side, and every wave full of little fish, waiting to be caught. Although Dolly tried with her hands, not one fish could she lay hold on, and, someway, she was very tired of bony fishing, she thought, when, all at once, her shoulder moved, and her cheek was kissed, and she was called "my dear Dolly," and told that the time was come to get up and go.

What a time she had, to be sure, getting back all the old self of yesterday, that sleep had carried away. Her thoughts were gone, and her ideas were in a mist. Her father assured her that it was morning—the east was alive with the coming day, and she *must* hurry.

Dolly did hurry. She had never made such frantic attempts at haste in her life. It seemed all wrong, however; her stockings were turned inside out, the buttons on her boots wouldn't come to place, because her eyes were half shut; and I don't know what poor Dolly Snow could have done, if her father had not gone to her aid.

He remembered bony fishing of old, and his eyes were well awake to the necessity of time and tide to fishermen; he knew that what was to be a day of pleasure to himself, was right-earnest bread-work for the men who waited his coming, and he had given his promise not to delay their departure beyond a given time. Of all that Dolly was as ignorant as we all are of a million other things equally important, and she was almost ready to cry when her father hurried her away from a half-eaten breakfast. There was one ray of comfort, however, in the arrival at the moment of a waiter, with a basket, which he announced was "all ready just to be eaten."

The carriage rolled away at its greatest speed, the driver evidently in the secret of haste, for it was quite too early for the ordinary modes of travel to be in operation. A big sunflower was blossoming in the east when the coast was reached. There lay the boats—two sloops, two "purse boats," two "lighters"—a quarter of a mile away, and down close to the line where the land and the sea met, behold a bit of a row boat, with one man in it, who was ever and anon casting his eyes to the boats seaward, and then to the carriage landward.

"Good morning, Captain," said Mr. Snow, springing down from the vehicle with all the agility of a boy, "have I kept you waiting for me?"

"Not long, sir; but the fish have risen outside, and when we see them, you know, we are bound to start. I was just going."

The cargo was soon stored, the passengers all aboard, and then the way the oars were plied through the blue waters, just flushed by the rosy light and waved by the breezes, *we* can never attain to, even if we practice half our lives.

"Glad you've got here, Cap," hailed a man from the side of the sloop, close to which the small boat was drawing. "Am afraid we shall lose that haul; they're moving east mighty quick."

"Never mind, we'll catch them yet; the sharks will help to-day."

The word "sharks" had been said at just the instant Dolly was being lifted in the captain's arms, to be handed up the side of the sloop.

"O, I don't *want* to go!" she cried, trying to get away; "I'm afraid of sharks!"

And the poor child came, by her frantic efforts, very near making her entrance into the sea. The captain lost his grasp for an instant, and Dolly just escaped a dip that would have destroyed the pleasure of the day.

"Why, Dolly Snow!" exclaimed her father, "I am ashamed of you!"

"I am afraid of sharks," sobbed Dolly, the tears actually dropping from her eyes and adding to the saltiness of the sea, as she was passed up into the sloop.

"Sharks! little girl," said a pleasant voice—the voice of the man who received her in his arms and drew her on board—"the sharks will not come nigh *you*. Do not be afraid."

"Don't you catch 'em?"

"Not if we can help it—they spoil our nets; but they help us catch the fish."

"How?" questioned Dolly, her eyes wide open; and I am afraid her mouth had assumed the same position; for, just then, she had forgotten her resolution to believe nothing a down easter said, and was waiting with eagerness further knowledge, when she was dumped upon a huge pile of tied-up twine, and told to "stay there" until she was granted "permission to move."

She was not forbidden to use her eyes, so she watched the lifting of the anchor, (I suppose I should write "weighing," but the sloop is so small that I do not think it will be offended if I do not give it the airs of big vessels,) and the swaying of the sail, until the wind filled it. A minute later, and they were off in the track of the boats which had started in advance.

On and on they went, until, when the sun was fully out of the sea, they were miles away from the old main land.

There was a man on the lookout, and every now and then he would send down news of the boats, and tell which way the shoal of fish was traveling, so that another man at the helm might know which way to steer. The sloop followed the fish up and down, over and across half the points of the compass, until it was near to mid-day, without getting near enough to "set" for them—a proceeding that Dolly felt very anxious to see, for the men seemed to think it the one thing worth living for, that morning. She wondered that they could be so patient and nice about it. Her own appetite had not been one-half as patient, for she had lunched twice, when the men began to rush and run about the sloop as if something important was happening. Dolly found herself tossed off the pile of twine without much ceremony, and in the process a particularly-inviting sandwich was lost.

"Hurrah!" cried a fisherman, "we've made a discovery."

"What's that?" said the captain. But no one stopped working.

"Why, don't you see? there's a new Sandwich Island," pointing to Dolly's favorite biscuit, which was gradually sinking from sight.

I am afraid the man's speech was not very well appreciated just then, for the seine, which had furnished Dolly with a seat, was being hastily cast into two boats, one boat receiving one end, another the other; then they parted company, going one to the east the other to the west, paying out the net as they went.

"How quiet they are," thought Dolly. But the men knew better than to shout and cry aloud, for the bony fish are very timid, and at the smallest alarm, go down.

That time the fish seemed too wise to be caught. The surface of the water was alive with motion. Thousands of fins could be seen just above the sea, although Dolly Snow could discover nothing but waves.

Farther and farther went the two boats, paying out rod after rod of the seine, while the shoal of fish went their way from side to side, in utter unconsciousness of the trap that was laying for them. Half the great circuit was made. The fish were almost caught, when the school made a motion onward. The men in the boats saw it, and used every muscle to cover the place ahead of the fish. The race was very exciting to every man, and the bony fish won it, *without* the purse.

"There's the fellow," cried a voice; "that shark has cheated us this time!" as a finny monster showed himself an instant, then darted away on his wide, ocean track, in pursuit of his prey.

After that, the seine was taken in again, the sun shone down with strong heat on the waters, and Dolly began to think bony fishing, for pleasure, was not to be compared with clamming. She grew tired and sleepy. The men sang songs, and seemed to find something to laugh about, where Dolly couldn't discover the least thing funny. In listening to one song she fell asleep, and was duly screened from sun and wind by her father, who was gaining experience as child's nurse at a rate that would have been comforting to Dolly's mother, who, at that time, was thinking of her child as particularly well sheltered in her own old home.

Dolly slept on, while the sun went westward, and the boats onward.

Again came the fish. The fishermen's eyes shone and their hearts brightened with the size of the shoal that *this time* they intended to draw in.

Dolly was awakened in time to see, and just at the moment the fish were inside the purse net.

Then came the drawing of it together. In came the fish, thousand on thousand. There were one hundred thousand fish in the net, which fairly shook and quivered with the living mass striving to escape.

When it was drawn up, ready for emptying, up came the "lighter," the boat that transports the fish, and four men began to scoop them up in small nets. Dolly saw the pretty fish dipped out and cast into the boat by the thousand, until there was no room for more.

"That is a good day's work," said the

captain. "The fish are worth two hundred and fifty dollars to the men, and as much more, at least, to the mill."

Then Dolly learned that the fish she thought were caught for food went into a mill, where they were cooked and pressed until they became the fat, not of the land, like the petroleum wells, but of the sea. After that, the oil was put into tanks and carried away to be sold for various purposes. I dare say, you, who read this, have some of it this minute on the house you live in, so mixed in with the paint that you would never dream you owed it to a bony fish.

Then, as night drew near, and the cool breezes blew, Dolly went to see the net reeled up to dry, that it might be ready for use on the morrow.

Dear me! How short my space is, or else I have forgotten and told my story awkwardly; for I had so much to tell you about bony fishing. However, I promise that if any boy or girl who reads this story will apply to me for a day on the waters of Long Island Sound, cruising for white fish, he or she shall be made welcome to the pleasure; for, as I sat on the rocks, writing this, and watching the men inside the reel go 'round and 'round, encompassed by the great net, Captain Lee came on shore and proffered the freedom of his boats to me and my friends; and Captain Lee is a gentleman who never forfeits his word. You can one and all come, and you will say that I have not half told my story.

I really intended to tell you that the white or bony fish are much sought after by sharks and porpoises, and that, until the arrival of their natural enemies, the fish are scattered through the seas; but when followed, they herd together under the impulse of fear and for mutual protection. Even as I write this, there lies before me a wide stretch of sea, and through it are moving a shoal of fish, chased by rolling porpoises, that make as much fuss as small whales might.

ANOTHER TRUE GHOST STORY.—Reading an article in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, some time ago, reminded me of "a ghost," which came to my father's house, a long time ago. Up in the loft, among other things, stood an old-fashioned spinning wheel. One night we heard a noise that sounded like the turning of the wheel. We were sure that no one was in the garret, and as we did not believe in ghosts, we determined to find out, if possible, what really made the noise. So, going up the steps with a light, sure enough, we found the wheel slowly turning, without any apparent cause. For several nights the same thing happened, but none could solve the mystery. At last, at the suggestion of some wise head, we procured a dark lantern, and watched at the head of the stairs for the appearance of the *ghost*.

We were all very still, and by and by the wheel began to turn. Then suddenly we opened the lantern and flashed the light upon the wheel, when off jumped a *rat*, and scampered for his hole. He had found a nice place to take a ride, and was enjoying it. No doubt, many a ghost story is made from such material as this, when people have little bravery and great imagination.

Mrs Mary H. J.

## WHITE AND AZURE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Down where the clover blossoms  
Load the air with sweet perfumes,  
See I something white and azure,  
Flitting 'round among the blooms.  
White and azure touched with crimson,  
And a gleam of palest gold;  
Ah! 'tis but a little maiden,  
Who is hardly four years old.

Blue her eyes are as the heavens,  
And her brow is like the snow;  
And the crimson clover blossoms  
Pale beside her lip's pure glow.  
In her hair the golden glory  
Of the sunset seems to dwell,  
And her voice is like the music  
Of a tinkling silver bell.

In and out among the clover  
Fly her little, twinkling feet;  
And her hands are overflowing  
With the blossoms cool and sweet.  
Tired at last, the spell of slumber  
O'er her spirit seems to pass,  
And a something white and azure,  
See I yonder in the grass.

Little child, the years are coming  
When you will not care to play,  
Even with life's fairest flowers,  
Through its brightest summer day.  
When, perhaps, you will be weary,  
Not of pleasure, but of pain—  
Not of weaving crimson garlands,  
But of bearing care's dull chain.

Yet, sweet baby, lying yonder  
'Mid the clover's fragrant bloom,  
You may wear the white and azure  
Thro' life's joy, and thro' its gloom.  
You may walk in spotless raiment,  
Saintly pure and snowy white;  
You may keep the blue of heaven  
In your clear eyes' tender light!

## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## CHAPTER IX.

Jimmy had been in Iowa about two weeks. With the help of a stout man, he had been very busy repairing fences, and putting the barns in order, adding to one of them a long shed for the sheep, which had been accustomed to huddle around the great straw-stacks, with no shelter from the severest storms. The shed was a rude affair, and didn't at all suit Jimmy, but carpenters were not to be hired, and George assured him it would do very well.

"'Twon't do to put old Fowler's sheep into too good quarters *all to once*; they'd die of astonishment, most likely; they're used to keepin' warm by exercisin'."

One morning, when Jimmy went over to the house, he was surprised to see the smoke issuing from the kitchen chimney. He looked in at the window, and saw a ragged, little boy, about fourteen years old, sitting on the floor among some old clothes, eating his breakfast, and warming himself by the fire that he had kindled in the old cooking stove. Jimmy watched him a minute, and then took the key from his pocket and quietly opened the door. The boy looked up at him without showing

any astonishment, but gave him a familiar nod, and said,

"Mornin', boss."

"Good morning," said Jimmy, not knowing exactly what to say.

"Staid out pretty late, last night, didn't you?" said the boy; "didn't seem to be anybody to home when I come by last night, so I jest histed a winder and stepped in, and made myself comf'table."

"Where are you going?" asked Jimmy.

"Nowheres in partic'lar; I'm lookin' for a place to locate. I stopped a while with a feller down the river a piece, but we had a fallin' out, and I left. Want to hire a hand?"

"For what?" asked Jimmy, a good deal amused. "What can you do? Do you know anything about farm work?"

"Well, no," said the boy, eyeing him from head to foot, "I can't really say as I'm quite posted, but 'tain't no great things to learn. I reckon I kin get the hang of a sheep pretty quick."

"Where do you live?" asked Jimmy.

"Anywheres at all; jest where I kin find a place."

"But where did you come from, last night, and where were you going to?"

"Trav'lin' boss, trav'lin'." Then giving Jimmy a sharp look, he added, "You needn't be so partic'lar 'bout knowin'; there ain't no reward offered for me. I'll be bound they was glad to get rid of me."

"He's run away from somewhere," thought Jimmy. "I wish I could do something for him, but I don't see how."

"I'll work for my vittles and clothes," said the boy, who seemed to read Jimmy's thoughts in his face.

"I've a great mind to try you; but then there's no place for you to sleep; Sarah wouldn't have you at the house, I know."

"Never mind Sairy," said the boy, saucily; "I'll sleep in the barn."

"Well, come out of here now; I don't want my house burned up; I'll talk to George about it."

The boy gathered up his bundles of rags, and followed Jimmy, whistling merrily.

George was at work near by, and Jimmy went straight to find him.

"George," he began, "didn't you say a stout boy of fourteen or fifteen was just the extra help we needed now?"

"Exactly," said George; "but I know every farmer for twenty mile around, and there ain't such an article to be had."

"I've got a boy out here; I don't feel sure that he'll do, but if we could try him," said Jimmy hesitating.

George looked up in astonishment, and then laid down his shovel and walked a few steps to where the boy was leaning over the fence.

"How are ye, old chap?" said the boy.

George took no notice of his remark, but looked him steadily in the face.

"You're a runaway," he said, presently.

"I saw you up at Mr. Nettleton's, a couple of weeks ago."

"You've got a mighty good memory, old feller," said the boy, coolly. "Come to think of it, I remember you, too. You're the chap that old Nettleton tried to sell that balky hoss to, only you was too keen for his tricks."

George smiled a grim smile in acknowl-

edgement of the compliment, and said, "I ain't easy to cheat in animals; I know the trick of a horse's eye, and I can tell boys just as well; and I knew you was a precious rascal the minute I saw you."

The boy laughed heartily, as if he really enjoyed being called a rascal.

"Better send him along," said George, to Jimmy.

"What kind of a man is Mr. Nettleton?" asked Jimmy.

"He's a hard old skinflint—a regular miser."

"See here," said the boy, more civilly, "you might give a feller a chance. I come out o' jail, when the old man up yonder took me, and I'd a heap sooner be locked up agin' than to live with him. Hard work, and cuffs, and nothin' decent to eat."

"That's so," said George, musingly; "I staid there once to dinner. If my Sairy was such a mean cook, I believe I'd run away, too."

"I should like to try him, if you think it'll do," said Jimmy. "You see, George, I can't help remembering how much has been done for me, and how people were kind to me when I was no better than he is."

"You never was such a little villain as that, I'll be bound for you," said George, indignantly. "But if he'll sleep in the barn, I reckon Sairy'll give him his meals. It's most April now, and he'll do comfortable enough on the hay with a blanket or two."

So Jimmy agreed with the boy that he was to have a fair trial, and, if he did well, was to have regular wages, whatever he could fairly earn. He seemed well pleased with the arrangement, and took up his quarters in the barn with a great deal of satisfaction.

George and Sarah watched him with much distrust, and even Jimmy felt that he could not quite trust him; but he seemed to learn the ways of the farm readily, and Jimmy spent a great deal of time in teaching him to read and write, and trying to train him to respectability. He said over and over, to himself, when he was almost discouraged, "He's no worse than I was—they all had patience with me, and the Lord cares for him just the same as he does for any one else." Yet, in spite of all, he could not help feeling that the boy was *not* like him, and that he did not honestly wish to do right and be a good, true man in the world.

"There's another of my chickens gone," said Sarah, as she opened her poultry house, one morning. "It does beat all. I don't see how anything can catch 'em without getting into that trap."

Jimmy said nothing, but went out and examined the house. For several weeks the chickens had been disappearing, and all the traps they could set failed to catch the thief. That night there had been a light rain, and Jimmy thought he saw the prints of bare feet around the chicken house, but he could not be quite confident.

"Mighty queer 'bout them chickens, ain't it?" said the boy, coming up and peeping into the coop.

"Not very," said Jimmy, giving him a keen look; "I think I understand about it pretty well."

Jo tossed his hoe over his shoulder and went out to his work. Jimmy set a simple trap by the door of the chicken coop, but did not trouble himself to watch it for a day or two. But there was one thing he did watch, and that was Jo; and when he began to see some mysterious movements on his part, he paid a visit to his sleeping room in the hay, and found a quantity of fishing-lines and hooks, and a tin box of matches, carefully hidden away.

"O ho! my fine fellow," said Jimmy, "you'll be burning us all up, some of these nights."

He took out his knife and shaved off the ends of the matches carefully and smoothly, and then put them back in their hiding place.

That night Jo declared he was "clear beat out," and crawled away to his nest earlier than usual. Jimmy went to his room, too, but as soon as the family were in bed he took up his watch at the little, back window, which looked towards the barn. By and by a dusky figure came slowly out from the stable door, and took its way towards the chicken house.

"Just as I expected," said Jimmy, nodding to himself; "that's Jo—and I shall have to let him get another chicken before I can trap him."

He crept down the stairs just in time to see him reach his arm into the chicken house, and grasp a chicken so adroitly that it had only time for a short, half-smothered cry, that hardly disturbed its mates at all. When the chicken was secured, Master Jo gathered up several other articles from the barn, and started across the cornfield.

"He's going to the river to fish," thought Jimmy. "I wonder if he can have any companions?"

Watching him a moment, to make sure of his course, he went quietly back and awakened George, by a rap at his window.

"I've got track of the thief," he whispered; "dress yourself as quick as you can, and come out."

George came out in a moment, armed with his gun.

"I wouldn't take that," said Jimmy; "a cane'll answer every purpose."

"You don't catch me out nights without some kind of a weapon better'n a hickory stick," said George. And so Jimmy, who had not been at the west long enough to grow familiar with guns, kept a sharp lookout for his dangerous companion, as they stumbled along in the dark.

"I allus mistrusted that little rascal," said George; "and I shan't be surprised if he's in with a reg'lar gang. Don't catch him stealin' chickens and prowlin' 'round nights, alone."

"There's a lantern, now," said Jimmy, "half way down to the river; he can't have got so far as that, can he?"

"That's another of 'em," said George. "Hark! that's Jo's whistle, up among the brush; I've heard him call the cows that way. Why don't he light up, too, I wonder?"

"I don't believe his matches work first rate," said Jimmy. "I fixed 'em for him."

Presently they saw Jo come down from the brush and join the boy with the lan-

tern, and the two moved rapidly on toward the river, where some boys were already fishing.

As soon as they were busy at their sport, George and Jimmy crept nearer, and soon learned all about the mysterious disappearance of the chickens. The boys were from a small settlement up the river, and had been in the habit of coming down there to fish every few days, stealing chickens wherever they could lay their hands on them, and broiling them for a midnight feast. They seemed to have very good success at their fishing, but Jimmy could hardly persuade George to keep still till they were ready to light their fire.

"We can't catch them all five, of course," he said, "and I want to see all their faces, so I shall know them again."

"I can fix a couple of 'em, so's I shall know 'em, if they don't know theirselves," said George, with a savage grip of his gun.

"I hope you don't mean to shoot 'em," said Jimmy, anxiously; "because, if you do, I'll go straight back now."

"Keep easy, youngster," said George. "I won't do anything worse 'n scare 'em. I should like to see a couple of 'em plumped into the river."

The boys presently came up into a little, sheltered hollow, and lighted their fire. Jimmy could hardly help laughing, to see Jo try match after match from his box, until he finally threw them down in disgust. Then he produced the chicken, and began to strip off the feathers.

"There," said he, "that's one o' Sairy's best topknots—warranted to lay two eggs a day, and three on Sundays. I'most hated to snap her up, but the critter would roost close by the door."

"These 'ere doughnuts and pie come out of old Nettleton's milk house," said another. "I got 'em through the window, and then squeezed the old cat in to 'count for 'em. My! won't there be a row in the mornin', when the old woman finds her there?"

"Tell ye what," Jimmy, whispered George, "you may do what you like to the rest of 'em, but if I don't whip that Jo for stealin' Sairy's topknot, then I ain't a decent feller."

"I wish we'd brought Seth along," said Jimmy. "I never thought of so many."

"I don't," said George. "Seth Larkins is powerful to work, but I'd sooner set a elephant to catch a rogue. He picks up everything by the wrong end."

The roasting and broiling went on finely, and the savory odor of the chicken began to reach the watchers.

"Smells nice, don't it?" said George. "I'll be bound they sha'n't get a bite of it."

After a moment of consultation, George fired his gun into the air over their heads, and the two rushed forward with a shout that would have done credit to a couple of Indians. George made directly for Jo, and held him to the ground with his great foot, while he kept another boy from rising by the threatening muzzle of his gun. The others came to quarter at once, and made no attempt to get away. They were made to tell their names, and pretty severely threatened, and then allowed to depart; but George brought Jo to his feet with a vigorous shake, and began to march him

toward home. At first the boy pretended to feel quite jolly over it, begging Jimmy to go back for that prime topknot, and not leave it for the skunks to eat, after all the trouble he had taken with it. "Jest done to a turn," he added, with a sly glance at George.

"I'll do you to a turn," said George, with a jerk at his collar. "I'll teach you to steal topknots!"

"Well, now, old feller, you've got a powerful lift in your fingers; you'd make a good one at nabbin', if you'd only give your mind to it," said the boy, saucily.

When they reached home, George marched his prisoner to the barn.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jimmy.

"Goin' to take my pay for the topknot, and all the rest of my chickens the little vagabond has stole. Goin' to give him the worst whippin' he ever got in his life."

"Pitch in, old feller," said the boy, with a grin.

"Do you think that's the best thing to do?" asked Jimmy, anxiously.

"I know 'tis," said George, confidently; "anyhow, I'm goin' to try it. 'Twon't do me any good to send the little sneak to jail, and I'll be bound he'll be far enough away before morning."

Jimmy felt very much like going away, but on the whole he felt bound to see the matter fairly through; and in his secret heart he could not help a little feeling of respect for the unconcern with which Jo took his whipping. It seemed a pity not to turn so much endurance to good account.

"There," said George, taking up his gun and coat, "I've settled my account with you, and now you can take yourself where you please."

"He'll set your barn on fire before morning, like as any way," said Jimmy.

"That's so," said George; "might lock him up in the smoke house."

"I'll take him up to my room," said Jimmy. And without another word he bade Jo bring his blankets from the hay, and come with him. Jo obeyed in silent wonder.

"Now then," said Jimmy, as he turned the key in the door, "I'll fix you a bed in this corner, and you can rest comfortably till morning. You must be very sore and tired, and you'll have to go early in the morning."

Jo looked on while Jimmy arranged his bed as well as he could on the floor, and then sat down upon it and began to look around the room and watch Jimmy.

"I'm lame enough," he said, at last, throwing off the thin coat which Jimmy had given him only a few days before.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "and it's a pity you should begin a wandering life again. I really thought you were going to do something for yourself. I'm sorry for you, Jo."

"I don't see why you care," said Jo, leaning his elbows on his knees, and looking earnestly at Jimmy; "'tain't nothin' to you what becomes of me."

"O yes, it is; it's something to everybody," began Jimmy, then stopped, feeling that the boy couldn't understand that.



"I *do* care what becomes of you. I've tried hard to help you and make you want to be a good boy. I remember that if somebody hadn't done this for me, I shouldn't have been any better than you are, and I'm sorry for you, Jo."

Jo rolled up his sleeve and began to examine the red marks George had left on his arm.

"You can have me locked up, you and the other feller," he said, at last.

"But we don't want to. If I thought you were really sorry, Jo, and would be an honest boy, I'd try you again. I mean if I *could*, though George wouldn't have you here, I'm afraid."

"No more I wouldn't stay. I'm obliged to ye; but you're the first feller that ever cared what become of me."

The boy looked at Jimmy as if greatly puzzled to account for his interest.

"This 'ere's a mighty nice room," he said, examining it; "your father buy you them picters and things?"

"I haven't any father or mother; they died before I can remember."

"No more hain't I," said Jo; "sometimes I wish't I had."

"But I've had plenty of kind friends, and I've got a Father in Heaven. He's always helped me, and He's ready to help anybody in the world. He'll help you, Jo."

Jo looked for a moment wistfully at Jimmy, as if he half wished somebody would help him, and then he said,

"I reckon He don't trouble hisself much about my business. There's a heap such as me in the world, and wuss, too; and nobody don't seem put out by 'em."

Jimmy felt in his heart how true it all was, and how little one could do, after all, with so much sin and misery. But, looking at the forlorn, little heap there in the corner, he suddenly remembered a lesson that had come to him only a few days before.

"Jo," said he, earnestly, "don't you remember, when we hunted over the farm for those ugly burrs that get stuck in the sheep's wool, how we cut down all we could find on *both* sides of the fence? Because one weed will scatter seed over an acre of good ground."

"Yes, I remember," said Jo, stupidly.

"Well, that's the way we have to do for each other, all of us. If I don't pull up the weeds in *your* field, they'll scatter bad seed into mine, and so I shall get punished for my neglect. I wish I could help you to pull up the weeds, Jo. I really believe you might make a good man yet, if you'd only try."

"Maybe," said Jo, doubtfully; "anyhow, I'm glad if you care. I didn't s'pose anybody really cared what came of me. If I was to go clean out of this and take a new start somewheres, it'll be because you cared about it. Maybe I will."

Jo curled up in his blankets, and Jimmy prayed the good Lord to strengthen his heart, and give him wisdom to do his part of the work, though it was ever so little. He meant to have watched his little prisoner, but very soon he fell asleep, and when he awoke in the early morning, he found him tying up his few possessions, ready for a start.

"You must not go without your breakfast, Jo," he said.

Jo felt stiff, and a little sober.

"They won't give me none," he replied, gruffly.

"O yes, they will. I'll go down and see;" and Jimmy soon came back, bringing a substantial breakfast for the boy, and a lunch for his pocket; for Sarah's tender heart had relented at hearing of the whipping he had received.

"It would only be tempting him to evil, to send him off hungry," she said. "Tell him I don't bear him any ill will, and I hope this'll be a lesson to him."

"You needn't look to hear no great things of me," said the boy; "but I'm glad I know you *care*. It's a heap easier, when anybody cares."

Jimmy stood by the road and watched the little waif start out anew on his wanderings. Rather soberly at first, but soon, shouldering his bundle, he began to whistle as merrily as if he were an heir of the world, going to take his inheritance.

[To be continued.]

## CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY EMILY J. BURGEE.

I sit and watch them day by day,  
Four children at their loving play,  
Beneath an oak tree's spreading shade,  
A playhouse and a swing are made;  
Their prattle and their sinless glee,  
Come floating pleasantly to me.

With weary heart and heated brain,  
The grown-up children toil and 'plain  
Along the dusty ways of life,  
Hard battling with its care and strife,  
Scarce conscious how the green, old earth  
Is filled with melody and mirth;  
Yet there throughout the golden day  
The little, careless children play.

The nimble footsteps climb with ease  
A ladder placed against the trees;  
And often mid the branches green  
Their fluttering garments may be seen,  
Now going up, then coming down,  
With careless tumble to the ground;  
Now gaily vaulting in the swing,  
Then circling in the giddy ring;  
I watch them till I seem to feel  
Their airy gladness o'er me steal  
And swift the bands of care undo,  
And life again is fresh and new.

Sweet revelers 'mid these lightsome hours,  
Free as the birds and fair as flowers,  
Earth's fairest scenes are 'round you spread,  
And blue and soft the sky o'erhead;  
The scented breezes toss your hair,  
And kiss your cheeks, so round and fair;  
The mother with her watchful eye  
And brooding love is ever nigh,  
Serenely thankful that your days  
Go onward still in sheltered ways;  
And lifting ever silent prayers,  
Through all the burden of her cares,  
That angels, watching ever near,  
May kindly guard from pain or fear.

Fair pictures, on earth's time-worn face,  
Are the fresh scenes of childhood grace,  
Like fountains breaking up the hours,  
With music of their silvery showers,  
And tossing out their cooling spray,  
On the hot pulses of the day:  
New revelations daily given  
Of innocence, and hope and heaven.

## FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

NUMBER VIII.

One bright morning, Fred heard somebody's little knuckles at his door, before sunrise, and a voice softly asking,

"Fred, what are you doing?"

"Not much of anything. What's the matter, Fanny? Come in."

Fanny came in and crossed over to the window.

"It's too delightful this morning, Fred," said she, "to stay in the house; there are two good hours yet, if not three, before breakfast. Don't you want to go over the river?"

"After wild flowers again, eh, Fanny? Yes, let's go—that is, if father is willing. Have you seen him yet, this morning?"

"No, but I think he is in the drawing-room now."

"Well, run and ask him, and I'll be out in a moment."

As it was a good, long walk before they could reach the hillsides, where the brightest flowers were found, and the sun, by the time they reached them, would have dried the dew, Mr. Rivers willingly consented to the walk, only regretting that some writing, which must be done for the first mail, should prevent his joining them.

So they went through the Via d'Angenes and the Victor Emanuel square, crossed the stone bridge, and then, turning to the left, walked along near the edge of the river.

How bright and pleasant everything was in the fresh morning air—on their left the cool, rapid river, on the right, green hills, sloping down to their feet, while the twigs were kept constantly swaying and rustling by the restless songsters, that seemed too happy to remain for a single moment quiet.

They walked very slowly, often sitting down upon the stone benches under the trees. For a long time Fanny looked longingly at the violets that peeped so temptingly out from under the hedges and bushes, but it was too wet to gather them. After a while they came to a gravel walk, winding from the roadside up to a beautiful villa, that crowned a hill almost isolated from the rest by a deep ravine. The hill slopes were one bed of violets, anemones, primroses, and periwinkles, and, without stepping from the gravel, Fanny soon gathered her arms quite full. When her half-wild delight had somewhat subsided, she asked Fred if he knew to whom the villa belonged.

"No," he replied.

"I do. Teresa told me, yesterday, when we were out walking this way. You remember that poem of Mrs. Browning's, that everyone knows, beginning:

"'Dead! one of them shot, by the sea, in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west, by the sea—  
Dead, both my boys!'

Well, this villa belongs to the mother of those two who were killed at Ancona and Gaeta."

Fred looked up with renewed interest at the house.

"Poor woman!" said he. "How many

mothers there are in America now who can sympathize with her!"

Fanny was silent for a minute or two, and then asked, sadly:

"Fred, isn't there anything you and I, over here, could do to help the soldiers at home? Every letter Kate and the others write, so full of the war and of what they are trying to do for the Sanitary Commission, makes me feel so idle and useless at being happy here, when those at home are suffering so, that I can hardly keep from begging papa to take us home again."

"I don't know," said Fred. "I don't know what we could do; but I do know that I, too, have often and often wished that we had been in America during these last years."

"Well," said Fanny, "I almost wish something would happen to hurry us home."

In her eagerness she had forgotten her flowers, and they had slipped from her arms—scattered now in beautiful confusion on the walk. She gathered them up again as best she could, and dipped their stems in the little rivulet at the foot of the hill. Then they started for home.

As they entered the drawing room, Mr. Rivers was just saying to their mother, "And, Kitty, we are sure all will be right in the end, if we act according to our earnest convictions, and here we cannot help agreeing that duty calls." He was leaning over her lounging chair, but moved toward the window as they entered.

Fanny ran to her mother with her bright, dripping treasures, but, instead of taking her usual interest in all that pleased her girl, she only answered with a troubled "yes, dear."

"What is it, mamma? what's the matter?" asked Fanny; and the eager, little questioner curled her arm around her mother's neck, kissing her cheek.

"Wait till after breakfast, darling, and papa will tell both you and Fred all about it."

Fanny's appetite was so sharpened by the long walk, that even her sympathy could not prevent her enjoying the cutlets and rolls before her.

After everything was taken away, her father lifted her to his knee, and cried talking with her of her walk; but she had little to say, and looked so inquiringly into his face, that he said,

"Well, my child, you may as well know first as last. Have you never won-

## Work!

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Work, and nev - er wea - ry, Tho' thy strength be small;  
 2. Work, and nev - er wea - ry, Lit - tle hands may win  
 3. Work, and nev - er wea - ry, While the morn is sweet;

If thy Sav - ior bid thee, List - en to his call:  
 Pre - cious souls im - mor - tal From the ways of sin:  
 Do not cease thy toil - ing For the noon - day heat:

He will walk be - side thee When the way is drear;  
 Child ish lips have spok - en Words of ho - ly pow'r;  
 Tell the won - drous sto - ry, Sow the pre - cious seed,

How can harm be - tide thee, With thy ref - uge near!  
 O be up and do - ing, Ev - 'ry day and hour!  
 Ere the day be end - ed, Some may pause to heed.

dered, while our brave soldiers have been dying on the battle field, why it was your father stayed over here, away from all the noise and tumult of the war, and safe from any chance shot? I've thought of it only too often, and have made up my mind to go home and enter the army, where my heart has been so long."

Both brother and sister were too much surprised to ask a question.

"I have also concluded," he continued, "to leave you two with your mother, here. Your home for six months is already decided upon, and I must trust Fred, after that, to look out for you all."

"But, papa, an ocean between us!" murmured, at length, little Fan.

"Yes, dear, I know; but we have thought it all over, and I am sure this is best. And now don't talk or think any more about it," he continued. "I'm not going till next week, and you mustn't discourage me by wearing gloomy faces."

But how to laugh and talk in the old way, with the shadow of the coming separation hanging over them, was a question which made the two young faces lengthen and sadden, the longer they tried to solve it. Finally they gave up trying, and went quietly at work to get everything they

could think of ready for their father's comfort.

A day or two later, all was packed, stowed into wagons, and on its way out to the new home. They preceded the baggage, in a light carriage, and soon drew in sight of the old, time-stained castle walls; but all Fanny's lightheartedness was gone—she was only thinking how lonely it would be without her own dear papa.

At the gate of the cloisters she stepped from the carriage and walked quietly through their whole length, saying "good morning" to Leopolda, as she passed, but with such a grave, altered face, that the good woman's love and sympathy were instantly awakened.

"Run, Maurizio," she said, quickly, to her little son, "and gather for the Signorina some of the early flowers."

The little fellow soon brought them to her, as she leaned over the terrace railing, and his shy, sweet face brightened into smiles as she thanked him for them, rather with her eyes than her lips.

When the wagons with boxes and trunks arrived, there was enough to occupy time and thoughts in finding places for everything.

"Well, Fanny, I suppose you decided, when you were here the first time, which room you wanted?"

"Yes, papa, I wanted the one over your library, with the windows looking over the tower east and north, and reached, you know, only by those long, dark corridors."

"Let's each start out in a different direction," suggested Fred, "and see who finds it first; and, after it has been really rediscovered, I think a few guide posts here and there along the way wouldn't be at all amiss."

"Have you any idea, Fanny, in what direction it lies?" asked her father, tearing out a leaf from a memorandum book, and then sharpening his pencil.

"Certainly I have, papa," laughed Fanny; "in fact, a very accurate one. Come, and I'll show you. But wait—here we are in the library; the room I chose is just overhead."

Mr. Rivers made a few lines on his paper.

"There," said he, presently, "we'll make a map of this yet unknown country. This is the library; lead on, Fanny—in imagination, I mean—while I draw according to your description."

"Seems to me, papa," remarked Fanny,

as her father sat down on the divan, "you are doing things in a sort of second hand, or something. If you do really, though, want to draw a plan of the house before you see it, you ought to be very glad I have run about so much and seen everything."

"I am," he answered. "Now then, show us the shortest cut to the room overhead."

"There isn't any, unless you put a ladder to the window. There is only one other way."

"Very well, let's have it."

"From your study, where we are, you must go through ours, and the drawing room, and the dining room, and the great ante-chamber—that makes four;" and Fan held up a finger for every room—"then up the flight of stairs, and across the corner of another ante-chamber, and through a long corridor and a great, dark place with two tiny, grated windows, (that couldn't have been anything but a prison, I know,) then you go out of that through another corridor just as dark as—as night when there isn't any moon, only just the stars, which are a hundred times more beautiful, and it isn't more than a foot and a half wide; that opens into another ante-chamber, and that into a large room, and that into the room. That's all; and then you look out of the window."

Fred drew a long breath, as she concluded.

"And then mentally question the possibility of your strength being sufficient to carry you back again to your starting point?" queried Mr. Rivers.

Fanny didn't exactly understand, but half suspected her father was "making fun," so she wouldn't ask for an explanation. He put his pencil in his vest pocket, and with the plan he had drawn in his hand he started in quest of the room. A very few hours were sufficient to make it look fresh and cosy enough for any little girl.

Fred chose a room in quite another part of the building, while that of their mother was over the cloisters, and quite out of sight and hearing of anything that might be done or said in either Fan's or Fred's.

In a few days, everything looked home-like. The servants moved around like fairy godmothers; and whatever they touched seemed to fly of its own accord to its proper place.

One morning, Fanny came bounding out on the terrace where her father and mother were training the grape vines and ivy shoots.

"Listen, mamma!" said she, eagerly.

"What is it, birdie?"

"Don't you hear, mamma? Don't you hear Carlo whistling?"

"Yes, but what of that?"

"O, mamma, it's such a runny story. Giachino has just told me about it. Haven't you noticed that he has whistled ever since we've been here? Poor Carlo! As he's the cook, of course he has to stay in the kitchen. Have you seen him, mamma? He has black hair and dark eyes, and he's very handsome. His wife, Finette, is a great deal older than he is, and just as ugly! and, because her work keeps her in the upper part of the castle,

she can't watch him, and she must be jealous; for, just think, she made Carlo promise not even to speak to the kitchen girl, and to be sure he keeps his promise, she makes him whistle all the time when she isn't there, so she can hear him! Isn't it too bad?"

Having told her story, and made her mother laugh, she was off, like a little butterfly, to find Fred, and lament with him that while even yet in his honeymoon poor Carlo should be the victim of such tyranny.

At last, Tuesday came. Papa had climbed the tower for the last time with Fred and little Fan. The walls were of brick and stone, and were six feet thick, pierced with loopholes from three to four inches in diameter, through which, in olden times, spears were thrust and arrows shot; but now they were quite full of birds' nests. There were two arched and grated windows, looking north and south—one was near the ground, the other near the summit. The rough staircase wound up through the floors of the little rooms, into which the tower was divided. It was very dark all the way up, except near the windows. The top was closed by a trap door, which was easily pushed aside, and there was a soft carpet of dark, thick moss, covering the summit. Fanny had brought up a long cord, to which was attached a key. She dropped it from the foot of the turrets and waited till the key touched the ground. Then she drew it up again, and Fred measured it for her, and found they were just a hundred feet above the garden. They could see Turin, twelve miles away, beside half a dozen other cities and towns scattered around them.

All over the tower, as Fred had predicted, the brown lizards were darting hither and thither. Countless birds were flying around them, startled by their coming. Fred thought the starlings rather the most numerous of the many different kinds, and in their honor he named the place; and how many times, during the next few months, did his father's thoughts wander back to this grim Starling Castle, where he had left his dear ones. But Fanny called it Castle Quiet, and her mother liked best this name, too.

Then they went down again, and a few minutes afterward the carriage was announced. Good-byes were said, papa's seat taken, and tear-blurred eyes strained after the rapidly-vanishing carriage.

The next morning came a telegram, with news of the safe arrival of the diligence on the French side of the Alps; and after that, as the hours crept on, they would trace out the route through which the homeward-bound traveler was to pass, until Saturday morning, when, closing the atlas, Fred said,

"There, now he's on the ocean."

Learn to talk, and learn to write. Talking and writing are digestive processes, and are absolutely essential to one who reads, whether it be much or little. A chisel or a hammer is worthless to you until you know how to use it. Thoughts are, in one sense, tools; and by writing and talking, you learn their use and adapt them to your every-day wants.

## THE COLORADO EXPEDITION.

ACROSS THE PLAINS TO CHEYENNE. TALKS ON THE ROAD. CAMP RATIONS. BREAKING THE BRONCOS.

After the boys had taken a good look at the young city of Omaha, and climbed the bluffs behind it to enjoy the glorious view of the Missouri valley, with its vast sweep of green meadows, bounded by high bluffs that would pass, in a level country, for very respectable mountains; and then having laid in a good supply of frying pans, camp kettles, tin cups, etc., etc., the Colorado expedition rolled off, by the 3 P. M. train, over the Union Pacific Railroad, across the great plains, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The ox and mule teams used to make the journey in about six weeks; but by the iron road, it takes only twenty-six hours to travel from Omaha over the summit of the mountains and into the Laramie plain.

The course of the road, for a hundred miles or so, is along the Platte river, and through a very beautiful country, but scarcely settled at all.

"What a big country this is," said Goodfellow. "Here we are, a hundred miles west of the Missouri river, and we shall not get to the middle of the continent until we reach Fort Kearney, at about midnight."

"Yes," said the major, "this is a great country, and all the settled parts of it are only a fringe around the edges. This valley of the Platte will, sometime, have a population greater and richer than the valley of the Nile in the days when old Egypt was in its glory; and the land will be cultivated in the same way—that is, by means of the water of the river, which will be taken out in ditches and canals."

In that way the river will be their great rain cloud, and the farmers will manage it to suit themselves.

All night the train rolled on, and in the morning the country had lost its green and beautiful appearance, and looked bare and desolate, except a very narrow strip along the stream. At last the road left the course of the river, and from eleven o'clock until they arrived at Cheyenne, there was not a tree nor a good-sized bush to be seen, and hardly grass and weeds enough to cover the sandy soil.

The water, what there is of it, is so full of alkali, which soaks out of the soil, that it is not fit to drink; but, strangely enough, there is a kind of cactus, or prickly pear, that grows all over the plains, and is sometimes used to purify it. The people say, that if one of the thick leaves or lugs of the cactus be split and put into a bucket of the alkali water, it will take up the alkali, and leave the water quite good for use.

"See the antelopes!" cried Sharp.

And, sure enough, there were two of those graceful, little creatures running a race with the train, and so close to it that some of the party seized their rifles and fired at them. They are often hunted from the train, and when one is killed, it is picked up by the soldiers who guard the stations, or by the workmen along the line.

"Nice way to go hunting," said Sharp; "that beats the States. They don't go

out antelope shooting in Illinois with a big locomotive and a long train of cars."

In a little while, the train stopped at a station where there was an Indian camp—the genuine, wild Indians of the plains. The boys looked with surprise and disgust at the sorry gangs of Indians, men and women, with now and then a low white man among them; at their wigwams, smoked and weather beaten, patched and leaky; at their rickety wagons and scraggy, little ponies, which, with a few dirty blankets and kettles, and a few rusty guns and pistols, and some bows and arrows, comprised their whole stock of valuables.

At last up spoke Bob Sharp.

"A pretty set of fellows these are, for the United States government to make treaties with! They are not in favor of the Pacific Railroad, and so, by way of showing their politics, they take to shooting and scalping the people along the line. I thought treaties were agreements between different nations, such as England and France and Russia and United States and China; but what a ridiculous piece of nonsense for a great government like ours to be making treaties with such a miserable set of ragmuffins as these Platte Indians! and they living in our territory, too. Why don't Uncle Sam make treaties with other people who inhabit his country, just as well as with Indians? He don't make treaties with white men, or negroes, or Chinese, or Germans, or Irishmen, who live in this country, but he makes *laws* for them, and sends along his officers to see that they are obeyed. Now I'd like to know what there is about these poor, thieving, murdering vagabonds, that they should be excused from obeying the laws of the country? If I should steal a horse or shoot a settler, I guess some sheriff would be after me, and put me in prison or hang me; but if an Indian does it, they chase him around over the country with a big army and a great, long train of wagons, and Mr. Indian, on his little pony, just laughs, and snaps his dirty fingers at them. And then, when they find that they can't catch him, they send out somebody to make a big talk to him, and promise him a new gun, and a red blanket, and a quart of beads, if he will come and make a *treaty*."

At this point, Bob was interrupted by a hearty cheer from his fellow passengers.

"I did not think I was talking so loud," said Bob, looking rather red in the face.

"Never mind, you have hit the nail on the head," said an old mountaineer. "The Indians want laws, and then we want to make them obey them, just like any other inhabitants of the country. Of course, we shall have to teach them the laws, to begin with, and punish them, like any other criminals, if they don't mind them. But by the time you have got a dozen good citizens out of a tribe, there won't be many others left. At any rate, don't let us have any foreign power recognized in the territory of the United States."

"Cheyenne!" shouts the conductor; and the train stops at what its inhabitants call the "Magic City." This is True's account of it:

"The Magic City looks like the headquarters of a small army in the field, only

it is not so orderly nor so large. It has a good deal of business going on, such as gambling, dancing, drinking, horse trading, and fitting out wagon trains. There is not a tree big enough to hang a horse thief on, which has been felt to be a great misfortune in times gone by; and there is hardly a real, thorough-going house in town. A parcel of small cabins, some of logs, some of rough, unpainted boards, and now and then a 'dobie,' as a mud edifice is called in the language of the plains, arranged on streets at right angles with each other, with a square in the middle of the town, where there is a school-house; all this set down in a desert and along a railroad track, with a scorching sun, and no rain for months together, and a view of the snow peaks of the Rocky Mountains in the distance, was what the Colorado Expedition found at Cheyenne."

"You are rather severe in your criticisms," said the Professor. "There are a good many nice people in this wicked, little place; but bad people generally make the most show. They are like a little mud in a big tub of water; it gives the whole a very dirty appearance. I suspect that the great difference between these towns and the older ones at the east, is that there they have learned to keep the mud and the water separate, and here they stir them all up together. Only let these towns have time to settle, and they will look a great deal better."

The next morning, after a sound nap, with the sky for a roof and the stars for candles, the boys were up bright and early, for it had been announced that every man and boy in the expedition was to go up to the corral, and buy himself a wild, Mexican pony, to carry him to the mountains; and, what was more, each one was to break his pony for himself. Some of the party were a little timid at first, but Bob Sharp gave them a great deal of encouragement, by telling them that a sixteen-year-old boy of the Little Corporal's squad ought to be at least four times as smart as a four-year-old colt.

The Mexicans caught the ponies with their lassoes, and the boys made their selections. True chose a tough, chubby, little roan; Bob, a mouse-colored pony, as docile as a kitten, after she got used to him; but Goodfellow, who was rather too hasty, sometimes, picked out a beautiful bay, with two white feet, and a star in her forehead, that proved to be as wild as an antelope and as spiteful as a monkey. The other members of the party each bought a pony, and then they all moved out of the town, leading or dragging their animals by long lariats, and finally camped on the bank of a little brook, where there was a fine, level plain, fit for a pony college. The first supplies from Fort Russell came into camp here, and it was accordingly named "Camp Rations."

In the afternoon, the party went to work to train the ponies; and, oh! such work!

"Look out, my boys! A Mexican bronco is made of gunpowder, chain lightning, steel springs, and India rubber," said an old ranchman, who happened to come along past the camp, as the boys had just mounted.

"Well," said Bob, "we know how to

manage all those things, so I guess we shall be able to handle these little fellows."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before, chuck! he went over the pony's head, and the little fellow, wheeling as quick as a flash, was off like the wind over the plain. Every other bronco, catching the spirit of mischief, commenced plunging and kicking and wheeling and backing, until the plain, for half a mile around, seemed to be in a perfect buzz and whirl.

"Hold on there!" shouted the old ranchman; "grab the mane, catch hold of the saddle, dig your heels into their sides! any way to stick on while the gunpowder is blowing up; you'll come to the steel springs and India rubber by and by."

It took several days to train the ponies, but they were at last brought to terms, and proved to be swift and gentle; and the boys were not a little proud of mastering this first great difficulty of the expedition.

But Goodfellow had a rough time with his beautiful bay. All the lessons of the training school seemed lost on her, and she was so vicious that Bob nicknamed her "The Little Angel," by way of contrast.

At last it was determined that the little bay must take a scientific course. So Goodfellow called on his friends to help him, and they proceeded to show the pony that brains are stronger than muscles, and to give her, by that means, a respect for higher authority.

It took half a dozen boys to hold her, while Goodfellow managed to get near enough to put over her back a stout strap, to which was fastened a heavy ring. A long string was fastened to the buckle end, and as the pony backed and plunged she moved over the string, and left it within reach of Goodfellow, who caught it up, and watching his chances, put the strap through and drew it tight, so as to leave the ring on the top of the pony's back. A strap made into a circular band was next gotten around the pony's near fore leg, by bending her knee and slipping it over, so as to bring the hoof up close to the body and hold it there, so that she had but three legs to stand upon.

By this time the boys were pretty well tired out, so they rested a spell; and then began the final pull that was to throw the pony flat on the ground. The long lariat, which was tied around her neck, was put into her mouth like a bit, and then passed around on the off side and rove through the ring on the back strap. Goodfellow then took the end of the lariat, and giving a sudden pull, brought the pony's head over to the off side, and being thus thrown off her balance, and having but one fore foot on the ground, she tumbled over on the sand before she knew what it was all about. The whole thing was done without striking a blow, or even speaking a cross word; and being repeated, up and down again, until the little bay was quite tired out, she came at last to understand that Goodfellow was her master, but not until he had strapped up her other fore leg, and shown her how helpless she was, when she tried to plunge at him and fight him.

He then took off the straps, and allowed her to get up. The little thing crept up to her master, and rubbed her nose against him, as submissive as a lamb—as much as

to say, "I give it up; brains are stronger than muscle; I will obey." And from that time Goodfellow rode "The Little Angel."

The old ranchman, who had taken a great interest in the boys, declared it was the nicest way to break ponies he ever saw. "It saves a heap of whipping," said he, "and a heap of bad temper, too."

While the boys were breaking the ponies, one of them got clear off, and True was sent to find it. He had gone about ten miles from camp, when he came up with an Indian, whom he asked about the lost animal.

"Have you seen a stray pony?" said True.

"Ugh!" said the Indian.

"It was a dun pony, with black mane and tail."

"Ugh!"

"How far is it to Cheyenne?"

"Ugh!"

While this interesting dialogue was going on, True noticed the Indian trying to get behind him, and fearing some mischief was in the wind, he put his hand into his holster and cocked his revolver, keeping a sharp watch of his red neighbor all the while.

At last the Indian, thinking he was off his guard, pulled out a big pistol. But True was too quick for him, and before he could cock it, True had his revolver leveled at his head. The Indian cast one longing look at True's beautiful pony—he would have killed him if he could, for one not worth half as much—and then turning he sneaked off, leaving True master of the field.

The pony was found in good time, and after about a week, the Expedition broke up at Camp Rations, and started off across the plains, at the base of the mountains, to Middle Park, by way of the pretty little city of Denver. *Prof. W. H. Daniels.*

### "PUT THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT TO MOTHER."

BY KATE WOODLAND.

Far away in the gloomy prison of Andersonville, a little drummer boy was dying. The matted, brown hair was pushed back from the white brow, and in his wasted, haggard features, his fond mother, if she had seen him, would scarcely have recognized the handsome, merry-hearted boy, who, a short time before, made pleasant sunshine in her widowed home.

Manly and patiently had he battled with the hardships of his prison life, never complaining and never despairing, but hunger and exposure of every kind had done their work too well, and therefore he could not escape terrible sufferings. But our kind Heavenly Father, who never leaves us here to suffer more than is for our good, sent a gentle messenger, the angel of mercy, to bear his brave spirit to "His house of many mansions."

The blue eyes unclosed, the pale lips moved, and the comrade bent his head to catch his dying words.

"Put the bright side out to mother," he said; and one more prisoner was free.

The faithful comrade bowed his head

and wept, and said, bitterly, to himself, "Alas! what side in this terrible prison life is bright?"

Beyond the gloomy stockade, the drummer boy was laid to rest, and the life of his comrade was spared to tell the sad story to the lonely mother.

Do you not think, in that hour of terrible trial, that it was a great joy to the mother to know that her son was brave, and patient, and true? and that, amid all his sufferings, he remembered her, and wished to spare her all possible pain?

Boys of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, are you as careful not to grieve your mothers?

### BUTTONS.

MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

Button, button! who's got a button?  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
He never has one, anywhere 'round.  
Look his clothes over, there's none to be found.  
Look at his jacket, look at his sleeve,  
There's scarcely one there, you well may believe.

Button, button! who's got a button?  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
I have examined and cannot find any.  
What can he possibly do with so many?  
Where can he put them? how can he tear them?  
Where does he lose them? how does he wear them?

Button, button! who's got a button?  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
Only this morn, mother sewed them on tight,  
All but three are wanting to-night!  
Try in his pocket—yes, another is there,  
The rest are all gone—I wonder where.

Button, button! who's got a button?  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
Suppose we search where he's been to play—  
Let us follow around where he's spent the day;  
No doubt, he has dropped them like seed or like corn,  
Anywhere, everywhere, where he has gone.

Button, button! who's got a button?  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
Where he climbed over, here's one by the gate,  
Here in the bushes, one more found its fate.  
Down by the swing, and out by the pen,  
Where the calf stands, and where sits the hen.

Button, button! who's got a button!  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
Here is another, caught fast in the fence,  
Where he crept through, and dropped his five cents,  
Another is shining right there in the hay,  
Where he said, you remember, he had such a play.

Button, button! who's got a button!  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
A button with holes, or a button with eyes,  
It makes no difference, off it flies,  
And he looks so surprised when he comes home at night,  
That mother, while chiding, laughs outright.

Button, button! who's got a button?  
Not our Johnnie, that is certain!  
Don't you think if you were he,  
You would try a little more careful to be?  
For if he should lose his kind, patient mother,  
Where would he ever find such another?

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1868.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THREE MONTHS FREE!

As a help to those who want to begin now to raise their clubs for the coming new year, we announce that all *new* subscribers for 1869, whose names and money are sent to us before October first, will receive the remaining numbers of this year, October, November, and December, *free*, if asked for when the names and money are sent. If you do not ask for this arrangement, in your letters, when you send the names, we will consider that you expect and intend to begin with July, and we will send you the back numbers accordingly.

With this help, you ought to be able to raise a great many new subscribers between now and October first. We want 100,000 new subscribers this fall and winter. Now is the time to earn a premium easily. Tell all *new* subscribers that they will thus receive *three months free*, if they will subscribe before October first. Be sure to mention it in your letters sending the names of those who expect this; if you do not, we will begin their subscriptions with July, and they will not receive the three numbers free.

### EDITORIAL.

We call this a city, where our nest of home is built, but the busy feet of toil and trade have not yet driven the freshness of Nature so far away but that the sights and sounds of a "broad, green country place," are all around us. The wild birds fill the morning air with music; the Katydids sing in the maples; the Whippoorwills tell their story over and over, and now, on these last nights of summer, we have wonderful concerts from a troop of tiny performers, hidden away among the grass, and silent all the day. Soon after sunset the music begins, with a chirp here and there, as if they were tuning their instruments, and gradually the whole band join in; some harsh and noisy, some soft and uncertain, but all making such harmony together that not a note jars unpleasantly on the ear. There are a whole tribe of crickets that keep up a constant chorus in every tone, from the mournful cry of the fall cricket, with its sad, "*summer's gone*," to the



merry little household visitor, of which the old Scotch proverb says, "a cricket on the hearth is good luck to the house." Then there are the tree toads, hid away among the branches, that trill out their long quavers incessantly, and a great many nameless sounds that all help to make the music. We should hardly think, in the days of early September, that summer was really over, but all at once, we discover that in spite of green leaves and blue skies, the song birds are all silent; and some day we look across the hills and see on a Woodbine, or Sumach, or Maple, a little, flaming banner of red leaves hung out, and then we know that the freshness of summer is past.

Well, we have had the April violets and the June roses, and now we are ready to welcome the ripeness of autumn, for "He hath made everything beautiful in its season."

O, bonny green trees, you are talking together  
As if you could never grow old;  
You whisper and laugh in the sunshiny weather,  
And all your green garlands unfold;  
Do you know there's a king coming over the heather  
To deck you in purple and gold?

Emily Huntington Miller

## THE NEW NEWSPAPER FILE, OR BINDER.

I have commenced receiving from the factory some of the lengths of our new Newspaper File. I am taking measures to have them introduced to the public as rapidly as possible. I can send by mail, the size required for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, on receipt of the price, 25 cents. I give below a letter from Dr. Haven, who has used the files for six years. The Files were patented in 1861, but as the inventor, Mr. White, is a minister, and has spent a great part of the time since his invention was patented, as a chaplain in the army, this product of his ingenuity has remained in his study at home, and not been given to the public. I have now purchased his letters patent, and hope to give these files a lodgment in every house.

I give below the sizes and prices. Send for a circular, giving full description and letters of recommendation from many distinguished men. In my next number I will show an engraving illustrating the working of the Files.

No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —15c. each.	No. 21—40c. each.
No. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 22—40c. "
No. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 23—45c. "
No. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 24—45c. "
No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 25—45c. "
No. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 27—45c. "
No. 14—30c. "	No. 29—50c. "
No. 15—35c. "	No. 31—50c. "
No. 16—35c. "	No. 33—50c. "
No. 18—40c. "	No. 35—50c. "

The numbers above indicate the length of the Files in inches. Thus, No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long; No. 16 is 16 inches long; No. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  being the length required for *The Little Corporal*.

From F. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., President of Michigan University.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, Aug. 3, 1868.  
I have examined, and used for six years, White's Patent Newspaper Files, and never have found anything else so convenient for the purpose of preserving papers. Nothing but a personal examination of the article is needed to show any one interested in the matter, that it is precisely what it claims to be—a strong and simple instrument to hold papers together for any length of time, in the order in which they may be at first arranged.

The general use of this article by those who take good and valuable newspapers, would be of great pecuniary and moral advantage to the community. The best writers in the world now contribute to newspapers, and it is a great loss to the community, that their writings should be read only once, or not at all, and then destroyed. By the use of one of these "Files," the readers might be greatly increased.

The File is also useful to hold letters and other

papers that one wishes to preserve in regular order.

We recommend all interested in this matter to purchase at least one for trial, and after that no further recommendation will be needed.

E. O. HAVEN.

Address for circular and particulars,  
ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL,  
Chicago, Ill.

## MRS. HENSHAW'S BOOK.

We copy the following from "The Advance":

*Our Branch and its Tributaries*, by Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell. pp. 432 Octavo. \$1.00, \$1.25 or \$1.50, according to style.

This is emphatically the book of the season! Subject-matter, style, paper, typography, binding, all commend it to the people of the Interior, and to us, their representative, as for them the volume of greatest attraction issued this year. Mechanically it is entirely of Chicago manufacture, and compares well with Eastern productions, in its calendered, creamy paper, its wide margins, its clear print, and its neat, green binding, with the gilt Sanitary seal. Perhaps it is not amiss to state, that the paper is of Western manufacture, and that the press upon which the book was printed, was also made in this city. The contents are equally inviting in a literary point of view. The author is the well known contributor to *The Advance*, who at first modestly hid herself under the nom de plume, "Sidney E. Holmes," but latterly has written under her proper name. This latest specimen of her pen-power will win for her enduring fame. Requested by the North Western Sanitary Commission, (which was moved by its experience of her talent at correspondence,) to write the history of their operations, she timidly consented, but has made a volume of which both she and the Commission may well be proud. The title is happily chosen. It is modest yet descriptive, giving a history of the operations of the Northwestern Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, and its auxiliaries throughout the Interior. The task was easy as to the abundance of matter, for the mere correspondence on file fills more than thirty folio volumes, of sixty thousand pages, while reports, bulletins, special pamphlets, circulars, and other printed and manuscript documents are numberless. To secure a knowledge of the contents of this unedited literature, to seize the salient points of interest, to avoid long statistics and dry, didactic remarks, on the one hand, and ambitious rhetoric, on the other, to treat freshly, subjects so familiar to the public as the war and its sanitary operations, this tested the power and skill of the writer. We think that few would have executed the task as well as Mrs. Henshaw has done in the volume before us. It is complete, accurate and readable, and no one can peruse the record but with tears of joy and sadness—joy for the patriotic generosity and self-denial of the men and women who gave and wrought for the brave boys in blue, and sadness for the suffering and death which the conflict brought in its train. The world will admire, through all coming ages, the national courage and endurance which saved the country, and the two great moral and religious outbursts of the war, the Sanitary and Christian Commission. The reader of this book will learn that the men and women of the Interior have no little occasion to take pride in "Our Branch and its Tributaries," for no part of the great Sanitary work was more successfully done than that which was supervised by the North Western Commission, which handled nearly half a million dollars in money, which sent out of its storehouse to the army 77,660 packages, nearly all of large size and valued at half a million more, and which suggested, and by its example, inspired so much that was accomplished elsewhere, setting on foot the great fairs, bringing into the field those marvelous ladies, whose influence was universal, Mrs. Hoge and Mrs. Livermore, (in their way two of the greatest generals of the age,) and that phenomenon of practical philanthropy, Mrs. Bickerdyke. Every lady connected with the more than 3,000 auxiliary societies on this interior field, and every returned soldier will want a copy of this book. Two maps illustrative of the seat of war add value, and Judge Skinner neatly manages the introduction. We predict a large circulation. It will be sold by soliciting agents.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, the leading daily paper of the Quaker City in literary matters, gives a beautiful and just review of Mrs. Henshaw's book, "Our Branch and its Tributaries." We make a few extracts:

"It is published in Chicago, by Alfred L. Sewell, who has produced a volume of which any eastern house might be proud. \* \* \* It is much the most elegant book that has yet come under our notice from the west.

"Mrs. Henshaw, of Ottawa, Illinois, who had taken an active part in the sanitary work, was requested by the President of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission, E. B. McCagg, Esq., to write its history, and all voluminous records and correspondence were placed at her disposal. With great labor, and with tact, taste, and intelligence that are quite remarkable, she has selected her materials, arranged and classified them, and then wrought them into

a narrative that is really fascinating. No part of the history of the war of the rebellion has yet been written so well as this account of the noble men and women connected with the Northwestern Branch of the Sanitary Commission. As a mere record of important facts and events, it is all that was needed. But it is also a vivid and absorbing story, with characters, anecdotes, and incidents that give it the color of a romance. Mrs. Henshaw has never before published a book, but this one entitles her to a high rank among the literary women of America. \* \* \* There is not a dry, uninteresting page in the whole book."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a highly complimentary letter, says of "Our Branch and its Tributaries":

"It is a story of heroism in all its forms, of devotion in all its most self-sacrificing aspects, of patriotism with all its magnanimities. And this story, Mrs. Henshaw has told with living force and true sympathy. The work is, as I think, exceedingly creditable to all concerned in it."

A lady in Connecticut, after reading "Our Branch and its Tributaries," writes: "I could not have believed that so hackneyed a subject could have been made not merely interesting, but *fascinating*."

The Chicago *Evening Post*, says: "Free from cant, from over sentimentality, from partiality of every sort, it goes right at the matter, as a genuine historian does, only that its feminine authorship, and the nearness, both in time and space, of its incidents, render it more fascinating to the interest of the reader than any history can be. The book takes the history of the Northwestern Commission and its three thousand local Auxiliaries, from its inception to the close of the Sanitary Fair of 1865, giving a succinct history of that affair, and a description thereof that is worthy of the scissors of any future Macaulay. In fact, "Our Branch" is a history, in brief, of the war, particularly of operations in the West, from the Fall of 1860, to the Summer of 1865. \* \* \* Mr. Sewell has entitled himself to especial mention for the superior quality of the work, which he, as publisher, has put into this fine volume. It is bound to have an extensive sale."

The Chicago *Evening Journal* says: "The record is a worthy one, and does honor to the many noble men and women who were foremost in aiding and sustaining sick and wounded soldiers, in camp, hospital, and prison. The reader will discover at first sight that the publisher has issued "Our Branch," in a most comely manner, both as regards printing and binding. This is not so remarkable in Mr. Sewell's case, for he possesses positive good taste in a superlative degree, which is exemplified in all his publications."

AGENTS ARE WANTED in every county, to canvass for Mrs. Henshaw's book. The best time to canvass is during the Fall and early Winter months, and we trust agents everywhere will see the desirableness of writing now for terms on this book, which are very favorable. The work is attracting much attention, and calling forth exceedingly favorable criticisms from the best literary people in the Union. It will no doubt have a large sale, as it so well deserves.

WANTED.—We want to employ one or more persons, male or female, in each County of the United States, to collect subscriptions for "The Prospectus and Magazine of Useful Knowledge." Specimen Copy sent gratis. We grant exclusive right to territory, and have agents who are actually making from \$6 to \$10 per day above expenses. The business is pleasant, light, and edifying. For further particulars, terms, etc., enclose stamp and address S. S. WOOD, Publisher, 80 Water st., Newburgh, N. Y.

LADIES AND GENTS.—Send 50 cents and get one dozen French Double Enameled Cards, with your name beautifully printed on them. The latest style. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
Address P. D. SWICK, Dundee, Ill.

\$200 PER MONTH sure and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell our Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines. Address AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William st., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

"HOW TO HELP YOURSELF" and get paid for it! Take an agency for the Indispensable Hand Book. How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to Do Business. Sample copy, \$2.25, and for NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, 1000 engravings, \$5. Send stamp for circular to S. R. WELLS, 41-sep No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

## FROM OREGON.

The following letter speaks for itself. This is the second premium Organ we have sent to Oregon:

SALEM, OREGON, July 11, 1868.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: Your excellent Prize Organ arrived in good time.

It is pronounced by every one who has seen it to be a splendid Instrument, and superior in tone to any they have heard.

Please accept my sincere thanks, also my best wishes for the prosperity of THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Yours very truly,  
NELLIE M. PARMENTER.

## SAMPLE COPIES.

We will send a sample copy of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, free, to every person who will try to raise a club.

If you have a friend any where, who you think would subscribe, or raise a club, please send us his or her address, and we will send a sample copy free.

## APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA

Is one of our Premiums for clubs. Ministers, Teachers, and others who would like to earn this magnificent work for their libraries will write us for terms.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. See editorial columns.
2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.
3. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.  
Where it is inconvenient to reach a person by express, we will send the Chromo by mail, on a roller, not mounted, for a club of ten subscribers. It is much better, however, to have the picture properly mounted, and sent by express.  
The price of the Chromo, mounted, is ten dollars. We do not sell them unmounted.
4. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see another article in this paper.
5. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.
6. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.
7. Appleton's Cyclopaedia as a Premium. Write for particulars.
8. The Self-Binder; write for particulars.
9. Sewing Machines. Write for particulars.
10. Books. See another article in this paper.
11. American Watches. Write for particulars.
12. Silver and Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See another article in this paper.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 6, (the club of six).

The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10. Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," \$1.

WHEN SENDING FOR BOOKS which are not named in our premium lists, you must tell us where they are published, and by whom, as we may not be familiar with them.

We can send any good book, but cannot give nearly as good terms on books not named by us. On all books, the titles of which we publish among our premiums, we have *especial terms* and discounts larger than usual.

The following books will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

	Price.
6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys by Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Aesop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—Moore's Lalla Rookh. Illustrated, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	85
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.55
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.25
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

GILES, BROTHER & CO.  
GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

The old, and best known house in Chicago. Dealers in watches, Gold Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Wholesale and Retail.  
my-10t 142 Lake St., Chicago.

## A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

THE ADVANCE.—Although but a few months old *The Advance* has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest, religious weeklies. It employs the best writers. It is read by all denominations. It believes in an every-day-life religion. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!  
GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!  
GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!  
GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN  
GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!  
GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!  
GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!  
GOOD READING FOR SCHOLARS!  
GOOD READING FOR OLD FOLKS!  
GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!  
GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN!  
GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

The extraordinary success of *The Advance* speaks in eloquent terms of its excellence.—*Evening Post, Chicago*. Improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

It is full of enterprise and ability, and is pushing itself rapidly into the good graces of the reading public.—*Baptist Record, St. Louis*.

There is a spiciness about it which shows that a religious paper need not, necessarily, be a dull one.—*Press, Oswego, Mich.*

We are not a Congregationalist, but we are a lover of a good religious paper, and here it is.—*Citizen, Rushville, Ill.*

It defends New England ideas with a vigor which is refreshing.—*American, Waterbury, Conn.*

For choice selections, really good reading, and all that makes a first rate religious paper it is of the very best.—*Tribune, Detroit, Mich.*

One of the very ablest religious journals in America.—*The Christian World, London, England.*

Will be heartily welcomed by thousands of christian families outside of the denomination it more particularly represents.—*Gazette, Davenport, Iowa.*

TERMS—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent free to any who write for them. Subscriptions can commence at any time.

Address,  
THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.

mh-tf

PERSONAL.—Will the young lady who sent a copy of *The Little Corporal* to Syracuse, N. Y., with the following marginal note, "To the little blue-eyed Syracuse girl who loves stories, from the lady up among the hills with whom she traveled a little way. Does she remember? Papa must lay aside his papers and read to the baby," please send another copy of *The Little Corporal*, with a note giving name and post office address.  
it-sep JENNIE.

## A COMPLETE FAMILY PAPER.

## THE METHODIST,

A RELIGIOUS WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Published in the City of New York, in Imperial Quarto form, and in the Best Typographical Style.

*Independent and Fraternal, Loyal and Progressive.*

"THE METHODIST" is sustained by the people themselves; and, while discussing with frankness and courage every subject of Interest to the Church, yet avoiding personal or direct controversy with existing Methodist Journals, it is intended to supply families with an organ comparing favorably with the

## LARGEST AND BEST JOURNALS OF THE DAY.

It commands the *Best Literary Ability* of the Church at home and abroad, and represents loyally and courageously its *Denominational Interests*, as well as the interests of general Christianity; and is conducted with prudence and dignity, and aims to be above *Partisanship and Virulence*; and to be a representative of the great religious interests of the age. It is edited by the

REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D.,

Assisted by an able Corps of Contributors, among whom

Rev. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, LL.D.,

Rev. ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.,

Rev. J. F. HURST, D.D.,

Rev. B. H. NADAL, D.D.,

Rev. T. M. EDDY, D.D.,

Rev. H. B. RIDGWAY, D.D.,

Rev. J. M. FREEMAN, A.M.,

Prof. A. J. SCHEM, and others.

Its department for THE LITTLE FOLKS is always well supplied with the choicest matter, original or translated.

Its SERMON DEPARTMENT is especially attractive, containing a weekly *Sermon* by a *Distinguished Minister*, furnished to or reported expressly for it, among whom are

Rev. BISHOP SIMPSON,  
HENRY WARD BEECHER,  
NEWMAN HALL, and others.

It is one of the LARGEST PAPERS of the denomination, and, in view of the liberal outlay expended in its production, THE CHEAPEST, also. And, if unexampled liberality of expenditure and untiring exertion will secure such a result, it shall not only be one of *The Largest and Cheapest*, but also the *BEST*, and still continue, as heretofore, the MODEL PAPER in all its departments, Mechanical and Editorial.

TERMS: \$2.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Liberal Premiums or Cash Commissions to those obtaining subscribers.

Specimen numbers sent free to any address, on application.

Subscriptions received by the Ministers generally, and also by Laymen volunteering to act as our agents.

Office, 114 Nassau St., New York.  
21-sep H. W. DOUGLAS, Publisher.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL WORLD.—An illustrated monthly, devoted to music, literature, fine arts, and the drama. Each number contains a large amount of beautiful new music. One dollar per annum—specimen copies ten cents. Address

S. BRAINARD & SONS, Publishers,  
my-1y Cleveland, Ohio.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 56th Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to  
my-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau st., New York.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## "ROSA PEARL," AND OTHERS.

Among THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S host of nice friends, is a little, seven-years-old girl, who sometimes calls herself "Rosa Pearl." That is her "*nom de plume*." She cannot read or write much, but inherits poetic talent, and, for her own amusement, makes up a great many rhymes. The following is her latest, just as she composed it, after the fashion of Mother Goose:

Three little pigs went out to the barn,  
And the farmer gave them a thrashin',  
And they all trotted home, well satisfied  
With the corn they got in the machine.

Here and there and everywhere  
Grew the Canada thistle,  
The farmer's scythe soon cut them down,  
Then he began to whistle.

Two little cats met two little dogs,  
And the dogs began to bay,  
The two little cats they thought it high time,  
For them to run away.

Now the Corporal would hardly accept that for his first page, but he thinks it does very well for a seven-year's-old lassie, especially as he receives many contributions from grown up people, that are not half so good; for instance, what do you think of the following extracts from a few *poems*, from grown-up people, who ask to be appointed as *regular contributors* to our columns:

"Go, go, *brite* birds! with your spotless souls."

The whole *poem* is just as beautiful. Here is another from a temperance *poem*:

"Some boys will sip the Apples juice,  
Also the strength of hops and spruce,  
Not thinking they may yet require,  
King Alcohol, with all his ire."

Another verse says of wine:

"'Twill not enrich your Intellect,  
Or cultivate your Dialect."

A *poem* "TO THE NOBLE TREE," reads as follows:

"I've planted thee in the ground great tree,  
And hope in the future thy branches will chade mee,  
As spring time comes you will blush to behold  
The bud of nature beginning to unfold.

"Thy breast and boughs so hugely fair,  
Will cut and brake the raging air  
but could I with my Marie around thee rove  
My expectations would be nothing but love."

And so on, for five stanzas. Another ode entitled "Fair Ellen, or the Mourning Dove," corresponds with its title, and is very affecting. Another miserable set of rhymes is sent as a "sequel" to one of Mrs. Miller's most beautiful poems.

We might give many other specimens from the poets of America, but will close our menagerie with a pair of quotations from prose articles. A good many people consider themselves competent, and have a burning desire to interest and instruct "those little ones," as one of them affectingly expressed it. An article received some time ago, from a gentleman of this sort, who says he has taught school for twenty-five years, begins thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen in miniature: Through the channel of electro-magnetism along down the current of psychological law glide gently, yet vividly, electro-vital images, clairvoyant perceptions of your thought—emotions—sensations—likes and dislikes, educed by reading the contents of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, onward to the spirit-intuition of the writer's *en-rapport* soul!"

He gives us several pages like the above. Another begins an article thus:

"My dear young friends, you who are just beginning to scramble up the steep hillside of fame."

We have a pigeon hole in THE CORPORAL office labeled *Il-literature*, where some of these delightful articles go, while beside our desk is a beautiful piece of mechanism, imported from "the vine clad hills of France," about which we sometimes hear from the Grammar-school rostrum. It is called a "Waste basket." Into this rare casket are gathered rich harvests of manuscripts, which our office boy sells for two cents a pound. Let us hope that some of this stock, by and by, after it goes through the paper mill, will come again as accepted articles, giving richness and beauty to our pages.

When you read this article dear friends, do not think that we are hard hearted. Though, for your sake and our own, we are compelled to lead many poor articles to slaughter, no one is ever more delighted to receive for publication, really good and acceptable articles, than is the Editor of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Especially are we pleased when we unexpectedly find, as we have frequently done, some hitherto unknown writer, whose brilliancy shines out like a diamond, from the mass of ordinary pebbles that are poured in upon our table. We delight to encourage young and modest writers, who have not hitherto ventured before the public. From among these we have secured some of our best, and most valued contributors. Many who have written very acceptably for our pages, have never before written for publication, and some, whose names are becoming famous, had written scarcely any for children until they began to contribute to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Of course, if you do not begin, and continue to *try*, you will never succeed in any thing. You must not be discouraged, either, if you try without success at first. We have declined first and second articles, in several cases, where future efforts have met with abundant success, and the writers have afterwards found hearty welcome to our inner circle. But if your first trials sound anything like the above examples, (and we might give hundreds similar to these,) you had better never try again, for you may be sure there is something radically wrong in your make-up, and that literature is not your *forte*. As for little "Rosa Pearl," if she has the right training, she will, no doubt, find use for her *nom de plume* by and by.

Alfred L. Sewell.

## No. 58.—CHARADE.

My first is common as the light,  
And rears its humble head  
Beside the dusty wayside, where  
The careless foot may tread.

My second, like a yawning mouth,  
Stands open night and day;  
I swallow all, both great and small,  
Whatever comes my way.

My whole has wings to fly in air,  
And feet to walk on ground,  
But yet, like any crippled thing,  
On crutches hobbles round.

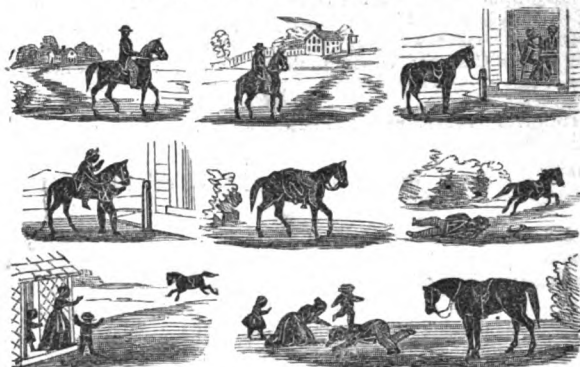
Johnny.

## No. 59.—RIDDLE.

Open the window, and in there springs  
Something flying without any wings.  
Brown and homely, it once was part  
Of a baby's cheek or a rose's heart;  
From tender lily to roughest stone,  
A hundred changes its form has known;  
For the wonderful thing, which I brush away,  
Is as old as the old world's earliest day.

Prudy.

## No. 60.—A PICTURE STORY.



One beautiful morning in June, Mr. Woodland left his pleasant country home, and rode to town. Passing by a tavern, he said, "I will just step in and take a drop or two; it seems rather cold, this morning." He had called there before, but always felt a little ashamed. This time, he sipped a little too much. His head grew very dizzy, and seemed to roll over; and his feet grew heavy. He tried to walk off, like a man, but he made miserable work of it. The landlord helped him on his horse, and started him toward home. But his head grew worse and worse, until the light all went out of his mind, and he lay over flat upon the horse's back. Then he rolled off upon the ground, with a heavy "thump." The faithful old horse started off on a gallop, to find some one to help. Charley was looking down the road, and cried out, "Look! look! There comes old Black, and father isn't on!" So Charley's mother knew that something must be the matter. Then Charley and his mother, and little, blue-eyed Susie, and old Black, all ran down the road to the woods. There they found the poor man, lying upon the hard ground, a thousand times worse than dead, because he was dead drunk. Charley's mother bent down over him, and said, "O, my poor husband! This is bitter, indeed!" So they all came and stood around and wept, because "father" was a drunkard.

W. O. C.

## No. 61.—A PICTURE STORY.



"That's a bad boy," said Uncle Ned; "he's always throwing stones." Uncle Ned was right, that time. The boy he spoke of was a bad boy. "Anything for sport," was the motto he always quoted, when he went into mischief. Every little bird that sang amid the branches by the wayside, or a squirrel that happened to cross his path, was nothing to him, but a mark to be shot at. It made no difference to him which way his stones went, or where they hit.

Once, in throwing a stone over a fence, it fell upon a lady, who was plucking flowers in her garden. Going by a farmyard, he flung a stone and cruelly wounded a beautiful, white fowl. He called this a "great shot," and it pleased him so well, that he wounded and killed another. The good woman came out, and saw her nice fowls lying dead on the ground. She knew well enough who did it. She gave a sigh, and shook her head, and said softly to herself, "bad boy."

But I must tell you how this bad fellow got his pay, one day. Passing by a house, he threw a stone that went through the window. A little girl, who was in the room, hearing the crash, sprang back just in time to avoid being hurt. Bridget, taking the matter into her own hands, ran out with her broom. Bidget's arms were strong and sinewy, and she used the broom just as a schoolmaster sometimes uses a switch.

"Good for him," said a man that was passing by.

W. O. C.

CLUBS for THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN AUGUST NUMBER.

No. 51.—Charade.—Fire-flies. No. 52.—Charade.—Cow-slip. No. 53.—Riddle.—Stove. No. 54.—Word Puzzle.—Red-rum. No. 55.—Puzzle.—Little venture little have.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND

## PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

## PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, price \$130.00.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH &amp; CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

## SILVER SPOONS

AND

SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS  
AS PREMIUMS.

In addition to our previous list of premiums, we have arranged to send a set of half-dozen warranted pure coin silver TEA SPOONS, the retail price of which is \$15.00, to every person who will send us a club of thirty subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, at the regular rate; or to every person who will send us ten subscribers at the regular rate, and \$7.00 in money, besides.

We can also send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen ornamented, double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each. A set of half-dozen ornamented, double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen ornamented, Double Silver Plated forks, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the finest quality of Nickel Silver Metal, and Double Plated with pure Silver. These premiums will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Begin to work on your clubs at once, and there will be plenty of time to write for particulars, and to select what premium you will take afterwards.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. Don't wait till the club is full. Thus you will save time and trouble.

**CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.**—The new and elegant Buildings of this Institution will open WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th.

The opportunities for a Solid and Ornamental Education will be superior. The Faculty will be large and experienced. \$300 is the Annual Expense with Room furnished.

Address Rev. Bishop D. W. CLARK, or Dr. J. W. WILEY, corner Main and Eighth streets, Cincinnati, or Rev. LUCIUS H. BUGBEE, A.M., President, at Evanston, Ill., until September 15th.

**AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE** to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.

**HOW TO REMIT:**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of **ALFRED L. SEWELL**.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, which went into effect lately, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the *Registry fee*, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending only one dollar, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Unless the time is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

A few advertisements, only, will be inserted in *The Little Corporal*. One Dollar a line, each insertion, is charged for inside page; one dollar and a half a line for outside page; double price for cuts or extra display.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.





AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,  
by Alfred L. Sewall, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written  
especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though  
copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their  
papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The  
Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many  
articles have been copied without credit.

## THE FRONT SEAT.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

Into the two-seated carriage piled the  
six people, big and little, for an Indian-  
Summer ride.

"Let me sit *frontwards*, so I can see!"  
exclaimed little four-year-old Rosebud,  
her eyes aglow with anticipation and  
delight.

"O, I want to be on the front seat,"  
said Nellie, "so I can see."

Nellie was three years older than Rose-  
bud, and expected, of course, to see three  
times as much.

"You may have the front seat by turns,"  
said the father, tossing Rosebud up "front-  
wards," by her brother Robert, and lifting  
Nellie into the middle, on the back seat,  
between her mother and the lady friend  
who shared their drive.

# The Little Corporal

## FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. 7. }  
No. 4. }

Chicago, Ill., October, 1868.

O what a day for a drive! And how  
the dapple grays felt it, from pointed ears  
to rattling hoofs, as they pranced along the  
Nicholson pavement, down the road to the  
river's brink, then, with a plunge, on to  
the puffing steamer, across the vessel-  
specked river, into the shaded road beyond  
—on and on for the grand, old woods.

"Now let *me* have the front seat," said  
Nellie.

And Rosebud was picked up and put  
back in Nellie's place, and now Nellie  
could "see."

O what a time in the woods! The  
horses were drawn up under a thick cluster  
of oaks, and out tumbled Nellie and  
Rosebud, and then followed all the rest.  
What velvety mosses—all shades of color,  
from pea green to rich brown, with their  
little green and scarlet and brown cups  
held up here and there to be filled with  
pearly dewdrops for fairy banquets. Wild rose  
bushes, doing their best to make up for  
summer's stolen roses, by a bright show of  
more lasting, scarlet berries. Beautiful  
leaves, of every shape and cut and color;  
mottled crimson-and-black whortleberry  
leaves; lemon-colored and curious-shaped  
Indian-turnip leaves; stiff, green-and-  
orange and scarlet oak leaves; and two  
sets of little fingers picking up the "cun-  
ningest, little acorns that ever grew."

"Four on one stem!" cried Rosebud,  
holding up in ecstasy a cluster of shiny-  
brown acorns, striped with threads of  
black from base to point, nestling in their  
tiny, knobbed saucers, like birds in a  
nest.

What old-time tea drinking, under a  
certain sycamore, they recalled! when  
cups of real china were not as common  
among the little folks as now. Never  
mind—the acorns had their charm for  
Rosebud and Nellie just as well.

And, O, the lichens! Here comes  
Robert with a treasure that exhausts inter-  
jections—both hands laden with an im-  
mense sulphur-colored lichen, bordered

with reddish orange, growing in graded  
shelves, making a bracket.

Were ever children happier? But it  
will grow late on brightest days—for the  
sun is such a steady, old traveler, he would  
never stop for anybody but Joshua—and  
so the impatient horses are led out, and  
Nellie tossed in frontwards, Rosebud in  
the middle, behind.

But Nellie *saw* so much—her heart was  
full of joy, as she passed the curious, Eng-  
lish houses; and the old, French Cathed-  
ral, with its big windows and little win-  
dows, square windows and round windows,  
(which Rosebud can't *half* see,) with their  
marble crosses, and curious carvings of St.  
Peter's Keys, and saints' heads, and all  
sorts of devices, (which Rosebud can't  
half see;) and the sailing vessels—one,  
two, three, four—drawn by one awkward,  
puffing tug; and the curious, little boat  
with side wheels, churned along by a man  
in a scarlet jacket, (which Rosebud can't  
half see;) and the big, red sun, spanning  
the blue river with a broad, crimson  
bridge!

"Oh! how pretty! how pretty!" said  
Nellie, as she looked at the glowing  
water.

But her cup of joy was just full enough  
for Rosebud to dash, by calling,

"Let *me* sit frontwards, now; I want  
to see!"

Nellie turned her large, blue eyes to her  
father, inquiringly, with a look of real  
sadness.

"Yes, let Rosebud come," said her  
father.

There was a moment's struggle—only  
a moment—then, with a sweet look of  
love into Rosebud's impetuous, eager face,  
(a look more beautiful to me than autumn  
leaves, or golden lichens, or curious cathed-  
rals, or crimson sunsets,) Nellie, happy  
in self-sacrifice, clambered into the seat  
behind, and saw, with real pleasure, Rose-  
bud settled for the rest of the drive on the  
coveted front seat.



## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## CHAPTER X.

Jimmy's first summer of farming proved remarkably prosperous, and he was fairly astonished at his own success.

"I knowed you'd make a hit of it," said George, as they looked over the splendid flocks of sheep, and the barns and out-buildings, where everything was put in order for winter. "Up in Vermont they think a feller can't do nothing till he gets gray hairs onto him, but I tell you they believe in *boys* out west. Why there's old Deacon Hadley askin' your 'pinion 'bout lambs, as if you was forty year old. Just you wait a few years, Jimmy, till we get straightened out a bit, and we'll put you through for Congress."

Jimmy laughed a little at the extravagant speech of his friend, but it would not be at all strange if he sometimes dreamed, over his work, of what might some day happen.

But now the heavy rains of Fall set in, and the small streams were soon swelled into rivers, and the larger ones into torrents. All along the rivers came the same story of dams and bridges washed away, and sawmills carried down by the freshets.

"Hard times up to the Warner settlement," said George, one evening; "Deacon Hadley just come down and says the saw-mill's gone, and all the flat below the bluff under water. David West's new house was up to the second story in water, and they looked all the time to see it go."

"Poor West," said Jimmy; "and he's worked so hard to get him a home before cold weather; he'll be completely discouraged."

"His folks were all up to 'Lijah's," said George, "and I never see such a set of discouraged creeters."

"No wonder," said Jimmy; and that night, while the rain beat at the windows, he could hardly sleep for thinking of the homeless family, and the ruin the storm was bringing.

Early the next morning, he was out on horseback, all over his own farm, to see that everything was snug, and then, after breakfast, he rode away to the Warner Settlement, partly to see how a Western river looked, tearing through its channel in all the fury of a freshet, and partly to see if he could render any help.

At the bend of the river, half a mile below the settlement, he found nearly all the men, hard at work, trying to save the timbers of the mill, and the lumber, as it came down the stream, by drawing it to the shore. West was not the only homeless man among them, but they seemed to take hold with good courage to save what little was left.

"The water made a clean sweep through my house," said one; "reckon my wimmen folks wont need to do much cleanin' this Fall."

"Is your house still standing, West?" asked Jimmy.

"The celler ain't stirred, I reckon," said West; "that was all there was left this morning."

Everywhere Jimmy found the same brave spirit of endurance; not a whit discour-

aged, but ready to go to work again. Only West's family, who had just come on to take possession of their new home, looked dismal, as they thought of spending the winter with friends who had scarcely room for themselves.

Jimmy went away with a plan in his mind, which he turned over and over, as he rode home.

"I'm sure Mr. Warren wouldn't care; I'm sure he'd be the very first one to do it himself," he thought.

"George," he said, when they sat at dinner; "do you think Mr. Warren would care if I let West have my house till spring?"

"For what rent," asked George, coolly.

"None; except the pleasure of helping a good, honest fellow out of trouble."

"That's cheap enough," said George.

"It seems a good deal to me; you can't think how strange it seems, that I can do anything to help others, and I'm sure they might as well be using the house this winter as have it empty. Besides, if they want to pay rent, they may board me."

"You hain't a speck of feelin' for me and Sairy, I believe—well, manage it your own way; I dare say, Mr. Warren'll be suited; only, if you get them folks in, don't you blame me if you can't just get 'em out when you want to."

So Jimmy offered his empty house to the Wests, and it was thankfully accepted, the family, however, insisting that he should board with them, as some compensation. West was a carpenter, and, while he was busy, whenever the weather would allow, in preparing a house for his own family, he found time to make many substantial improvements in Jimmy's house, so that even George admitted that he was a very profitable tenant. With the spring, the West family moved back to the settlement, taking up their quarters in a small house, further back from the river, and from that time Jimmy Marvin's praises were a favorite theme at the settlement.

There were wonderful stories of his learning, and his shrewdness, and his skillful management, until he grew famous almost without knowing it.

"That boy's bound to be somebody," said George to his wife; "it does beat all how he makes everything go that he puts his hand to."

"It's the motto, I reckon," said Sarah, thoughtfully; "he always keeps it in his room—'*Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.*'"

David West had recommended a new tenant to Jimmy; a sober, industrious Scotchman, who had just come to the settlement with his rosy, young wife.

"Sandy's not over quick," said West, "but he's steady as the day is long, and his wife is the tidiest body you'll find in all the country."

So the grave, young Scotchman and his neat, careful wife had been duly installed at the house. They brought with them another inmate, a little, pale-faced Scotch boy, whose great, dark eyes looked sadly out from under a white brow that fairly overshadowed them, and whose thin fingers were bent from always grasping the crutch that helped him to hobble from his chair to the door, on sunshiny days. Poor, little,

crippled, deformed Davie; life seemed to have few pleasures for him. Sandy and his wife were kind and gentle with him, but he had such a lost, weary look, it made one's heart ache to look at him.

"His faither and mither died on the ship, when we came out," said Mary, "and I promised his mither, she was my old neebor, never to let her poor laddie want for a bit of bread, or a sup of porridge, whilst I had a taste for myself. And I'll be as good as my word to poor Davie, but any one can see the laddie pines; he's not of our kin, and he don't take kindly to new faces."

But if Jimmy was not of poor Davie's kin, it was soon plain to see there was some strong tie between them, for the weary, little face learned to light up with a new pleasure, at the very sound of his steps, and he would drag his little, deformed body to the door, evening after evening, to watch for his coming. It was very seldom that Jimmy had not found some treasure for his little friend; a handful of wild strawberries, a cluster of bright flowers, or even a curious pebble; anything was enough to give pleasure to one who was so shut out from all the world. And then Jimmy's books! How the little fellow devoured them; reading till weariness forced him to lie back in his easy chair, and gaze with never-satisfied eyes upon the picture he loved best, "Sunset in the Valley." As he looked at the lofty mountains, and the quiet, little village, nestling at their feet; the flocks coming down to the folds by the winding paths, and the children gathered under the trees, he could always see his own dear, mountain home, and hear the faint tinkle of the sheep bells that had made such music to his ears.

"The laddie's left pining for his mither," said Mary; "I'm thinking he'll go back to see old Scotland again, one day."

But little Davie shook his head at her cheerful prophecy, and said, quietly,

"I'll see the faither and the mither, but I'll not see Scotland again."

"We don't care for Scotland now, do we, laddie?" Jimmy would say to him; "we'll make a pleasant home here, and Davie'll teach me all the old Scotch tunes to sing."

Then Davie's great eyes would kindle, and he would sit in the door and sing the "Ingle-side," and such old, simple songs as he had heard his mother sing. His voice was sweet and clear, and Jimmy loved nothing better than to hear him sing. They read history together, and little Davie, with his keen intellect, was a match for many an older head. Jimmy was often amused by his shrewd observations upon the heroes of history, for whom he did not seem to have any great respect.

"They were just *men*," he would say, "and not very grand men, either. What did they mean with all their fine talk about '*God and my right.*' None of them knew what right meant. If I had been a king, I would have liked the old German name best—the '*Land-fader.*' That would have been worth bearing."

"That's what we call our Washington," said Jimmy. "The Father of his Country, and he knew what right meant, and he did it himself, and made other people do it."

Those old kings across the ocean learned something new about 'God and my right,' when he undertook to teach them."

"It didn't go deep, the lesson didn't; kings are aye thick headed," said the sturdy little republican; "I've heard the faither say our own Jamie hadn't o'er much sense."

Jimmy always felt like indulging in a contemptuous sneer at his royal namesake, but a word of disrespect was sure to rouse all the little Scotchman's loyalty, and he usually held his peace.

"Some day, Davie," he would say, "when you and I write a history of these kings and queens and generals, we'll tell people just how they really looked and acted, and let them see that they are nothing but common folks, after all."

"And we'll have none of their grand mottoes, but stick to our own. I like yours the best, only mine is one that granny taught me, when faither was like to die with fever, and its all come true for me; 'When my faither and my mither forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

"The Lord'll take him up right soon," thought Mary, as she rocked her baby's cradle, and listened to the talk; "I wish he'd a cheek and a leg like my little man here, but it's well there's a fold for such weakly lambs."

Jimmy's interests were constantly increasing, in all the surroundings of his new home. He was growing more and more to feel that he was an important member of society, and was looked up to by others around him. He had even grown accustomed to hearing himself called "Mr. Marvin," instead of Jimmy, though George still stuck to the familiar name. But he never for a day forgot the dear home in Ohio, where so many warm hearts still kept loving thoughts for "Our Jimmy," and many were the letters that were exchanged between the two farms. Once, Mr. Warren had taken a week to look at Jimmy's western home, and had expressed himself more than satisfied with the way the farm was managed. How proud Jimmy felt to show his tasteful home, with the many little adornments that he had found time to gather around it; the neatly-kept outbuildings, and the young orchards with their carefully-trained trees.

"Most of the farmers around here," said George, "think they can't spend time to tend to fruit, till they get their farms in trim. I was something of that mind myself, till Jimmy put me up to settin' trees."

"Every tree I set," said Jimmy, "I kept thinking of the poem in Arthur's reader—'*It will grow while thou art sleeping.*' They did grow, too, and now the rest look at them and begin to be anxious about their own fruit. They've lost years of growth, though, and now they'll have to wait for it."

"That's what comes of takin' things by the wrong end," said George; "I've always said the main difference between lucky folks and unlucky ones, was the way they go at things. There's Deacon Hadley; clever soul as ever lived, and works like all possessed, without makin' a cent. If it's a good year for wheat, he always has corn to sell. Somehow I've 'bout concluded a good heart is mighty little 'count in the world, without a man's got a tol'able head to go with it. I hope

the Lord'll give them unlucky souls a heap of credit, for they never get none in this world."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Warren, "suppose you take me up the river to some of those lumber mills, and let us see where we can do best in getting stuff for the new barn."

Davie half started from his chair at hearing this, for a trip to Burley's Mill had been one of the pleasant excursions, that he and Jimmy had planned, as soon as the fall work was over. But, of course, they could not take him now, and the patient little fellow tried to go on with his drawing, quietly.

"We can take Davie, I suppose," said Jimmy, as he harnessed his glossy horses to the light, farm wagon; "there'll be plenty of room for his chair, and he has so few pleasures."

"Certainly," said Mr. Warren; "I think one never gets the full enjoyment of a ride without a child along to share it. Their senses are so keen and quick, and they see so much that our dull eyes miss."

"Davie is hardly a child," said Jimmy, "though he does not grow any larger, or seem any older than he did a year ago. I think, sometimes, his soul is full grown now."

Davie had laid down his pencil and was leaning wearily back in his chair.

"Now, laddie, come on," called Jimmy, cheerily; "we're all ready for that famous ride to Burley's Mill."

"O, am I to go?" said Davie, eagerly, starting up on his crutch; "do you really want me?"

"Of course I want him; would I go without my Davie?" said Jimmy, picking up the chair, and helping him to the door.

"And, Mary, you must give us a lunch, for we shall be gone till almost evening."

Davie and his chair were safely stowed in front of the wagon, the basket of lunch prepared, and Mary's thick plaid thrown in for Davie, in case he should need a wrap. Then the lines were loosed, and the handsome horses stepped proudly away down the smooth, prairie road, which followed the course of the river for miles and miles to the northwest.

It was a clear, sunny day in late October, and here and there were little wooded tracts, where the trees were gay with bright leaves. On the rounded pastures thousands of sheep were nibbling the short grass, for it was a region of sheep farms, and now and then a troop of colts would trot up to the fence, lift their graceful heads to take a look at the travelers, and then dash away as if proud of their freedom.

"I never see such a troop of colts," said Jimmy, "without thinking of the first time I went out to your house. I haven't got over the feeling yet—I always want to swing my hat and race off with them."

Quiet little Davie looked up into Jimmy's glowing face with a look, half admiration and half pain. This quick, strong leaping of the healthy blood in all the pulses was something he could never know, and his little, thin hands closed tighter over the arms of his chair, as he thought what it must be.

"Is it easy for you, Davie?" asked Jimmy, kindly.

"Yes; it is a good day," said Davie, simply, and the old look of peace came back to his face.

"This is the Warner Settlement," said Jimmy; "a year ago it was half under water, but they say that isn't likely to happen in twenty years, and then the dam wasn't half built. I know the best we can do here, but Burley's is right in the timber."

Mr. Warren felt as proud as if a personal honor had been done him, to see how almost every one they met gave Jimmy a respectful recognition. George had slyly told him that they were going to run Jimmy for Justice of the Peace.

"He'll go in, sure as shootin'; there ain't nobody else up to the settlement that'll hold a candle to him for book larnin'; and then only think of our Jimmy bein' Squire Marvin!"

It had only seemed like one of George's jokes, to Mr. Warren, but now he began to consider, and count up the years, and sure enough, it was a fact that the boy by his side would be twenty-one at his next birthday! A man already. Could it be possible? Well, he looked manly enough, with his sinewy frame and fine, open face; but where had the years gone; and could it be so long ago that a little, ignorant boy blacked his boots on the streets of Columbus?

"I must be getting old myself," he concluded; "well, the Lord doesn't mean to have the work of this world stop with one set of men. He always has another growing up to take their places. They're like Jimmy's trees—they grow while we are sleeping, and first we know here they are, all ready to take up our burdens and carry them better than we have done."

The bluffs by the side of the river grew higher, and the road began to leave the prairie and wind slowly down among them, towards the flat below.

"These cornfields are under water every spring," said Jimmy; "I've gone in a boat right over the tops of last year's cornstalks to the foot of the bluff, yonder. It leaves splendid corn land when the water goes down."

"But what becomes of the bridge, then?"

"O, they can only have a floating bridge, laid on boats, across here, and when the river begins to rise, they unfasten one end and moor it close along the shore. Then they cross in boats till the river goes down."

The floating bridge swayed uneasily with them, as they crossed, and made the color come and go in Davie's thin cheek, but once on the other side, they passed through the little town and away by the pleasant, river road again, towards the "timber," which already began to thicken along the banks. Presently they came into a sandy strip, where the pine leaves lay thick upon the road, and the air was sweet with the strong, resinous smell.

"This is only a narrow ridge," said Jimmy, "and seems strange enough among our other timber. If you listen now, you can hear the falls."

A dull roar of water began to come through the trees, growing louder as they went on, and the road ran close by the edge of the river, which was broken into whirls and eddies by the rocks.

"You wouldn't think they could raft over that," said Jimmy, "but they do, in the spring, when the water is high."

"What a lovely place," said Mr. Warren, as they came in sight of the mill; "I didn't imagine a lumber mill could be so charmingly surrounded."

"O, it was all old Tim, the foreman of the mill. The men wanted to clear away all the trees from the fall, but he made them leave them for a quarter of a mile, only clearing just enough for the mill, and two or three houses. He's an odd, old stick, and they say he's half Indian."

"I like him for saving the trees, anyhow," said Mr. Warren.

The horses were securely fastened, and a thick plaid spread down for Davie, under a great tree, where he could lie and watch the foaming water, and then Mr. Warren and Jimmy went to transact their business with old Tim, the foreman of the mill.

Tim treated Jimmy with great respect, but he had a horror of speculators, who were clearing the country of the lumber which the settlers so much needed, and he regarded Mr. Warren at first with a suspicious eye.

"The land's cursed with speculators," he said; "they're eating up the fat of the land, and leaving it poor for them that the Lord gave it to."

While they were talking with Tim, a ooy came past the door of the mill, whose face struck Jimmy at once as familiar, though he was at a loss to remember where he had seen him. But when they joined little Davie, below the fall, and sat quietly eating their lunch and talking over their agreement with Tim, the same boy came down from the mill, and stood in the road near by them.

"I do believe that's Jo," said Jimmy, starting up and going toward him.

There was no mistaking the face, now, though Jimmy was pleased to see that it wore a very different expression, and had lost its look of lazy cunning.

"So you are working here, are you, Jo?" he asked, with a hearty shake of his hand.

"Yes, sir; I came up here right after I left down below. I heard, down to the Warner settlement, that old Tim wanted a boy, and I made up my mind, if he'd take me, I'd make one fair try for it. It was pretty tough startin', though, for the old feller made me own just all I'd been up to; and I just made a clean breast of it, and told him what you'd said to me, about it's bein' everybody's business what became of me. He concluded to give me a chance, and I've staid right along ever since."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Jimmy, earnestly; "and I hope you'll keep on doing well. If I can ever help you, I shall be glad to."

"You *have* helped me," said Jo. "When I seen you drive up, to-day, I went straight and told Tim, 'There's the feller that said he cared what became of me;' and Tim, he rolled down his sleeves, and says he, 'I'd rather shake hands with him than with a king.'"

"Come here," said Jimmy; "I want to introduce you to the man who cared what became of *me*, and who took me,

when I was a poor, friendless, little boy, and made a man of me."

Jo shook hands with Mr. Warren, with a look of awe in his eyes, but they were full of love and gratitude when he turned them on Jimmy.

"Is he one of yours, too?" he asked, nodding at little Davie.

"Yes, he's one of my friends; he belongs to me as much as to anybody—don't you, Davie?"

Davie smiled lovingly at his friend, as if he felt it very pleasant to belong to somebody.

As they rode home by the pleasant river road, Jimmy told Jo's story to Mr. Warren, and they talked together over the wonderful ways by which little things are often made the means of great good.

"Have you enjoyed the ride, Davie?" he asked, as he lifted him carefully from the wagon.

"Yes, it is a good day," said Davie, peacefully.

[To be continued.]

## THE TRUANT.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

All the sunshine beckoned him,  
Waving through the chamber dim,  
To the door that stood ajar;  
And a lady-bird that came,  
With its wings of purple flame,  
Led him through the meadows far.

Fair the meadow flowers were,  
Blue the cockle, in the stir  
Of the wind among the corn;  
And across the thymy leas,  
Where he waded to his knees,  
Played the little lambs unshorn.

In a hollow chirped a spring,  
Set with daisies in a ring,  
Whence a runlet welled away;  
And he followed, followed on,  
Till it bounded, like a fawn,  
Thro' the rocks and woodland gray.

Tender mosses held his feet,  
And the place was made so sweet  
With the birds' and water's chime;  
Knee and hand and head he sunk,  
Watching, up a poplar trunk,  
How the sunlight tried to climb.

Down and down the sunlight fell,  
And his eyelids dropt as well,  
In the woodland's sleepy calm;  
O'er him hung the dragon-fly,  
But his hands were fain to lie  
Folded lightly, palm to palm.

Thus he slept; and then he dreamed  
That a wondrous glory streamed  
All about him, far and wide—  
Though the snakes were in the sun,  
He was not afraid of one,  
For an angel stood beside!

Tall and fair, and full of grace,  
With a holy, smiling face,  
With her long and lustrous wings;  
And he dreamed she chased away  
Catamounts, and serpents gay,  
Lizards, and all harmful things.

So his sleep was safe and good,  
In the strange and whisp'ring wood;  
So his father found him there,  
Smiling softly, as he slept;  
And his little hands had kept  
Palm to palm, as if in prayer.

## MAMIE BERGEN'S MISTAKE.

BY ANNA NORTH.

The girls of the fifth grade were *such* ladies, in the eyes of the fourth grade scholars, though some of them were as tall and as old as those in the higher class.

Miss Schuyler's room was a long stopping place for some pupils; a good many of the dull ones got stranded there—girls who were old enough to be there, and so urged ahead a little, but, from dullness or idleness, were unable to pass the strict examination at the end of the year—while the bright, interesting ones passed right through and left them behind. The younger ones in the room stood in a good deal of fear and trembling, in view of examination, and looked admiringly on those who had passed the ordeal triumphantly.

And high among them stood Lutie Baylie, or, as the girls sometimes called her, for the rhyme or jingle, Beauty Baylie. Miss Lutie had been quite sick, and though now nearly well again, it was not thought best for her to resume her lessons for a few days, but she couldn't quite keep away from school, so she came as a sort of visitor, to-day. She listened to the algebra recitation, looked in on Mademoiselle and the French class, and had Professor Crayon select a drawing copy for her for next week, and at recess stepped in to see Miss Schuyler, and look over the scene of last year's labors. She looked so pretty and dressed up, in her new Spring suit, trimmed with light blue, high kid boots, beaded parasol, and cunning, little hat, her pretty, bright, wavy hair, brushed back from her face, that little Mamie Bergen whispered to Berty Hall, just as the bell was ringing,

"I do think Lutie Baylie is the most beautiful girl I ever saw!"

The bell stopped ringing, the girls took their seats, and Lutie walked straight to the empty seat by Mamie Bergen, saying,

"May I sit here?"

Foolish little Mamie was fluttered and flattered as could be; she smiled and whispered all sorts of things, whenever she could, without being noticed, about Miss Schuyler, and the girls, and the new-fashioned hats—she said she thought the belted sacks were ugly, and that she thought light blue was the prettiest color in the world for a fair complexion, and a hundred other things, until she was perfectly thunderstruck to hear her geography class called out, and she hadn't looked at her lesson. There never was a more miserable failure made; and after what she had said about Ada Rowley, who had a fair lesson after all! Lutie went to her room again, when the class broke up, and Mamie went to her seat and cried. She had to answer "imperfect" at roll call; she had lost her place in the class, and probably all chance for the prize for scholarship or deportment, for the contest was close. Then, as she loitered behind the others, she couldn't help hearing a conversation between Lutie Baylie and Nelly Gordon, the first scholar in Lutie's grade, while they were waiting for a companion.

"Well," said Nelly, "how does it seem in Miss Schuyler's room, there are some bright ones there, aren't there? That

little Mamie Bergen, I think she's real cunning, don't you?"

"Why, I *did* like her," said Lutie; "but this afternoon she kept up a constant whispering about the fashions and I don't know what all; you never heard the like! I was perfectly surprised; and then, she made a complete failure in class."

"Is that so? I didn't think she was such a little simpleton."

"Miss Schuyler thinks Ada will get through all right, this term."

"Dear, old Ada, she's slow but sure," said Nelly.

Mamie turned right back to the deserted school room, her cheeks fairly burning with mortification.

"I *have* been a little simpleton," said she to herself, "but it was in trying to make Lutie Baylie think I was smart, instead of getting my lesson! I believe I *can* be bright, and I don't mean that anything in the world shall prevent my going into fifth grade next term! and when I want to please those girls again, I don't believe I'll make a goose of myself this way. Where's my geography?"

She took home her geography and committed to memory the lost lesson, and I think she pretty thoroughly learned another quite as useful and important.

Little friends, do you ever do foolish things in trying to "show off," before those whose good opinion you wish to gain?

#### LAUGHING CARL.

Children, do you love to laugh? I know a little boy who does. His name is Carl, and he was six years old on the 22d of February. He is very proud of his birthday, because it was Washington's birthday, too. He is a very truthful little fellow, and has great, honest-looking, brown eyes, but he loves fun dearly, for all that. He was telling his sister a comical story, the other day, at which she was laughing heartily. He watched her wistfully, a little while, and then exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest regret,

"O dear, I wish I hadn't known that story, and that you were telling it to me, so I could laugh as hard as you do."

His father thought he had a very correct idea about it, that it wasn't proper to laugh at his own stories. He always remembers to say "thank you," when anything is given him, and once, when his father put some wood into his arms to bring into the house, he began to speak, but checked himself, and looking up, his eyes twinkling with fun, he said,

"I was just going to say 'thank you' sir."

He has the most comical dreams of any little boy that I know. One night we were all awakened by shouts of laughter from his crib, and it was a long time before we could ascertain the cause. At last he succeeded in saying, "Why ma, I dreamed that the old cow took the milk pail, and went out to *milk herself*, and that she tried to take the dipper, and couldn't."

And then he went off again in convulsions of merriment, in which we were obliged to join. But since the editor and the children, too, like *short stories*, we will bid good bye for the present, to the little, fun-loving dreamer. *Ada J. Moore.*

#### THE KITTEN'S COMPLAINT

BY JOHNNY

I am a kitten just six months old,  
A regular beauty, I've often been told.  
You may search through all the country 'round,  
But a finer kitten will not be found;  
And though it is true, as poets sing,  
That beauty isn't the principal thing,  
It surely is nothing more than right  
To be glad one wasn't born a fright.  
I think that I must have had a mother,  
But before I could tell one paw from the other,  
Somebody took me out of the hay,  
Carried me miles and miles away,  
Saying, coolly, "I thought that, maybe,  
You'd like a kitten to please the baby."  
Please the baby! just think of that—  
What a horrible fate for a cat!  
Mean, little wretch, what his mother can see  
Lovely in him, is a wonder to me!  
He clutched at my throat till I gasped in despair,  
He jerked at my whiskers and pulled at my hair;  
He poked his fat fingers straight into my eyes,  
And laughed with delight at my pitiful cries.  
Once, when he dragged me about by my tail,  
And nobody came at my sorrowful wail,  
I gave him a scratch in his face so red—  
And what do you think his mother said?  
Beat me, and called me an ugly, old cat!  
Called him her lamb, and such nonsense as that.  
Now I should really like to know,  
If there's any reason that you can show,  
Why a baby, that can only creep and cry,  
Has a better right in the world than I?  
I've made up my mind that the case is clear,  
That if somebody doesn't interfere,  
And take me away from that horrible child,  
My cruel tortures will drive me wild;  
Somebody surely'll find me lying,  
One of these mornings, dead or dying.  
And then, if your heart has ever known pity,  
Pray say, "Here lies an unfortunate kitty,  
(Who might have lived to be known to fame,  
*Killed by a baby! what a shame!*"

#### WHITE CLOVER.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Little white clover, so constant and clever,  
Early and late it is blossoming ever,  
All through the summer while robins are singing,  
Snowy and sweet from the green turf springing.

The gay tulips blossom and pass from our sight—  
Roses open at morn but to wither at night—  
The merry, bright buttercups longer delay,  
But the dear, little clover blooms later than they.

The honey bee loves it, and humming birds hover  
Like fairy-winged rainbows its sweet blossoms  
over, [sun,  
And bright butterflies, dancing all day in the  
Stop to sip of its nectar when dancing is done.

It grows mid tall grasses in wide meadow land,  
Close under the lilies so gay and so grand,  
On hill-slopes where lambs frisk, nibbling the  
sward, [lord,  
In the lanes of the poor, on the lawn of the

By the wayside content in the dust and the heat,  
Uncared for and trampled by unheeded feet,  
Still breathing its sweetness in drought or in dew,  
Opening bravely its petals each morning anew.

Ah! who does not love the white clover, that  
knows

What lessons of goodness its blossoms disclose?  
So steadfast, so patient, so modest, so sweet,  
So lowly, yet lovely it flowers 'neath our feet.

#### EARLY USE OF HAIRDYE.

A True Story for The Corporal, by Bishop Morris.

The scene of the following incident is laid in Kenawha county, in what is now called the State of West Virginia. It transpired in the early spring of 1798.

West Virginia, seventy years ago, was a wild region, and abounded in game, such as was common to the western frontier. Wild buffalo were still taken in some of the remote sections of that country, and droves of wild elk were frequently startled among the laurel thickets of Blue Creek—my father's favorite hunting ground. The old bucks with very large antlers, to make headway among the tangled undergrowth, threw their noses upward, with a horn on either side of the body, the points all sloping backward, striking the brush and glancing off with a great noise as they ran, a scene most exciting to the hunter.

The Kenawha valley is a region of high hills and narrow valleys, with many a rock and deep glen, furnishing safe retreats for bears, wolves, and panthers.

The evening bands of music, seventy years ago, in that country, were the hoot of the owl, having an eye to the henroost, the screech of the panther, partial to a leg of lamb, and the howling of the wolf, who kept his vigil about the sheep-folds. The black bear occasionally took a liking to a piece of fresh pork, and frequently attacked the swine in the hearing of the house in day time. His onslaughts were well understood by the early settlers, and at the first squeal of the pig, every man dropped the hoe, the axe, and the plow, or whatever tool he had in hand, seized his rifle, and hurried to the scene of action, while the dogs, from instinct, led the van, and were first at the scene of conflict. Very soon the noise of the battle was heard, between the dogs and the invading foe, and by their superior skill and determined energy, soon forced him to take a tree, when, soon after, the report of the rifle was heard that brought him to the ground. The bear's meat was an excellent provision for the household, and the oil was a very useful article in the family, for dressing harness, oiling light machinery, etc.

In Kenawha county, my father's farm, on the west side of the river Kenawha, five miles above Charleston, was a very noted point. He was one of the earliest pioneers of the valley, coming there in 1785, where he fought the savage Indians till Wayne's treaty, in 1795.

Among his children was little Tommy, born April 28, 1794, who still wore the long slip. One day, when busy out of doors about his plays, it occurred to him that some day he would go to school—when, he did not know, but concluded to ask his mother, who, he believed, knew everything. Dropping his play, he ran into the house, and said,

"Mother, when may I go to school?"

She, being busy, gave an evasive answer, "I don't know, Tommy—when your hair turns black." It was then about the color of dressed flax.

That thought he laid up in his mind, and returned to his play, saying to himself, "I am going to school when my hair turns black."

The next question of interest to him was, how can that event be hastened? In the evening, when Jack, the colored man, returned from the field, the following dialogue took place:

"Jack, do you know what will make anybody's hair black?"

"Yes, I does. Bar's grease will do it."

Then putting mother's answer and his together, and remembering we had in the kitchen a tin cup nearly full of bear's oil, I went in search of it, and found it upon a high shelf; but by getting up on a stool, and making a long arm, I reached the handle and brought it down safely; then, stepping on the kitchen hearth, held the cup over my head, turned it bottom upward, and poured the whole contents on to my pate; the oil not only saturated my hair, but ran in streams from the lower hem of my woolen slip. Then setting the cup carefully down, I commenced rubbing it in earnestly.

Just at this point, mother came in and caught me, when, with uplifted hands and staring eyes, she exclaimed,

"Why, Tommy! What on earth are you doing?"

I replied, "Mother, you said I might go to school when my hair turned black. Jack said bear's grease would make it black, so I am trying it."

I expected to have my ears boxed and my jacket warmed; but, to my agreeable disappointment, she turned her face from me to hide her laughter, and walked off, with her sides shaking at the recollection of the ridiculous transaction.

I began to attend school at the Beech-log schoolhouse, in the summer of 1800, to reach which I had to walk over a mile, and cross the Big Kanawha river in a canoe; but I went in company with two brothers and a sister, all older than I was.

Whether this first use of hairdye had any effect or not on the color of my hair, I do not know; but when I grew to manhood, I had a beautiful suit of clear, black hair, which so remained till it grew white from age. I am now in my seventy-fifth year, and the first experiment made by me of the use of hairdye, is as vividly before my mind as if done yesterday.

*T. A. Morris.*

### RED BIRDS.

You can't think how pleased we were, Minnie and I, when papa brought home that cage of red birds. Some boys had caught them in the woods, and brought them to him. The singer was so *very* pretty! His breast was the color of flame, and he was elegantly shaped. They were so wild, it seemed as though they would beat themselves to death against the cage, in trying to get out. But in the early morning, before anyone was up, the red bird's song filled the house with the richest, wildest melody.

But the poor, little prisoner could not live in a cage, and he soon drooped and died. Then it was wonderful to see his mate. She would take seeds in her bill and try to feed the dead bird; then, finding that he would not eat, she would fly up to the perch, and call him, and watch eagerly to see if he stirred. It was pitiful

to see her. Finally, we took the dead bird out. Then she went and sat down just where he had lain in the bottom of the cage, with her head drooped and eyes closed. She sat there all day, and neither ate nor drank. I carried the cage out and opened the door, and said, "Fly away, to your old home in the woods, birdie!" but she would not go, even after I had placed her upon the ground. Liberty had lost its charm for her, and that night she died. And I really believe that she died of a broken heart. Don't you? *Marie.*

### BABY BLESSINGS.

BY MRS. E. D. HARRINGTON.

Ho! ho! the sunshine!  
Baby loves the sunshine!  
Softly cooes with happy glee,  
All its elfin pranks to see;  
Up the crib it slowly creeps;  
Underneath her eyelids peeps.  
Now it lights on Pussy's tail,  
Decks her with a brilliant veil—  
Stealing slyly all about,  
Finds the fire and puts it out;  
Kindly visits caged canary,  
Cheers her like a pitying fairy.  
Baby never can repine,  
Lying in the bright sunshine.

Ho! ho! the water!  
Baby loves the water!  
See her toss it all about  
With a merry laugh and shout.  
Now from off her golden curls  
Drop a thousand shining pearls;  
Filling mouth and eyes and ears—  
But my darling never fears.  
Dimpled palm the silvery rain  
Tries to catch, but tries in vain.  
Now the dripping sponge she squeezes  
On her nose, and now—she sneezes!  
In her arms mamma has caught her—  
O the sparkling, shining water!

Ho! ho! the blazing fire!  
Baby loves the fire!  
Hear it crackle, roar, and snap,  
While she takes her morning nap.  
See! she smiles and softly crows,  
As it warms her tiny toes.  
Now the little head sinks down,  
Every infant woe has flown—  
Cradled warm upon my breast,  
Rosy sweet, she lies at rest.  
"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,"  
All my joy what words can number!  
While the flames rise high and higher,  
Blessings on the blazing fire!

Ho! ho! the fresh, pure air!  
Baby loves the air!  
How she springs with wild delight—  
Softly! I must hold her tight!  
Breezes meet her as we come,  
Tell her of their ocean home;  
Whisper of the blooming May,  
Budding flowers and scented hay;  
Kiss each dimpled, baby grace;  
Fling blush roses in her face;  
By their wooing she's beguiled;  
She is Nature's foster-child!  
Ah! what nectar can compare  
With the fresh, life-giving air!

Light and Water, Fire and Air,  
Each to baby lends a share,  
Makes her healthy, pure; and fair.

### THE S. B. D. RAILROAD COMPANY.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

At the Elmwood Home we never had lessons on Friday evening, so this was the only evening of the week we were permitted to go out on the railroad after dark. The second Friday after the road was finished, as the evening was very stormy, Uncle Hepworth said at the tea table,

"I move that we meet at eight o'clock, in the library, to organize our railroad company."

Mother seconded the motion, and when father "put it," as he called it, everybody said "Aye."

At eight o'clock we were all in our places. Uncle Hepworth was chosen Chairman, and he made a cunning speech, just as if the road was some great affair, and we were "solid men," met to discuss, and plan, and give orders about it. He looked as sober as a judge most of the time. Once in a while a twinkle of his eye and a twitch of his lips made the whole thing look so funny that we all laughed. Then he put on a scowl and called us to order, and talked about "the dignity of gentlemen."

Jack moved that a committee on the Constitution be appointed. When we voted for it, Uncle Hepworth appointed Jack as that committee, and handed him a nicely folded paper, which Jack looked over, and then said,

"Mr. President, your Committee on the Constitution is now ready to report."

And we laughed at Jack for the easy way he had of doing heavy work. Willie wanted to know which was harder, writing constitutions or carrying rails. Jack did not say anything in reply, but read the following:

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE S. B. D. RAILROAD.

1. All members and friends of the Elmwood family may become stockholders in the S. B. D. R. R., by the purchase of one or more dollar shares, and each share shall be entitled to a vote. No person shall be entitled to more than six shares.

2. There shall be a President, Chief Engineer, Treasurer, and Superintendent, who, with three other stockholders, shall form the Board of Directors. This board is to be elected every four months.

3. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Directors, and of the stockholders. The Chief Engineer is to extend the road when ordered by the Board. The Superintendent is to provide cars, keep the road in repair, appoint conductors, and see that the rules of the road are obeyed. The Treasurer will keep the money accounts, and do the usual work of a secretary.

By a hearty vote the constitution was adopted.

"But who are the shareholders?" asked mother.

"Uncle Hepworth owns it all," said father, "for he has paid all the bills."

"O, no," Uncle replied, "I bought the wood and the rails, but the work has not been paid for."

"I did some work," said Jack.

"So did I, and so did Jim," said I, "and I give the profits of my work to Nellie."

"I hauled the rails from the store," added Willie, "and helped Jack carry them



around to the road. How much ought I to have?

Well, we all talked over the matter, and agreed

1. That Willie should have *one dollar* for bringing the rails from the store.

2. That for carrying the rails from our front door to the road, the company should pay *half a cent* for each rail.

3. That *ten cents* an hour should be paid to all who worked on the road, either in building or repairing it.

Then Uncle Hepworth wrote on the great blackboard that father keeps in the library, the full railroad bill, as follows:

*Hepworth Hogarth's bill—*

100 Rails, 12 cents each.....	
4 Wheels, 37½ " ".....	
1 Car box.....	\$1.00
20 dozen Screws, 15 cents per doz.....	
5½ lbs Nails, 10 " " lb.....	
Lumber from Mr. King.....	4.00
Rope for car.....	.45
Lantern.....	.55
Work on the road, 15 hours.....	

*Willie Elmwood's bill—*

Hauling rails from store.....	\$1.00
Carrying 10 rails to road.....	
Work, 4½ hours.....	

*Jack Elmwood's bill—*

Carrying 40 rails.....	
Work, 15 hours.....	

*Jim Mason's bill—*

Carrying 40 rails.....	
Work 20 hours.....	

*Nellie Elmwood's bill—*

Carrying 10 rails.....	
------------------------	--

I think the whole bill was — dollars. (But I wish you, my little reader, to make the calculation yourself.) There were, then, (how many?) — dollar shares. Uncle Hepworth held a little over twenty-four of these. (How much over? And how much must Jack pay in cash to own two shares? To how many shares would Willie be entitled if he should add fifty cents to his bill?)

Now it is almost too bad, my dear reader, that I have turned my railroad story into an arithmetical problem, but it will do you good to work as hard as the Elmwood family did that Friday night, in finding out what the Sweet Briar Dell Railroad cost.

A little after nine o'clock, Nellie fell asleep, and that broke up the meeting, for Uncle Hepworth said, "Sleepy railroad companies make slow progress;" and so we adjourned for one week.

Next month I will tell you all about the election of our Board of Directors, and of the By-laws of the S. B. D. R. R.

#### FOUR-YEAR-OLD FREDDY.

BY ABBY SAGE.

I have at my house a little, golden-haired boy, who is as full of mischief as the summer day is long. Just at twilight, he grows more subdued and sober, and is ready to rest and talk quietly.

It amuses him very much to see the fireflies dancing about over the green grass, after the sun goes down.

"What are they? Are they stars?" he asked, the first time he saw them.

"No, darling, they are fireflies."

"What makes them shine? Are they on fire?"

"No, wait till you are a little older, then you can understand how they shine."

"O, mamma! I know now. They have fire instead of blood."

Then he went on asking questions.

"What did God make fireflies for?"

"Because they are so pretty to look at, I guess. Just as He makes the flowers only to look pretty."

"No mamma, I think he made them for candles to light the little toads to bed. Because the poor little toads wouldn't want to go to bed in the dark, would they? And God is good to all little animals."

With this explanation of the purpose of fireflies, he was quite contented, and ready to go to bed without any further questions.

#### EMILY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

Maiden of twelve, so blithe to see—

My bonnie Emily!

Like roses and robins in June, to me!

My bonnie Emily!

With her Marguerite hair, and her eyes of blue,

And the eager soul that is flashing through,

My bonnie Emily.

Her bright curls fall o'er her sunny face,

My bonnie Emily;

And she tosses them back with a careless grace,

My bonnie Emily.

Her smile is as fair as the early dawn,

And her step is as light as the tripping fawn,

My bonnie Emily.

Merry all day and glad all night!

My bonnie Emily!

Wherever she stays, there carries delight;

My bonnie Emily;

First in the play, and first in the song,

Blithest and gayest of all the throng!

My bonnie Emily.

Yet hers is a heart that is tender and true,

My bonnie Emily;

And she never forgets a kindness to do;

My bonnie Emily.

At home they love her, abroad they bless,

And the children brighten at her caress,

My bonnie Emily.

Heavily laden with basket and store,

My bonnie Emily,

I've seen her haste to the poor man's door,

My bonnie Emily,

And her tender pity oft brings relief

To the lonely heart of silent grief;

My bonnie Emily.

Maiden of twelve—sweet woman-child—

My bonnie Emily;

God keep thee as when on thy birth He smiled,

My bonnie Emily!

Keep thee as bright as a glad some tune,

As cheerful as roses and robins in June,

My bonnie Emily!

For thou belongest to all joyous things,

My bonnie Emily!

And thy presence always a gladness brings,

My bonnie Emily.

The children have ever, at sight of thee smiled,

And old people murmur, "God bless the child!"

My bonnie Emily!

#### FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

#### NUMBER IX.

Two or three months had passed by, since Fred's father returned to America, and Fred couldn't see that any responsibility whatever rested upon him. Before he had time to think that anything needed doing, he found it already done.

One thing, however, he had done—he and Fanny together—which gave them both infinite delight. They chose one large room, the ceiling of which was supported by several columns, had one or two good-sized trees brought in, with their roots in boxes, wreathed the columns in evergreens, and placed perches across the room in various directions. Then, whenever they chanced upon a bird with a broken leg or wing, they brought it here to be cared for; and in two or three weeks they had a famous bird hospital. As the castle tower and low, drooping eaves were crowded with thousands of birds, not only maimed and wounded were often to be found, but also nests full of little ones, whose mothers had either deserted them or had been killed. After being quite sure that the mother would not return, these were carried to that part of the aviary which Fanny called her "infant asylum," and fed till they were old enough to take care of themselves. The windows were lowered every day, that the birds might have their choice to go or stay. Several that flew away returned a day or two after, chirping piteously at the window, and pecking at the wires, until they were allowed to enter again. Often there were between one and two hundred in the room at once. At one time there were two beautiful, little orioles—Fanny's especial favorites. Whenever she opened the door, they were the first to alight on her shoulder and peck her lips—giving her the only kiss they knew anything about. One day one of them sickened, and nothing that the little hospital nurse could do would save it. In a few hours it died. Fred gravely buried it, and Fanny returned to comfort her little, lonely pet, for she knew how much it would miss its mate. She found it all huddled together in one corner, its bright head pressed deep down a crevice between two of the blocks of stone forming the floor. Fanny took the little thing in her hand, but it fell back, limp and lifeless. It had smothered itself to death.

"Poor, little thing," said Fanny, "it hadn't the courage to live on alone."

And then she carried it out to Fred, who, after sagely pronouncing it an unmistakable case of suicide, opened for it another little grave beside the first.

Beside these birds, they had many others in cages below. A little boy brought to them, one morning, a nest of young nightingales. All four lived together in one cage till they were nearly grown; but one morning, when Fanny went to feed them, she found the bottom of the cage scattered with feathers, and the four birds engaged in battle. Three of them were entirely without tails—the fourth still retained two feathers of what had once been

nias, and these he was defending most valiantly. Fanny came to his rescue just as one of these two was carried to the upper perch in the enemy's beak. Mrs. Rivers was as much amused by Fanny's mournful face as by the droll appearance of the birds, and in answer to the doleful question, 'Mamma, hadn't I better pull out this one, too?' she could only shake her head, for laughing.

Then Fanny laughed, also; and, while scolding the little fellow she still held in her hand, she went below for more cages. Putting the bird she held in one of them, she named him the "Lion-hearted"—"because, mamma," she explained, "he defended so bravely those two last feathers."

Then the other three were separated, and never after that would any two of them live together without making mischief with each other's tails. When in their own little cages, day and night their brown throats were trembling with the sweet, happy notes they uttered, and the canaries and mocking birds helped them to keep the old castle ringing.

One morning Fred looked from the window, and saw, waving above the tower, a huge, American flag. "Where did that come from, I should like to know?" he exclaimed, and whistling "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," he bounded down stairs three steps at a time, to find his mother and Fanny.

Fanny he found under the sycamores, looking up in blank astonishment at the flag. That nothing was to be learned from her was evident, and his mother's surprise, when he spoke of it, seemed genuine. Each one of the servants, the gardener and his wife, were all questioned, but in vain—the mystery was never cleared. It vanished in the evening, as mysteriously as it came; but, rise as early as they might, on festa mornings, the flag was always at its post before them.

Mrs. Rivers used to go quite often with Fred and Fanny among the people. The village contained between three and four thousand inhabitants—but all were peasants. All lived in low, stone, almost windowless houses, far from clean, and utterly cheerless. In the winter, all who owned cattle shut up their houses and moved to the stable. This seems almost impossible to believe, but it is quite true. Just opposite the castle was a sort of farm house. The owner of the farm lived in the city, and

### Savior, thou hast bid me follow.

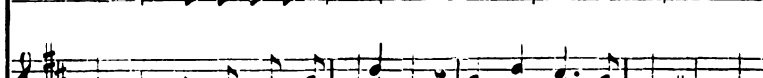
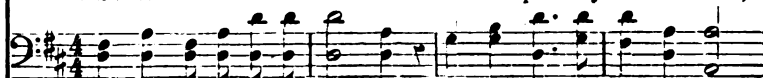
Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by James R. Murray.

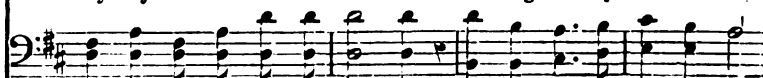
Wm. F. Allen.



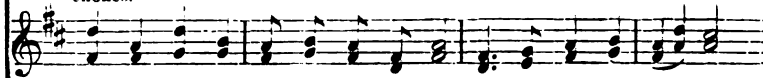
1. Sa-vior thou hast bid me follow In the path thy feet have trod,



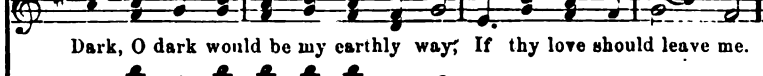
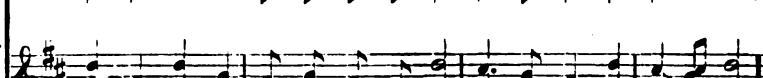
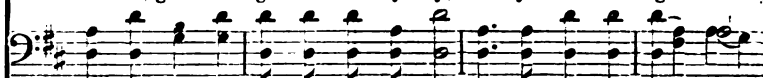
By my love to all a-round me Showing best my love to God;



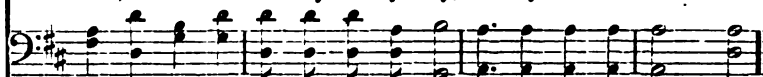
CHORUS.



Teach me, guide me, guide me ev'ry day, Lest my heart should grieve thee;



Dark, O dark would be my earthly way, If thy love should leave me.



2. All my many sins forgetting

Great has been thy love to me,

From thy holy pattern learning

Teach me, Lord, to love like thee.

3. On the cross in crue' anguish

Words of pity thou didst speak;

All my foes like thee forgiving,

Make me gentle, kind and meek.

Among the dishes of-tenest prepared by the peasants, were *polenta* (a sort of hasty pudding) and blackish broth, thick with garlic—a broth made without meat, for meat was a luxury in which they could indulge but *once a year*. On the yearly festa of Santa Anna, the patron saint of the town, each family that could possibly get together a few extra cents bought a small piece of meat; and this was more of a treat to them than a Christmas pudding to most of our American children. No wonder, with such food to sustain them, that the women are old at twenty-five, and the men broken down at forty.

Mariette mentioned, one day, a poor, sick girl, who was dying, and when Mrs. Rivers proposed going to see her, offered to lead the way. Together they crossed the square, passed thro' a narrow street, through a dark court, and up a flight of stairs. There lay the palest face Mrs. Rivers had ever seen, and at the same time one of the most patient. She smiled as they entered, but was too weak to move her hand.

"She was suffering, and the doctor bled her again, to-day," explained her sister.

The girl's lips moved, and Mrs. Rivers bent forward to listen. She was begging not to be bled again. When the doctor came with his lancet, there was no resisting him. For six years she had kept her bed, having been bled, in the meantime, *one hundred and forty-eight times*, not counting the application of leeches, which was not unfrequent. This statement was verified by others in the house.

Mrs. Rivers asked what she ate?

"Polenta."

"Nothing else?"

"Once in a while a frog."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Rivers; and sent her maid, who was with her, home for a bottle of Barolo and a beefsteak.

She soon returned with both, the latter nicely broiled.

Notwithstanding that they all considered her to be dying, Mrs. Rivers fed the half-famished girl with wine, and juice from the steak. The next morning, when the butler went to Turin, (as he was obliged to do every day or two for provisions, as there was absolutely nothing, not even bread and vegetables, to be obtained in the village,) she sent for a physician in whose treatment she could have more faith than in this blood-thirsty, village doctor.

rented it to a peasant named Castelli. During the first week of April, Fred noticed them moving beds from the stable to the house, and called the attention of the rest to it. Wondering what it meant, Mrs. Rivers went down to the cloisters, and seeing Leopolda, asked her. So Leopolda told her that Castelli, his wife, and seven children, had passed the winter in the stable with the cows and sheep, because they could not afford enough wood (sold by weight) to keep them warm in the house.

"But everybody does it," she continued; "my husband and I, with our two little ones, only moved out from the stable two weeks ago, and we shall return this fall."

Mariette, a pretty sewing girl employed by Mrs. Rivers, one who, in the village, was considered a great heiress, because her father at his death left her and her sister each two hundred dollars, being questioned a few days afterward, said, that since their father died they kept no cows, so that they were unfortunately obliged to remain in their house all winter, although they suffered from cold, and often envied their more fortunate neighbors, who had comfortable places to go to during the winter months!

He came, and said all that the girl needed was more blood; that scarcely a drop was left in her veins. He took her to Turin, placed her in the hospital, and in three months sent her home, well.

Poor as the people are, *not once* did they come to the castle to beg; and never, in walking through the village, were either Fred, his mother or sister, troubled by mendicants. One red-faced priest came, however, one morning, and demanded liberal payment for the blessing he proposed invoking upon the castle and its benighted inmates.

Giaccino, the butler's wife, a Protestant, although of half Spanish blood, answered—

"No, you need not bless it. We are not 'Christians,' here."

He crossed himself, and returned,

"But there are those within the walls who do belong to the true church, if some are heretics."

Finally, after a lengthy debate, a compromise was effected, and he had the satisfaction of blessing the porter's lodge.

When the monthly bills came in for Mrs. Rivers' inspection, she was not a little amused at the item,

"Five francs to priest not to bless the house."

The older people spoke only Piedmontese; the children in school always spoke and studied in Italian. Little Maurizio, the porter's son, was quite proud of his copy book, and showed it to Fanny, in his own dear, bashful way, promising, sometime, to read to her. His father and mother could neither read nor write, and their pride in their boy was boundless. He was, too, as noble and generous a little fellow as ever lived.

One day, the poor child was suffering from toothache, and nothing seemed to give him any relief. Everything was done, but Maurice would lie under the trees and moan. Finally, his mother decided to take him to Turin and have the tooth drawn. He was quite willing to go, but, when he reached the dentist's room, his courage almost failed him. The dentist was busy, and the little boy sat down in the waiting room, his head in his hands, trembling and tearful. Before long a lady entered, her face bound up, and sat down beside him. Between actual pain and dread of having her tooth out, the lady lost all control over herself, and burst into tears. Maurice looked up, heroically brushed away the drops that were glistening in his own eyes, and putting his little, brown hand on hers, said, softly,

"Courage! dear lady; courage!"

After his tooth was fairly out, he said, "thank you," as he clambered down from the high chair!

Maurice was a grand hand at picking cherries, but couldn't eat them much faster than his baby brother.

By five in the morning, Fanny was in the garden, romping with the children. After breakfast, she and Fred drove to Turin for their regular lessons. After recitations were over, they had a couple of hours for horseback riding. This was Fanny's particular delight. Her friend Xena rode at the same hour, and there was a good deal of rivalry between them. One

day, Xena, in speaking to the riding master, happened to mention Fanny as *l'americana*. He started back, saying,

"American! but she is *white*! I thought all Americans were red!"

One day, as they drove up to the castle, after having spent the morning in Turin, they heard unfamiliar voices in the drawing room. As they entered, their mother drew them toward her, and presented them to her invalid cousin and his son. Fred was delighted to meet so unexpectedly a boy of his own age just from America, and demonstrative little Fanny clasped his hand in both hers, and drew him to the divan "for a good, long talk."

There was no end to the questions to be asked on either side. Walter had visited Naples, Rome, and Florence, and his head was so full of all he had seen, that he could hardly remember so far back as the few months ago when he left Chicago. He could remember, though, how the boys envied him, when they knew of the proposed journey.

"But no one can imagine how delightful it is till they try it, can they?" said he.

"No, indeed," answered Fanny; "only, since papa went home, I don't want to stay any longer."

At sunset, they guided Walter up the tower, that he might see the great, golden sun flood the glaciers, and then they waited till the brilliant colors shot back into the sky half way up to the zenith, tinging the fleecy clouds with inconceivable beauty. They went down, then, and Fanny turned the heavy key in the lock, and put it in her pocket.

"Who keeps the key?" asked Walter.

"I do," she answered. "Leopolda gave it to me the first day we came, and said I might keep it, if I would always be careful to lock the door. I think she must have fancied how tired she would become of having me ask her for it half a dozen times a day. I study my lessons up there, in that upper window."

"To whom do you recite them?"

"To masters in Turin."

"Do you go alone?"

"O no, indeed. Fred could, maybe; but our maid, Giaccino, goes to sit with me during recitations. She is what they call my *decoro*; or, in plain English, my *decorum*; then, either the butler or footman always comes, but they can't guide the horses, so we have the coachman, too."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Walter; "does it take all that to get you to school for a couple of hours a day? Unless you go home before long, I'm afraid you will be quite spoiled for our American life."

"So mamma says, but she can't help it, you know; besides, Fred and I aren't going to be spoiled, are we, Fred?"

"I would take more than a barouche and span to spoil you, you little apple dumpling!" laughed Fred, pelting her with roses, and chasing her to the cloisters. Then they went to the drawing room, and, half burying themselves among the cushions, talked till Fanny's sleepy eyes closed softly, and the rest felt very much like following her example.

## LITTLE RHYMES FOR LITTLE FRENCH SCHOLARS.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

Dear Mr. Sewell: I find these little French and English rhymes of great use with my own children. I have never offered them to any one. Will you see if you think they would serve a good purpose in *The Corporal*? My design is to help the children remember pronunciation by the corresponding English rhyme. If you like this, I have others in the same style.

When morning opens, bright and fair,  
Say to papa, *Bonjour, mon père*.  
*Comment vous portez-vous?* say I;  
*Je me porte très bien*, reply.  
And I shall mean, "How do you do?"  
And, "I am very well," say you.

At evening, free from task or care,  
To me you say, *Bon soir, ma mère*.  
If lady friends are where I am,  
Politely say, *Bon soir, madame*.  
When, by and by, *huit heures* you see,  
Then *couchez-vous*, and say, *bonne nuit*.

If I should let you sit up late,  
You'd tell me *J'ai mal à la tête*;  
And when the pain grew very bad,  
You'd sadly say, *Je suis malade*!  
*Bientôt après* would be seen  
*Le médecin, la médecine*.

And now, should I rhyme more to-day,  
You'd tell me, *Je suis fatigué*.  
Now in the garden you may go,  
My darling, *Si le temps est beau*.  
In French or English all the same,  
I love you, darling, *je vous aime*.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL says: My soldiers will be glad to have "others in the same style." Mrs. Slade is always welcome.

## THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

THE PONIES GRADUATE. THE MARCH ACROSS THE PLAINS. THE CORPORAL'S SQUAD WIN THE GOOD OPINIONS OF THE PARTY. CAMP HOSPITALITY. THE PROFESSOR OPENS THE COURSE OF LECTURES BY THE CAMP FIRE. THE MIRAGE.

The pony college having closed its session and graduated its pupils, Camp Rations was broken up, and the Expedition started on its march, along the base of the mountains, to Denver, "the City of the Plains."

All the provisions which Uncle Samuel had given them, out of his great storehouse at Fort Russell, were loaded on four huge wagons, except enough to last for the march to the foot of the pass over the mountains; and it took sixteen pack mules besides, to carry all the scientific instruments, ammunition, and other stores for the collectors; so that, when it moved off from Camp Rations, the expedition made a very imposing appearance.

Goodfellow had recovered from his hurt which the "Little Angel" had given him. It was a pretty narrow chance that, instead of a bruise and a bad sprain, the little vixen had not broken his leg for him. As it was, he was laid away under a tent for several days, unable to move himself without intense pain, with no bed but some camp blankets spread on the ground. But he was cheery and full of courage, and, from beginning to end, no one ever heard him grumble or fret, or even speak an

impatient or desponding word; and when he was able to mount the "Little Angel" again, everybody declared that Goodfellow was rightly named.

If there was any unpleasant work to do, as to hunt up a stray pony, or train a stubborn mule, or cook supper after dark for some little exploring party that came in tired and belated from the plains, the Corporal's lads were always on hand for their share of it.

Sharp was such a *little* fellow, that he was not put on the roll of the night guard; but he felt bound to make up for his chance of a good sleep every night by being very wide awake every day. He was obliging and polite, and always as merry as a cricket. If he saw anybody in the dumps, cross, or homesick, he would sing some lively song, or tell some funny story, or cut some droll antic, till he would make the glum fellow laugh in spite of himself, and so help him to get over his bad feelings. One of the scientific doctors in the party, who had taken a great liking to Bob, after watching him awhile, one day, as he was trying to cheer up a poor fellow who was desperately homesick, proposed to advertise him as a patent medicine, declaring that Bob was the best remedy for the sulks or the blues he had ever seen.

"What label would you put on him?" said the major.

"O," said the doctor, "I would call him the 'Concentrated Essence of Fun!'"

True and Goodfellow were, from the first, entrusted with their full share of responsibility; and, mere boys as they were, many a night did they stand guard alone, everyone feeling quite safe, with their sharp eyes to watch over the camp, and that, too, in the midst of a country swarming with horse thieves and Indians.

The road from Cheyenne to Denver follows the line of the mountains. On one side rise the peaks of the snow range, and on the other, the vast plains stretch away for seven hundred miles, with their rolling surface looking like the heavy swell of the ocean, just after a great storm has died away.

The line of march was over the road traveled by the splendid, six-horse coaches of Wells, Fargo & Co. They make the distance in about twenty hours; but the Expedition, being in no haste, took six days for the journey, camping early in the afternoon, on the bank of some one of the pretty streams that come dashing down from the snow banks in the mountains, and exploring the region roundabout for specimens of rare birds and flowers and insects, to enrich the collections of the museum, while some of the party would explore the clear, cold water of the stream for trout, to enrich the camp kettle or frying pan. Then out come the coffee pots and the bread ovens, and the tin plates and cups and spoons, and, if knives and forks are not handy, the sheath knives, which, with a hungry man's fingers, make a very good outfit for eating a camp supper. In a few minutes, half a dozen fires are smoking, half a dozen coffee pots are sputtering, half a dozen loaves of bread are baking, and half a dozen frying pans, full of trout, venison or bacon, are frizzling over the coals, and the smell of supper comes up into the

noses of half a dozen hungry, little parties of four or five men and boys, who have been sharpening their appetites in the bracing breezes, till they are ready to cut into the smoking-hot supper like a razor.

Supper over, the animals all picketed, the packs of the mules covered up with oil cloths, to protect the scientific instruments, if it should chance to rain, and then the party stretch their tired legs, recline on the grass, which grows up in little bunches out of the coarse, gravelly soil, and sing, or tell stories, or recount the sights and collections of the day.

"I think it is quite time to open our college for the boys, now that the pony college is closed," said the Professor, one evening, after supper, as the party were sitting around the camp fire, which the cool evenings, even in summer, make very enjoyable in that region. "Make a good use of your eyes to-morrow, and we will study the results of the day's collections. Young gentlemen, I have the honor to announce that the Camp-Fire Lectures will commence around our next camp fire."

The next day, about noon, as they were riding along through a hot, gravelly stretch of country, broken by low hills and ridges of rocks, Goodfellow, who was on the lookout for an antelope on which to exercise his rifle, suddenly reined up his pony, and fixed his gaze toward the eastern horizon. Presently he called out,

"O boys, see that beautiful river!"

They all looked where he pointed, and there, sure enough, right in the midst of a most desolate region, they saw a broad river, nearly a mile in width, with its sky-blue water shining in the sun. It seemed to come down from the way of the mountains, along a ridge of low hills, and swept along through a wide break in the ridge, and, beyond the hills, it spread out into a lake so wide that they could not see across it. The waters of both lake and river reflected the shores and the clouds and the sky; and here and there a thin mist seemed rising, giving the whole a dreamy appearance, like a river and lake in fairy land.

The whole company sat on their horses and looked in silence at the wonderful sight, until True, who was pretty well read in books of travel, exclaimed,

"That must be the mirage!"

"You are right," said the Professor; "and it is very seldom you can see one so beautiful on these plains. Take a good look at it, so that you can remember just how it appears, and we will take The Mirage as the subject of our first Camp-Fire Lecture."

That afternoon they camped on the bank of a beautiful river, called the Big Thompson, where they were most kindly met by an old Mexican, named Madina, who had a most charming ranch, or farm, in the valley. He had been a guide to Fremont and his party, when they first went through that country, looking for a pass over the Rocky mountains; and he had many stories to tell of their adventures. When Fremont returned to the States, Madina came back and settled on the bank of this pretty mountain stream. Large fields of wheat and oats and potatoes, great patches of melons, and rich pastures, with herds of sleek, fat cattle;

the stream, full of trout, running within a stone's throw of his house, built around a court yard in the Mexican style; surely the old guide had found snug quarters for himself, after his years of hardship and adventure.

The old guide kept a tavern, too, on a very novel plan, but just suited to the wants of the expedition. He had built a nice log cabin, with a high roof, and a piazza and balcony in front; put into it a table, and chairs, and stove, and bed, with ever so many little articles of comfort and convenience, besides, such as a fire poker, a cow skin, a pile of blankets, a tin candlestick, an axe, leather straps and strings, hooks to hang saddles and guns on, and sundry boxes and barrels to be extemporized into any kind of furniture the guests might happen to require. He had built a kind of oven close outside the door of the cabin, by enclosing a little space, about three feet long and two feet wide, with a stone wall two feet high, and putting an iron grate across about a foot from the ground, which made the nicest place for camp kettles and coffee pots and frying pans that you ever saw. He had also turned a little stream of water out of the river and brought it in a ditch close up to the oven, thus saving the guests the trouble of going to the river for water. All this, with a rich pasture for the animals, the old guide gave for the use of the expedition, with a kind and hearty welcome; and, in honor of the old guide's kindness, the camp was named "Camp Hospitality."

After supper, the Professor announced the opening of the Rocky Mountain, Perambulating College, and the subject of the first lecture, "THE MIRAGE."

"You must know, first of all," said he, "that the curious sight we saw to-day has not been explained very fully in any of the books on Optics, but I will tell you what I think about it. There are a great many curious sights that are called by the name 'Mirage,' but let us take the one we saw to-day, to begin with. Did any of you look sharp enough to see a curious shimmer, or motion, in the air, when you were looking at the mirage?"

"Yes," said True. "It was just as I have often seen it in a hot day at home; the air seemed to be full of *ripples*, like a lake in a very gentle breeze; and I have often seen the same appearance near a hot stove, or in the open air over a fire, after the smoke had stopped rising; it seemed as if I could see the air itself."

"Right. Now, can any one tell me what that motion is, and what causes it?"

"I can," said Bob. "The air around the fire gets too hot, and has to move farther away, to cool off, just like anybody else."

There was a little laugh at Bob's philosophy, and then the Professor explained the matter.

"The surface of the ground, especially where it is sandy or gravelly, becomes very much heated by the sun, and reflects or throws off the heat again into the air that is next to it, so that the air near the ground is very much hotter than that higher up. Of course, being hotter, it is dryer and lighter, and commences to rise through the stratum or layer of air above it; and when

the light is very strong, as at noon in a summer day, or sometimes in the winter, with the sun shining on the snow, you can see the warm air and the cold air mixing; that causes the ripple which makes the air look like the surface of a lake or river. That is what you saw to-day, just above the surface of the plain. You will never see that kind of mirage anywhere nor at any other time than close to the ground and when the ground is very hot. The heat, which stirs up the air and mixes up the different layers, makes the air visible, and then it becomes an *air mirror*, for the air is more transparent than glass or water, and you can see the sky and clouds and other objects reflected in it, as you do in the water; and that makes you think you see lakes and rivers, because you can see the banks and trees and bushes reflected in the air just as they would be if a lake or river were there.

"You do not *always* have a mirage when you see the ripples in the air, partly because the light and heat are not strong enough, and partly because you are not in the right direction from the layer of air that is rippling, so the rays of light do not strike it at the proper angle to be reflected back to your eye; or, you do not often see it at just the right distance, or the surface of the ground is not level enough, or is too dark colored, or too thickly covered with grass or bushes. Great plains and deserts, with their light-colored and level surfaces, and with the rays of a tropical sun to heat them, are, therefore, the places where this kind of mirage is generally seen.

"But there is another kind of mirage, which is sometimes observed at sea, or beside the lakes. Perhaps Goodfellow, who lives in Chicago, can tell us something about that."

"Yes," said Goodfellow. "Once in a while the Michigan shore seems to rise up out of the water, and we can see the line of the coast, and the houses and trees, as natural as life; and sometimes everything is bottom side up. And once, when I was down at Hyde Park, I looked out on the lake, and saw Chicago out there, on top of the water, just as plain as I could see it when I turned my eyes toward the shore. It was not reflected in the lake, but stood right up in the air, just like a real city. Of course we can't really see across Lake Michigan, for it is more than a hundred miles wide; and as for the city in the air, I don't know anything about that, only I could see it out there just as plain as on shore."

"Seeing is a very curious operation," said the Professor, "and depends upon the way the rays of light fall upon your eye which are reflected from the object you are looking at. *Eyes are mirrors*, and you hold them up to any object, and they catch an image of it, just as any other mirror would. The ball of the eye has a little glass in front of it, called the cornea."

"Is there any quicksilver on the back of it?" asked Bob.

"No; but something that answers the same purpose. I dare say a sharp lad, like you, knows how to make a looking glass out of a piece of window pane, simply by putting it down on the sleeve of his black-cloth jacket. The ball of the eye has a

black spot inside, opposite the cornea, and this is what reflects back the rays of light and makes an image in the eye of what is before it, just as the quicksilver makes an image in a mirror, or the jacket sleeve in the piece of common glass.

"Of course, then, the image of anything that is formed in your eye, or which you *see*, as we commonly say, will depend upon the way the rays of light that are reflected from the object happen to strike the eye. If they come to your eye through the air only, the image is generally correct; but if they come through a piece of glass that has waves in it, the rays of light are twisted by the waves in the glass, and you see the image crooked or twisted, or mixed up in all sorts of ways.

"Well, Master Sharp, what is it?" said the Professor, who saw that Bob was anxious to say something, but did not like to interrupt.

"Father has a little, round glass at home," said Bob, "and if he looks in one side, it makes his face no bigger than a tea cup; and if he looks in the other side, his eyes seem as big as apples, and his beard looks as stiff and stumpy as the worn-out switches in the desk of our old schoolmistress."

"I should think the switches in the desk of your schoolmistress ought to be pretty well worn out," said Goodfellow, giving Bob a sly nudge with his elbow.

"That is a case in point," said the Professor. "The glass has one convex and one concave side. The rays of light that fall on the rounded side are spread out, and the image they carry is reflected back much enlarged; while the image that falls on the hollow side comes back to the eye very much smaller than it really is.

"Now take a look into this tin cup, with the rim of it just level with your eye, and what do you see in it?"

"Nothing," said Bob, "except about half of the bottom of the cup."

"Now hold it in the same position, and let True fill the cup with water from that canteen."

"O, I see a gold ring, and it seems to move out from under the edge of the cup as the water gets deeper and deeper."

"But it does not move at all," said the Professor. "When the cup was empty, the rays of light which fell upon the ring could not reach your eye when they were reflected toward it, for the rim of the cup was in the way; but the water twisted the rays, or *refracted* them, as the books say, and bent them up so that they reach your eye over the rim, which at first hid the ring from view. Does any one remember what was said about the air mirrors, a little while ago?"

"Yes," said True. "It was that the layer of air nearest the ground sometimes gets very hot by the reflection of the sunlight, and the heat sets the air moving and mixing with the cooler layers of air above it, and the heat, and the strong light, and the bright color of the sand, all help to make the air visible, and so make a mirror of it, in which we can see objects reflected, as we can in the water; and that is one reason why the mirage looks like water, on the plains."

"Very good, Private True. The air

becomes a kind of mirror which will sometimes reflect the images of objects; but it will also let the rays of light *pass through it*, as they do through glass or water, or any other transparent substance. Now, what is there to hinder the rays of light which are reflected from any object being twisted, or refracted, by an air mirror, just as well as by a glass one? If Chicago were on top of a mountain ten thousand feet high, you could then see the Michigan shore, because the rays of light, which usually move in straight lines, would strike about as high as that, in being reflected from a place on the rounded surface of the earth as far distant as St. Joseph. The air on the land becomes very warm there, and sometimes does not cool off very much all night; and when, in the morning, the air that has been cooled by hanging over the water, begins to mix with the warmer air of the shore, we have the same state of things as that which makes the mirage we saw to-day. Then the rays of light, passing through this layer of air, are bent, and if the mirror stands at just the right angle, they will be bent down so as to reach your eye. But if the air-lens happened to lie just parallel with your line of sight, you would have to carry those two little mirrors, that you call eyes, away up ten thousand feet, in order to catch the reflection the rays carried with them; or, in other words, in order to see the Michigan shore.

"It sometimes happens that the rays of light cross each other in passing through these air-lenses, just as they do in passing through a certain kind of lens made of glass; and then, if they were also bent down at the right angle, you would see St. Joseph bottom side up, all the cottages standing on their chimneys, and all the peach trees growing roots upward, and the fruit on their branches hanging topsy-turvy, and ready to drop into the lake.

"The mirage often appears at sea, and you find one ship sailing up in the air, and another, just like it, sailing masts downward through the water.

"These air mirrors make funny pictures, sometimes. I once heard of a person traveling in the Alps, who saw a huge man standing in the air, a mile or two above and before him, and another man, a little bit of a fellow, standing with his feet up against those of his big neighbor, and his head dangling in the air. He was terribly frightened, but at last he saw that both the ghosts, as he at first thought them to be, bore a close resemblance to himself, and that put an end to his fright. It was only some of those air mirrors, playing pranks with the traveler; but in that case there was the 'little, round glass,' Bob told us of, and the double-convex lens, and the camera obscura, all operating together.

"But there are other means," said the Professor, gravely, "by which people see things mixed and doubled. Bad whisky will do it, or even a glass of wine, or lager beer. It is all very well for you to look at a water mirage, or an air mirage, but be careful you never get to studying the alcohol mirage through the mirror of a glass of strong drink; for he who learns to see things mixed or dancing about because of anything that runs out of a whisky



bottle, is in a worse plight, even, than those poor travelers on the deserts of Africa, who, dying with thirst, think they see, in the distance, fair rivers and cool lakes, but who travel toward them in vain, and at length sink down and die for want of the cooling drink, the image of which deluded their sight.

"There is a kind of mirage a boy sometimes sees in his mind, in respect to his future life and position. It may be a lazy mirage, and he sees honor and wealth and fame coming to him without working for them; or it may be a proud mirage, in which he sees himself a great deal bigger than he is; or a mean, selfish mirage, or a conceited mirage, in which he thinks things are all wrong and upside down except himself.

"But, my boys, if you keep your heads clear and your hearts brave and true, you will never suffer any fatal delusions, but will at last view the beautiful streams and groves and fountains, where the happy ones dwell, not as if you saw it in a mirage, but a real shore of joy and beauty where flow the bright waters of the river of life."

By this time the stars were out, but the fire that blazed high on the hearth of the old guide showed the eager, happy faces of the boys, as they listened to the closing words of the first lecture of the course in their wandering college. They sat in silence for some time after the Professor had finished; and then, choosing their places on the soft grass under the trees—for they had learned to enjoy the sky for their roof better than a house or even a tent—they lay down with their feet to the wind, as the old guide taught them, wrapped their blankets about them, and with thoughts of home and duty, and a prayer, perhaps, to be brave and true, they fell asleep; and the stars kept watch over their slumbers, and, as the hours of night wore away, the snow-capped mountains, standing like tall sentinels with their silver helmets glistening in the moonlight, slowly spread out their shadowy mantles and folded them over the sleeping camp.

*Prof. W. H. Daniels.*

### BERTIE'S VISIT TO THE BARBER.

BY ERNEST HOVEN.

The pet of our house lays no claim to the title precocious, but has, withal, a quick perception of the manner of procedure adopted by his elders, and a most abiding persuasion, that what is proper for them, must be for him, also.

This trait of character was rather amusingly displayed, on a recent visit to the barber's. Twice before had his soft curls passed under the scissors, and now he had become so used to the operation, that he spent his time making observations, and drawing his own conclusions from what was going on around him.

When the hair was at last cut, and the barber offered to take off the napkin, our "Young America" of two years and a half, straightened himself back and insisted that he must be shaved, like the rest of the gentlemen.

John, though greatly amused, in the

most serious manner, brought out the brush and soap, and thoroughly lathered the smooth, round face, and taking the back of his razor, removed the soap as carefully as if he had brought away a beard with it.

Perfectly satisfied that every thing had been done "decently and in order," Bertie descended from the chair with all the composure and dignity of twenty-five, evidently entirely unconscious that the barber had performed anything beyond his duty.

### A CLOUD.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

A fairy ship, bright cloud,  
You skim the azure sky;  
I see your snow-white shroud,  
Your pinions floating by,  
And wonder, as I gaze,  
Loosed from what distant strand  
You thread the shining maze,  
Steered by a viewless hand?  
And what your fairy freight—  
The morning's rosy beams—  
Hope's rainbow robe of state—  
The golden web of dreams?  
Lies somewhere on your way  
My Castle in the Air—  
Thence bring me news, I pray,  
Whene'er the wind is fair.  
Or should you anchor near,  
Your deck I'd quickly gain,  
And float across the mere,  
To view my fair domain.  
But, lo! what change is this?  
Where now are mast and sail?  
How is your tranquil bliss  
Wrecked by an angry gale?  
'Twas all a dream—alack!  
And Fancy's wings are furled;  
And so I hasten back  
To this poor work-day world.

### RED RIDINGHOOD.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

When will the quaint old story lose its charm?  
The story of the little, artless maid,  
Who, all too innocent to dream of harm,  
Met danger unafraid.  
Fair as we fancy angels, and as good,  
Who has not seen her in youth's fairy-land,  
Wrapped in her scarlet cloak, and dainty hood,  
A basket in her hand?  
Who has not followed her, as thus she trips  
Along her way with careless, happy feet,  
With merry songs upon her rosy lips,  
Or laughter gay and sweet?  
Intent on ministries of love and cheer,  
Her eager thoughts fly, bird-like, on before,  
To where the lonely grand-dame waits to hear  
Her light touch at the door.  
Against her cunning foe she asks no shield,  
His snares excite nor terror nor surprise;  
Alike are shadowy wood and open field,  
Beheld with guileless eyes.  
As on she goes unmindful of the gloom,  
Such heavenly graces all her ways endue,  
'Twould seem that flowers beneath her steps  
Might bloom,  
Of beauty strange and new.  
Immortal type of innocence and truth!  
Long as affections gather round the good,  
The dwellers in the fairy-land of youth,  
Will love Red Ridinghood.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1868.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### THREE MONTHS FREE.

All *new* subscribers for 1869, whose names and money are sent to us before the close of October, will receive the October, November and December numbers of this year FREE. This applies to *all*, whether sent singly or in clubs.

Now is the time to begin your clubs.

Send your own name for the new year, and let it also count in your club. See our list of Premiums. Try for a large one, and if you do not secure enough names for that, then choose a smaller one. They are all very fine, and worth working for.

Read in another article about our new cover, and other improvements.

Tell everybody to subscribe *now*, and secure *three numbers of this year free*.

### THE LITTLE CORPORAL FOR 1869.

TO BE ENLARGED AND IMPROVED. PRICE TO REMAIN THE SAME.—Ever since the first number of *THE CORPORAL* was published, it has been our intention and aim to improve and enlarge it as rapidly as success would warrant. For three years our matter has been *entirely original*, and from the best writers in the country. No magazine in the country, whether published for children or grown people, pays a higher price for articles than we do. We therefore secure *the best* of everything; and this excellence is so well appreciated, we are happy to say, that our average edition for the past year has been over fifty thousand. We have arranged for an edition for November and December of seventy-five to eighty thousand, while new subscriptions may compel us to print one hundred thousand, or more, for those months.

A cover, with a beautifully-engraved title page, will be used, hereafter, on our periodical; the advertisements will be taken from the regular pages and go on the cover, so that more matter will be given. We will use heavier and more expensive paper, and finer ink, and in many ways improve the already beautiful appearance of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. As heretofore, nothing but the highest-priced, original matter will be used, so that our magazine will not only be the best, but the cheapest in the country.

The improvements in contemplation will add

to our expenses many thousand dollars, but we have all confidence that these improvements will add enough names to our list to more than pay the difference. We are to give you a *first-class, original magazine, for one dollar.*

### EDITORIAL.

I believe it has quite gone out of fashion to talk about "*the melancholy days—the saddest of the year.*" One thing I am sure of, it was a fashion that boys never believed in. Why, there isn't a month in the year when a genuine, wide-awake boy feels as full of spring and energy, as in this brown October. There's just enough frost in the air to make the blood bound merrily; just enough keenness in the wind to shake all the lazy dreams of summer out of the brain, and brace up the muscles like steel springs.

What wonderful sunshine pours down all day, over the brown hills and through the splendid woods; and what clear, white moonlight makes the frosty nights glorious! How the blue-jays scream from the tallest tree-tops, and the nimble squirrels go chattering after their winter store. And then the nuts! Was there ever such royal fun as nutting? To go to bed at night with every promise of a hard white frost, and to wake in the early dawn to hear the wind lashing the boughs of the maples by your window. To start away in troops across the crisp grass of the meadows, and to be ready at the trees when the sun comes up. To fill bags and baskets with the shining nuts; to hunt for stray clusters of wild grapes, and climb after empty bird's nests; to eat your luncheon under some old pine, and talk about the long winter nights, when you will crack nuts and roast apples by the fire.

And then to go home, tired enough, but full of satisfaction with the day's work, and proud to show your treasures to the wondering little ones at home. Did any supper ever taste as good as that one, after a long day's tramp through the woods? And didn't you go a dozen times in the day to the garret, or the wood-house chamber, where the nuts were spread on the floor to dry, and wonder if anybody ever saw such plump, white, hickories, or such glossy, brown chestnuts before. Let nobody talk to us about "*melancholy days.*" We love this brown October.

*Emily Huntington Miller.*

### OUR NEW FILE, OR BINDER.

Our readers will see, on another page, a number of letters from distinguished men in reference to our new Newspaper and Music Binder.

We will in a few weeks be able to fill orders for all lengths of this admirable article, and are using means to establish an agency in every county in the United States. Ask your county publisher if he has made an order for them. If he has not, tell him to send to us for terms. We desire to furnish them to the public through the hands of newspaper and music publishers.

The size needed to bind *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* sells for 25 cents, or 35 cents when sent by mail. A sample, and price list for all sizes, will be sent by mail, post paid, to any person on receipt of 35 cents. Read letters on another page.

### PUBLISHERS

Who desire to engage in the sale of "*White's Patent Newspaper Files,*" will please write us for terms.

*Exclusive right* to sell in your county, so that you can furnish them to retailers throughout your county, will be granted by the year on favorable terms. Write for particulars to the Publisher of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*.

### MRS. HENSHAW'S BOOK.

**OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES:** being a History of the work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries, during the war of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw, including a full Report of Receipts and Disbursements, by E. W. Blackford, Treasurer, and an introductory chapter by Hon. Mark Skinner. Price \$3.00 to \$3.50, according to style of binding. Chicago: ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher.

In addition to the extracts given in our last number we give the following:

The *New York Independent*, in an editorial by Theodore Tilton, says of "Our Branch and its Tributaries":

"The beauty of the mechanical execution of this volume, has rarely been surpassed by that of any work designed for general circulation. The size and clearness of its type, the purity and thickness of its paper, and the tastefulness of its binding, remind one of the elegant volumes of Longfellow's Dante. And this beauty of binding and luxury of large faced type are as fitly joined to the story of the Sanitary Commission, as they were to Dante's matchless epic. The former has hardly less of true, poetic grandeur, of grim and pathetic reality, than the latter; and surely, the world could have better spared the "*Divina Commedia,*" than it could the Sanitary Commission.

"To reduce the immense mass of materials which were at hand in the archives of the Western Branch of the Commission, into a clear, connected, interesting, and valuable narrative, was a work involving laborious industry, rare powers of judicious condensation, and the most decided aptitude of narrative. That Mrs. Henshaw possessed these qualifications in a very high degree, will be evident to the most careless reader of her book. From the first page to the last, it shows a power on the part of the author, of seizing on salient and important facts, rejecting what is superfluous or of little moment, and of giving to the whole narrative the reflection of her own ardent love of humanity, and unwearied earnestness, that one would hardly expect to find in a work dealing so largely with statistics. In the beauty of the author's style, and in the intrinsic pathos of many portions of her narrative, lies the charm of the book; and in the statistics that she has so cleverly interwoven with her story, consists its chief value. As a record of an honorable page in the history of the war, as a fascinating narrative, and as an incentive to patriotism and humanity, the work should be warmly welcomed."

Hon. David A. Wells, U. S. Commissioner of Revenue, in a private letter, speaks of the book as follows:

"The interest in its pages is such that the book, when once taken up, is reluctantly laid aside, and the question continually arises: Is it possible that all these things have occurred so recently? The work deserves a place in the library of every household."

The *New Haven Daily Palladium* says:

"We can only say that it perfectly fulfils the highest ideal of such a work. The points taken, and incidents narrated are exceedingly well chosen, and are given with a clearness and fervor of style quite remarkable. Every sentence witnesses that the writer has borne the heat and burden of the day, in the progress of the work she describes. \* \* \* The whole volume is in the same vein, and unfolds, from the beginning to the end, with the interest of a drama. The book is issued by a Chicago house, in a style of peculiar elegance. Its paper and presswork are remarkably fine, fitting it to take rank as a library volume, with the best of our imported books. We anticipate for it a great sale, as an essential part of the history, as well as the literature, of the war."

The *Philadelphia North American* says:

"Great praise is due to Mrs. Henshaw for her admirable tact in selecting essentials from non-essentials, in organizing a wilderness of isolated facts, and giving just emphasis to controlling matters."

The *Hartford Courant*, in an article from the pen of Gen. T. R. Hawley, President of the late National Republican Convention, says:

"In its outward appearance, a more elegant volume has not come into our hands for many a day. \* \* \* Few Eastern publishers do as well. \* \* \* Mrs. Henshaw has wrought the great mass of facts into a fascinating story, diversified by a multitude of incidents, patriotic, sad, mirthful, and romantic. Justice is done to the noble women who engaged in the work—Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Livemore, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Bickerdyke among them. \* \* \* The author, Mrs. Henshaw, (a native of Connecticut, of the President Edwards family,) has indeed performed her task admirably. Her style is not pretentious; nowhere does she betray the presence of a temptation toward the sensational. Her language is simple, clear, and graceful, and the whole is symmetrical. If this be her first literary venture, it ought not to be her last."

The *Ottawa Republican* says:

"The writer has struck a new lode in the rich mine of our war literature, and touched a chord that vibrates in harmony with every sympathetic and patriotic feeling of our nature. Simple in narrative, elegant in diction, and abounding in incidents and facts; the work conveys

to the reader remarkable phases of the great struggle with rebellion, which have not heretofore been portrayed. Scores of volumes have been written, setting forth the eminent services of the great heroes of the war, but this is the first historical work that metes out justice to the heroines; the nimble-handed, noble-hearted, self-sacrificing women, the value of whose services is incalculable in making up the sum total of earnest effort and patriotic endeavor, put forth by the loyal people to save their government from destruction. \* \* \* Every lady in the land, who plied the needle for the boys in blue, will be delighted with the new book; and every man who gave a dollar to the Sanitary Commission during the war, will read the volume with intense interest. The book is gotten up in the best style of the art, neatly printed and handsomely bound, by Alfred L. Sewell, of Chicago, who has acquired an enviable reputation as a publisher."

The Harrisburg, Pa., *State Guard* says:

"As years elapse and the nation is removed from a sight of the bloody fields where rebellion raged and was defeated, the story of valor and suffering, that the Union might be saved, will be increased in interest when told in connection with the Christian services rendered by those noble men and women who sought the battle-field and hospital to succor the wounded and nurse the sick. We have this story modestly, eloquently, beautifully related in 'Our Branch and its Tributaries'; a narrative peculiarly western in its conception, production, and completion. It is a record of the work performed by western philanthropists; of the noble labors of western men, in relief of those who were wounded or sickened while fighting the battles of the Government. While accurately developing the immense details connected with such a service, those who deem the work a mere dull recital of the routine of duty thus performed, will be pleasantly surprised to find on perusing its pages, that it partakes of all the dignity, scholarship, acute perception of individual character, and keen investigation, which give to history its charm, and render its authority commanding among the nations."

The *New Covenant* says:

"Instead of a dry record of statistics, we have a fresh and glowing narrative whose perusal quickens the pulses and moistens the eyes. There is nothing more to be desired, either in the literary or mechanical execution of the book. The Northwest has reason to be proud of it, as well as of the grand history it so well enshines."

The *Chicago Tribune* says:

"We may conclude that the commission chose its historian deliberately, for it chose wisely. Mrs. Henshaw has written the history worthily; she has done justice to the Commission and to the Northwest. Herself active in the work whose history she has written, (though the history does not mention her name,) she had learned well its glorious spirit, and has been able to reproduce it with marked success. \* \* \* Not content with making only a record of the facts, she has made of that record a story of singular interest; a story for the young, the middle-aged, and the aged. We have read the book as we might have read a good novel, and when we had read it, we put it aside with the same regret. On the other hand, we did not at any time lose the consciousness that we were reading laborious and impartial history. \* \* \* She has shown the industry and impartiality of the historian, but she has done more; consciously or unconsciously, she has filled her book with a dramatic power that industry and impartiality alone cannot command."

AGENTS ARE WANTED in every county, to canvass for Mrs. Henshaw's book. The best time to canvass is during the Fall and early Winter months, and we trust agents everywhere will see the desirableness of writing now for terms on this book, which are very favorable. The work is attracting much attention, and calling forth exceedingly favorable criticisms from the best literary people in the Union. It will no doubt have a large sale, as it so well deserves.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

Of an entirely unexceptionable character will hereafter be inserted in the second, third, and fourth pages of our *cover*, (which will go on our November number, and every number thereafter,) at the following rates:

Second and Fourth pages, \$1.50 per line, Agate space, each insertion.	
Third page, \$1.00 per line, Agate space, each insertion.	
Bottom margin (three Agate lines) First page, \$50.00	
Bottom margin " " " Second " 35.00	
Bottom margin " " " Third " 30.00	
Bottom margin " " " Fourth " 35.00	
Top margin " " " Fourth " 40.00	
Top margin " " " Third " 35.00	
Side margin " " " Third " 40.00	
Side margin " " " Fourth " 45.00	

The above terms are for one insertion. Reasonable discounts will be given to those who contract for long time or large space.

## THE NEW NEWSPAPER AND MUSIC FILE, OR BINDER.

Last month I gave the prices of our New File, or Binder, and a letter from Dr. Haven, of Michigan. I now add a few more letters, and propose to give still others in the future.

I have commenced receiving from the factory some of the lengths of the File, and am taking measures to have them introduced to the public as rapidly as possible. I can send by mail the size for *THE CORPORAL*, on receipt of 35 cts., which will cover the price of *File* and letter postage on same. (See item explaining this, on page 61.) The Files were patented in 1861, but as the inventor, Mr. White, is a minister, and has spent a great part of the time since his invention was patented, as a chaplain in the army, this product of his ingenuity has remained in his study at home, and not been given to the public. I have now purchased his letters patent, and hope to give these files a lodgment in every house in America.

I give below the sizes and prices. Send for a circular, giving full description and letters of recommendation from many distinguished men. I intended in this number to show an engraving illustrating the working of the Files, but defer it for the reason given on a preceding page.

No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —15c. each.	No. 21—40c. each.
No. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 22—40c. "
No. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 23—45c. "
No. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 24—45c. "
No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 25—45c. "
No. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 27—45c. "
No. 14—30c. "	No. 29—50c. "
No. 15—35c. "	No. 31—50c. "
No. 16—35c. "	No. 33—50c. "
No. 18—40c. "	No. 35—50c. "

The numbers above indicate the length of the Files in inches. Thus, No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long; No. 16 is 16 inches long; and so of the rest.

### LETTERS FROM DISTINGUISHED MEN.

From Hon. George Bancroft, the Historian.

REV. MR. WHITE—DEAR SIR: For simplicity, neatness, ease of handling, adaptation to its purpose, and cheapness, your Paper File is a *ne plus ultra*.

Since I have used it, I wonder how we got along without it. I find it excellent to hold not papers only, and letters, but maps, and charts, and plans. The maps and plans once in this paper File, can be rolled up and carried about, and unrolled for use far better than if they were in pasteboard covers. It is approved by every one to whom I have shown it.

Yours truly, GEORGE BANCROFT.

From Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I have examined Mr. White's Patent Newspaper, Lecture, Sermon and Letter Files, for holding all kinds of paper in a book form, and I can most heartily commend the invention to public favor. It meets a real want, which has thus far been unsupplied, and will be very useful in our Sunday Schools for preserving the papers which the children receive. Although these are of permanent value, for want of some convenient mode of preserving them, they are generally destroyed. Mr. White's patent must be of great service to merchants, and in fact to every class of persons.

THOMAS M. CLARK.

From E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., President of Michigan University.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, Aug. 3, 1868.

I have examined, and used for six years, White's Patent Newspaper Files, and never have found anything else so convenient for the purpose of preserving papers. Nothing but a personal examination of the article is needed to show any one interested in the matter, that it is precisely what it claims to be—a strong and simple instrument to hold papers together for any length of time, in the order in which they may be at first arranged.

The general use of this article by those who take good and valuable newspapers, would be of great pecuniary and moral advantage to the com-

munity. The best writers in the world now contribute to newspapers, and it is a great loss to the community, that their writings should be read only once, or not at all, and then destroyed. By the use of one of these "Files," the readers might be greatly increased.

The File is also useful to hold letters and other papers that one wishes to preserve in regular order.

We recommend all interested in this matter to purchase at least one for trial, and after that no further recommendation will be needed.

E. O. HAVEN.

I freely endorse the opinion of Dr. Haven, and would especially commend the file to the attention of parents and Sunday School teachers—to the former as the means of preserving the "Sunday School Advocate," or the Sunday School papers for permanent reading in the family—to the latter, as being *just the thing for binding the "Teachers' Journal,"* without the expense of a book-binder.

DANIEL WISE, Editor of "S. S. Advocate."

From Rev. Henry Jackson, D.D., late Pastor of the Central Baptist Church.

NEWPORT, R. I.

REV. H. S. WHITE—MY DEAR SIR: I herewith send you my impressions of your Patent, which you are at liberty to use in whole or in part, as you may deem proper, and

Remain most truly yours,

H. JACKSON.

"White's Patent Newspaper, Music, and Letter File," is an admirable invention, and just what has long been needed to preserve the literature of the day, and to file letters, lectures, and other manuscripts, which for want of something of this economical nature, have been almost lost to the community. Everything of this character that I have seen has been not only dear, but exceedingly unhandy, and has therefore but imperfectly met the public necessity. The files of newspapers in reading-rooms, useful indeed for want of better arrangement, are nevertheless greatly inconvenient; but White's Files present them in consecutive pages, and as convenient as if bound in books. Few can afford to bind their periodicals, but with this file, at a very small cost, a year's series is easily consecutively preserved, and to all intent bound as they are issued and may be, for transportation, rolled in small sizes.

The great facility of this file, at a price within the means of all, will inspire an appreciation of publications—a taste exceedingly important in youth. Libraries of our press will thus accumulate, and each child, as he comes into life, may have at his hand the history of his own day carefully preserved by himself. I have the series of a weekly paper for forty consecutive years, and of magazines of sixty years, which contain the history of all that has been invented, compiled, or written in these long periods, bound at great expense; White's File would have answered every end, and saved much for other useful purposes.

I cheerfully commend this highly useful Patent—a patent that turns every newspaper publication into a living book for circulation, and with which every scholar in our schools should be furnished, and thus taught to become his own librarian of the increasing literature of his times.

HENRY JACKSON.

From the late Hon. Edward Everett, Boston.

I have made trial of Mr. White's Paper File, and find it extremely well calculated for its object. It is the best article of the kind with which I am acquainted.

EDWARD EVERETT.

### IT HAS NO EQUAL AS A MUSIC BINDER.

Office of ROOT & CADY, Music Publishers.  
CHICAGO, August 12, 1868.

MR. SEWELL; DEAR SIR: After a trial of White's Newspaper and Music File, we can cheerfully say that, while our many years' experience in the music business have enabled us to test all music binders in the trade, we have never found anything in the shape of a Music Binder, at once so good, strong, cheap, and easily managed as this. It holds the sheet music firmly and substantially, without danger of mutilating or tearing it, while one can easily remove any, or add new pieces.

ROOT & CADY.

Address for circular and particulars,  
ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL,  
Chicago, Ill.

## OUR PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDING-HOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

Where it is inconvenient to reach a person by express, we will send the Chromo by mail, on a roller, not mounted, for a club of ten subscribers. It is much better, however, to have the picture properly mounted, and sent by express.

The price of the Chromo, mounted, is ten dollars. We do not sell them unmounted.

4. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see another article in this paper.

5. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

6. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, or 1868. The six must all be sent at one time.

7. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. Write for particulars.

8. The Self-Binder; see other articles in this paper.

9. Sewing Machines. Write for particulars.

10. Books. See another article in this paper.

11. American Watches. Write for particulars.

12. Silver and Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See another article in this paper.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 6, (the club of six).

The price for single copies of "The Heavenly Cherubs" is \$2; the price of "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf," mounted, is \$10. Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," \$1.

The following books will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

	Price.
6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys by Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Aesop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.55
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.25
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

WHEN SENDING FOR BOOKS which are not named in our premium lists, you must tell us where they are published, and by whom, as we may not be familiar with them.

CLUBS FOR THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.

Papers sent in clubs need not necessarily go to the same Post Office, or State.

## SILVER SPOONS

AND  
SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS  
AS PREMIUMS.

In addition to our previous list of premiums, we have arranged to send a set of half-dozen warranted *pure coin silver* TEA SPOONS, the retail price of which is \$15.00, to every person who will send us a club of thirty subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, at the regular rate; or to every person who will send us ten subscribers at the regular rate, and \$7.00 in money, besides.

We can also send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each. A set of half-dozen ornamented, double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen ornamented, *Double Silver Plated forks*, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the *finest quality of Nickel Silver Metal*, and Double Plated with pure Silver. These premiums will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Begin to work on your clubs at once, and there will be plenty of time to write for particulars, and to select what premium you will take afterwards.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. Don't wait till the club is full. Thus you will save time and trouble.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS  
AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

### STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

### PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of *forty* subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, price \$130.00.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

Melodeons furnished on similar terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH & CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

### SAMPLE COPIES.

We will send a sample copy of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, free, to every person who will try to raise a club.

If you have a friend any where, who you think would subscribe, or raise a club, please send us his or her address, and we will send a sample copy free.

### APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA

Is one of our Premiums for clubs. Ministers, Teachers, and others who would like to earn this magnificent work for their libraries will write us for terms.

### A GOOD RELIGIOUS PAPER.

**THE ADVANCE.**—Although but a few months old *The Advance* has already a circulation larger than the average of the oldest, religious weeklies. It employs the best writers. It is read by all denominations. It believes in an every-day-life religion. It is full of

GOOD READING FOR LEISURE HOURS!  
GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS!  
GOOD READING FOR EVENINGS!  
GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN!  
GOOD READING FOR PARENTS!  
GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE!  
GOOD READING FOR MINISTERS!  
GOOD READING FOR SCHOLARS!  
GOOD READING FOR OLD FOLKS!  
GOOD READING FOR FARMERS!  
GOOD READING FOR BUSINESS MEN!  
GOOD READING FOR EVERYBODY!

The extraordinary success of *The Advance* speaks in eloquent terms of its excellence.—*Evening Post, Chicago*. Improves with each issue. A more complete paper, in each of its departments, we never saw.—*Republic, Springfield, O.*

It is full of enterprise and ability, and is pushing itself rapidly into the good graces of the reading public.—*Baptist Record, St. Louis*.

There is a spiciness about it which shows that a religious paper need not, necessarily, be a dull one.—*Press, Owosso, Mich.*

We are not a Congregationalist, but we are a lover of a good religious paper, and here it is.—*Citizen, Rushville, Ill.*

It defends New England ideas with a vigor which is refreshing.—*American, Waterbury, Conn.*

For choice selections, really good reading, and all that makes a first rate religious paper it is of the very best.—*Tribune, Detroit, Mich.*

One of the very ablest religious journals in America.—*The Christian World, London, England*.

Will be heartily welcomed by thousands of christian families outside of the denomination it more particularly represents.—*Gazette, Davenport, Iowa*.

**TERMS.**—\$2.50 a year, in advance. Splendid premiums to those who get up clubs. Specimen copies, with full particulars, sent *free* to any who write for them. Subscriptions can commence at any time.

Address,

THE ADVANCE COMPANY,  
25 Lombard Block, Chicago, Ill.

### CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE

**COLLEGE.**—The new and elegant Buildings of this Institution will open WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th.

The opportunities for a Solid and Ornamental Education will be superior. The Faculty will be large and experienced. \$300 is the Annual Expense with Room furnished.

Address Rev. Bishop D. W. CLARK, or Dr. J. W. WILEY, corner Main and Eighth streets, Cincinnati, or Rev. LUCIUS H. BUGBEE, A.M., President, at Evanston, Ill., until September 15th.

**SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER**, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., &c., may be attained in a few hours. 56th Edition. Price 25 cents. Address orders to my-tf O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau st., New York.

**AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE** to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of *Beard's* great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*." Sales will be easily made; the profits will be large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write to us for particulars.

### A COMPLETE FAMILY PAPER.

## THE METHODIST

A RELIGIOUS WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Published in the City of New York, in Imperial Quarto form, and in the Best Typographical Style.

*Independent and Fraternal, Loyal and Progressive.*

"*THE METHODIST*" is sustained by the people themselves; and, while discussing with frankness and courage every subject of interest to the Church, yet avoiding personal or direct controversy with existing Methodist Journals, it is intended to supply families with an organ comparing favorably with the

### LARGEST AND BEST JOURNALS OF THE DAY.

It commands the *Best Literary Ability* of the Church a home and abroad, and represents loyally and courageously its *Denominational Interests*, as well as the interests of general Christianity; and is conducted with prudence and dignity, and aims to be above *Partisanship and Virulence*; and to be a representative of the great religious interests of the age. It is edited by the

REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D.,

Assisted by an able Corps of Contributors, among whom

Rev. JOHN M'CINTOCK, LL.D.,

Rev. ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.,

Rev. J. F. HURST, D.D.,

Rev. B. H. NADAL, D.D.,

Rev. T. M. EDDY, D.D.,

Rev. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.,

Rev. J. M. FREEMAN, A.M.,

Prof. A. J. SCHEM, and others.

Its department for *THE LITTLE FOLKS* is always well supplied with the choicest matter, original or translated.

Its *SERMON DEPARTMENT* is especially attractive, containing a weekly *Sermon by a Distinguished Minister*, furnished to or reported expressly for it, among whom are

Rev. BISHOP SIMPSON,

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

NEWMAN HALL, and others.

It is one of the *LARGEST PAPERS* of the denomination, and, in view of the liberal outlay expended in its production, *THE CHEAPEST*, also. And, if unexampled liberality of expenditure and untiring exertion will secure such a result, it shall not only be one of *The Largest and Cheapest*, but also the *BEST*, and still continue, as heretofore, the *MODEL PAPER* in all its departments, Mechanical and Editorial.

**TERMS:** \$2.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Liberal Premiums or Cash Commissions to those obtaining subscribers.

Specimen numbers sent free to any address, on application.

Subscriptions received by the Ministers generally, and also by Laymen volunteering to act as our agents.

Office, 114 Nassau St., New York.

21-sep H. W. DOUGLAS, Publisher.

### GILES, BROTHER & CO.

GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

The old, and best known house in Chicago. Dealers in watches, Gold Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

my-102

142 Lake St., Chicago.

**"HOW TO HELP YOURSELF"** and get paid for it! Take an agency for the Indispensable Hand Book. How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to Do Business. Sample copy, \$2.25, and for *NEW PHYSIOGNOMY*, 1000 engravings, \$5. Send stamp for circular to S. R. WELLS, 41-sep No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

**THE WESTERN MUSICAL WORLD.**—An illustrated monthly, devoted to music, literature, fine arts, and the drama. Each number contains a large amount of beautiful new music. One dollar per annum—specimen copies ten cents. Address

S. BRAINARD & SONS, Publishers,  
my-1y Cleveland, Ohio.



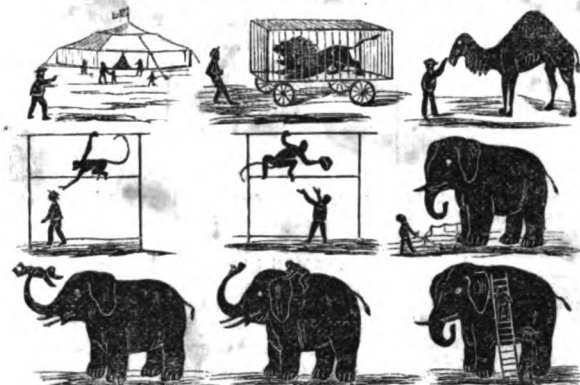
## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## No. 62.—RIDDLE.

Over the meadows, green and sweet,  
Something runs upon fairy feet.  
None so swift they can overtake it,  
None so strong they can bend or break it;  
No one has seen it, no one knows  
Whence it comes or where it goes.

Prudy.

## No. 65.—A PICTURE STORY.



Jack is the name of the boy who tried rope walking on his mother's clothes line, and fell off. Since that he has been to the menagerie, and seen the wild beasts. He came running into the house one day, saying that the elephant had come, and that there was a great tent built upon the common. Of course Jack had to go. When he came into the great tent, the very first thing he saw was a lion. He looked fierce, and raised his paw as if he meant to make a spring. Jack thought the iron bars might prove too weak, and he had better be out of the way. Next he came to the camel, with his great, patient eyes. He seemed to be thinking of old times, long, long time ago. Jack went up and patted him on the face, in a very friendly manner. As he went on, gazing and wondering, he passed under the place where there were some merry monkeys, full of mischief. One of them reached down and caught off Jack's hat. Then he held it up, with a curious grin on his face, as if he thought he had done some nice thing. But when Jack came to the elephant's quarters, his wonder rose to its highest pitch; and in his wonder, he came too near. The elephant, with a wink from his keeper, curled his great, snaky trunk around the waist of the boy, and, raising him high in the air, set him on his own back, all right. This did not seem much like fun, to Jack, though the boys and girls all clapped their hands and laughed heartily. The keeper, however, put up a ladder, and Jack came down safely; and he was sure to keep a sharp lookout, after that, and be more careful. W. O. C.

## No. 63.—CHARADE.

One is deep and broad and wide,  
Tossed by tempest, swayed by tide;  
Two in every garden springs  
Side by side with precious things.

In my first my second grew,  
Never fed by rain or dew;  
In its meadows, green and fair,  
Never sunbeam warms the air;  
Yet the dainty wonder grows  
Tinted like the blooming rose—

Prudy.

## No. 64.—CHARADE.

With a bright but changeable face,  
Looks my first in every place;  
Strong and firm my second stands,  
Heart of oak, and iron hands.  
With a noiseless step my whole  
Through a grated window stole,  
Leaving, in the gloomy cell,  
Not a trace the tale to tell.

Johnny.

## No. 66.—A PICTURE STORY.



This story is about a boy who knew how to use good manners. There was a man in the village who kept a fine, large store, and he wanted a good boy, to come and live with him. When he walked down the street, he often met boys that were rude and insulting. They would pass by him with their hands stuffed into their pockets. Sometimes, when they were past him, they would turn and shake their fists at him, as much as to say, "Who cares for you, mister!" But one day, as this man was walking out, he met a boy who knew how to use good manners. He made a bow, and said, "Good morning, sir." This boy was Willie Gray. His mother was a widow, and lived in a nice cottage down in a green lane. "That is just the boy I want," said the man to himself; and he stopped and inquired of a man that was working in a garden, who the boy was and where he lived.

The very next day, the man went out to the cottage where Willie lived. He talked with Willie's mother about her boy, and told her he was just such a lad as he wanted with him in his store, and promised to do well by him. So Willie went to live with the man, and had a fine situation, and was happy. The good merchant was pleased with Willie, and Willie's mother was proud of her son. W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

No. 58.—Charade.—Grass-hopper. No. 59.—Riddle.—Dust.

**A First Class  
Original Magazine  
For One Dollar.**

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL  
FOR 1869.**

After this number, THE LITTLE CORPORAL will have a tasteful cover with a beautiful, engraved title page. The advertisements will be taken out of the body of the paper, and put on the cover, so that our periodical will be *enlarged and greatly improved*, and take rank as a first class magazine, while the price will remain the same.

All new subscribers for 1869, whose names and money are sent to us before the end of October, will receive the October, November, and December numbers of 1868, FREE.

Now let all begin to work for clubs. See our Premium list.

**HOW TO REMIT:**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of ALFRED L. SEWELL.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us *without any loss*.

Registered letters, under the new system, which went into effect lately, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the *Registry fee*, as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps* at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending *only one dollar*, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

**THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.**

*Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.*

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may be sent at any time, and must begin either with the January, April, July, or October numbers. Unless the time to begin is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

For advertising terms, see editorial columns.

Sums of not more than one dollar may be sent simply enclosed in ordinary letters. When you remit more than that at one time, send Post Office Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable in Chicago or New York.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**  
Publisher of The Little Corporal, CHICAGO, ILL.





Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## THE MOCKING GENIUS.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

"O mother," said Benny, "how I wish we could have a great, blazing fire, for once, and some hot pudding for supper!"

"And so we will," replied Benny's mother, her kind face lighting up with a pleasant smile; "here's a whole armful of dry chunks, besides the chips you gathered this morning; then there is meal enough in the bag to last a week, thanks to Mrs. Smith for that day's washing; and I'm pretty sure we can drain some sorghum from the bottom of the jug. You like sorghum, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Benny, a little doubtfully; and then, gathering up his bare toes, he sat Turk fashion in the old, splint-bottomed rocking chair, watching the pretty, blue smoke, as it curled up the chimney, followed by merry tongues of flame, that danced and leaped and laughed like little, painted savages.

"O, isn't it nice?" he said, with a soft sigh; "how gay everything looks! and

VOL. 7.  
No. 5.

Chicago, Ill., November, 1868.

now the water begins to boil;" and he actually smacked his lips, little gourmand, at thought of the nice, steaming mush, and was quite sure, indeed, that he liked sorghum!

"Now," said Master Benny, helping himself to his third dish of pudding, "tell a story, please;" for the reckless boy seemed bent upon exhausting all the pleasures of life in one evening.

And his mother, foolish woman, never reproved him—she only asked, "'The Three Bears?' or 'Dame Whippetrot?' or"—

"No; I'm tired of those," said the dissipated, little fellow; "give us something new—something about giants and demons."

His mother mused—then a dreamy look came into her eyes, which Benny knew well how to interpret. Was not her soul far away, searching in nooks and by-ways of the past for those wonderful beings that were now, like old stage players, to rehearse their parts for Benny's sole amusement? But for the story.

"Once there was"—for so all real stories begin—"once there was a man, strong, good and beautiful. The pure blood, coursing through his veins, sent a cheerful beam to his eye, and caused his pulse to leap for joy. His brain was never clogged by poisonous vapors, nor his soul marred by evil passions. His nerves were true as steel, his thoughts glad, and his face was like the face of an angel.

"This man dwelt in a palace. He had flocks and herds, and fields and vineyards. He had acres and acres of woodland, so that his hearthstone never grew cold, and his generosity was so great that none ever went hungry or naked from his door."

"O mother!" cried Benny, eagerly, "if we knew him, and if he was alive now, would he give us hot pudding every night, a pair of new boots, and real, golden syrup to eat on 'em?"

"No doubt of it," she answered, smiling; "but, for himself, he ate the lambs out of his flocks, and the choice fruit of his fields.

"One day, as he walked forth, when the autumn leaves were falling, and the last, rich clusters hung dead ripe upon the vines, it occurred to him that all their luscious juices might be saved for winter use. So he bade his servants press the grapes, and preserve the liquor in a large, stone jar.

"There it remained for several months. At last, upon some great occasion, it was brought forth; and now, behold a wonderful event! As the servants were carefully removing the lid of the jar, a spicy odor diffused itself throughout the room, and a vapory form arising thence ascended to the ceiling; then, gradually assuming the appearance of a beautiful youth, crowned with vine leaves, it thus spoke:

"What wilt thou, owner of the fields and vineyards? Thou hast freed me from my long imprisonment—I am thy servant; name thy wish—it shall be granted!"

"Now this pure, simple-hearted man had not a wish ungratified. Having health, peace, friends, and plenty, he was content. But something must be done.

"Give me," he hastily cried, 'O beautiful being—angel or demon—give me some joy I never knew; some bliss I cannot even imagine.'

"Drink! and thou shalt be satisfied," said the vanishing Genius.

"So the servants drew from the wonderful jar, and their master drank. Rich, sparkling, and delicious was the liquid; with a subtle power it fired the brain, and quickened the heart-beats. He saw visions of beauty, and dreamed dreams of glory, and felt himself a god.

"Presently the vessel was exhausted; then his delirium of bliss subsided. But, lo! when he turned to his former innocent pleasures, they palled upon his tastes; his wit had lost its edge; his fancy her bright pinions; his muscles were weak; his nerves trembled; the god, alas! was fallen.

"In shame and despair he bewailed his fate, and cried aloud; 'O, beautiful being—angel or demon—grant me one more prayer. Make me what I was before I knew thee.'

"'Drink!' replied the Genius; 'will it not restore thee?'"

"So the jar was re-filled; but, now, instead of lovely visions and tender fancies, came the terrible spirit of discord. The poisonous fumes of the liquor, mounting to his brain, distorted everything beautiful. His soul had no power over itself; his tongue ran riot; and he knew neither reason nor affection. His servants fled affrighted; even his wife was glad to hide from his presence in the grave, and his children went to dwell with strangers.

"Harsh creditors seized upon his lands, and he awoke from his wild frenzy to find himself a bloated, homeless outcast.

"Now, indeed, despair filled his soul. The future promised no delight, the past goaded him to madness.

"O, beautiful demon!' he cried, 'once more hear me, I beseech thee! Grant me only to forget!'"

"Foolish man!' laughed the demon, 'why dost thou weep? Art thou hungry? wine is better than food. Art thou cold? it will warm thee. Art thou sad? it will cheer thee. Art thou lonely? it will people thy brain with airy shapes of fancy. Art thou cut to the heart with shame and remorse? it will brace thee up with a mad courage to defy thy Maker. Say if I am not thy best friend!'"

"Liar!' cried the other; 'where is the bliss you promised? Where are the joys of which you have robbed me? Cursed be the day when you rose in bewildering beauty from the deadly jar! One boon, only, do I ask—*oblivion!*'"

"Drink, then,' said the Genius, 'and forget!'"

"So he turned again to the fiery liquid. For this he sold his friends; gave up his last hope; bartered his wretched soul, and now he fills a drunkard's grave."

Benny sat long, gazing into the fire—then heaving a profound sigh, he said,

"Mother, I think I know what you mean by that beautiful, deceitful demon! Wasn't it this morning you read, '*Wine is a Mocker?*' but he needn't try to impose upon me with any of his fair promises."

"I hope he never will, Benny. Remember, dear child, you are all I have, and it would break my heart to-night, if I thought you would ever do as—" Benny did not hear the rest, for his mother took him in her arms and gave him a loving kiss.

"Shall I go and tell father to come home? See, the pudding is still warm, and the hearth is glowing with live coals."

"Are you not afraid, Benny? The night is cold and dark, and those bad men—if they should harm my darling—"

"I'm not afraid, mother; won't the angels take care of me? Wrap me up, and set the candle in the window; it is

only a little way; I shall soon be back."

So the brave little boy went out, strong in love and faith—but O, where were the angels?

About a quarter of a mile from Benny's humble home, stood one of the Devil's *toll gates*; a saloon.

Benny's father had thrown many a dime into its till, besides many things whose value can't be reckoned in dimes. For his Satanic majesty is not at all particular; "all is grist that comes to his mill." Wrecked hopes, broken hearts, forgotten vows, blighted youth, and terrors of remorse are currant coin with him, and help to keep the downward road to his dominions in fine repair. O, yes; Benny's father was traveling rapidly in the road to Ruin, and paying frequent toll at the Devil's toll gate.

There he sat, hob-a-nob with his two boon companions, Myers and Murphy; the ugly, black bottle passing from mouth to mouth, together with stale jokes, and silly songs.

With a sickening feeling of disgust, and a quick pit-a-pat of the little heart, Benny lifted the latch and entered.

"There's my little man! walk along;" cried Murphy; "did he slip his mammy's apron strings and run away? Have something hot, to keep the cold out?"

"I'm not cold, thank you; I want my father;" said Benny, stoutly. "Come, father, supper's waiting."

"Let it wait," said Myers, with a hideous wink; "*he's* fast in the arms of Morpheus. Now then, Mr. Hop o' my thumb, what'll you take and how'll you take it."

"Come, father, come! wake up," cried Benny, a little alarmed.

"Here now," continued Myers, dreadfully in earnest; "drink *this*; its good for flustication of the nerves, and all the ills that flesh is heir to."

"Down with the medicine!" thundered Murphy, seizing the child by the arm.

"It's *not* medicine—its nasty poison, take it away!" screamed Benny, kicking prodigiously, but all in vain. Down his tender throat went the burning liquid, carried by main force; meanwhile, his drowsy father, half aroused, exclaimed,

"Plague take the brat! What's all this bellowing?"

"Crying for his bitters," said Murphy, coolly.

"Let him alone! will you, you drunken beast," roared the father, at last, beginning to realize the situation.

Poor Benny! how the room flew 'round, filled with darting sparks of fire, and horrid, staring eyes; then all grew dark, and he fell, unconscious, upon the floor.

With a muttered curse upon his wicked companions, the father, frightened into sobriety, lifted Benny tenderly in his arms

and strode homewards. Was it benumbing grief, or the sublime patience of love that made that mother so calmly receive her boy, deathly pale, from his father's arms, never saying, by look or word, "you have killed him!"

Not the less did he feel the stings of self-reproach, all that lonely, bitter night, while together they watched those feeble heart-beats. Benny woke from that deathly slumber to rave and toss with fever, and live over, again and again, the dreadful scene in the dram shop, in which visions of angels and demons were strangely commingled.

At last a sweet sleep stole over him, from which he awoke to find his father's arms around him, and his mother's eyes smiling kindly into his.

"Is the demon gone?" he faintly whispered.

"Gone, Benny, *gone*, never to return!" It was his father's voice, full of tenderness and firm resolve. O, how sweetly he rested then, on that father's heart! Surely the angels had not been far off, nor unmindful of their charge.

And so, when Benny got up from his sick bed, he found that delightful order of things; "hot puddings every night, a pair of new boots, and real golden syrup to eat on 'em."

## DREAMING.

BY EDNA M. S.

He lies 'neath the spreading apple boughs,  
My little brother Jim;  
No care from the busy world around,  
Casts its shadow over him.  
The golden sheen of his tangled curls,  
'Mid the clover blossoms gleams.  
He is floating out, on the tide of sleep,  
To the happy sea of dreams.

Dozing there, with his bare, brown feet,  
Kissed by the Autumn sun,  
I think of the brave and earnest path,  
Our little boy may run.  
Toilsome and rough to the idle throng,  
Who shrink from the Summer heat;  
Of noble toil for those who tread,  
With true and patient feet.

I know there are snares for heedless feet,  
In the luring haunts of sin,  
There is fruit so fair to the passing gaze,  
But ashes and dust within.  
And I kiss the sleeper's trustful lips,  
With a swift and silent prayer,  
That the God of his childhood's love and  
faith,  
Be his leader everywhere.

Thus, with never a pang of fear,  
Never a throb of pain,  
Never a thought of his loyal soul,  
As tarnished by spot or stain,  
I trace his path up the "royal road,"  
Through a vista long and dim,  
My childish hero, my gallant knight,  
My little brother Jim.

## HOW WE WENT NUTTING.

BY FELICIA ROSS JOHNSON.

"Hush, hush!" whispered cousin Kate, holding up her finger, warningly, as I buried my pug nose in my apron; "they'll hear you giggle."

We were standing at the door of Aunt Jane's fruit closet, listening to the voices of Cousin Nell and Becky Winters, who appeared to be regaling themselves with stolen sweets.

"O, Becky," Nell was saying, "you'll be sure to go to the bad place, for stealin' mother's preserves, and then not even washin' the saucer."

That was too much for our gravity. We burst into laughter, and as we bounced against the door, it swung open, much to the astonishment of Becky and Nell, who stood as if turned to stone, with their saucers in their hands, and their faces daubed with raspberry jam.

"How did *you* know?" asked Nell, as soon as she found her voice.

"Know!" answered Kate; "any goose would know you were in here, when there was a pile of dog-eared spellers outside of the door."

"Girls! girls! Kate! Annie!" shouted Ned and Harry, from the yard, "if you're coming, hurry along."

"Where? where?" asked Nell and Becky, eagerly, clattering down stairs after us.

"Come and see," said Harry, gruffly, as he strapped two great bags on the horses, that stood at the gate. "Girls must always stop to ask questions. Say, Dan, how can we take all these girls?"

"Vell, vell," said Dan, with a twinkle in his eye, two can ride old Bill, and two can ride Tolly. That'll do fery vell."

"Don't put Nell and Becky both on one horse," said Ned, as they came up from the kitchen, with newly-washed faces; "they're so light headed they'd be sure to fall off."

So Nell and I were lifted upon Dolly, Kate and Becky climbed to a seat upon the back of old Bill, and the squad of nutters—for we were really going nutting—went forward, Harry and Ned in the advance, Dan just behind them, with his hands thrust in the pockets of his tow-linen jacket, whistling as he went, or now and then singing a snatch of some song, in German. Our horses jogged on steadily—they were used to carrying double—and we clung to them, laughing and shouting until the woods echoed.

Presently we came in sight of a farm house standing by the roadside, in a blank, staring whiteness, without a tree to shade it, and the pigpen set beside the front gate.

Dan fell back with us.

"Anne, did you efer see Mis' Miner?"

"I tell you, she's a steamer!" exclaimed Ned, before I had time to answer.

"Vell," continued Dan, "if you wants to see her, you can shtop mit me. I've got to see her about the cider makin'."

I was a little bashful about going, but Dan coaxed me, so at length I consented, and he lifted me from the horse, telling the other children to wait for us over the hill, and we would join them shortly.

He gave a sounding rap upon the door.

"Come in!" said a sharp voice.

I hung behind, but he lifted the latch, and, drawing me after him, stepped into the kitchen.

"Good mornin'," said he, pleasantly.

"Mornin'," said the woman, whose face and twinkling, black eyes were as sharp as her voice. She wore a cap with a wide frill, and sat before a huge basket of scraps of cloth, cutting them around in long strips.

"Take a cheer and set down," she said, after she had looked at us, in silence, for a moment.

"No, ma'am, thank ye," said Dan; "I shust shtopped in to say, if you wants your cider this veek, you must send the apples over on Vriday morning."

"Yes," she answered, "if I can get time to pick 'em, I'll send 'em over; but Jim, he's gittin' in his buckwheat, and everything comes onto me. What with milkin' and churnin', and kaggin' butter, and tendin' to seven calves, and makin' my apple and peach butters, I've much as I can do. And then I must finish cuttin' these rags, so as I can take my carpet to the weaver's; an' I don't know how it'll be. I work wuss 'an any nigger."

"Vat's the use, Mis' Miner?" said Dan, soothingly; "you've nobody to keep but you and the old man, and when you die, you can't take it vith you."

"Mighty little there'll be to take; it's as much as we can do to keep soul and body together," she answered, crossly.

That was all I heard of the conversation, my attention was so much attracted by a pincushion which hung under the looking-glass. It had fingers sticking out in every direction, and each one was a different color. Before I had quite made up my mind what it was intended to represent, Dan hurried me away; and the last I saw of Mrs. Miner, was a glimpse of her skimp, blue-calico dress, as she stood in the door, clipping, clipping, clipping.

"Teary me!" said Dan, as we walked down the road, "vat's the use to be a-vantin' more, when you've got enough?"

It was not long, after we joined the rest of our party, until we came to the nut trees. The road was rocky and narrow,

but the horses carried us carefully, and we found ourselves under a row of walnut and chestnut trees, so well filled that every wind shook the nuts down; and just beyond a wide meadow, ran the Sparkling Castleman's river.

What a time we had! We gathered walnuts until we were hungry, then we ate our dinners, and after that the boys climbed the trees to shake down the chestnuts; and as the burrs were ready to open, they came down in showers. We soon had our bags full, and as it was not time to go home, and as Dan and the boys were gathering herbs for Aunt Jane, we girls concluded to go down to the river.

The water was clear and glistening, and when we dipped our hands in it, the drops looked like diamonds. We dabbled in it—we gathered shells and stones for a while—and then Nell saw a thorn bush, full of berries, growing on a rock in the river. As that was something strange, she and Becky would go to see it, stepping from stone to stone, for the water was shallow.

"Let us go, too," said I, pulling off one shoe and stocking.

Kate hesitated. "Mother said we must not go in the water."

"O well, I'm sure it isn't going in the water to step on the stones," said I, so confidently that she yielded the point, and followed me to the rock.

It was a pleasant place. We could see ever so far up the river; the waves, that seemed to run two ways; the little fish in the water, the crabs and lizards, and one snake, that floated lazily by us. Nell and Becky filled their pockets with berries, and left us. But we were not in a hurry. We pulled the strings off our bonnets and aprons, tied them together, fastened bits of cake to the ends of them with crooked pins, and tried to catch fish. The fish did not bite well, and we waited for them, not seeing that the sun got lower and lower.

"O, Annie," said Kate, in distress, "we can't get back to the bank! Look! the water is rising!"

True enough, it was running at least a foot deep, all around us. What should we do? We called to the boys, but the water made so much noise that it drowned our voices; and just then an owl began to screech in the thicket. We were almost ready to cry. There was nothing for us but to wade out. I went first.

Oh! that step in the water! My foot slipped, and I would have fallen, had I not caught at the rock. Something seemed to clutch my foot.

"A snake! a snake!" I screamed.

"Where? where?" said Kate.

"There, on my foot."

"No, there is none."

"Well, then it's a crab or a lizard, and they're just as bad. I won't have a toe left. I'll drown!"

"Hold on, Anne," said Dan; and in a moment I was before him, on old Bill.

Strange to say, it was neither snake, crab, nor lizard, on my foot, but my own fishing string. So he took us out of the river, and in a few moments we were riding homeward on the great, pouching bags of nuts—"for all the world," as Nell said, "like the Queen of Sheba."

### PROMOTED.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The Little Corporal who stands,  
With the banner in his hands,  
Was a private in our bands,  
When the war for peace began;  
Now I lift my hat to cheer,  
For to me 'tis very clear,  
They have made a brigadier,  
Of our darling little man.

He has risen from the ranks,  
He has earned the nation's thanks,  
And we pardon all the pranks,  
Of our little volunteer;  
Let the air ring with huzzas,  
Wave aloft the stripes and stars,  
Now we hail this child of Mars,  
By brevet a brigadier.

Water from the hillside green,  
Leaping in its crystal sheen,  
Fills the Corporal's canteen;  
Find a better drink who can.  
Invite him out to lunch or dine,  
He will not taste a drop of wine,  
Water is the drink divine.  
Is he not "the coming man?"

He has no habits that enslave,  
His soul of fire is true and brave,  
And now he rides the topmost wave,  
Of honor which will lift to fame.  
Hail to the plucky hero bland,  
Chosen chieftain of our band,  
Darling of our own dear land,  
Where waves the flag of starry flame.

His armies at our tables sit,  
And charm us with their happy wit,  
Their pleasant speeches often hit,  
Where learned eloquence is lost.  
They draw their rations day by day,  
With smiling eyes and lips they pay,  
All good quartermasters say,  
A hundred fold their bill of cost.

Not in storms of leaden rain,  
Not where cannon shake the plain,  
Not where rivers wear the stain,  
Of battle, will these soldiers go;  
Their fathers and their brothers did  
The fighting, (shall the past be hid?)  
And praise erects a pyramid,  
Whose marble mocks the sunless snow.

They will strike at vice and crime,  
They will ring the golden chime,  
Of the day of deeds sublime,  
Sounding sweetly far and near.  
In the future they will be,  
Standard bearers of the free,  
From land to land, from sea to sea,  
The "Corporal" their brigadier.

### FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

NUMBER X.

As Mrs. Rivers, Fred, and his sister, one evening in the latter part of July, lingered on the broad, stone terrace, upon which opened the double doors of the library, their thoughts were all away in their own dear land, where battles and victories were being fought and won. In the distance they could hear the rippling flow of the little river, as it murmured along among the pebbles, scarcely audible above the rustling of the thick, English ivy and clustering woodbine, (with which the low walls guarding the terrace were overgrown,) and often quite drowned by the glad burst of melody from some tiny songster in the neighboring trees. The brown, happy lizards were playing at hide and seek among the ivy roots at their feet. Swallows, by tens and twenties, merrily circled around the battlements, curving gracefully downward and upward as they flew over the terrace, just glancing above the heads of the three, sitting so silently beneath the heavily-loaded branches of figs and magnolias. Above their heads loomed the mossy tower, and, as the day faded gradually away, leaving all in the clear starlight, from its deep recesses came the mournful hootings of the owl. The silence was first broken by a singular, whizzing sound. Each one looked around, but saw no explanation of it. It was repeated—this time with a flash that called all three to their feet.

"The tower!" shouted Fanny.

Looking hurriedly up, they saw both its windows blazing with red, white, and blue lights; the turrets were wreathed with lanterns of the three American colors, while above the whole proudly floated the dear, old flag. Rockets from the tower were flashing through the air, when, from the village below, rose the shout of a hundred mingled voices, "*Viva l'America!*"

"Hurrah for Grant at Vicksburg!" cried the well-known voice of Alessan, from the tower; and they knew then who had planned for them the surprise. He came down after awhile, leaving others to fire the rockets; but when they thanked him for his hearty sympathy, he said,

"O no, do not thank me. The Americans are fighting our battles as well as their own. We all believe that upon the success of the North depends very much the liberty of our own Italy."

But a surprise was also awaiting him. Rejoicing in the general joy, the Piobesan brass band, followed by half the village, came out on the square, and, ignorant of the national airs of America, began play-

ing those of Italy, interrupting themselves, now and then, with a hearty "*Viva l'America!*"

Fanny flew down the steps from the terrace to the garden, and along the cloisters, and coaxed Leopolda to open the gates and ask the people in. They crowded in by hundreds, and played, shouted, and danced, till nearly midnight, leaving the castle grounds with a final *viva!* which long rang in the ears of those who heard it.

The next mail brought more letters from home—one from Mr. Rivers, which gave sorrow as well as gladness. An old friend of his, whose health lay buried in the Chickamauga trenches, had been sent to Genoa in a sailing packet. He had already spent some time in northern Italy, and would be ready to return by the time this letter was received. Mr. Rivers intended writing his friend, asking him to go to the "Starling Castle," and bring back to America his wife and children; for little Fanny's mournful exclamation, "But, papa, an ocean between us!" had haunted him ever since it was uttered.

To return to America was what the two younger ones had long earnestly desired; still, now that their wish was about to be gratified, it lost something of its charm; and but for the one dear friend on the other side, who called for them, the sacrifice of leaving all the beauty to which they had learned in these years to cling so closely, would have been a great one. Neither, however, would admit in words such a thought, but waited anxiously for their father's friend.

At last he came, pale, thoughtful, and kind, not much benefited by the sea voyage, but very eager to reach home. So everything was at once put in readiness for the journey.

One learns to love places almost as much as persons; and at the thought of leaving the old castle, perhaps forever, no wonder that little Fanny's heart was sad. She was puzzled to know what to do with the birds, but Leopolda promised to feed those that were too small to fly, and those that would not go. Nightingales and mocking birds were given away, and then, last of all, goodbyes were said to the village people. When Fanny spoke of her love for them, one of the peasant women (withered at thirty) said, sadly,

"Ah! Signorina, when you return to America, to that great country where even the poor people can have meat every day, you will soon think no more of us; but may the blessing of the dear Madonna go with you."

*Addio* again and again; and for the last time they drove over the river and down the shady avenue to the capital. The morning train was taken for two hours to

Susa, a little village at the foot of the Moncenisio pass, for they were going overland to Paris, and had, first of all, to cross the Alps.

Mr. Leonard could hardly think of anything outside of America. He had wandered through the northern cities of Italy, looking at everything but seeing nothing. He was the first soldier who had been among them, and neither of his companions ever wearied of listening to his stories of army life.

On reaching Paris, a reading room was the first place Mr. Leonard visited, where the papers gave him the startling intelligence that "The rebels had crossed the Mississippi, and were preparing to attack the New York and Richmond railroad. The federals were rapidly retreating!"

The absurd telegram caused a good deal of laughter; but, after all, was about as intelligible as most of those received from America.

The next day, at Boulogne, they took the boat to cross the channel. The little, light thing was scarcely more than a nut shell, and the high waves tossed and tumbled it about, making it almost impossible to keep one's feet. Fanny braced herself up against a portion of the rigging, with her face toward the rapidly-vanishing coasts of France, while Fred, by her side, stood looking toward the cliffs of England.

"How fast the land recedes, Fred; I can just see now a delicate, purple line."

"Yes; but never mind France, look the other way, Fanny, and see those white cliffs we are nearing."

It was curious enough to watch the chalk-like rocks, which seemed to be coming forward in a body to meet the tiny boat.

After landing, they passed very hurriedly across the island, and took the first steamer from Liverpool to Boston. The long, long days of ocean travel were varied by sunshine and storm. At times, when the head wind was strong, and heavy, black clouds in advance gave warning of coming squalls, Fanny, wrapped in a rubber coat that one of her fellow travelers laughingly threw around her, would stand at the stern, where she could see the whole length of the steamer, as she plunged, burying the bows in the gleaming foam, rearing upward and backward, tossing the huge waves, that she had broken, in triumph over her decks, climbing like a living thing the sea mountain before her, then leaping again.

Within hailing distance rode a French merchantman, sometimes poised on the topmost crest of some grand wave, and the next instant entirely lost to view in the gaping trough below. For many hours the squalls followed each other in rapid succession, sometimes bringing hail and

snow, and thoroughly drenching all who, without rain-proof wrappings, were yet willing to brave them.

Again the steamer would glide along as quietly as a skiff on Como, and the hurricane deck, till late at night, would be crowded with dancers; while behind the steamer, for miles, would stretch away the broad, white, foamy trail, emblazoned at night by the myriads of flashing, phosphorescent lights; and the moon would throw its silver causeway across the water back toward Italy.

Some of the acquaintances they made were very entertaining—a certain German, in particular. He knew not one word of English. He had torn himself from his wife and family in Germany, for the pleasure of coming to Boston to hunt buffalo and wild Indians. He had taken the precaution of arming himself before leaving, and had with him a pair of revolvers, several long knives, a gun, and a club. Who could have the heart to spoil this fond illusion? Some one suggested that it might be necessary to go as far as the Adirondacks before realizing his dream, but seeing the poor man's disappointed look, no one could venture on further disenchantment.

The captain was eagerly questioned each day as to the progress the steamer was making, and wagers laid as to even the hour of entering the harbor. When land first came in sight, there was a rush to the deck of every passenger able to leave his berth.

After getting clear of the troublesome custom-house officers, they drove through Boston's crooked streets till the coachman stopped before the hotel.

Mr. Leonard's home was in Washington, and, too eager for a sight of the dear faces waiting for him, to remain in Boston for more rest, he proposed continuing their journey the next morning; for he would consent to no arrangement but that his three companions should make their home with him until Mr. Rivers should express a different wish. Accordingly, the next day they were off for Washington, where they were received with the heartiest welcome from all Mr. Leonard's household.

And, now that Fred and Fanny are once more safely at home, we must leave them, as they watch, with an eagerness understood even by the child heart which has lived through these years of glorious struggle, for telegrams and details of battles and skirmishes, rebuffs and victories, till the great final overthrow of the rebellion brought back to them their beloved father, all the more precious to them for the dangers through which he had passed

Of all on earth to be loved and kindly cared for, the aged are first deserving.

## THE SIX KITTENS.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

Six dear, little, frolicsome kittens—O my! Was ever a mother so happy as I? All perfect in feature and supple in joint; Six nice, little tails whittled off to a point; Six pairs of blue eyes staring wildly around; No end of white paws dancing over the ground.

It's "Mamma, do give me some dinner, I pray," And, "Mamma, just whisk your old tail now, for play;"

It's "me-ew" and "me-ow," and "purr-r-r," and all that—

It's a nip of the ear, and a hug and a pat; A spring and a clutch, a grand kitten *mélée*, Then one head bobbing up—psh! scat! scamper away.

Now, pray you, be quiet, you mischievous elves! La! the pantry door's open—they're helping themselves—

See! Topsy is whisking the cream pot about—She's got her head in, but she can't get it out! And Snuff has been snuffing the mustard—me-ew!

And Snarley is in a delectable stew.

Ho! Bridget is coming—where, where shall we fly?

She's waving the poker—there's wrath in her eye—

Up, quick, to the haymow—dear! dear! what a fright!

One, two, three—where are you? four, five, six—all right.

Now never again risk your lives for such pelf; The risk, and the *goodies*—I'll take them myself.

## THE DREAMER.

BY J. A. BELLOWES.

There was once a man who having nothing yet had everything. People passed him in the street with a sneer.

"A poor, worthless fellow," they muttered, "who doesn't know how to earn his bread—and a fool to boot!" And they fastened their comfortable overcoats and passed him by.

Yet this man whom they ridiculed was lord of a stately castle. Ah! what a castle it was. All its steps were of the purest gold, and its golden turrets stretched up, up, till they were lost in heaven. Around about it were beautiful, enchanted gardens; banners, crimson and golden, floated from the windows. There the softest of June airs were blowing, the richest of fragrance was streaming, and in the leafy trees, from a hundred of tiny throats, poured the rarest of bird songs. For it is always summer there.

And he, this poor man, was lord of it all. Thus it was that having nothing yet had he everything. For it was a castle in the air. All day long he would wander about the gardens, and mount the broad staircases, hearing sweet voices that whispered of fame and of coming success. But at night he woke to find poverty staring in at his windows, and the wolf howling at



his door. Said his wife, "O, my husband, I pray thee leave thy castle in Spain, for its food satisfieth not. Look about thee! We perish from hunger."

And the man went forth to work, but no one would give it him.

"He is a dreamer," one said, "I will not trust him."

Said another, "He is crack-brained; let him go to his castle that he talks about." And all laughed loudly.

By and by his wife died. Then he would wander about, thinking that she was still with him, young and beautiful as when he had wedded her. And the castle seemed still nearer to him.

Said his little child, "Father, why don't you take us there? We are very hungry and miserable; why may not we see this golden castle with its shining steps and floating banners?"

And the man turned, with a sigh, saying, "In God's good time, my son—in God's good time."

Then the boy prayed that the castle might be reached. And as the two walked about the streets, men who met them would whisper,

"He is crazy! Look! his hair is gray, and his eyes are vacant—what does he see?"

And then the boy would answer that they were going to a beautiful castle, O, a long way off, where there was never to be sorrow or sickness any more.

And for him, the boy, it was true. But the castle was one not built with hands. Ere the June roses blossomed, he went on before his father to that city whose builder and maker is God; where, of a truth, there should never be sorrow or sickness any more.

But the old man still dreamed and still saw the glittering castle, fairer and more beautiful than ever. Then he was taken to the almshouse, a long, low building, red and old. All around it stretched green fields where cattle were grazing. In the summer, he could sit under the spreading trees and hear the sheep bells ringing sweet and clear. And when the sky was blue, and the light clouds, fleecy and white, drifted west lazily, he told those who talked to him of the castle that he owned, the wonderful castle in Spain.

"There my young wife is waiting, dressed as befits a bride, and my little child is singing a song of the old time. I can hear voices praising me. O, I shall be a great man, some day!"

But that "some day" never came. For by and by, after he had lingered a long, long time, and had watched for years the cattle in the fields, and the children playing in the lanes, and life had become very pleasant to him—for he was always dreaming now—God's angel came to him:

"Lo! thy castle is but a little way off, grander and more beautiful than was thy dream. Come!"

A smile, not of this earth, played about his lips. He put forth his hands as if to lay hold of that which had been always out of reach, crying,

"The castle! the castle! mine at last!"

And for him there was never more to be sorrow or sickness of heart. His dream had come true.

## THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### CHAPTER XI.

Jimmy was sitting in his pleasant, little room, deeply interested in a new agricultural work, when he heard a halting step coming slowly up to the door.

"That's Deacon Hadley," said Davie, who was lying in his favorite place on a soft rug before the open fire.

Davie had grown weaker all the fall, and the cold weather seemed to strike a deadly chill to his heart. Almost all his days were passed now on the lounge in Mary's room, with the toddling baby for company and amusement, and his evenings with Jimmy, though he had little strength now for reading or study.

"I'm not in haste to go," he would say, "but I'm just waiting now, and it won't be long."

Deacon Hadley came in, with his kindly, benevolent face, and after a friendly word with Davie, sat down by the fire in silence.

"How's your rheumatism, to-night, Deacon?" asked Jimmy, seeing the old man looked grave.

"O, not worse, to speak of. I get about pretty spry, for an old fellow like me. I don't expect to be young again, James. You young men have got to put your shoulders to the wheel, now."

"It won't be very hard, now you've gone ahead and broken the road for us," said Jimmy.

"That's just it. I'm afraid some of our young men don't see what the work is that the Lord expects of them, and they're spending their time and strength in folly. I came down to see what could be done about it."

"About what?" asked Jimmy, not understanding him.

"Why, our young men and boys up at the settlement. They don't read or study, or do anything evenings, but loaf around the tavern and grocery; and some of 'em are getting in bad ways, I'm afraid. Now if there could be something started to interest them—a Lyceum or a Farmers' Club, or something of that sort."

"That is just what I should like, and I

am sure it would succeed, if any one would only give it a start."

"And you are exactly the one to give it a start," said the deacon. "The boys won't listen to an old fellow like me, but if you take hold of it, a Farmers' Club will be sure to take."

"I'll try it," said Jimmy, hopefully; and let us make it something especially for the boys. They need to feel that they have an interest in what their fathers are doing."

And so, over the little table in Jimmy's room, was planned what afterward grew into a regular Farmers' Club and Debating Society. It was not a part of the plan that Jimmy should be President of the Debating Society, and really take the lead in the Club; but he soon found himself filling both places without any choice of his own. And when it was urged that the society must have an address from its president, Jimmy consented to give them a little talk upon some practical topics, though he would not hear of its being called a *lecture*. It was only for the young men and boys of the society, but somehow the fathers and mothers felt curious to know what was being said to their sons, and so the pine benches at the hall were filled by the whole population of the settlement. Jimmy's heart almost failed him, but he wisely concluded that he would say to the boys just what he had intended to say to them, and let any one listen who pleased.

"That's what I call good, common sense," said old Deacon Hadley, when the address was finished. "It's just such talk as young men need to hear, and just such as they'll listen to and remember, because it comes from one of themselves, a real, hard-working farmer, who knows what he is talking about."

"What a pity young Marvin didn't study for the law," said another; "seems a pity to waste so much learning on a farm."

"I don't know what you call *wastin'*," growled George; "but if it ain't a clear waste of common sense to put it into a lawyer, then I'll give up. Learnin' is cheap enough; most any fool can pick up all they is in books, but 'tain't every man's head that the Lord puts the fillin' into, and, 'cording to my way of thinkin', it's finer work to help the Lord make things grow, than to spend your breath settlin' other folks's quarrels."

But nobody listened to the young speaker with such unbounded pride and delight as little Davie. He had been so anxious to go, that Jimmy had wrapped him carefully and taken him to the hall, where he sat through the whole, with his glittering eyes fastened on the speaker's face.

"Are you very tired, Davie?" asked Jimmy, as he laid him once more on the rug, by the warm fire.

"I'm always tired, now, you know," said Davie, with a faint smile; "but I'm glad you let me go. I remember it all, but I liked my part the best."

"What part do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know? My part. I thought you meant it on purpose for me."

Davie raised himself on his elbow, and looked at Jimmy, with a faint flush from the fire on his thin cheek, as he repeated, eagerly—

"We cannot all hope to accomplish some great thing by our own separate effort; each has his life work given him, and there is a Master Builder above us, by whose skill the whole is fitted together, and brought into harmony. Let us use our best powers of mind and body to do well whatever part He assigns us, for none of us can tell now which has the most important work; and a lack in the smallest part may mar the whole."

"That is it," said Davie. "I thought He had not given me any part; but now I see that perhaps He knows what I am doing, and has saved me some work so small that only He can see how it is needed."

The child rested contentedly on the rug, and Jimmy did not like to disturb him. He was too much excited to feel like sleeping himself, and they sat there alone for nearly two hours.

"He hath made everything beautiful in its season," repeated Davie, dreamily, as Jimmy was assisting him to his bed; "in its season, you know, and some things have one season, and some have another. My season will come. I think it will come pretty soon, now."

Later in the night, Mary knocked at Jimmy's door, in alarm.

"Davie's in one of his spells again, and I'm thinking he'll surely go, this time."

In a moment Jimmy was by his bedside, but Davie could not speak, at first. His breath came in broken gasps, and his hands were pressed tightly over his little, fluttering heart. He could smile, though, and presently he found breath to say, brokenly,

"Beautiful in its season—beautiful in its season; my season is coming now; I'm so glad." After a while he whispered, faintly, "Sing!"

Jimmy hesitated a moment, and then sang, to an old Scotch tune,

"Kind Shepherd, open wide  
Thy tender arms, to fold  
This little, weary lamb,  
That wanders in the cold."

The dreary moor his feet have crossed,  
With want oppressed, in darkness lost;  
Kind Shepherd, on thy sheltering breast,  
Now let thy little lamb find rest."

Davie's face grew very quiet, as he listened, and his hands loosened and fell away from his heart. He tried once or twice to sing, but only faintly whispered,

"Kind Shepherd, open wide,"

and then he lay back on the pillow, and closed his eyes. The Shepherd opened his arms, and little Davie was dead.

"He's found the faither and the mither, poor laddie," said Mary, smoothing back his hair; "there's small need to greet for him; such a weakly lamb is best in the fold."

Davie had grown to be such a friend and companion to Jimmy, that he felt fairly lost without him. Child though he was, his mind was more ripely developed than that of many a man, and Jimmy found no one to take his place. The quiet evenings at home had lost their great charm, now the little figure was gone from the rug, and the readings of history had not half their old interest, without Davie's quaint remarks and keen criticism.

Jimmy was almost homesick, and began to think seriously of a visit to Mr. Warren's family. And when Mr. Warren wrote himself to urge it, Jimmy concluded that it really would be best for him to go. It was not a very pleasant time for traveling, but the young farmer must not be away from his farm after the spring work fairly set in, and there was a promise of life in the swelling buds of the red maples, and here and there a faint greenness under the shelter of some hill.

"I wonder how it would be if I had a home of my own to go back to?" thought Jimmy, as they drew near Shelby; and he leaned eagerly from the car to catch the first glimpse of familiar objects.

"Peanuts! Five cents a glass!" called the train boy, as he passed down the car.

Jimmy started at the sound, and looked curiously at the boy, feeling very much as if he had met his old self again.

"How disappointed I was," he thought, "when I lost my place on the train. It seemed as if I was set clear back in my prospects of success. I wonder what would have become of me, if I had kept it?"

And while he was thinking the matter over, and remembering how earnestly Mr. Walters had once assured him that the best thing that ever happens to us is to be disappointed in our plans, sometimes, they reached the depot at Shelby.

"Just the same depot," thought Jimmy. "I do believe we should have had a new one, up in Iowa, by this time."

Ah! Jimmy, that was proof positive that you belong, heart and hand, to the young enterprise which is already pushing away from the hands that gave it its first start.

This time it was Arthur who awaited him at the depot, a fine, manly boy, not a little proud to show Jimmy how well he held the reins, and how fully he was trusted, at home.

"These are my colts," he said, touching the handsome bays. "I trained them myself—they never needed any breaking. Father says, all horses want is teaching, and he wouldn't give a cent for one that was *broken* to harness."

"Your father understands training—training colts and training boys," said Jimmy, thinking how at that home there had never been any but loving, interested workers.

"Who has the garden this year?" he asked, as he saw that the work of cleaning up had already commenced, and the berries were trimmed and tied up.

"Alice and Lester—he's the new boy, and he's real smart. They mean to do great things, and beat Aunt Ruth and me—we had it last year."

How well Jimmy remembered that first summer, when he had helped Ruth take care of the garden; and now to think that little Alice was old enough to manage it.

"If the rest have all changed as much as you have, I shall need to be introduced," he said, with an uneasy glance at the windows.

"You won't know Alice, then; she's most as tall as Aunt Ruth, and don't like to be called 'Puss' any more."

Jimmy had not much time to consider, for the whole family came trooping out to meet him, grandmother, with her cane, and little Carrie, who had given her precious china cup, two years before, to "my Dimmy."

It was plain they all knew him, and no son need have asked for a more loving welcome than they gave him. In spite of the change which two years had made in the younger ones, he was at no loss to know the old, familiar faces, and in a few moments all the first shyness of feeling wore off, and Jimmy was a boy at home again.

There was so much to tell on both sides, so many questions to ask of the new home in Iowa, and of George and Sarah, and so many improvements on the farm to be looked at, that it was evening before Jimmy found time for a quiet talk with Grandmother Warren by her easy chair.

"Sit down here now, James," she said, "these young folks must let me look at thee."

She put on her glasses, and took a deliberate survey of his face.

"I've heard that in a new place men find new temptations; is thy heart right yet, before the Lord, James?"

"My heart is right, grandmother," said Jimmy, honestly. "I've never seen any reason for being sorry that I undertook to serve Him."

"And has He helped thee to keep thy promise never to taste strong drink or touch tobacco?"

"I've never *wanted* to touch them; I don't want to make myself a slave to any such habit. Some of the settlers up at Iowa say that if you don't take a little whisky in the water, until you get used to the change of climate, you're sure to have the ague. For my part, I'd sooner risk the ague than the whisky, and I haven't touched a drop."

"I thank the Lord for keeping thee pure," said the old lady, simply; "men talk a great deal about these vile bodies of ours, but I don't read that the Maker meant them to be vile. Temples of the Holy Ghost, He says they are, and warns us to keep them free from corruption."

"You're goin' to have a s'prise party," said Carrie, rushing into the room; "Nelly Curtis has got back again, and she, and Hezekiah, and Grandmother Harmon are all coming over here to spend the evening. Dilly just come to tell Aunt Ruth."

Just at dusk the old-fashioned, family "ark," as Arthur called it, drove up to the door, and Hezekiah got out, as shy and awkward as ever, and helped Grandmother Harmon and Nelly to alight.

Jimmy thought he had never seen any one so lovely or so graceful as Nelly Curtis, and, as he watched her coming slowly up the yard with her grandmother, he heartily wished himself back on his farm in Iowa.

"I tell you but she's a stunner," said the admiring Arthur, who would sometimes use slang in spite of his mother, and was ignorant of any such sensation as bashfulness. "All the fellows in town are crazy over her, but she takes to that old butter-nut of a Hezekiah just as much as to anybody."

## The Pure in Heart.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by James R. Murray.

*Moderate*

1. Of all the won-drous bless-ings, The prom-is-es im-part,  
 2. They walk in light un-shad-ow'd, The sun-shine of his smile:  
 3. They hear a voice that whis-pers In ev-'ry hour of fear,  
 4. O, Sav-ior, in thy mer-cy To me this grace im-part;

The high-est and the sweet-est Is for the pure in heart.  
 No doubt can cloud their path-way, No e-vil snare be-guile.  
 "I nev-er will for-sake thee! My guid-ing hand is near!"  
 That I may claim the prom-ise, That blest the pure in heart!

*Chorus.*

They shall see the Fa-ther's face, Taste the full-ness of his grace;

Nev-er from his love de-part, "Bless-ed are the pure in heart."

Grandmother Harmon's friendly greeting set Jimmy a little at his ease, and Nelly's merry welcome, and Hezekiah's profound awkwardness soon made him forget all about it.

"Did you ever see such a precious, old guy," said the irreverent Arthur, who had coaxed Jimmy into the wood-house to crack some nuts. "I think Quakers are splendid for women and old folks, but they no business ever to pretend to be young."

"That's because you don't know," said Jimmy. "Hezekiah would be awkward, anyhow; he can't help it when he's so bashful."

"I don't see how being bashful makes a fellow awkward."

"It does though; if people could only forget all about themselves they would always appear better. They are always wondering whether they are saying and doing the right thing, and so they are stiff and miserable."

"The hand of the diligent!" exclaimed Nelly, coming to the door and peeping in; "only see what wonders it is working;

come in Alice, and let's help them."

Arthur gave her a seat on a pile of clean, white shavings, and she and Alice began to "help," by eating the nicest of the nuts before they found their way to the dish.

"Never mind the dish," she said; "they taste a great deal better out here. Somehow the smell of these shavings makes me think of the woods, and I could shut my eyes and fancy I heard the bluejays screaming, and the nuts pattering down on the dry leaves. Hezekiah took Alice and me down to Lynn's Woods, last fall. Such a day as we had, didn't we Alice?"

Alice assented to the pleasant remembrance in her quiet way, which set Jimmy to thinking of the difference between the two girls, but Arthur broke out in his blunt fashion,

"The idea of going nutting with Hezekiah! I shouldn't think he could climb a tree without a step-ladder."

"But he can though; he's splendid to go nutting with. I believe he

should have been a wild boy, for he delights in the woods, and he knows every tree and plant that grows, and can tell such wonderful things about the birds and squirrels. Papa is going to give him a place in his counting house next year, and then he can support his mother. That's what he wants to do."

Arthur felt a new respect for Hezekiah; more on account of his wood-craft, however, than anything, else, and so they went on chatting and jesting, until, in spite of Nelly and Alice, the hand of the diligent conquered, and the dish was piled with nuts.

They went back to the parlor, to find Hezekiah had forgotten himself entirely in an animated account he was giving the company, of a pedestrian excursion to visit some famous springs in Virginia.

"He aint so slow, after all," whispered Arthur, "if you could only keep him stirred up."

"I've never been anywhere yet," said Nelly, deplorably; "papa never gets time to take me, he's so full of business. I wish girls could get up pedestrian excursions as boys do. Boys have all the fun."

"They ought to have some fun," said Arthur; "they have all the work to do; I mean all that amounts to anything."

"O, Arthur Warren," said Aunt Ruth, "how dare you make such a rude speech before the women of this house. For my part, I get all the pedestrian excursions I can manage, every day of my life."

"The work of the world is pretty equally divided," said old Mrs. Harmon; "the Lord wants no idlers in his vineyard, and he pays them no wages."

"That's grandma's favorite motto," said Nelly, "I believe I hear it every day in some shape; 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich.'"

"I like the one you gave me when I went to Iowa, better," said Jimmy, "it seems to have all the other motto, and a great deal more—'*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.*' It gives a motive for all the work, something beyond 'making rich.'"

"They've got that very motto on a card at the Newsboy's Lodging House, where Grandmother and I went, last winter. Don't thee remember, Grandmother; I told thee then."

"Yes, I remember; thy friend has gone back to England, James, quite worn out with labor."

"Mr. Walters! how I wish I could see him; and did you see any of the boys—" Jimmy stopped and laughed, for he recollected that it was eight years since he left there, and the boys were men, as well as he.

"How strange it all seems," he said. "I often wonder just how it would have been with me, if a few little things had happened differently—if Miss Andrews had not sent for me on that Christmas day, or if Nelly had not lost her card on my crossing."

"Such things don't *happen*," said Mrs. Harmon, "they are all ordered for us. I don't doubt the Lord has some special work for thee, James, and he has been leading thee to it."

"The Lord has a special work for each one of us, I believe," said Mr. Warren, "and one man's part is just as important as another's."

"I don't like to think of it that way," said Nelly, gravely. "It doesn't give you any chance to do as you please, but holds you right up to trying always to find out your duty."

"What does Alice think," said Aunt Ruth, smiling at the earnest face that was lifted timidly to hers.

"I was only thinking how it would help me in my work every day, if I could think that all the little, common things were duties, and that doing them well was really accomplishing something—"

Alice stopped, half frightened at herself, but her grandmother said, kindly,

"We talk foolishly about great and small things, for none of us can tell what the Lord counts great."

"Come and sing for us, Nelly," said Arthur, who could not be still a moment longer.

They opened the piano and the young folks gathered around it.

"Wait till I get my flute," said Arthur.

"O Arthur!" exclaimed Alice in real distress; for her brother's false notes and hoarse *toots* were torture to her.

"I shan't play if you do," said Nelly; "I want people to listen to me, and I can't have you distracting their attention."

"You are selfish," declared Arthur, pretending to pout, "but I'll wait."

Nelly dashed through a brilliant succession of songs, and instrumental pieces, and then Alice played a few sweet, simple accompaniments to the tenderest songs, which she sang in a low, clear voice. Then all together joined in some familiar pieces that fairly made the house ring with music, but through it all, Hezekiah's ringing tenor sounded clear as a bugle, completely carrying away Arthur with admiration.

When the good byes were all said, and the old ark drove away with its load, Jimmy and Aunt Ruth stood alone by the parlor fire.

"Nelly is a beautiful girl," said Aunt Ruth, musingly; "do you know, Jimmy, I've always had some romantic fancies about you two, ever since I found out how strangely she had been mixed up with your life?"

Jimmy was turning a vase of Bohemian glass in his hand, watching it glitter and sparkle in the firelight, as if filled with liquid rubies.

"Yes," said he, slowly, "I used to have some fancies myself, but now—"

"Well, but now," said Aunt Ruth, seeing he did not go on.

"But now," said Jimmy, hesitating, "I think I would rather wait for the little girl who once promised to come and keep house for me, when she could make apple dump-lings as well as Aunt Ruth."

Aunt Ruth looked surprised, but she smiled a little and said,

"It is a good while to wait, and Nelly Curtis—"

"Nelly would be like this glass—very lovely to stand on the mantel, and *hold roses*. Whatever the Lord wants of other people, I'm very sure he means *work* for me, and by His help I mean to do it. I've taken this motto for my whole life, Miss Ruth, and I never mean to forget it—

'NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS; FERVENT IN SPIRIT, SERVING THE LORD.'

[Concluded next month.]

## LULLABY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

Baby, what do the blossoms say,  
Down in the garden walk?  
They nod, and they bow, in the twilight gray;  
Pray, can you hear them talk?  
They say, "O darling baby, bright,  
We are going to sleep; good night! good night!  
For the lullaby breezes have come to sing,  
How God takes care of everything."  
Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what does the robin say?  
Do you hear his evening song?  
He sits and sings his sunset lay  
With a heart all blithe and strong.  
He sings, "Good night, my baby dear!  
Sleep soft, sleep well, and do not fear,  
For somehow I know, as I sit and sing,  
That God takes care of everything."  
Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what does the cricket say?  
Do you hear his measured voice?  
He says, "The sun has gone away,  
And I've come out to rejoice.  
For the cool dew falls upon the grass,  
And the fireflies whisper, as they pass,  
'Cricket, cricket, come out and sing,  
How God takes care of everything.'"  
Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what does the katydid say?  
Do you hear its hoarse, loud tone?  
It says, "I sleep the livelong day,  
In my nook so cool and lone.  
But now the stars no more are hid,  
And I'm telling them what my Katy did—  
Katy, my daughter, who loved to sing,  
How God takes care of everything."  
Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what are your mother's words,  
As you nestle upon her breast?  
She says, "Come hither, my sweetest of birds,  
For you must seek your nest.  
The flowers and the robins have gone to sleep;  
The crickets and katydids their watches keep;  
And your mother will sit by your cradle and  
That God takes care of everything." [sing,  
Sleep! sleep!

## THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

After leaving Denver, the first camp was made among the mountains, beside a swift stream called Bear Creek. It was a beautiful spot, with high peaks of rock shutting it in on all sides; a high table land, of about half a mile square, making a fine pasture for the animals, "with a fence of mountains all 'round it," as Goodfellow said. The banks of the stream were lined with alders and other small trees, over which climbed the wild grapevines, making a thick curtain of foliage, through which little glimpses of the foaming water might be seen. Wild currant bushes, loaded with bright-red berries, grew among the rocks; there were also wild gooseberries and raspberries in the canon, which perhaps accounted for the name of the stream, as bears are very fond of berries, and of course would be found where their favorite fruit abounded.

Here the tents were pitched for a fortnight, and the real work of the expedition was fairly begun.

Many kinds of rare and beautiful birds were added to the collection; the entomologists of the party bagged curious grasshoppers, beetles, spiders, and butterflies; and the hunters gave good account of themselves, in squirrels, rabbits, conies, and other small game.

One day, Reynolds, the pioneer, an old hunter and trapper, proposed to go on a grand hunt about sixty miles farther up into the mountains, to a region near the Blue river, where large game of all sorts was to be found in great abundance. True and Goodfellow were to go with him, and were in high glee at the prospect of shooting antelope, bagging elk and Rocky Mountain sheep, and, no doubt, treeing a cinnamon bear or two, or paying their respects to a grizzly.

"Rabbits and squirrels are all very well, but I want some *big hunting*," said Goodfellow.

The major approved the plan, and, by way of encouragement to the young hunters, promised a new pair of boots to that boy in the expedition, who should kill the first bear.

The major's leather medal, as the prize was called, was regarded as the most useful gift which could be offered under the circumstances.

Many a time the boys discussed the question, who was likely to get it? And when little Bob Sharp asked permission to go on the grand hunt, some of the big fellows, by way of teasing him, and knowing he had never killed any game larger than a Rocky Mountain quail, declared that it was settled, who should have the boots, if Bob was to go out bear hunting.

But Reynolds had taken a liking for the lad, and agreed, with the major's consent, to take him along; and, as he had never fired a rifle in his life, he was advised to take along his "Parker," as he called it, a beautiful, little, double-barreled, breech-loading fowling piece, given him by his friend, the inventor, and to devote himself to grouse and squirrels, and also to his usual occupation of keeping everybody jolly.

Great preparations were made for the hunt; rations were cooked, bullets run, guns put in trim, haversacks packed, blankets strapped to the saddles, and then they mounted, promising to meet their comrades at Empire City, in a week, and, with a rousing cheer, that made the rocks ring again, they put spurs to their ponies and disappeared up the winding trail.

A rapid march of two days brought them into a wild, and heavily wooded country, along the base of "The Range,"

as the line of snow peaks is called, to distinguish it from the outlying hills and mountains. Here they made their camp, in a little valley, where a stream made its way between high peaks, which, at this spot, were some twenty rods apart, with steep precipices facing each other, as if the mountain had been split down through the middle, and the two halves had been pushed apart by some great convulsion of nature. There was green grass for the animals in the little meadow, and the face of the precipice on one side had been cut away by the water, so that there was a kind of cave in the rock, which the old hunter said would make as good a house as anybody could wish.

The saddles and packs were taken off, the animals picketed, and then, after a splendid supper of trout, from the stream, a couple of sage hens, that True had shot on the march, and some hot flap-jacks and coffee, which he had learned to cook in the most approved style, the hunters lay down under the shelving rock and went to sleep, with their feet to the fire, and their trusty rifles tucked under the edge of their blankets.

Very early the next morning, the old hunter called up the lads, who were ready in a minute, for the morning hunt.

Reynolds took Goodfellow with him, and started to climb the mountains, while True and Bob went down to the bank of the stream, crept into a thick copse of alders, which concealed them completely, and waited some time before it was light enough to see the sights on their guns.

Presently they heard a tramp, tramp, along through the weeds, and a full grown buck came down to the stream, stopped and looked sharply round, and then put his nose down to the water, stopping every second or two, to look up, as if he imagined there was danger near.

The sight was so exciting, that neither of the young hunters could command his nerves. Indeed, Bob was quite unable to speak or move, with the "buck fever," as the old hunters call the wild excitement one almost always feels, at seeing this splendid game for the first time within the reach of his rifle. But True happened to remember that the boys in the bird department, who had read about the buck fever, had declared that he could not hit a deer, the first shot he fired at one. This put him on his nerve at once, and shutting his teeth tight together, which had been fairly chattering, and taking a firm grip of his rifle, he raised it slowly to his eye. The buck heard the slight rustle of the bush, and was off like a flash; but quicker than a flash, True's bullet was after him. He gave a tremendous leap into the air, ran with incredible speed for fifty yards or so,

stopped, trembled all over, and fell dead, shot through the breast; the ball piercing him just behind the fore leg, and coming out in front of the shoulder, on the other side.

When the others came back back to breakfast, carrying a Rocky Mountain sheep, on a pole between them, they found the lads busy broiling venison steaks; and when Reynolds came to examine the skin of the deer, which True had carefully taken off, to stuff for the museum at home, he declared the shot to have been placed as well as an old hunter could have done it.

The sheep he had shot was a curious kind of animal, with longer legs, and thinner body than the common sheep, and with horns so large and heavy, that one would think the poor thing would be tired to death with carrying them. They sometimes grow to the length of nearly two feet, curving backward toward the shoulder blades, and are as large at the base as the tusks of a middle-sized elephant.

"These clumsy things are very useful sometimes," said Reynolds, "for when the sheep want to get down a precipice where they can't walk, (and that must be a very steep one, where these fellows cannot walk,) they balance themselves on the edge, as if to calculate the distance, and, giving a leap, they come down half a hundred feet or more, and strike on the butts of their horns without the least injury."

Bob looked as if he thought it was a pretty big story, but True said he had read that very thing in a book of natural history, and the old hunter assured them he had often seen it done.

After breakfast, the game was put on the pack mule, which they had brought for that purpose, and the hunters started on their march to the Blue River country.

The pony Reynolds rode was as wild as a deer, as beautiful as she was wild, and as ugly a piece of horse-flesh, at times, as could be found in all the Mountains of Colorado. As they rode along the edge of a high table land, the pony suddenly commenced "bucking," that is, jumping with stiff fore legs, trying to throw her rider. It was an old game, and he understood it too well to be unhorsed by it, but the vicious animal at length came so near the precipice in which the table land terminated, that he was obliged to dismount in a hurry. He was not a minute too quick, for the instant he struck the ground the pony made a leap over the precipice, and actually rolled down, over and over, endways and sideways, for as much as two hundred feet; and the pack mule, stupid thing, catching the spirit of rebellion, followed the pony, and plunged down, pack and all, to the very bottom of the ravine.



Every body was frightened except Bob, who called out,

"I say boys, those animals have been taking lessons of Reynold's Rocky Mountain sheep."

The party dismounted and made all haste down the steep, rocky bluff, expecting to find the poor beasts both dead, but strange to say, they were only a little bruised, and somewhat astonished, for they got on their legs again, in a few minutes, and it was not many days before they were as well as ever.

On the Blue River, geese and ducks swarmed in countless numbers, and both woods and waters were alive with game.

But here a great misfortune befel the party. One night a mountain lion, as he is sometimes called, a huge animal of the panther tribe, made a rush into their camp, seized and carried off what was left of the carcass of the sheep, and gave the animals such a fright that they tore the picket pins out of the ground and stampeded in every direction.

Wasn't that a pretty fix for the Corporal's squad? Nothing but nerve and muscle for it now, and no horse or mule muscle to help them. Some hundreds of miles of mountains to cross, before they could rejoin their party, and such climbing that a man could hardly carry his gun, to say nothing of blankets and rations; beside, what were they to do with their saddles and packs, and what were they to do *without* them, on all the rest of the expedition? The night was pitch dark, and there was nothing to do but to wait till morning.

At daybreak the hunters were up, and after a hasty breakfast, they packed away all the camp outfit, saddles, etc., and taking nothing but the bridles, and their guns, with a small stock of powder and ball, off they started on their weary tramp over the wild mountains, to find the lost animals.

For three days they wandered about, and for three nights they slept with not even a blanket to cover them, but not one of the party lost his courage or good nature.

On the third afternoon, as they were pushing their way through a swamp, where the trees were large, and overgrown with vines, and the ground covered thick with bushes, they were startled by a low growl, within a few feet of them. The old hunter, who knew what sort of a beast the grizzly bear was to handle, quickly raised his hand, as a signal to halt, but Goodfellow had caught sight of the huge beast, and forgetting the advice Reynolds had given them so often, never to fire on a bear without first looking for a tree into which you could retreat, in case the shot did not kill him instantly, which was, indeed, rarely the case, he took careful aim,

just behind the bear's fore leg, and the woods rang with the echoes of his shot.

Instantly a great crashing was heard through the bushes, and the old hunter, seeing the danger, called out, "*run, run for your lives.*"

The ground was soft, and the bear could not make his best time through the tangled vines, so they had a better chance of getting back to a clump of small trees, which they had passed a few minutes before, too small for the bear to venture on, but large enough to hold a man.

But they were too weak and tired with their hard march; the bear was gaining on them, and they could hear him pant, as he tore through the bushes in hot pursuit, though he was so concealed that no one could get another good shot at him, even if he had dared to risk the loss of time in stopping to try it.

Poor Bob was too weak to run very fast, and Reynolds, who loved the lad almost as well as if he had been his own son, saw the terrible danger, and stopped short, determined to give the bear a bullet, even at the risk of certain death, if he should not kill the beast at once.



BOB SHARP.

Bob saw the movement, and instead of pushing ahead, as the old hunter shouted to them all to do, he stopped to see the bear killed, as he was certain he would be, if his good friend sighted the rifle.

With his own little "Parker" clutched tightly in his hands, not because he supposed there was any use in a couple of charges of fine shot, that he had put in to shoot a curious little humming-bird for the museum, (but which had got out of sight before he had time to fire,) but because of the intense excitement of the moment, Bob stood watching for the bear, and for the shot that was to finish him.

Never was a braver man, never a better eye, never a steadier nerve, but all the chances were against the man; the light was not very clear, the bushes might glance the ball, the game was on the full run, and there was a question of life and death to set his heart jumping.

He drew up his long, heavy rifle, and with the mad beast within twenty feet of him, he fired.

It was death and not life, for the bear came on. There is no use in clubbing a

rifle with a grizzly bear, so he drew his knife and prepared to fight to the last, when a noise behind him caused his heart to leap into his throat; it was the click, click, of the locks of a double barrelled gun; Bob's gun, of course, for there was no other in the party. Was the boy mad?

The boy was not mad, but that quick instinct, that never failed him, was now to save his life, and that of his friend.

A miracle, almost, and yet easy enough if one could think quick enough, and shoot steady enough.

Jumping behind a tree, at one side of the bear's path, he gave him one charge of fine shot right in his left eye.

The bear stopped for a moment, for the close shooting little weapon, at a distance of not more than fifteen feet, had fairly blinded him. He gave a fierce growl, rubbed his blinded eye with his fore leg, then, turning his head and catching sight of his little enemy, he was just about to rush upon him, when the little "Parker" sent its other charge into the other eye, and brought him fairly at bay. Catching the minute while the bear was roaring with pain and fright at being suddenly in the dark, Reynolds and Bob plunged through the woods toward a small stream, knowing the bear would be on their track, in an instant, by his sense of smell.

They reached the stream, and crossed it. Reynolds hastily loaded his rifle, and when the bear came down to the water and stopped, he gave the rifle to Bob, saying,

"Here, that is your game, now finish him."

Bob took the heavy rifle, rested it over the limb of a tree, aimed at the butt of the bear's ear, and fired. There was a great splash in the water, but when the smoke cleared away, there lay the bear, dead, in the middle of the stream.

W. H. Daniels.

## UNSATISFIED.

BY LOTTA H. ROSE.

Low were the waves, and the sands were dry,  
When out to the shore went Willie and I,  
Our basket to fill, with the myriad shells,  
Which the tide had brought in its angry swells.

Though shells lay gleaming on every side,  
Willie went roaming the shore, far and wide,  
Deigning the fairest but glances so fleet,  
Crunching them under his hurrying feet,  
Spurning e'en those that the bright waters lave,  
Snatching them only to cast on the wave;  
Treasures near by passing carelessly o'er,  
Eager eyes looking *still* farther before.

"Where are you roaming, Willie?" I cried,  
Startled by night, and the incoming tide,  
"Brother dear, what are you trying to find?  
Such beauties of shells you're leaving behind."  
"I know they are pretty, so pretty," said Will,  
"But then I'm looking for *prettier still*."

## FORGET ME NOT.

BY MRS. E. D. HARRINGTON.

One pleasant spring morning, as Mabel and Jane  
Were chasing a butterfly, down by the lane,  
Pursuing the gay, fickle insect by turns,  
Past meadow and cottage, through grasses and  
ferns,

They fancied they heard gentle voices say,  
"Stop, stop, little children—look over this way!  
Here, where, by the hedge-row, a young, timid  
band,

Your loving, May visitors patiently stand.  
We have pulled off our nightcaps, and sprung  
from our beds,  
And dressed in our best, have been nodding our  
heads

For a week, if not more, saying 'How do you  
do?'

To the trees, and the blue sky, but longing for  
you,  
And just as we said, 'They must know we have  
come,

To lie in their bosoms, and gladden their home,  
Forgetting us wholly, you go rushing by,  
In pursuit of a glittering, wild butterfly.  
Bend down to us, love us, and choose if you will,  
Our tallest and sweetest, your white hands to  
fill."

The children stopped, listened, looked softly  
around,  
And saw by the hedge-row, spread over the  
ground,  
In purple-blue clusters, of starry-shaped dots,  
A party of lovely forget-me-nots.

They laughed with delight, as they gathered at  
ease,

The dew-spangled blossoms, like two busy bees;  
And their fond mother said, as she placed the  
fair flowers

In the pure, crystal vase, at the twilight's soft  
hours,

"Remember, dear Mabel—and Jane, too, must  
know—

God speaks to His children through all things  
that grow,

And these lovely messengers teach us to day,  
A lesson we must not throw lightly away.  
Too often, for pleasures far distant we roam,  
Unmindful of sweeter ones, close by our home."

## THE THIRTY DOLLAR RAILROAD.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

There were just thirty dollars, in iron,  
wood, and work, put into our cunning,  
little railroad, in Sweet Briar Dell. So  
there were thirty shares in it, and Uncle  
Hepworth owned twenty-four of these, and  
fifty-five cents over. Jim had two shares,  
and twenty cents over. Jack had one share,  
and seventy cents. Willie had one share,  
and fifty cents. Nellie's five cents, (that I  
earned for her,) could not buy a share, so  
Uncle Hepworth gave her his fifty-five cents,  
and Jim his twenty. Then Jack, who had  
seventy cents over one share, gave twenty  
to Nellie, and fifty to Willie. The shares  
were, therefore, divided as follows: Uncle  
Hepworth 24, Willie 2, Jim 2, Jack 1,  
Nellie 1.

The constitution of our railroad says

that "no person shall hold more than six  
shares," so we called upon Uncle Hepworth  
to sell at least eighteen of his shares.  
Father bought six, mother two, Aunt Car-  
rie two, Cousin Mary three, Jack two,  
(which, with the one he had before, gave  
him three shares.) Then uncle gave Wil-  
lie one, and Nellie two. Father gave one  
of his six shares to Willie, and one to  
Nellie. (How many shares, my dear  
reader, did each hold?)

Next came the election. What a jolly  
time they had that night, electing officers  
and directors. Nellie dropped into the  
plate *five* votes. We found out her mis-  
take when there were thirty-one votes,  
instead of thirty, reported. For PRES-  
IDENT, Horace Elmwood, Esq., received 26  
votes; and Hepworth Hogarth, 4. For  
CHIEF ENGINEER, Hepworth Hogarth,  
Esq., received 24 votes; and Horace Elm-  
wood, 6. And we saw that father must  
have voted for uncle, and uncle for father.  
For TREASURER, Mrs. Mary Elmwood  
had 26 votes; Willie Elmwood, 4. Then  
we laughed at Willie because he had re-  
ceived four votes, and owned just four  
shares. Did Willie vote for himself? I  
don't believe he did. Mother's and Aunt  
Carrie's votes were cast for him. For  
SUPERINTENDENT the ballots stood as fol-  
lows; Jack Elmwood, 17; Jim Mason, 9;  
Willie Elmwood, 4. Then we laughed  
at Willie again, for his four votes. But  
Nellie spoiled our fun by saying, "Now  
quit teasing Will, I voted for him myself."  
The three DIRECTORS elected were James  
Mason, Willie Elmwood, and Caroline  
Hogarth.

Father took his place as President, and  
uncle said:

"Mr. President: It will cost something  
to keep our road in repair, and to pay our  
conductors. After a few months we may  
wish to extend the road, and place on it a  
new, and more beautiful car. This will  
cost something. Now, sir, I move that a  
small fare be collected of all persons who  
ride on the S. B. D. R. R., hereafter."

The motion was carried, and Jack, who  
has a small printing press in the workroom,  
was directed to issue tickets.

We had a long talk that night, and the  
result we saw a few days after, in the fol-  
lowing beautiful circular, printed by Jack.

Organized] S. B. D. R. R. [Oct. 1867.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

HORACE ELMWOOD, Esq., President.  
HEPWORTH HOGARTH, Esq., Chief Engineer.  
MRS. MARY ELMWOOD, Treasurer.  
JACKSON ELMWOOD, Superintendent.  
JAMES MASON.  
WILLIAM ELMWOOD.  
MISS CAROLINE HOGARTH.

## REGULATIONS.

1. No work will be allowed on the S. B. D.  
R. R., during the regular school, study, or labor  
hours, appointed by the head of the Elmwood  
Home.

2. The car, or cars of the road, must be taken  
from the track before 7 o'clock every Saturday  
evening, and not replaced until after 4 P. M.,  
the following Monday.

3. No car is to be run on the road after dark,  
except on Friday evenings, and then only when  
the weather is pleasant.

4. The evening car must never be run with-  
out a light in the front, and one in the rear.

5. No car can be run at any time, without  
the permission of the Superintendent, and the  
presence of the Chief Engineer, Superintendent,  
or Conductor.

6. While running the car, or cars, a guard  
must be placed at the lower end of the track.

7. A ride five times down the track, or five  
times back, counts one trip. For a trip, the sum  
of one cent for each child, and three cents for  
each adult, will be charged.

8. Until further orders, the regular trains will  
be run on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday  
afternoons, from 4 o'clock until 5. The Friday  
evening car will run, in pleasant weather, from  
7 until 8.

By order of the Board.

Oct. 1867. JACKSON ELMWOOD, Supt.

And these are the tickets Jack issued:

ONE CHILD TICKET. <b>S. B. D. R. R.</b> Good for one trip only. JACKSON ELMWOOD, Supt.	ONE ADULT TICKET. <b>S. B. D. R. R.</b> Good for one trip only. JACKSON ELMWOOD, Supt.
---	---

## JAUNTY.

BY ANNIE T. HOWELLS.

In a cosy corner of our sitting room,  
just where the sun looks in, on winter days,  
hangs Jaunty's cage. It matters very little  
to him whether the earth is covered with  
snow or flowers, provided there is a box  
well filled with seeds, a crisp bit of cabbage  
leaf, and a slice of juicy apple for him to  
nibble at, for, I am ashamed to confess,  
Jaunty is very, very fond of eating, but as  
this is a true story, I am compelled to make  
this confession.

Jaunty, in his earliest birdhood, was re-  
scued from a cage full of birds, where he,  
as the youngest, was being sadly imposed  
upon, and he came into our possession with  
a very scanty supply of feathers on his  
head and back.

For the first few days he was extremely  
dejected and unhappy; but he gradually  
recovered his spirits and feathers, and began  
to put on a good deal of style for so young  
a bird; singing a few trembling little  
notes, and then stopping suddenly, leaving  
his delighted audience to infer that he *could*  
sing very nicely if he only chose to take  
the trouble. He did not choose to, how-

ever, and the last note would generally come from out the seed box, where he would be making a great parade of selecting a fine, plump seed. Those that did not come up to his idea of what a seed should be, were disdainfully tossed down upon the cage floor.

I wish that overfondness for eating, and wastefulness had been Jaunty's only faults, but alas, they were not. He would sometimes go a whole week without bathing; stubbornly mounting his upper perch as soon as the bath was put into the cage, as much as to say; "You may as well take it out, I don't intend to use it."

I am happy to say that in this particular, he is a reformed bird, and now takes great pleasure in washing and pluming himself.

One day he was put into a cage with two canary friends, while his own was being repaired, and upon this occasion, he behaved most shamefully. Driving them around the cage; standing with his feet as wide apart as possible, in his endeavors to crowd them off the perches; keeping their swing quite to himself, and even reaching down to give them an occasional little nip, just to let them know he had his eye on them; neither singing nor allowing them to sing. In fact, making himself *more* than at home.

Don't think though, that because Jaunty has faults, he has no virtues. In many respects he is a very pleasing bird. He wakes every morning at day break, and gives a vocal announcement of the fact. Indeed, his little body seems as full of music as it can be. His great enemy, at present, is the dining room clock. Every time it strikes the hour, he tries with his shrillest songs, to drown the sound, and seems to give himself the entire credit of its ever stopping at all, and gives a triumphant warble, at the close, which is meant for a final and very severe snub.

In this way he passes the day, very gaily, but I think his happiest hour, is when the lamps are lighted, the fire burning brightly, and we are all seated around the tea-table, laughing and talking. Then he sends out such a loud, sweet reminder of himself, that we all look up and say, "Nice birdie, good Jaunty," which sends him off in such a ~~burst~~ of melody, that he is almost swept off his perch by it. After tea he quiets down, and soon retires to a shady side of his cage, where he falls asleep, and from an occasional soft little twitter, we know that his sins do not rest heavily enough on his mind to disturb his dreams.

By nine o'clock there is nothing left of Jaunty but a soft round ball of feathers, and, as I look up at him now, you would never know he had a little, brown head, for it is so neatly tucked away under his golden wing.

### A MAIDEN'S BLUSH.

BY H. E. B.

A blush! 'tis Nature's sweetest charm,  
Suffusing cheek and brow;  
*Couleur de rose* that comes and goes,  
O, who can tell us how?  
About fair innocence's face,  
In fitful mood it plays,  
As fall o'er waving fields of wheat,  
Shadows on summer days.  
No artist's touch can bring it out,  
No carmine paint it there;  
No bold design or artifice  
The subtle charm declare;  
'Tis modesty's own secret art,  
The pure soul's mystic spell,  
And when we see the fairy glow,  
We prize and love it well.

### NEDICKS.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

Nedicks comes to see me almost every day, and "he loves me and I love him," as they sing in songs. Only ours is real, true, solid love; it isn't poetry love. I don't know how he got that queer name. His mother didn't give it to him; *she* calls him James Edward Ross. Maybe he made it up himself. He brings me things to show how much he loves me, though it doesn't begin to show it all. Sometimes it is a bit of soft, rich cake, rolled up so safely in his little, fat, warm hands, that it is all clammy and sticky; or a piece of dingy, pink and white candy, or only an apple he has pounded into a pulp, to make it "mellow." But its always something Nedicks dearly loves, you may be sure.

Nedicks never feels like Nedicks. He feels like some big, strong man, and he walks with such long, pompous strides you might think he was some old king. If you ask him what he's doing to-day, he'll tell you he's "hauling flax." Because that is what his father happens to be doing, and Nedicks generally feels as if he were his father.

If you hear a queer clang, clang, out by the gate, you may know Nedicks is there with his old fire-bell, made out of a dusting pan, and you must run out, and be terribly frightened, and want to know where the fire is, and Nedicks will tell you "it's Grover's Block, and you must run quick!" But you needn't run, because Nedicks will twinkle his deep, blue eyes at you, and give a little, short laugh, as much as to say, "It's all in fun. You know there isn't any fire." And that is the queerest laugh; Nedicks has! His mouth doesn't smile a bit; he just twinkles his eyes. You might think he had the whole world to take care of, he has such a grave, little, dimpled face, and yet he's brimful of a sober, old-fashioned sort of fun, and queer, tangled-up thoughts. If you see him out by the front gate, and say, "How

do you do, Nedicks?" he'll answer, "O, we live here, and Uncle John's coming to see us next Tuesday. We're cookin' dinner. See my papa coming?"

So, you see he always speaks his mind just as it is, no matter what *you* say. Once I found Nedicks out in the road, with his bare feet and ankles black with mud. "You little fright," I exclaimed, "Where *have* you been?"

"Just in swimming," said Nedicks, quietly.

Sometimes, when Nedicks visits me, he just lies on his back, out on the porch, singing "Fire bell on the left hand," over and over, to a queer tune of his own, that goes up high and then goes down low. I don't know what "Fire bell on the left hand" means. Neither does any body, not even Nedicks. It sounds as if he belonged to a secret society, or something, and that was part of one of their old, goblin songs.

Sometimes, when I'm at work in the kitchen, kneading bread or making pies, all at once I feel as if some one were in the room besides me. I didn't hear Nedicks come in. He has two little, soft feet, that touch the floor as softly as apple blossoms might. I don't know why I can feel when Nedicks is there, without seeing him, or hearing him, or touching him, but I can, and so I turn around, with a quick, hot flush in my cheeks, as if I expected to see some horrid, little goblin, and then Nedicks laughs his odd, little laugh, and he looks so very delicious, with his starry, blue eyes, and his great heap of flossy, white hair, and his brown cheeks, and his little, tough hands, that work so hard at play, all day, that I just give him a good, sound shake, out of pure love.

Nedicks likes to look splendid. Only other folks don't always call it splendid. Yesterday I put down my sewing, and went out to scare the chickens away from my tomatoes. And there sat my little goblin again, on the edge of the back porch, with his feet resting on old Prince's back, and he had on somebody's old scarlet, flannel sack, that reached away down to his heels, and an old white, flowing, lace sleeve around his neck, with the embroidered points reaching to his elbows. He didn't say anything, when he saw me. He just laughed quietly, and sat there digging Prince's curly back with his toes. I'm sure he doesn't think anything can hurt Prince, or he wouldn't treat him so cruelly. Prince won't mind anybody in the world but Nedicks. I don't know why. It can't be because he's afraid of Nedicks, for he could make mince meat of him in a minute, if he wanted to. Maybe he thinks down in his good old dog soul,

"Nedicks, I'm big and strong, and you're little and weak, so I couldn't be

mean enough to hurt one shining hair of your head. And I love the very ringing of your voice, and the touch of your little, tugging hands, and the very print of your bare feet on the ground."

It will never, never do to call Nedicks a baby, but he feels like one when night comes. He likes to cuddle up in somebody's arms, then, and be rocked and "loved up," and he makes his voice little and pleading, like a baby, and he does just as you tell him, and you could love him till your heart ached, he is so sweet, with his little, tired, curly head resting on your shoulder, and his loving, little hands tightly holding yours. He likes to have tender, old tunes sung to him then, and to have sweet stories told to him. He likes Bible stories best; about the Saviour, who took little children in his arms and blessed them. He always wonders if the little children Christ took in his arms stayed good always, and O, he asks so many questions, you'll be dizzy if you try to answer them all. What did the Saviour think about when he was a little bit of a boy, and his mother rocked him to sleep? Did he think he was God? Did he look out at the stars and think they were all his own? Didn't he want one for his mother? When she was tired and sick didn't he always make her well? Did he ever rock a baby to sleep? "Maybe he did," Nedicks says eagerly; "don't you s'pose sometime there was a poor beggar woman sitting by the road, and the Saviour held her baby while she rested?"

None of us can answer all the questions Nedicks asks, but I think the dear Saviour smiles with deep and tender love, when he sees how Nedicks longs to know about Him. He can see far into the years to come, when those simple, baby questions shall have grown into wiser questions, about the way to love God, and serve Him with a faithful, pure heart. And when Nedicks asks that, the Saviour will surely answer.

He is fast asleep now, while I write this little story for you. I know just how he looks, with his curly head nestling on the big, white pillow, and his golden-brown lashes shining on his cheeks. No matter how naughty Nedicks has been through the day, everybody forgives him when night comes. Yes, I forgive Nedicks, though he pulled up all my beautiful, scarlet verbenas to-day. Goodnight, dear, naughty, precious, blessed Nedicks!

The journey of life is short, but as we go forward and meet the years, each is a messenger that tells us a pleasant story of the land to which we are traveling; and though we may not lay hold of them and detain them, yet those years imbue us with happy thoughts and pleasant memories.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1868.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### TWO NUMBERS FREE.

All *new* subscribers for 1869, whose names and money are sent to us before the end of November, will receive the November and December numbers of this year (1868) free, being fourteen numbers for One Dollar. This applies to *all*, whether sent singly or in clubs.

This will help you to raise a club and earn a premium.

Let every reader begin to work on the day this number comes. Send us a club of new subscribers, and we will pay you for your time and trouble. Every family should have *THE CORPORAL*, whether it has children or not. It is the Great Magazine for children and for all people who have young hearts. It will make every family happier, and enable them the better to give pleasure and entertainment to visitors, whether young or old. The fact that it has already, when but a little over three years old, a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world, is proof of its great acceptability.

Everybody needs it; it will be easy for you to raise a club. And remember, too, that when circulating *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* you are not only earning a premium, but *doing good*, enlisting others in the great fight "against the wrong, and for the Good, the True and the Beautiful."

Begin now, and work till you win!

## TO ARMS! TO ARMS!!

### A NEW CALL

FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!

Now is the time to raise clubs. With our next number will end the Seventh Volume.

Now let every soldier do his and her duty. More than one hundred thousand are waiting to become new subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*—waiting only to be asked.

BEGIN YOUR CLUB LISTS AT ONCE.

See our list of beautiful Premiums. One is for you.

*THE CORPORAL* does not wish to boast of his

own prowess, and our readers will bear testimony that we have never done so in our pages, but we feel sure that no one will deny that, considering the quantity and quality of matter, and the beauty of mechanical execution, *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* is the cheapest of all the magazines, while we can safely claim that it has now a larger circulation than any other *Juvenile Magazine in the world*. This immense circulation furnishes the only reason why we have been able to put it in the present enlarged and improved form, and still afford it at the old price of one dollar a year.

So many compliments come from people and papers all over the land, that we cannot attempt to repeat many of them in our pages, but we want you to see the following from the *National Intelligencer*, of Washington, D. C., which came to us accompanied by a polite note from the literary editor of that journal, who, though previously an entire stranger, we must now number among our friends.

*The Intelligencer* of Sept. 10th, said:

"*The Little Corporal*.—A late number of this original magazine for boys and girls, and for older people who have young hearts, has found its way to our table, and is so redolent of every rare and delicious thing for young hearts, that we are constrained to herald its uncommon merits. The stories are delightful and invariably instructive. The poetry is simple, tender, pretty, and high. The composition is excellent English; and, in a word, the conductors seem to enter into the spirit of their great task, to know the nature of young hearts, and how to cater to their immortal longings."

We might give many pages of "Notices" from both the religious and secular press, as well as from the people everywhere, to prove that *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* is all that is claimed for it. Its matter is entirely original, and from the freshest, most alive, and best writers in the country. No periodical, whether published for children or grown people, pays a higher price for articles, and it therefore secures the best of everything.

*THE CORPORAL* for 1869 will be better than it has ever before been, and we shall hope not only to deserve but receive our "hundred thousand more."

Read carefully our Premium List, etc., on the last two pages of this magazine, (which are added this month,) and *begin now* to raise as large a club as possible. Send the money and names as soon as you have even a few, so that all may begin to receive their numbers at once.

### EDITORIAL.

A little boy just brought me two pictures which he thought were very funny. One was a round face, with open mouth, wrinkled cheeks and eyes so full of fun, you could not look at it without laughing. The other was as cross and scowling as a face could be, and I read to the little boy what the man who put them in his book said about the two faces. The faces were just alike, only in one the *laughing muscles* had pulled up the corners of the mouth, and puckered up the cheeks and eyes in all sorts of funny dimples, while in the other the *cross muscles* had drawn down the mouth, pouted out the under lip, and wrinkled up the eyebrows. And every face in the world has these two sets of muscles; the ugly, little, cross ones, that can spoil the

pleasantest face in a twinkling, and the laughing ones, that we all like to see used. There is another thing about it, and that is, that after a while our faces get drawn into one shape or the other, so that sometimes, people that would really like to look pleasant, have to carry cross faces with them all their lives. When I was a child there was an old man who used to be a constant terror to all us little folks. We left our play and ran to hide if we saw him coming, and once, when the pig got out of his pen, and went racing through the garden, in spite of all that could be done to drive him back, a little girl, not six years old, said eagerly,

"I know how to make him go back! Tell him old Mr. Smith is coming!"

How should you like that, little folks? To be cross enough to frighten the pigs back into their pens! Look out sharp for those little, cross muscles then, and don't let them get control of your faces.

Emily Huntington Miller.

#### THE CORPORAL'S NEWS BUDGET.

MARRIED in Addison, Pennsylvania, Sept. 10th, by Rev. James Mechem, assisted by Rev. George W. Johnson, of Kentucky Conference, at the residence of Gen. M. A. Ross, the bride's father, Mr. Sullivan Johnson of Pittsburgh, to Miss Felicia H. Ross.

And so there is rejoicing in the Corporal's household, while his whole grand army unites in one glad wish that God's blessing may always rest upon the home of Mrs. Felicia Ross Johnson. She has long been one of our inner circle, and belongs still to THE CORPORAL's family, just the same.

PROF. L. H. BUGBEE, formerly president of the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, has gone to assume the presidency of the old Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, where they have just completed a new \$125,000.00 college building. Mrs. Bugbee, and Miss Luella Clark, who has all along been one of the Professor's teachers, and both of whom have been, from the first, among our favorite contributors, will hereafter be addressed at the old-new College, Cincinnati, O.

The CORPORAL knows a home where is a tiny little boy, so little that he has no name, and so they call him "Private Queer." But he will have another name by and by, and if we watch sharply, we may find him peeping his chubby little face into some one of our sweetest stories, just as two other little boys used to peep into the "Bear's Den," under the names of Robbie and Wallie Bruce.

#### IS YOUR HEART YOUNG?

"O, he will never grow old; he was a man forty years ago, but his heart is still young and fresh and beautiful."

"Yes, and for that reason everybody loves him, and he leads a happy life."

And now, let me tell you the secret of it all: That beloved and happy old man never closed his heart to youthful influences, and you may be like him if you will.

When you ask a person to subscribe for THE

CORPORAL, and he declines because he has no children, tell him about this old man and then tell him of the man Mrs. Miller tells about in her editorial in this number. Ask him which he wants to be like. THE CORPORAL comes to cure this sourness if it has already crept into his reader's hearts, and to keep all "good and true and beautiful." Men and Women, as well as Boys and Girls, wherever the English language is spoken, should have THE LITTLE CORPORAL. As long as they read it and love it they can never grow old. Is your heart young?

#### FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG.

The Corporal's Army has had a glorious march through the months of 1868. Battling "for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful," is a delightful warfare. The wise man said, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." And in this beautiful campaign of ours, we shall more and more prove, by our victories over "the Wrong" in our own hearts, and by the peace and happiness that these victories bring us, that the wise man was right. Let us not only conquer the wrong thoughts and evil things, and drive them out of our own hearts, but let us prove ourselves true soldiers by showing that we can "rule our own spirits." If we are true soldiers in the Little Corporal's army, the fruits of our victories will be good thoughts, pure words and beautiful lives.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our Premium for a club of three subscribers, the superb steel line engraving of The Heavenly Cherubs, from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is very much admired by all who see it. It is one of the finest and best steel engravings ever executed in this country, and sells readily for two dollars. It is sent by mail, post paid, on a strong roller, for a club of three subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, at the regular price.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
Chicago, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company:

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of *The Little Corporal*. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your institution may give to the West more like this, which must gladden every lover of art.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,  
GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO.

RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming Chromo of Mr. Beard's great Painting is giving great delight wherever it is seen.

We might give many extracts from notices by prominent editors, but content ourselves with one by Dr. W. W. Patton, editor of *The Advance*. In an editorial article, among other things, he says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph

of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *fac simile* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Frang's ten dollar chromo, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars!"

We send the chromo by express, mounted, varnished, and ready for framing, for a club of fourteen subscribers. The cash price is ten dollars. As Dr. Patton says in the above extract, it "would be cheap at fifteen" dollars.

Where any one prefers to send a partial club, and pay the balance in money, we send the Chromo for nine subscribers at \$1 each, and two dollars besides.

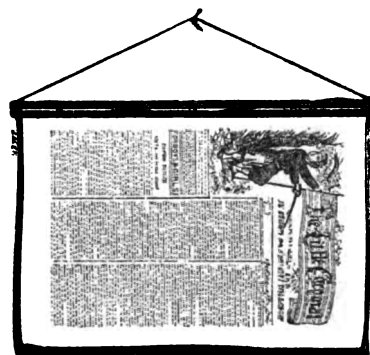
Send on the clubs and secure this superb work of art.

#### THE NEW NEWSPAPER AND MUSIC FILE, OR BINDER.

I have now received from the factory nearly all lengths of the File, and am taking measures to have them introduced to the public, through the hands of newspaper publishers in every county, as rapidly as possible. Ask your county Publisher to send for my wholesale price list. Your cheapest way is to purchase your supply, either for use or sale, from him. I can send by mail the size for THE CORPORAL, on receipt of 35 cts., which will cover the price of File and letter postage on same. The Files were patented in 1861, but as the inventor, Mr. White, is a minister, and has spent a great part of the time since his invention was patented, as a chaplain in the army, this product of his ingenuity has remained in his study at home, and not been given to the public. I have now purchased his letters patent, and hope to give these files a lodgment in every house in America.

I give below the sizes and prices. Send for a circular, giving full description and letters of recommendation from many distinguished men.

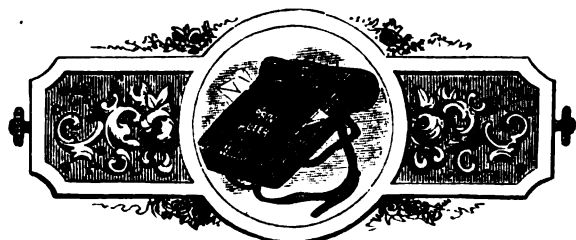
The following engraving shows a copy of THE LITTLE CORPORAL filed and hung up. Many files may be hung on the same nail, and thus kept out of the way, and yet handy to get at when wanted.



No. 7½—15c. each.	No. 21—40c. each.
No. 8—20c. "	No. 22—40c. "
No. 9—20c. "	No. 23—45c. "
No. 10—25c. "	No. 24—45c. "
No. 11—25c. "	No. 25—45c. "
No. 12—25c. "	No. 27—45c. "
No. 14—30c. "	No. 29—50c. "
No. 15—35c. "	No. 31—50c. "
No. 16—35c. "	No. 33—50c. "
No. 18—40c. "	No. 35—50c. "

The numbers above indicate the length of the Files in inches. Thus, No. 7½ is 7½ inches long; No. 16 is 16 inches long; and so of the rest. The File should be ½ inch to 1½ inches longer than the fold in the back of the paper to be filed on it.





## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.



## THE SCARECROW AND THE BIRDS.

A farmer, wishing to protect his corn from the crows and blackbirds, that dwelt in a forest hard by, made out of rags, straw, and cast-off clothing, a scarecrow of fierce and forbidding appearance, and placed it on a pole, in the midst of his field. The birds, at first, were sadly frightened, and flew terrified into the heart of the forest. Finding they were not pursued, they ventured timidly back, and at a safe distance, watched closely the image that had so frightened them. When they saw that it moved only as it was waved by the wind, they regained confidence, returned to the field, and circling nearer and nearer to the object of their fears, at last dared to alight upon its extended arms.

An old raven, who had learned how to talk, and who had witnessed the scene from a neighboring tree top, thus moralized:

"A fierce look and a threatening manner cannot long intimidate even the ignorant. Had the scarecrow added to his great pretensions a single action justifying them, he would not so soon have fallen into contempt."

*Paul Peregrine.*

## SOMETHING MORE FOR THE CHILDREN TO DO.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S BATTLE GAME.

Some young friends of the writer invented a game which afforded them considerable amusement during the long evenings of last winter. Perhaps a description of it may enable readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* to pass pleasantly an otherwise idle hour.

The only articles necessary are a quantity of empty spools, (the more the better,) and a few marbles. These are equally divided between the players, and the spools arranged on opposite sides of the room, in rows, to represent the companies of an army, the largest ones at the head, or in front, for officers. They may stand an inch or more apart. When these are arranged, the players seated or standing behind the spools on their own side, roll the marbles in quick succession, aiming at the spools on the opposite side, continuing till all have fallen on one side, which

has, of course, lost the battle. Occasionally, when so many are down as to interfere with the game, a cessation of hostilities is called for, till the "dead and wounded" can be removed.

The game is sometimes rendered more exciting by giving to the "officers" the names of rival generals, thus repeating in imagination the conflicts of the past.

It will be evident that this is a sport not adapted to times and places when quiet is desirable, but those children who are favored with parents that do not object to a little uproar occasionally, will find it quite entertaining.

In the only household where I have witnessed this mimic battle, the older members rather encouraged its practice, thinking that, though not quite as agreeable to listeners, the exercise was more beneficial to children who had been confined in school during the day, than purely intellectual games, which might be less noisy.

*Frank Merriman.*

## No. 67.—CHARADE.

My first in many a lowly cot  
Makes hearts forget their weary lot;  
My second hides within its fold  
The locks of gray, the curls of gold;  
My whole is something fair and sweet,  
That steals away on flying feet,  
A charm we strive to keep in vain,  
That never comes to life again.

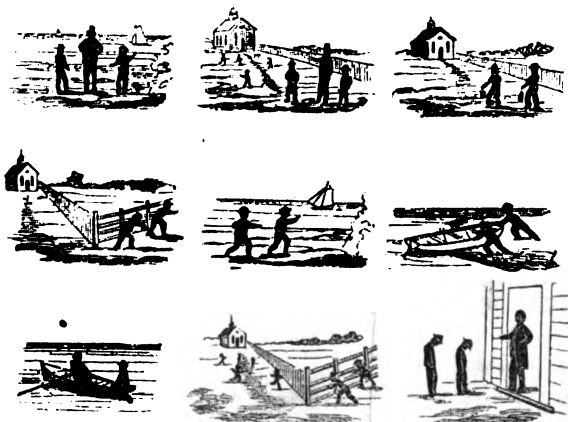
*Prudy.*

## No. 68.—RIDDLE.

Out of the thin, invisible air  
Into a rose's heart I crept;  
Bright as a jewel shining there,  
While in my fragrant bed I slept.  
Soon as the golden morning glowed,  
Out from the rose's heart I sprung,  
Up on a fiery steed I rode  
Higher than ever a bird has sung.

*Prudy.*

## No. 69.—A PICTURE STORY.



One bright day in summer, two boys, tired of study, longed for a sail on the blue water. So they agreed that one of them should ask permission of their father.

"It is too pleasant for study to-day, and we'd like to have a sail on the water."

"Study first and then play," said the father. "No one has any right to play, until his work is done."

But the boys didn't care, just then, which was *right* or which was *wrong*. They saw the blue water, and the merry boats dancing along, and they wanted to go *anyhow*, *right* or *wrong*. So they took their satchels, pretending to start for school, but they *meant* to go to the water. No one could blame them for wanting to sail on the water, on a fine summer's day. Who wouldn't wish to! But, boys, it don't ever pay to do *wrong*, expecting to get *fun* out of it. So our two boys found, before they were through with it. When they were out of sight of home, they turned down a narrow lane, and went skulking along under the fences, until they were alone by the water. They pushed off the boat, and rowed about until they were tired of it. Going home, they met their school mates returning from school, cheerful and happy with their duty done. "Did you have a good time, Jim?" asked one of the boys. "First rate," answered James; but there was a bad, heavy feeling, that hung around his heart, as he came in sight of home. Their father met them at the door, and he knew it all. If you had seen them there, as they hung down their guilty heads, you would have agreed with me, that it *didn't* pay.

*W. C. C.*

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 62.—*Riddle*.—Wind. No. 63.—*Charade*.—Sea-weed. No. 64.—*Charade*.—Sun-beam.

HOW TO REMIT.—It is safest to send P. O. Money Orders, Bank Drafts on either New York or Chicago, payable to the order of *Alfred L. Sewell*, or, where neither of these can be obtained, register your letters. A single dollar or less may be sent in greenbacks in letters, at my risk.

## PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS.

READ ALL ON THESE TWO PAGES.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. The price of this picture is \$1.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of four, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a copy of Shober's elegant engraving of the great reformer, Martin Luther, (which contains in the margin fourteen smaller engravings, illustrating "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family;") the price of which is \$2.50.

4. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted like an oil painting, and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

We will send, post paid, to all who will write for it, a Circular, containing what the papers say about this elegant Chromo, and also Mr. Eggleston's Rhyme Story of Little Red Ridinghood.

The same premium will be sent to any who send nine subscribers, at \$1 each, and two dollars in money beside.

Where it is inconvenient to reach a person by express, we will send the Chromo by mail, on a roller, not mounted, for a club of ten subscribers. It is much better, however, to have the picture properly mounted, and sent by express.

The price of the Chromo, mounted on canvas, is ten dollars. We do not sell it not mounted.

5. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see other articles in this page, and the next.

6. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

7. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, 1868, or 1869. The six must all be sent at one time.

8. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. Write for particulars.

9. The Self-Binder. Send for circular.

10. Books. See another article on this page.

11. Silver and Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See another article on this page.

12. ELGIN WATCHES, MADE BY NATIONAL WATCH CO., which leading jewelers pronounce to be the BEST MADE WATCHES IN AMERICA, FOR THE PRICE, and equal to the finest European watches, for accurate time; THAT COST DOUBLE OR THREE TIMES THE MONEY; will be sent as premiums, every watch to have the finest 3 oz. silver case, and forwarded by express, as follows: (The prices given are the lowest regular city retail prices. In many places they are sold at prices considerably higher than those here given.)

Prices of Watches.	Sent as Premium for a club of	Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money will write for terms to the publisher of <i>The Little Corporal</i> .
\$10.00	75 subscribers at \$1.00 each.	
15.00	85 "	
45.00	100 "	
60.00	130 "	
75.00	175 "	

We will send the same company's LADY ELGIN Gold Watch, (which should be carried by EVERY AMERICAN LADY who can afford a watch,) which retails for \$100.00, for a club of two hundred and fifty subscribers.

The above are all hunting case Watches.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 7, (the club of six).

Back numbers count in a club, same as current volume, so that in raising large clubs it is worth while to induce new subscribers to begin with July 1865, which was the first No. Back numbers can always be furnished.

The following books, from Hurd & Houghton's Catalogue, will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

	Price.
6—Vegetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys. By Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Aesop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.55
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.25
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

### FROM HARPER & BROTHER'S CATALOGUE:

7—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature.....	2.00
5—Dr. Hooker's Natural History.....	1.50

Our subscribers of course remember that Dr. Hooker is the Uncle Worthy who gave us so many entertaining articles last year, and whose death was chronicled in our columns. His scientific books for children are not surpassed, being full of the most valuable instruction, and as interesting as the most exciting stories. His works are published by Harper Brothers. We can furnish any book that is published by the Harpers at rates similar to those at which we offer Dr. Hooker's; or we can furnish any of their larger books or sets of books as we do the Organs, for part subscribers and part money.

### IN CLUB WITH THE LARGER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *The Little Corporal* in club with the larger magazines, etc., for one year, as follows:

Harper's Magazine (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	\$4.00
Harper's Weekly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Harper's Bazar (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Atlantic Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Putnam's Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Hours at Home (\$3) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.25

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS AND PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

### STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

### PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, price \$130.00.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced or smaller and lower-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## WM. GOODSMITH & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

Are the Agents for the sale of the above Organs and Melodeons. Those wishing to buy will address them for circulars and prices.

## SILVER SPOONS

AND  
SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS  
AS PREMIUMS.

In addition to our previous list of premiums, we have arranged to send a set of half-dozen warranted pure silver TEA SPOONS, the retail price of which is \$15.00, to every person who will send us a club of thirty subscribers to *The Little Corporal*, at the regular rate; or to every person who will send us ten subscribers at the regular rate, and \$7.00 in money, besides.

We can also send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each. A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen, Double Silver Plated Forks, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the finest quality of Nickel Silver Metal, and Double Plated with pure Silver. Spoons and forks will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Begin to work on your clubs at once, and there will be plenty of time to write for particulars, and to select what premium you will take afterwards.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. Don't wait till the club is full. Thus you will save time and trouble.

### SAMPLE COPIES.

We will send a sample copy of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, free, to every person who will try to raise a club.

If you have a friend any where, who you think would subscribe, or raise a club, please send us his or her address, and we will send a sample copy free. Address all letters to the

Publisher of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*.

CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled, notify us, send a duplicate list of all the names you have sent, with their post offices, so that we may compare, and see if all is correct, and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller one. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

BOUND VOLUMES.—With the December number, *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* completes his seventh volume. We will immediately have the seven volumes (three years and a half) bound in one beautiful book, in stiff boards with embossed cloth sides, and gilt title. This bound volume will be sent by mail to any address for \$5.00, or will be delivered at our office for \$4.50. A full set of all back numbers, not bound, furnished for \$3.50. Money sent for this can count in clubs if desired.

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.

CLUBS FOR *THE CORPORAL* may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." Sales easily made; the profits large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money rapidly. Write for particulars to Publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

## "ORGAN" LETTERS.

The following are extracts from a few of the many letters from those who have received organs as premiums for large clubs of subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. For particulars as to terms, see another page. A sample copy of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, with full premium list, will be sent free to any one who will try to raise a club.

Address,

ALFRED L. SEWELL,  
Publisher, CHICAGO, ILL.

From the wife of a clergyman.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 17, 1867.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: My Premium Organ arrived on Monday. I like it very much; the exterior is quite neat, made of black walnut, oil-finished, and carpeted pedals.

I am equally pleased with the interior, and think it is all that its manufacturers claim for it. I like particularly its mellow tones and easy action.

Several of my musical friends have tried it, and express themselves highly pleased with it.

When an instrument so desirable can be obtained so easily, I wonder that every large school in the land does not secure one.

I feel amply rewarded for my efforts, and take pleasure in recommending "THE LITTLE CORPORAL," as one of the very best papers in the country, and the Peloubet organs among the very best instruments.

Yours most truly,

MRS. A. F. MANTON.

Mr. W. A. Bemis, Superintendent of Public Schools at Davenport, Iowa, has written us two letters since one of his schools received their Prize Organ for sending us subscribers.

In the first letter, dated Jan. 2, 1867, he says:

"Our Organ arrived the last day of last term, so we had a kind of festival, or jubilee, or concert, or thanksgiving, or any other proper name you please to call it. It is a very fine instrument, and we are very much obliged to you. It will keep you in our memory for a long time."

In the second letter, he says:

"We still like our organ very much. It is pronounced by our instrument dealers to be a fine instrument, and cheap at \$130. It adds much to the enjoyment of our school."

DAVENPORT, Iowa, March 19, 1868.

Alfred L. Sewell—Dear Sir: The Premium Organ for Grammar School No. 3, has arrived and is now in the school room. It is declared to be even superior to the one that you sent us last year.

We are indeed under great obligations to you, not only for the premiums you have given us, but also for the papers you furnish us. I consider the Picture Stories alone worth the subscription price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. As a basis for an essay, the Picture Story excels anything else I have ever seen. We often allow our pupils, by classes, to practice upon them.

Please accept our thanks for your liberality and kindness, and earnest wish for your prosperity.

Very respectfully,

W. A. BEMIS,  
Superintendent City Schools.

Mrs. L. B. Telford, the wife of a minister in Washington, Pennsylvania, who was formerly a missionary in China, writes us as follows:

WASHINGTON, Pa., March 2.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: Our Prize Organ arrived on the 4th. We are entirely satisfied with it. It more than meets our anticipation. One of our best music teachers has examined it, and pronounces it a very fine instrument, and is particularly pleased with the evenness of tone.

Please accept our thanks and desire for your success in your enterprise.

I shall continue to send you subscribers, hoping to get enough to secure another premium."

CANTON, Ill., May 20, 1867.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: Our Prize Organ arrived on the 16th. It meets our expectations and more. Every one who has seen it pronounces it a cheap instrument at \$130.

Respectfully,

MISS F. T. GEE,

Teacher in Grammar School, Canton, Ill.

WALNUT HILLS, CINCINNATI, O.,  
May 20, 1867.

A. L. Sewell, Esq., Ed. Little Corporal:  
Dear Sir: The Prize Organ arrived in due time, and I think, has been pretty thoroughly tested. It gives satisfaction. I am not a judge myself; but an expert, who

has tried it, pronounces it a good instrument. Miss Gregg and her pupils are satisfied with it. To her belongs the credit of raising it.

Yours truly,

G. W. NYE.

Principal "Walnut Hills Union School."

OFFICE OF KEMP, COPPELL & CO., BANKERS,  
Havana, Ill., May 21, 1867.

Alfred L. Sewell, Esq.—Dear Sir: The "LITTLE CORPORAL Prize Organ" has arrived in good order, and we assure you that it is far superior to our anticipations, both in finish, and quality of tone. Our best musicians pronounce it equal to the best manufactured, both in sweetness and volume of tone, elasticity of touch, and general adaptation for the home circle or schools.

Yours truly,

I. F. COPPELL.

THREE OAKS, Mich., May 28, 1867.

Alfred L. Sewell—Dear Sir: The Organ which you sent us as a premium, has reached us. I am very much pleased with it. I like the tone and finish. I think it is all that it is represented to be.

Yours respectfully,

LUCY WILCOX.

POSTVILLE, Iowa, Feb. 6, 1868.

Mr. A. L. Sewell: Our Prize Organ has come. The children are perfectly delighted with it. It is pronounced by the best judges a perfect success. They say the "tremolo" attachment makes it superior to others. I will add, that I feel more than compensated for all exertions in getting up the club, as I feel that the paper alone is worth the prize.

Respectfully yours,

L. HALL

OTTAWA, Ill., February 22, 1868.

A. L. Sewell—Dear Sir: The Peloubet Cabinet Organ you ordered for me last fall, as a prize for a club of subscribers for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, was received, after several weeks of delay, (occasioned, as I afterwards learned, by the orders largely exceeding the supply.) And after having had the instrument in my family for several weeks, being thoroughly satisfied with its tones and the beauty of its external finish, as well as its having the commendation of better musical critics than myself, I have no doubt you will continue to receive orders as fast as you can fill them. And the price, too, at which it is placed, (\$130), if I had paid it all in cash, without receiving any papers, would have been as cheap as I could have bought as good an instrument at retail.

Yours, &c.,

E. W. GRIGGS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 2, 1868.

A. L. Sewell, Esq.—Dear Sir: Long will THE LITTLE CORPORAL be remembered by the McKee Mission Sunday School of this city, as its advent in our midst opened the way to secure a valuable and almost indispensable assistant and attraction in our school. Your liberal offer to give a Peloubet organ to any person, church, or school, that would send two hundred subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, came under the observation of the lady teachers of the school, who are ever on the alert to advance the interests of the great and good work in which they are engaged. They immediately commenced soliciting subscribers, and now we are enjoying the fruits of their exertions.

For three Sabbaths the school has enjoyed the sweet tones of the organ, and teachers and scholars are charmed with it, and all who have seen or heard it, praise it in high terms. Mr. William Semple, the accomplished organist of the Chestnut-street Presbyterian Church, of this city, pronounces it a very fine instrument; and we would advise all Sabbath Schools not provided with an organ, to at once improve the LITTLE CORPORAL's offer. The paper is well worth the money, full of instruction and amusement for children, and our subscribers anxiously look for the CORPORAL's arrival on the first of each month.

In behalf of the teachers of the McKee Mission School allow me to thank you for the great promptness with which you forwarded our organ.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES H. FLETCHER,

Supt. McKee Mission S. S.

A note from Mrs. Semple, a teacher in the same school, written a few weeks after the above date, says:

"We like our organ better and better every Sabbath."

MUNCIE, Ind., March 10, 1868.

Mr. Sewell: Our Prize Organ arrived to-day. Upon the part of the children, the demonstrations of joy were excessive. We feel more than paid for all our trouble, and would say to others, persevere.

We have been working to raise the required club for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, now nearly six months—many times we felt discouraged and almost ready to give up, but renewed exertion was always followed by success. Now our work is completed, and as our reward we have in our school room a beautiful instrument, giving forth a richness of tone we have never heard surpassed.

We hope yet to be able to send you many names as subscribers to your excellent LITTLE CORPORAL.

Respectfully,

M. JENNIE NEELY.

POLO, Ill., March 25, 1868.

Mr. Sewell—Dear Sir: I write to tell you how much we are delighted with the Organ. Everybody says, "I

like it;" and one of our best organists pronounces it "capital." The whole school think it "splendid;" but, better than all, they like THE LITTLE CORPORAL. We certainly are under great obligations to you. You have sent us, as prizes, two chromos of "Red Ridinghood," five copies of the "Heavenly Cherubs," and an Organ. Please accept our thanks and best wishes.

Very truly yours,

L. B. SEARLE

"FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, AND FOR THE GOOD,  
THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL."

TWO NUMBERS FREE!

A FIRST CLASS  
ORIGINAL MAGAZINE  
FOR ONE DOLLAR,

For BOYS and GIRLS, and for Older People who have Young Hearts.

THE

Little Corporal

FOR 1869!

Enlarged and Improved

By the addition of a beautifully Engraved Cover, and giving more matter than before, without raising the Price.

All new Subscribers for 1869, whose names and money are sent in to the publisher before the end of November, will receive the

November and December Numbers of 1868, FREE!

BEING

TWO MONTHS FREE,

OR

Fourteen Numbers for One Dollar.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—A late number of this original magazine for boys and girls, and for older people who have young hearts, has found its way to our table, and is so redolent of every rare and delicious thing for young hearts, that we are constrained to herald its uncommon merits. The stories are delightful and invariably instructive. The poetry is simple, tender, pretty, and high. The composition is excellent English; and, in a word, the conductors seem to enter into the spirit of their great task, to know the nature of young hearts, and how to cater to their immortal longings.—National Intelligencer, Sept. 10, 1868.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL is the most entertaining publication for the young that we have ever examined. We cannot see how it possibly can have a superior, or if it could have, how the young folks could possibly wish for anything better.—Pennsylvania Teacher.

We might give many pages of "Notices" from both the religious and secular press, as well as from the people everywhere, to prove that THE LITTLE CORPORAL is all that is claimed for it. Its matter is entirely original and from the freest, most alive, and best writers in the country. No periodical, whether published for children or grown people, pays a higher price for articles, and it therefore secures the best of everything.

## Splendid Premiums

are given for Clubs of all sizes. All those sending a list of subscribers, from two to a thousand, will receive A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

It is edited by Alfred L. Sewell, and Emily Huntington Miller.

Volumes begin July and January. Back Nos. supplied.

## Terms, One Dollar a Year,

In Advance. Sample copy ten cents, or FREE to any one who will try to raise a club.

Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## "SONG QUEEN."

REVISED AND ENLARGED. A new book for singing-classes. Containing just what is needed, and no more. Paper covers 50 cents, or \$5.00 per dozen. Board 75 cents, or \$7.50 per dozen.

## RUDIMENTAL CLASS TEACHING.

A common-sense method of teaching singing classes. Price 50 cents. Also,

Elements of Musical Composition.

To which is added a vocabulary of Modulation, price 50 cents. Address H. R. PALMER,  
No. 15 Crosby Opera House, Chicago, Ill



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## WINTER.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Out in the garden, fast asleep,  
All the blossoms are covered deep;  
Safe from the frost, and the biting cold,  
Under the snow's enshrouding fold.

Up in the tree the boughs are bare,  
Leafless and stiff in the wintry air;  
But folded away in their cradles warm,  
The buds are safe in the wildest storm.

Down in the meadow, the brook that sung,  
Wonderful songs with its silver tongue,  
Under the ice that veils its breast,  
Hushes its tiny waves to rest.

I think of the shivering poor who wait,  
Hungry and cold, by the rich man's gate;  
I look at the children around my knee,  
And thank the dear Lord for his gifts to me.

THE way to reach and teach and make a lasting impression upon children, is to let the good, the true, and the essential flow forth toward them naturally, clothed in an attractive garment; just as the sunlight and the pure air fall upon them and surround them in their sports, penetrating and warming and filling them with life, while the children themselves only know them as welcome any blessed. I. T. H.

VOL. 7. }

Chicago, Ill., December, 1868.

## THE STORY OF A WATCH.

Minutes and hours are such precious things, and they have such a fashion of slipping away before we know it, and never coming back again, that it must have been somebody's good angel who put into his head the idea of making a machine to keep the run of them, and so prevent so many of them from being wasted.

Sun dials and sand glasses answered the purpose well enough in ancient times, when men used to live four or five hundred years, and so had plenty of time and very little to do; but in these days, when there is so much work to be crowded into the shortest possible time, both day and night, we need the best timekeepers the world can make—such as Yankee clocks and watches.

A watch is a very difficult thing to make. The old-fashioned way of doing it was to take some pieces of gold and silver and steel and brass, and cut them with shears, and scrape them with files, and pound them with hammers, and weld the parts in little charcoal furnaces, and cut and try every piece till it fitted the place it was made for; and, after a long time, and passing through a good many hands, the watch was finished all alone by itself. And all this work had to be done over in the same way to make every single watch of all the thousands with which the Swiss and English watch-makers supplied the world.

In this way, year after year, those poor people toiled for a few pence per day, with aching eyes and heavy hearts, working their lives into the tiny bits of metal, of which there are several hundred in an old-fashioned watch.

A few years ago, a man took it into his head that it was not just the thing for the people of this country to be sending across the ocean for what they could make just as well for themselves; and it was not enough that we should make our own watches, but we must make them better and faster and more of them than they did in the old countries; for who ever saw a live American who was satisfied with

doing anything only just as well as other people?

All the witches and fairies in the world could not do the strange things you see done in the factory of the National Watch Company. Just think of it! That large and beautiful building at Elgin is full of the oddest little engines and lathes and saws and milling machines and drills and punches and wig-wags, all driven by a big steam engine and tended by wise-looking men and smart, pretty girls. There are little plates of brass, and bits of steel wire, and strips of copper, by the bushel, in the great store room, and they have gold and silver by the pound, and precious stones for jewels by the quart; and by running these little pieces through those curious machines, they come out all ready to put together to make the most beautiful watches, which are finished and sent off at the rate of about a hundred per day!

It took Mr. Superintendent Moseley and the skillful men he brought to Elgin with him, four long years, at a cost of many thousand dollars, to build these curious little machines. They had nothing to begin with, except their skillful hands and brains, not even any drawings of the hundreds of curious things that must be made. So this wonderful factory grew up in the beautiful valley of the Fox river like a tree or a vine, little by little, till now it is large and thrifty, and bears watches by the bushel. It does indeed seem almost as if the watches grew like fruit and flowers, so strange is the process by which they are brought to perfection.

First of all, there must be the finest kind of machinery made with which to make the machines that are to make the watches.

This great room, which we enter first, is the machine shop, where every piece of work is done with such exactness as to make you feel ashamed of yourself for having ever been satisfied with doing "about right." The first thing we notice is a gauge with which to measure the diameter of the little pieces of steel, after they are turned in the lathes or ground on the wheels. It

is a curious thing, with hooked jaws, and a face like a watch, on which a single hand moves, pointing to different parts of the circle, or degrees, as they are called, according to the width of the opening of the jaws. Mr. M. pulls out a whisker and takes the size of it; it measures just five degrees. Mr. B. tries the size of a hair from his curly head—the hand marks two and a half degrees. So you see it is of no use to make anything within a hair's breadth of the mark, in this factory; it must be *just right*; and a variation equal to half the difference between the diameter of two hairs, would spoil a piece of work altogether.

Here is a large chest, full of little drawers, in which are kept the standards and patterns of all the little pieces in the different machines, so that if one is lost or broken, it may be replaced. Hundreds of drills and taps and dies and cutters are here, never to be used except for patterns to make others by; and when a workman wants one, it is charged to him by its number, so as to make him sure to bring it back. Ever so many spindles of little lathes are here, and the cylinders in which they slide, all fitted so perfectly as to be air tight, while they move freely enough for all their uses. Here, too, are all sorts of curious things, called "chucks," to be put into the lathes, in which to hold the little pieces of the watch while they are being turned, or ground, or sawed, or polished.

Everything is measured by gauges, to the twenty-five-hundredth of an inch. Take this little lathe, for instance; it runs so perfectly true that it will drill holes in jewels so small that you cannot see through them; and what is more, will ream them out by the thousand, all exactly alike.

With such perfect machinery, kept in such perfect adjustment, and worked always with careful hands, the National Watch Company can make watches which will not vary a quarter of a second a day.

That seems wonderful, does it? But the great solar system, with all its countless worlds revolving and rushing through space in a thousand different directions, almost with the swiftness of light, has kept time without varying a quarter of a second in two thousand years!

Leaving the machine shop, where a large number of the best mechanics in the world are all the time building and repairing the machines used for watch making, and where new contrivances are always being made to do the work faster and more perfectly, we go first into the shop where many of the little pieces of the watch are punched out of plates of brass and copper and steel. Every tiny wheel and ratchet and lever and pallet has its own set of dies.

Now into the room where the frame of

the watch is fitted together. The frame consists of a circular plate of brass (which is covered by the dial) called the "pillar plate," and the cap plates, which you see on the other side where the balance wheel swings, held in their places by four little brass pillars, or posts, which are screwed into the pillar plate, a shoulder being turned on the other ends, to which the cap plates are fastened. The plates are turned to the proper size and thickness, being held in the lathes by chucks with large, dial-like faces, on which they may be fastened so as to bring any point on the plate between the centers of the lathe. By this means, recesses for some of the smaller wheels are drilled into the plates, and holes are made at different points, always having the same relation to each other. Three holes, called the dial-feet holes, are punched in the pillar plate, at the outset, and by means of pins on the faces of the chucks, which exactly fit these holes, the plates are always held in the same position. These are the starting points, from which everything else is gauged; and as every separate operation is performed with its own chuck, which is never used for anything else, the plates of ten thousand watches will all come out exactly alike.

#### SCREW MAKING.

As we enter this room, full of Lilliputian machines, the Superintendent shows us some Homœopathic bottles, containing fine, blue sand. A curious color for sand; and, besides, what does a watch want of it? A magnifying glass shows us that these little, blue grains are perfect screws, with a clean-cut thread and tapering point, a well-shaped head, and a little slit for the screw driver cut exactly across the middle of it, the whole thing polished as nicely as a cambric needle, and afterward blued by heat. Think of the hair that grows on the body of a fly, or the down on the petals of a pansy, or the feathers on a butterfly's wing! well, if these little things only grew, we could believe in them, but that they are turned and threaded and polished in a lathe, and have their heads split open with a circular saw, is something about which one can hardly believe his own eyes. About one hundred of these smallest screws, placed side by side, measure an inch in length, and the thread of the screw must twist around the wire two hundred and sixty times in the same distance.

Here is the way the screws are made: A little, toy lathe, that you could carry in your pocket, but strong and beautifully finished, holds a piece of fine, steel wire in its hollow spindle and chuck, of the required diameter for the head of the screw; this wire turns with the lathe very rapidly. The tail rest of the lathe, or the block that slides backward and forward on the

"ways," or frame, has three little spindles sliding through it, one of which carries a steel turning tool, the center one a pair of tiny dies for screw cutting, and the third a gauge, or stop, for making the screw of the right length. The young lady who tends the machine first presses the turning tool up to the swiftly-whirling wire, and it cuts down the shaft of the screw and turns the head to its proper size. She then slides this back, and, stopping the lathe, pushes up the center slide, with its screw plates, and turns the lathe with one hand on the belt, running the shaft of the screw once up and back through the dies; next she slides up the gauge, and starting the lathe again with her foot, presses up a fine steel point, which cuts a crease into the wire where the screw is to come off; then taking a little, steel cylinder, around which are drilled and tapped three lines of holes which will just fit the screw, she places it so that the lathe itself turns the screw into one of these holes, and when it is turned home the wire breaks off where the crease was cut, leaving the screw in the cylinder. The wire is then pushed through the lathe spindle about the length of another screw, and the same operation is repeated.

When the three lines of holes in the cylinder are full of screws, it is placed in a rest, pushed up against a circular saw about as large as a gold dollar, and then, by turning it around, a whole line of screw heads are cut for the screw driver in less than a quarter of a minute. When the heads are all cut, the block is taken to another ridiculous, little machine, which turns the screws out of it, making them fly like corn out of a sheller. The screws are then ground on their heads and polished on their edges in the same tiny lathes, blued over a lamp, and put away in a bottle properly labeled for use. And, if you could believe it, these perfect, little wonders are made at the rate of fourteen hundred a day!

Here are other machines, making screws in the same manner, of brass and gold wire—the gold ones being used to adjust the balance wheels of the finer kinds of watches, so as to make them swing perfectly true. But the oddest, little thing of all, is one they call a "banking screw," which, though it has no bigness at all to speak of, has yet a little pin, about the size of a hair, sticking out of the small end, on one side of the center; and this is turned out of the same piece of wire as the rest of the screw, and is all done at one operation, without removing it from the lathe.

Here, also, is made the hair-spring stud, a little bit of steel through which the outside end of the hair spring passes and is fastened in its place by driving in a tiny brass wedge beside it; the other end is let into a wedge-shaped hole close to the



"bridge," (you will see it just beyond the ring of the regulator,) and made fast by a screw through the edge of the bridge. This little piece of steel is turned and drilled and milled, or its flat sides cut, its upper end rounded, and the whole thing polished by machinery; and altogether it is not as large as the eye end of a cambric needle, and only a few hundredths of an inch in length. It is one of the nice things, however, of the Elgin watches, for by it the hair spring can be taken out and put in its place again without disturbing the rate of the running of the watch, which in other watches it is impossible to do.

#### BALANCE WHEEL.

Over on that bench is a quart or two of steel buttons with brass rims; what can they want of so many buttons in a watch factory? "Those are not buttons," says the foreman, laughing, "they are balance wheels in the rough."

The balance wheel is first punched out of a steel plate, a brass ring is fastened around it, like the tire of a wagon wheel, and a hole drilled in the center for the balance staff on which it is to stand and swing; then it is turned in a lathe to the right diameter and thickness, and a part of the middle cut out, leaving the single arm as you see it. The rim is about three-fifths brass and two-fifths steel, the brass being on the outside, and is cut through in two places, leaving nothing but the arm to hold the wheel together. In this double rim are drilled a great many holes, in some of which are placed little, gold screws. This is called a chronometer balance. The balance wheels of common watches are made of steel or of gold, the rim being solid, like that of any other wheel.

What is the use of the chronometer balance? A good deal of use. Make a watch ever so nicely, and if the balance wheel is out of time, the watch is good for nothing. It must be the right weight, to the thousandth part of a grain, and be always of exactly the same size.

You know that heat expands metals and cold contracts them. Now the little, balance wheel is so sensitive that a cold day will contract it so as to throw the watch out of time, and a warm day will do the same mischief by expanding it. The object of the chronometer balance is to prevent this variation caused by heat and cold, and this is the way it is done: The rim of the wheel is made of two metals, brass and steel, because brass is very much affected by heat and cold, but steel very little. This rim is cut in two at the opposite ends and alternate sides of the arm, leaving a little space open, so that the loose ends of the two sections are free to spring out or in, thus widening or narrowing the open space, and making the wheel larger

or smaller. The more the wheel expands, the harder work it is to move it; and the more it contracts, the easier it goes. The outside ends of the rim being free, and the other ends being made fast to the arm, when the heat expands the brass on the outside, it makes the rim a little longer, but as it is held by the steel on its inside, it can only expand in length by closing up the opening at the ends; and so the expanding of the brass ring curls up the wheel and brings its weight nearer the center, so that it will go easier and faster. When the cold contracts the brass, being held by the steel, as before, it shortens the rim, and pulls the ends farther apart, or, in other words, spreads the wheel and makes it go harder and slower.

Thus the *mechanical* action of this curious wheel is the reverse of the *natural* action, under the influence of heat and cold; or, in other words, this curious rim gains or loses in length, by heat or cold, what it loses or gains in thickness by the same means. Now if it can be made so nicely that one variation will balance the other, of course, the wheel will always be of the same size, and will run at the same rate.

The little, gold screws are put into the rim for the purpose of making the two sides of the wheel perfectly balance each other, and also to make it swing perfectly level. If one side is a little too light, give the screws on that side a little turn *out*; if too heavy, a little turn *in*.

The balance wheel and staff are made and mounted with such exquisite care, that it is a perfect luxury to see them, in this careless, wicked world.

What a fine thing it would be for some of our rude boys, and thoughtless girls, to set them at work in the Elgin watch factory a little while, just to show them the difference between their careless way of doing things, and doing them *exactly* right.

#### THE TRAIN.

This long, pleasant room, lighted both from sides and roof, is the place where the "trains" of the watches are made. The locomotive is the main spring, coiled up in a little, brass box, called the "barrel;" this spring gives the motion to the wheels, which, I suppose, must be the cars.

The "barrel arbor" is a little piece of steel, passing through the center of the barrel, to which the inside end of the main spring is fastened; on one end of it you place the key for winding, and the other end is attached to a ratchet, which holds the spring in place as it is wound. A little gearing, most beautifully finished, goes on to the barrel arbor, and, by this means, communicates the force of the mainspring to the wheels. In making this tiny main shaft, every little work has its own machine for

doing it, which never is used for anything else, and so every one of them is certain to be exactly right, even though you take it up at random, out of a quart of them.

The wheels of the watch are punched out of strips of brass, and then are fastened on a steel rod, sawed down through the center to admit the arms; then they are placed in a machine which has four or five little steel or diamond cutters, whirling so fast you cannot see them, and these cut their way, one after the other, down through the pile of wheels which is pushed up against them, and turned round and round till the teeth are all cut, and finished more smoothly than they ever could be done in any other way, and so quickly that one man, with this machine, will finish more wheels in a day than he could by hand in a lifetime.

#### THE ESCAPEMENT.

What do you suppose an escapement is? Why, something to let off steam with. Exactly. The escapement of a watch is a kind of safety valve, to let off the extra force of the mainspring, when it is wound up tight, just as the valve lets off steam, when it presses too hard on the boiler. This extra force is used up in driving the balance wheel.

That little lever, with its two arms and hands, each of which holds a tiny jewel, for the escape wheel to strike as it swings, is used to communicate the motion of the train to the balance wheel. When the mainspring is wound up tight, it would make the watch go too fast, and then slower and slower as it uncoiled, but this strange little "escapement" keeps the balance wheel at work just hard enough to use up the extra force of the spring, and this makes the watch run evenly, all day long.

This little lever looks something like the two legs of a fly, when he stretches them out behind, and puts one across the other, only he ought to have the two eyes of a spider on the ends of his toes, to represent the jewels. And yet this little thing is punched, and milled, and has three holes drilled into it, and two slits sawed into it, for the jewels, and is ground and polished on all its crooked sides, by a score or two of little machines driven by steam, every one of which does its own part of the work, and when they come out of the machines, any one of them will fit into any one of a thousand watches, of the same size and kind.

#### JEWELS.

Here is where they make the tiny jewels used in the watch, to prevent the friction of turning one piece of metal upon another, by which the watch would soon wear out. These little slabs of garnet, and ruby, and aqua marina, are sawed out with a gang of half a dozen tin saws, into which diamond

dust is rolled, so as to make them cut. The precious stones are treated very much as a lumberman treats his logs, being first cut into boards, and then slit up into little studs or joists. These are fastened to little blocks of brass, and ground on wheels charged with diamond dust, and then broken off at the right length, and the ends beveled and smoothed. In this way the little pallets of the lever are finished.

There is a man turning out some pins of aqua marina, for crank handles to the escapement, with a chisel made by fastening a diamond point into the end of a bit of brass wire. He does it just as you would turn a bed post in a lathe, only the little jewel he turns out is not more than half as big as a caraway seed.

Others are making the round jewels which you see fastened in the cap plate of a "Wheeler," or "Raymond" watch. The pivots of the wheels rest and turn on these jewels, and they are fitted for the pivots by turning and grinding in lathes, by means of diamond dust, and have holes drilled through them with diamond drills, so small that you have to take a magnifying glass to see them.

Here is a bottle about half as big as your little finger, which contains a grayish powder; this is diamond dust, and this tiny bottle full is worth more than a hundred dollars.

The pivot jewels, when finished, are fastened into little brass "sets," which are then placed in holes, in the plates made to receive them, and held by tiny steel screws. In a fine, Elgin watch there are eighteen jewels.

#### THE GOLD ROOM.

When all the brass plates and wheels are finished, they are sent to the gilders, to be covered all over with a thin coating of gold, by a process called electro-plating. As we open the door of the gilding room, our noses are saluted by the smell of strong acid. On one side of the room are some curious washing machines, set up in little stalls, where the plates are scrubbed with wire brushes, using a kind of *beer*, instead of soap suds. Isn't it queer that a stuff which makes men so dull and stupid, should make these brass plates so bright? The gilding answers a double purpose of making the brass beautiful, and keeping it from growing rusty.

The gilder is mixing up a curious kind of stuff, in a private room. One bottle contains a liquid full of gold, in grains as fine as flour. Now he takes a glass in his hand, pours something which looks like water into it, and then pours in some of the golden liquid, when, *presto*, there is no gold there, nothing but a clear, transparent liquid, and yet, in that same glass there is a five dollar gold piece, dissolved by the

acid. Into such liquid as this, the bits of brass are placed, in such a way that the current of an electric battery passes through them, and by this means the gold is brought back again and deposited all over the brass in a fine, even layer.

Curious men these gilders are. Here is a wheel broken after it was gilded; of course, the wheel is good for nothing, but how can he get back the gold that covers it? See, he tosses it into a dish of something that looks like indigo water, and all at once the water seems to be boiling all over the wheel, but nowhere else; that is the acid gnawing away at the wheel, but this acid has a curious taste, and seems to like brass better than gold, so it eats up the brass and leaves the gold in little grains, floating on the top, which are skimmed off and dissolved again, to go on another wheel. Brass is made of copper and zinc, and the chemist will take the tea in which the brass wheel was boiled down, and get the copper and zinc out of it again, each metal by itself!

#### FINISHING.

And now all the little bits of the watch are finished, and are ready to be set up. They have been kept in little nests or trays; each piece numbered, so that it is a very easy thing to put them all together.

The hair spring is beautifully tempered, so that it will stand almost any kind of pulling and twisting, and then fly back into its place again, as true as ever. That is one of the things that makes the Elgin watch so good a time keeper.

When everything is in running order, the watch is carried to the inspector, whose sharp eyes never let a fault get away, out of sight, and when the machinery is pronounced correct, it is sent to be adjusted.

This gentleman keeps a tiny pair of balances, in which he can weigh the down of a feather, or a piece of a hair, not more than a hundredth part of an inch long.

Almost too small a story to be believed, isn't it? But this little wonder has a set of weights, the smallest of which weighs just exactly one ten-thousandth part of a grain.

In the adjusting room is also a little oven in which to toast the watches, and an ice box in which to cool them off, so as to see if the balance wheel will do its duty, and keep the watch running correctly, summer and winter, and, in the tiny balance, the work is tested so nicely that, as they say in the factory, they can weigh the hundredth part of a second.

No wonder that watches so carefully made, and adjusted so nicely, should be so faithful in measuring the minutes, many of them actually running so as not to gain or lose more than five seconds in a month.

They only make masculine watches at Elgin now, and name them after the gen-

tlemen of the National Watch Company, but pretty soon they will bring out a beautiful, little, lady's watch, to be called the "Lady Elgin," which will be as true as it is beautiful, made for work as well as for ornament. And besides, they are talking of making a nice, little affair of a boy's watch, by and by, which is to be so good, and beautiful, and true, that I should not wonder if they meant to call it the Little Corporal.

#### FANCY'S CAR.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

Come, my ponies, swift and airy,  
Come, my jaunty, little car,  
Bear me off to realms of Faery,  
Where my kings and princes are.  
Away from books,  
And grim pot hooks,  
And figures that perplex me,  
From stiff, old rules,  
And dunces' stools,  
And crooked verbs that vex me.

Quick, now, quick! my prancing ponies,  
Sweep along your giddy way;  
Heart alive! this trip alone is  
Worth whole quires of algebra!  
For comrades sweet  
We're sure to meet—  
There's lovely Cinderella,  
Red Ridinghood,  
King Arthur good,  
And Jack the Giant Killer.

On, now, on! Aladdin's palace,  
Glittering towers and turrets high,  
Magic Lamp and jeweled chalice  
Gleam before my dazzled eye;  
Badroul boudour,  
That peerless flower;  
Mustafa, honest tailor,  
Enchanted knights,  
Witch-water-sprites,  
And Sindbad, tough, old sailor.

Hold! in dreamland let me linger,  
Where the dainty moonbeams fall,  
Softly as a maiden's finger,  
Upon marble fount and hall.  
No insect hum  
Of care can come  
To vex the ear that loiters  
In caves or dells  
Where fairy bells  
Mock all the singing waters.

Up, and on! a brighter vision  
Dawns upon my eager eye;  
Golden heights and spires elysian,  
Ladders reaching to the sky,  
Whence angels bend  
While souls ascend  
To meet their tender clasping;  
O thus to dream  
Till Heaven doth seem  
Our own, but for the grasping!

Nay; now downward, earthward tending,  
Ponies wild and jaunty car!  
Thus in tasks are ever ending  
All sweet dreams and flights afar;  
And yet not so;  
For paths that go  
Through rugged ways of Duty,  
O, by and by,  
Shall near the sky,  
And ope to realms of Beauty.

## LITTLE SQUIRRELFURS' TEMPTATION.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

School was out, but Squirrelfurs wasn't hurrying home. Even the teacher had gone, and he was almost always the last to go. There he went, striding away down street, with the pet little girls trotting along on each side of him, with the one he loved best holding his hand, and the littlest, bashfullest one picking her way through the gutter, because she was at the end of the row.

Nobody ever wanted to walk home with Squirrelfurs. She was such a ridiculous little mite of a girl, that couldn't keep her hair out of her eyes, and lisped when she spelt "cony," and never could learn to spell *anything* right, and was always dropping her funny, little, round slate, and making big, round eyes at everybody, and keeping still when she was spoken to, and rubbing the fur out of her squirrelfurs all over everybody's nice cloaks and dresses. Such queer, little, home-made furs they were, lined with faded, old, pink silk, with tassels off somebody's old gloves; and she had a muff, too, just big enough to cover her little, fat hands, but somehow they were always rough and chapped in spite of it. She couldn't speak her real name plain, and she wouldn't try, so everybody called her Squirrelfurs. Nobody knew what loving hands fashioned her queer, little furs, and how pretty and snug they looked to the loving eyes at home. Nobody knew that two loving hands which helped were carrying a gun in the far-away wars. Nobody knew that always when a long, rough, blurred letter came to Squirrelfurs, and her mother, and Johnny, it always said in it,

"Do little Mamy's furs keep her warm? Tell her to keep 'em nice, and sometime father'll get her a splendid set of mink right out of the city, with tassels fit for a queen."

To be sure the plain, hard-handed soldier couldn't spell very elegantly, and his handwriting looked just like your little brother's, but that didn't make any difference to Squirrelfurs, and she didn't care much for the beautiful mink furs, either. She liked the old ones best, because she could rub them about, and cuddle them up, and make a nice, soft kitty out of them, at school, and she seemed just like a little, shy kitty purring about the schoolroom herself.

All the scholars stopped at the post office to get letters, but they crowded and pushed and jostled, so that Squirrelfurs thought she wouldn't wait, because she knew there wasn't anything there for her, anyhow, and it always made the old postmaster so cross to hear the little, eager, lisping voice, and

then peep through the little window, and see nobody but Squirrelfurs putting her hair out of her eyes, and dropping her slate.

So she went on, and by and by she came to the little drugstore, just beyond the post office. Its big windows looked like fairyland to Squirrelfurs. There were pictures in bright, gilt frames, and gorgeous bottles, and little red, white, and blue balloons, and glittering globe lamps, and big, green plants, towering away up above all the golden, glittering things; an oleander, with rich, pink blossoms, and an ivy vine, and a fragrant rose tree.

"Wish't I was a queen," said Squirrelfurs. "I'd keep a drug store, and have roses in it, and gold; and I'd send a lamp to father, and a balloon."

Then she went on till she came to the baker-shop. It was the whitest, cleanest little shop in the world. The steps were white as snow. There was a red curtain and a white curtain at the window, and between them stood bright plants again. Only these were scarlet geraniums and boxes of old-fashioned rose moss, and there was a clean little kitten licking her paws on the sill. There were glad canaries in the shop, too. Squirrelfurs heard them singing, and she laughed softly over her little, gray furs, because it made her think an odd thought.

"I guess they've got summertime canned up in there," she said; "'mean to go in and see."

"So she lifted the latch, and a little bell jingled when she lifted it. A cheery little bell, with such a clear, silvery sound. The floor was freshly scrubbed in the shop, and you could see the grain of the wood in wavy lines, and the sunshine came through the window, and fell upon the floor in leaves and patches of gold. But the counter, that was the most beautiful and glorious! for it had three great round frosted cakes on it, lying upon shining, white napkins, and there were heaps of lady-finger cakes and wafers that looked clear as amber, and sugar kisses, and jelly rolls, and big loaves of fragrant, golden-brown bread, and great jars of cream candy.

But there was a cross, big boy behind the counter, and he said, "'Scat!" just as if she were the cat. So Squirrelfurs hurried out, with her heart thumping, and her little, round slate dropping again. And her throat ached awfully, and the hot tears came into her eyes, and her little, rough, yellow locks *wouldn't* stay back under the old hood.

"If I could just be a queen one little minute," said Squirrelfurs to herself, "seems to me I'd take the baker-shop instead of the drug store. How good jelly

rolls smell! And so does bread. I could eat a whole loaf myself. What'll we have for supper? 'Spect mother's only got about four more crackers, and that'll be two for Johnny, and one for mother, and one for me; and I guess there's a little catsup we can eat on 'em. Mother said there was some left in the bottle yesterday. But I don't like catsup on crackers. If father just knew, wouldn't he come quick! Why don't they pay soldiers every Saturday night? I guess they would if they knew how hungry I am. I mean to soak my cracker, so it'll swell up."

It was a long way Squirrelfurs had to go, and the sky was growing gray in the west, and dusk was coming on, and her little, stubby nose, and her solid cheeks, and her dear, little, fat chin were red as roses in the frosty air. So she didn't stop any more.

There it was at last. The little, raw-looking, new house, away at the end of the very last, bleak, straggling street. The ground was hard and bare around it, and the few poor, little "shade trees" looked like rusty old forks stuck in the earth, with the handles downwards.

"There's one good thing," said Squirrelfurs, her little, round, red face growing cheerier when she toddled up to the gate, "Mother always has a good fire, somehow or other." And so she had, the dear, loving mother. There was a roaring fire in the old cooking stove, in the little kitchen, and there was Johnny, warming his toes by it, while he sang, "Crowding Awfully," out of Squirrelfurs' old primer, laid upside down on his knees. He stopped singing when she came in, and said, gleefully, "It's a barrel! The fire got down, and mother and I felt's if we had the ague, and mother's hands shook so she couldn't sew, and then she went out and sawed up the old ash barrel. It's splendid firewood, isn't it, Mamy? And she's gone to the woods, now, to gather sticks; she'll be back in a minute. I've been keeping house for her. Ain't you hungry, Mamy? Seems to me I *can't* wait for some supper, after awhile. I want it now. Mother and I didn't eat any at noon. We played we were snowed up, you know, like it tells in stories, and we couldn't dig our way through the snow around the house, to get anything."

Just then their mother came, and she made her voice cheery, but her face looked heartsick. She sat down in her little, stubby rocking chair, and took Johnny on her lap and gave him his two crackers, and held his toes out by the warm fire, and nestled his curly head against her breast, and said now she would rock Johnny while he ate his crackers, and warm him good, and he'd go to sleep before he knew it.

And then she rocked, and tried to sing,

but her voice got all in a quiver, and then she dropped her chin on Johnny's head, and silently held him.

By and by Johnny was asleep, and then Squirrelfurs crept up through the shadows, and laid her head on her mother's knee, and she could feel that her mother was crying—great sobs that shook her from head to foot. Squirrelfurs didn't ask what for. She knew. So she didn't say anything, but cried softly, so mother wouldn't know, and presently she fell asleep, too, and her mother tucked her and Johnny away in bed.

It wasn't daylight yet when Squirrelfurs woke up, because she had a dream that made her laugh out loud, and then she opened her eyes. It was such a beautiful, warm, glad dream, like Thanksgiving and Christmas, all mixed up together. For she thought her father was at home, holding Squirrelfurs on one knee, and Johnny on the other, cheerily whistling, and "trotting them to Boston," while the chicken potpie stewed and stewed, and you could smell it all over the house, and her mother was as busy as ever she could be, making mince pies and jelly rolls. And there was a great, shining dinner table, and they had golden chicken gravy, and she and Johnny had the wishbone, and each of them had a big doughnut cut out in the shape of a doll baby, and they each had a great, three-cornered piece of cherry-pie.

It was beautiful to think about at first, but suddenly Squirrelfurs caught a glimpse of Johnny's little bit of a baby face, with a patient yet grieved look upon it even in sleep, and she thought how hungry he'd be when he woke up, and there wasn't anything, and he was such a patient, little fellow, he wouldn't cry, he'd just look so tired and wishful. And then Squirrelfurs hid her face in the pillow, and cried.

She went to school very early that morning.

"It's better for her to be in the bustle away from home than sitting here hungry," her mother thought, and so she kissed Squirrelfurs' puckered little mouth, and tied her fur collar for her, and tucked her precious, little, rough hands, in her muff, and watched her till she was quite out of sight.

They had dinner baskets at school. The big girls liked to take dainty lunches, and sit quietly around the great schoolroom stove at noon; crocheting and gossiping instead of going home through the cold. And the girl who always brought the nicest dinner sat right by Squirrelfurs. She could smell the apple pie, and cinnamon cake, and fried chicken, all forenoon. And so many disagreeable things kept happening to her, just as if it wasn't hard enough to be so hungry. She dropped

her slate, and the teacher stood her up on the platform, and he boxed her ears because she didn't spell "Alpha" right, and he tried to make her quit lisping, when he knew she couldn't.

But at last school was out. The big girl who brought the delicious dinner was out in the entry helping another girl solve a hard problem.

"If I could just peep into that basket," said Squirrelfurs to herself, while she tied on her old hood, "seems to me I'd feel better."

And then she peeped in.

"I know I shan't take any," she whispered, breathlessly, "but O, such nice crisp chicken, and sugary doughnuts, and huge white biscuits!"

Everybody had gone out just then, but little Squirrelfurs. It was very still in the great, wide schoolroom, only the fire talked to itself in a hushed, sleepy way, as if it were studying its spelling lesson. And Squirrelfurs' heart was beating so she could hear it plainer than anything else.

"I guess she wouldn't care if I took some to Johnny, poor little Johnny," she said. "May be she'd never know it."

And then she got so hot, all over, her very toes tingled, and her little fingers diving into the basket trembled so they couldn't lift a doughnut, and all at once she thought, "God sees me, but somehow it seems to me He doesn't care much for Johnny and me."

Poor little Squirrelfurs, she couldn't understand how God can love us and see us suffer, too. But she didn't take any. She ran home as fast as ever she could.

And now I have come to the glad part of my story, for when Squirrelfurs got home, who do you suppose was there? Somebody in a big, blue overcoat, and he had strong, brown hands that tossed Squirrelfurs clear to the ceiling, and down again, and a rough, bearded face, and eyes shining with glad tears. And he had come home to stay, and now they were going to have a beautiful dinner, just like a Thanksgiving dinner, the very first thing, and Squirrelfurs helped her mother set the table, and they had chicken pie, and when night came they gathered about the cheery, old stove, and heard stories about battlestorms, and long, weary marches, and glorious victories; and when it was bedtime, and the prayers were all over, and the loving, joyful, good-night kisses all given, little Squirrelfurs nestled her cheek to the pillow, and thought, "I guess God knew all the time it was coming out right."

Error and Fault are unmerciful tyrants; and, if we would not be their subjects, we must wage continual warfare against them, so that we may be free from their control.

## FRENCH & ENGLISH RHYMES.

### SAIDEE SETTING THE TABLE.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

*La table Saidee comes to set—  
She quickly brings les assiettes,  
Les couteaux, les fourchettes, les verres :  
Plates, knives, forks, glasses, now are these  
Stay! it will be a queer mishap,  
If first you do not spread la nappe!  
Then, where the sweet spring waters flow,  
Go fill for me le pot à eau.*

Some clean, white napkins you may get,  
And call them, now, les serviettes.  
Les cuillers, next, go bring, I say;  
You'll need one with une tasse de thé.  
For every cup of tea, indeed,  
A spoon, you know, will always need.  
Le sucre bring, and then you may  
With sweet cream fill le pot à lait.

Sometimes papa, Saidee to tease, 'll  
Call her *ma petite* "Madam Weasel!"  
But, if she sets la table well,  
He'll praise *ma petite mademoiselle*.  
'Tis now so neat, I'm sure he'll say,  
*Le tout ensemble est parfait!*  
For, see! this fresh bouquet, I know,  
Will make la table comme il faut!

### NO-NAME.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

Once I sailed through the Strait of Magellan, or Magalhaen, as the name should be spelled, for so the bold navigator spelt it when he discovered the Strait, and gave it his own name. On the first day of March, which is the first day of Fall, down there where June is midwinter, we turned a sharp, square corner to the right, and went plowing in, with wind and tide and steam all helping us, straight into the mouth of the Strait. Cape Virgin is the name of the Patagonian corner which we turned, and, for a wonder, the air was so clear that we could see Tierra del Fuego on our left, and Patagonia on our right, at the same time. Cape Holy Ghost is the name of the Fuegian corner. Those pious, old navigators used to give holy names to all the lands they found. Forty miles wide from Cape Virgin to Cape Holy Ghost. And the tide rises and falls forty feet, sometimes. No wonder we waited for the tide to help us.

In we rushed, at a great rate—twenty miles an hour—and kept a good lookout ahead for two mountains, called Asses Ears, for when first seen they look like asses ears. By and by we "raised" them. When sailing toward a ship, or the shore, or a mountain, the object seems to rise up very slowly from the water, far away; and so sailors say *raised* the ship, or *raised* the Asses Ears. And because these objects seem to come up from nothing, and oftentimes look more like clouds than like solid land, the sailors say, "we made the land fall;" or, simply, "we made land." Mr. Landsman would say, we *saw* the land or

the ship. Sailors have queer ways of talking. Everybody talks queerly, except us. Some folks talk German, and think it a nice way of talking. How strange it is that everybody does not talk and act and think just as we do. Let's get mad about it.

Well—on Saturday night, at sunset, March 2d, we anchored off Sandy Point, where there is a little town without any name. (And now, boys and girls, you can tell in what year it was that I sailed through Magellan, for March 2d came on Saturday.) You cannot find it on any map, or described in any geography. Let me tell you about this little town NO-NAME.

We were pushing on through beautiful water in famous style, the sun on our right and ahead of us. The afternoon was wearing away, and we were looking for NO-NAME. We almost missed it, it was so low and small, and hidden by a purple haze, and shadowed by high mountains behind it. But we spied a red flag, with a blue corner, and one white star in the blue; and such a flag means, all the world over, CHILI. Then we "set our ensign at the peak," (that is, we hoisted the flag of the United States,) and turned off to the right and made for the land. And there we stayed all night, and I caught a wretched, little fish, that seemed thin, starved, and very cold, and *blind*. I could see no eyes to him. The water in the Strait is so clear and cold (snow water) that few fish can live in it.

NO-NAME is a Chilian colony, about half way through the Strait of Magellan. It nestles along the shore between the water and a high ridge of woods, covering the gravel with about forty houses, one story high, and twenty feet square, without chimneys, and most of them without windows, and all of them, save two, unpainted. The two painted houses are public buildings; the yellow one, with a stove pipe stuck through the window, is the governor's house; the red one is the guard house, painted to match the red trowsers of the sixty soldiers and two officers who keep the peace and preserve the property of the two hundred people, and escort the governor when he comes forth in grand style upon fete days.

A meeting house, the color of an ash fence rail just washed and dried, stands with its back end and chancel to the water, and its rickety, front door to the grass and gravel street, where there are no wagons nor sound of wheels, but geese only. The dear people of NO-NAME have nothing to hope and nothing to fear. Their little gardens show, on the *third day of autumn*, peas in fine blossom, cabbages beginning to head, beets large enough for greens, celery ready to transplant, and potatoes in blossom.

Around NO-NAME are extensive deaden-

ings, where the energetic colonists have burnt off the brush, and, when rested, intend to clear off the dead wood. Near by is a fine graveyard, cleared, fenced, and shadowed by a wood cross thirty feet high. All but six of the contented people were in bed at nine o'clock in the morning. There are no stores there. Money, even gold, does not fascinate them at all. They will do much for a plug of tobacco or a few pounds of sugar. But they do little for a half eagle or an English sovereign! They catch guanacas and foxes and ostriches, and sew theirskins into bed covers. These they will sell for coffee and sugar, but not for gold. The governor said, with pride, that they sold as many as ten robes of skins a year! They have a visit twice a year—a steamer comes from Valparaiso with mails and rations for six months! and they must all obey the governor, and eat what he allows them.

I saw many chickens and other poultry—one hundred cows in one (the governor's) yard. I saw five lamas, or little camels, and many black, long-haired sheep, with white noses; one Yankee blacksmith from Boston; two dogs; many geese; one woman a-milking; a governor and two soldiers. Then I came away. And there, half way between Cape Virgin and Cape Pillar, is this little town now, with its little shanties, its two hundred people, its red-trowsered soldiers, and its governor and its geese, the same to-day that it was when I saw it—the metropolis of Patagonia, the great seaport of Magellan.

### PEARLIE.

BY EMILY J. BUGBEE.

Touch her gently, gently, Time,  
With thy harsh, relentless finger;  
Beauties of her childhood time,  
Let them sweetly 'round her linger.

Golden hair, and brow of snow,  
Eyes so like the blue of heaven;  
Crimson lips, that opening show  
Little pearls so white and even.

Dainty, dainty, little Pearl!  
Rightly have they named thee, darling;  
Gentle, loving, little girl,  
Bright and pure as any starling.

Angels, 'round her fold your wings  
With a guardianship so tender;  
Keep from all unholy things,  
In the heavenly care you render.

For such fair, untainted thing,  
In a world that's blackened ever,  
Yearning prayers to God we bring,  
That His love may leave it never.

Yet we know, through darkness, oft,  
Whitened souls arise to heaven,  
Raising hymns of triumph soft,  
O'er the conflict so uneven.

Touch the little Pearl's brow,  
Still, O Time, with gentle finger!  
Of the grace that charms so now,  
May some traces always linger.

### THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUDED.

In the pleasant parlor at Shelby, the Warren family are once more gathered around the evening lamp. Mr. Warren, with a little more gray in his hair, looks thoughtful, as he slowly folds a letter he has been reading. The slender, young girl at the piano must be Carrie, and there by the window, with her finger in a closed book, sits the same gentle Alice, whose quiet eyes and placid brow Arthur declares were made on purpose for a Quaker. As for Arthur himself, we could not fail to know him, in spite of his six feet of stature, for his face has the same merry, teasing look, and his brown hair curls just as obstinately as when he was a boy. Only one chair is vacant. The dear, old grandmother has gone peacefully from earth to heaven; but her quiet life had such a quiet ending, that they hardly think of her as gone from the household.

"See there," says Frank, coming into the room, with a handful of bills, "who says I'm not a born horse jockey?"

"Have you sold that other colt?" asked Arthur, laughing.

"Yes, sir, and for my own price, too. Duncan bought him for a match to his gray. Now, father, I mean to hold you to your bargain. You said if I could sell the colts, I might have the money to invest as I pleased; and I want to go to Iowa, for one thing, and see George and Jimmy."

"I hope you don't want to go out there to live," said Mrs. Warren, anxiously; "there's surely enough for you and Arthur here."

"O no," said Frank. "I mean to stick to the old farm; I only want to see how Iowa looks."

"I don't know but I may go to Iowa myself, this fall. Jimmy writes to say he is ready to buy the farm, and I think I must go up and see about arranging matters. It is really wonderful how that boy has got on in the world."

"You promised him the farm at what you paid for it, didn't you, father?" asked Arthur.

"Yes; but it's worth three times that, now, and he offers to pay an advance upon it."

"Of course, you won't take it," said Mrs. Warren.

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Warren, gravely; "if I can understand this letter, he wants me to do a great deal more for the farm than I ever agreed to."

He held out the letter to Mrs. Warren, who read it through without a word, and handed it back with a quiet smile.

"Give it to Alice," said Mr. Warren.



But Alice did not seem at all interested, for she had slipped silently out of the room.

"Suppose we take a trip to Iowa, mother?" said Mr. Warren to his wife. "It's a long time since you've taken a journey with me, and I want to show you that Iowa isn't quite a howling wilderness."

"Do go, Mary," said Aunt Ruth.

And "Dogo, mother," said Arthur, mischievously; "it isn't safe to send a confiding youth, like Frank, away off there without his mother."

"I wish Aunt Ruth would go, too," said Carrie, "and let Allie and me keep house all our own selves, and have all the butter money to pay."

"Don't do it, Auntie," implored Arthur; "they'll keep us on skimmed milk, to save the cream."

"Alice will go, too," said Mr. Warren; "she has full as much interest in seeing Iowa as any of us."

Up to this moment Mrs. Warren had only smiled placidly at the absurd idea that any one could fancy it possible for *her* to leave home; but when Mr. Warren said this, she grew serious in a moment. "Of course," she said, "if you are going to take Alice, I shall go, too; you don't suppose the child would go without me?"

"Why, I didn't know," said Mr. Warren. "I don't understand feminine proprieties very well; but Jimmy has always seemed just like one of my own boys"—

"Oh!" said Arthur; "I begin to see into a millstone, now. I tell you what, father, I'd ask him double for the farm; what business has he to want Allie into the bargain?"

That was the end of Allie's quiet, for both Frank and Arthur teased her unmercifully, but with Aunt Ruth to help her, she managed to stand her ground bravely.

Mrs. Warren, to her own great astonishment, found herself actually preparing for a trip to Iowa, and after a few delays the whole party were ready to start. Mr. and

## Counting Baby's Toes.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller

Musical by Prof. James Harrison.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into two systems of music, each with its own set of lyrics.

Dear lit - tle bare - feet, ten - der and white, In your long night gown

wrap'd for the night; Come let me count all your queer lit - tle toes,

Pink as the heart of a shell or a rose. Soft lit - tle feet, all your

dim - ples I know, O - ver and o - ver I've count - ed them so;

Mrs. Warren, Alice, and Frank were to go, while Arthur and Carrie managed the farm, with Aunt Ruth for aid and counsel.

"I mean to give you a sample of genuine western travel," said Mr. Warren. "The roads are splendid, now, and we can leave the cars at Ashby, and take a carriage the rest of the way. It is about a hundred miles, and the road keeps near the river all the way."

The proposition pleased them all, and Frank was impatient for the time to come for leaving the railroad.

"Why, it is really a beautiful town," said Mrs. Warren, looking with surprise at the broad streets and handsome residences of Ashby. "I've always thought of Iowa as a place where the people lived in log cabins in the woods."

"You'll have to change a good many of your impressions of the country up

this way. Why, it doesn't look half so new and unfinished as most of Ohio does."

"But, father, how will you get a carriage, unless you mean to buy one? Do you suppose any one here will trust a stranger with one?"

"O, I've got a friend here who will help me to what I want," said Mr. Warren. "Don't you remember that young man who staid with us one winter, and studied medicine with Doctor Lewis?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Warren; "how miserably poor he was. I don't believe he ever could have got through the winter, if you hadn't found him out and helped him."

"Don't lay it all to me," said Mr. Warren. "I wonder who smuggled away his old, worn-out shirts, and left new ones in their place; and put new heels and toes and tops to his stockings; and played such little tricks on him all winter?"

"That was Ruth," said Mrs. Warren.

"Yes, I know; and Ruth's sister Mary. Well, at any rate, the poor fellow is living here, with a very creditable

practice, and I shall depend on him to go bail for my not being a swindler who means to run away with the horses."

"Papa," said Alice, "you make me think of one of those queer, Hindoo proverbs that Uncle Charley taught us: 'When you cross the desert, plant trees by the way. It may chance to you to come back, old and weary, to sit under their shadow and eat of their fruit.'"

"That is good counsel," said Mr. Warren; "it has happened to me more than once to gather fruit from trees that I have planted with very little prospect of their ever growing."

They walked up a pleasant, shaded street, and found, over a neat, little office, the name they were looking for, "Doctor Hart." The doctor himself, a noble, dignified man, came forward to meet them, and welcomed them warmly. He took

them through a garden, gay with autumn flowers, to a pretty cottage, where he introduced them to his young wife and child.

Alice, who faintly remembered him as a pale and overworked student, whose shabby clothes hung awkwardly about him, could hardly feel that he was not a stranger. But neither the doctor nor his wife could look upon the Warrens as strangers, and with a generous, western hospitality, insisted that they should remain with them to dinner.

"I was perfectly discouraged, when you found me out," said the doctor. "I had found so much to contend with, and so little to encourage me, that I was just ready to give up. O, if men and women with blessed Christian homes knew how much they have the power to do for poor, struggling young men, I am sure they would be ready to make the effort."

"The good is not all on one side," said Mr. Warren. "I must repeat to you the Hindoo maxim that Alice has been quoting: '*When you cross the desert, plant trees by the way*;' it may chance to you to come back, old and weary, to sit under their shadow and taste of their fruit."

"That sounds like the same wise, little Alice I remember so many years ago," said the doctor. "She was such a mite of a thing, then, and always remembered some of her grandmother's sayings to suit any case that might come up."

By the doctor's help they succeeded in hiring a comfortable traveling carriage, and a driver who was familiar with the road over which they were to pass. The baggage had been sent on by railroad, and everything seemed to promise a delightful trip.

"If it was a few weeks later," said the doctor, "I would not advise you to try it, for fear the fall rains might set in; but I think you are safe now, and Jeff is a tip-top driver."

### Counting Baby's Toes.—CONCLUDED.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of several staves with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked 'A little faster.' and 'Slower.' at different points. The lyrics are as follows:

Ba - by, my dar - ling, if moth - er could choose, Noth - ing should ev - er their

ten - der - ness bruise. { One is a la - dy that sits in the sun; Six is a horse - man a rid - ing with speed;

Two is a ba - by, and three is a nun; Four is a lil - y, with Seven is his foot - man, and eight is his steed; Nine is the moth - er, so

in - no - cent breast; Five is a bird - ie a - sleep on her nest; } grace - ful and tall; Ten is her wee one, the dear - ie of all. }

O-ver your eyes drop the cur-tains so white, Dear lit-tle bare-feet, now rest 'till the light.

over the firm, level road towards the little prairie town, twenty-five miles distant, where they were to spend the first night.

Mrs. Warren enjoyed the drive across the beautiful country, but at night she watched the sky with a little anxiety. To her great relief there were no signs of rain, and the second day was as bright and cloudless as the first. They forded the river twice, finding it only a shallow, brawling stream, and stopped for the night at a comfortable farm house, where Jeff seemed to be an old acquaintance. It was nearly nine o'clock when they sat down in the great kitchen to the bountiful supper that had been prepared for them. Frank and Alice were in high glee over their journey, declaring it was worth all the railroad trips ever taken.

"It's nice," said Jeff, "while the weather holds; but I mistrust there's a storm brewin'."

"Nonsense," replied Frank, "I know it can't rain. Why, the sky is as clear as a bell."

Just at that moment came a hoarse crow from the chicken house, followed by another and another from different directions.

"There," said Jeff, triumphantly, "I knowed it! You don't fool me on the weather."

"Knew what?" asked Alice, curiously.

"Knew 'twould rain; don't you hear them chickens crowin'?"

"Yes, they're telling the news, that a lot of horrid savages are eating two of the smartest of the hen family for supper."

"They're crowin' for rain, Miss; and you'll see it'll come before twenty-four hours. That's a sign that never fails, when chickens crow early in the evening."

They all smiled at Jeff's sign, but it was a fact, that when they started, the next morning, there was an ominous dampness in the air, and a dull color in the sky. The rain held off, however, until nearly evening, when it began slowly to patter down, increasing steadily every moment.

"I'll put 'em through all right, doctor, ef you'll resk the weather," said Jeff; "thar's some mighty ticklish spots to ford, when the water's up with a tearin' rain."

"Do we have to ford the river?" asked Mrs. Warren, in alarm.

"To be sure," said the doctor; "but the fords are broad and shallow, and you won't be at all afraid."

"I reckon you didn't look to find bridges 'crost the Big Raccoon, ma'am," said the driver. "Might as well try to keep a saddle on a wild buffalo."

"Jeff," said the doctor, "if you don't stop frightening that lady with your nonsense, I'll give you a double dose of quinine the next time you have the ague."

Jeff made a horrible grimace, and mounted his seat in silence. The rest were soon ready, and they drove gaily off

"There's our stopping place, just in good time," said Mr. Warren, as the lights of a river town shone through the rain.

"If it's all the same to you 'uns," said the driver, "I'd a leetle rather get to the other side of the river to-night. 'Tain't more'n a mile or so furdur on, and if this rain keeps on, the ford'll be pretty deep 'fore mornin'."

"Is there any place to stop, over there?" asked Mr. Warren, doubtfully.

"Well, not so very nice, that's so, now; but I reckon Jake Sawyer would take us in on a pinch."

"O do let's stop," said Mrs. Warren. "I wouldn't ford that river in the dark for anything."

"Just as you like, ma'am," said Jeff. "The river ain't ris much, yet, and I can get a boy to ride ahead with a lantern."

"Perhaps we'd better try it; it may be impassible by morning," said Mrs. Warren, as calmly as she could.

"That's the talk, ma'am," said Jeff, urging his horses on, and soon coming where they could hear the loud roar of the river. He knocked at a little cabin by the roadside, and a woman came to the door, carefully shielding a candle with her hand. She readily promised to send her son with the lantern to show them the ford, and the boy was soon mounted on a horse, without saddle or bridle, and riding slowly before them. The river passed through a gorge thickly wooded with hemlocks, and the road down to the ford seemed steep and rocky.

"Go ahead, youngster," said Jeff; "it's a goodish pitch down to the water."

The river was not much swollen, but the current was strong, and they could see spots of foam rushing by in the darkness. The horse of their guide seemed frightened by the gleam of the lantern upon the water, and refused to go in.

"Tell ye what, mister," said the boy, wheeling around, "them that likes to risk their necks in there may try it. I hain't no call that way, myself."

"We'll go back, Jeff," said Mr. Warren. And back they went, in the pouring rain, which increased every moment.

All night they listened to the steady roar, and, with the earliest light, four anxious faces looked out to see what the daylight would reveal. It showed a dismal picture, but Jeff assured them that their only chance was to go on immediately, unless they wanted to stay there a week. Daylight and a good breakfast made them all feel braver, and, at any rate, it was easier to face danger when it was fairly before you, than to meet it in the dark.

"O, father," said Alice, as they came

in sight of the river, "we surely cannot go through there."

"How is it, Jeff," asked Mr. Warren, "doesn't that look a little ugly?"

"That ain't bad for one night's work," said Jeff, coolly, getting out to uncheck his horses; "but we'll go through like a book. You see that big rock nigh the middle—a hoss won't swim long's that sticks above water. You wimmin folks better put your feet up on the seats, though—might get 'em damp."

There were two pale faces on the back seat of the carriage, but not a word was spoken, as the horses walked deliberately into the seething flood. Not quite to their knees, at first; then a little plunge, and the water swept against the floor of the carriage. A moment more, and it flowed through the carriage and swayed it a little, and then one of the horses staggered, as if he had a mind to swim. A sharp word from the driver sent him floundering on, and soon the water grew more shallow, and the fright was over. The driver looked around with an air of triumph, and the passengers looked at each other and laughed nervously.

"There comes the red back into Allie's cheeks," said Frank. "I thought it was all washed out in the river."

"You needn't say anything; I believe you were frightened yourself."

"Well, I was glad for a minute that I could swim; but then I knew Jeff thought as much of his neck as I did of mine, and I didn't really think he'd risk it in any desperate undertaking."

"You can depend on that," said Jeff, emphatically. "I always calculate to make the best of my chances. There was a feller footin' 'round here last winter, pretendin' he could insure folks to live, without they killed thei'selves a purpose. Wanted me to pay him fifty dollars or so, and he'd make out a paper, tellin' me for sartin that I'd live twenty year, or else he'd pay me a thousand dollars. Don't catch me with any sech chaff."

The rest of the journey was accomplished without any adventures, and after the first discomfort was over, the travelers settled themselves for a day's ride in the rain, and made the best of it. They found Jeff exceedingly entertaining, for he gave them story after story of adventures by land and flood, which made the long hours pass rapidly.

"There's George," said Alice, just before sunset, as a figure in a slouched hat and dripping overcoat rose from a great farm wagon to look back at them.

"Hullo there!" called a gruff voice, to the driver.

"Hullo yourself!" said Jeff, in response.

The carriage came nearer, and George

was saluted by a chorus of voices from the travelers.

"I got uneasy 'bout ye," said he. "The creek swelled powerful, and I didn't know but ye'd got some fool of a driver that never see the Big Raccoon on the rampage."

"Don't you be sassy, old chap," said Jeff. "They ain't a pint of water 'tween here and the settlement I can't navigate."

"Does Jimmy know?" asked Frank, anxiously.

"Who? Squire Marvin?" said George, gravely. "No, I reckon he don't. He's up the river to see about lumber for the new 'cademy; but Sairy invited him over to supper. I 'lowed you'd be along 'bout to-night, if you wasn't swamped."

George drove rapidly on to show the way, and Jeff followed with a good heart, for he was glad enough to put an end to his long drive. The whole party was soon comfortably accommodated in George's great farm house, and Sarah was only too happy to be able to show her well-furnished home to Mrs. Warren. Alice flitted about the house, admiring everything, and yet showing a restlessness that brought a smile to Sarah's great, blue eyes, especially when she found her, over and over, rubbing the dripping window panes with her handkerchief, that she might catch a glimpse of the road over towards the settlement, or running to the top of the stairway, where there was a fine view of Jimmy's house.

It was quite dark when Jimmy came over, and, amid the general greetings, he surely had none from Alice, for she was nowhere to be found; but if Frank had not been a remarkable boy, he certainly would have told of a little figure that started up in the dusk from the foot of the stairway, and got the start of them all, in spite of wet overcoats.

"Whiskers! I declare!" said Mrs. Warren, turning Jimmy around. "I don't know you at all, with that great beard, my boy."

"Why not?" said Mr. Warren; "do you remember he's twenty-four years old? We shall have to leave off saying *Jimmy* to our young senator."

Jimmy blushed as brightly as Alice would have done, but even Mrs. Warren's critical eyes saw no lack of noble manliness in face and figure, and she took a real satisfaction in quietly assuring Alice that they all *felt proud of Jimmy*.

"It's no joke about the legislature," said Sarah, earnestly; "he really is going this winter, for George says so, and I'm sure there's nobody in these parts fitter."

Jimmy felt a new anxiety about the weather, for he was sorry to have his friends see Iowa under a cloud.

"I always get the kind of weather I want," said he, the next morning, looking out at the beautiful sunrise; "now everything will be as fresh as June."

It might have been June, instead of late September, for the prairies kept their vivid green, and the woods showed scarcely a tint of decay. The sky looked as blue as if washed forever from all storms, and the white mists went steaming up from the river, and floated away into thin films in the sunshine.

"O, mother," said Alice, "its like springtime instead of autumn."

Mrs. Warren looked into the tender, blue eyes, that were like nothing so much as April violets, and smiled to think that in one young heart it was springtime in spite of the almanacs.

A week passed pleasantly for all of them, and then Mrs. Warren began to think uneasily of the family at home.

"We'll start day after to-morrow," said Mr. Warren; "and now, James, I want you to invite your friends to come and hold a little jubilee in your house, for to-morrow the master comes into possession there."

There never was a merrier company than met in the farm house to welcome the young master to his estate; never were heartier good wishes than were showered upon him by old and young. And it was hard to tell whether Mr. Warren, or his wife, or the young master of the house, enjoyed the occasion most; for Jimmy had been a son to the Warrens for so many years, that they hardly realized that anything could make him nearer. Quiet Alice went from room to room with Frank and Jimmy, meeting all the strange faces with her own bright, winsome smile, that made the Scotch housekeeper say,

"She's no so grand as some, but she's a bonnie flower."

Old Deacon Hadley was there, with his sons and daughters, pointing all the young folks to the illuminated card which Jimmy still kept upon his wall.

*"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."*

"There's the grand secret of success, boys," he would say; "that's what made young Marvin's fortune, and that's what'll make anybody's fortune that will walk by it."

"He deserves his fortune, he does," said a rough-looking, young man, following Jimmy with admiring eyes. "Some folks are satisfied with climbing up themselves, but he's always been trying to help other folks along. He's the first man that ever cared what became of me, and I'll never forget it of him." Nor Tim won't.

And so, with kind words and hearty good wishes, Jimmy Marvin took his place

as a land owner among the independent farmers.

The hand of the diligent had wrought out for him not only wealth, but the *good name*, which is better than great riches. When he comes back, in the spring, from his sojourn at the State legislature, I think there will be a wedding at Shelby, and Mr. Warren will do one thing more for the Iowa farm, by giving it sweet Alice for a mistress.

## TO THE QUEEN OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

My creeping rose, come here, come here!  
Come up to my window pane.  
My beautiful pet, draw near, draw near!  
Hasten, my chamber to gain!  
Push upward your shoots of tender green—  
Come hither, come hither, my beautiful queen!

Do you know how I love you, my glorious rose?  
Do you know what you are to me?  
The handsomest flower that buds and blows!  
The fairest of all I see!  
Do you hear me open my window each day,  
To see how far you are on your way?

What do you think, as you steadily climb?  
Creeping by day and by night.  
Do you dream, dear rose, you can reach in time  
The moon, all silvery-bright?  
Do you haste to look out on the world afar?  
Do you long to reach up to a shining star?

Do you long to get up and touch the sky?  
Do you want to look over the house?  
Do you envy the birds that sing and fly,  
While you must creep, still as a mouse?  
Do you grow impatient that you must stay,  
In the self-same spot by night and day?

O, rose, dear rose! give up your pride,  
And take the love I give.  
The stars are far, the world is wide,  
With them you can never live.  
Come up to my window and stay with me,  
And I'll tell you what our life shall be.

There you shall stand, in the white moon rays,  
There you shall glow in the sun.  
I will open my window, and let you gaze  
Within, on all I have done,  
And at night when I lie on my bed asleep,  
I shall dream that you to my bedside creep.

I will give you water, pure and bright,  
Whenever you are athirst;  
I will watch your buds with deep delight,  
And hail them when they burst.  
And in winter when all is cold and drear,  
I will cover you warm, and keep you near.

So we'll live together, my darling flower,  
You, in your nest of green,  
I, in my happy, prairie bower,  
With you for my prairie queen,  
And the fragrance they say you do not own,  
You will give to me, when we are alone.

For, queen of the prairie, I know your heart;  
At the core it is sweet as day,  
Only you have the wonderful art  
Of hiding its sweetness away;  
Its fragrance you keep for the loved and dear.  
Haste, queen of the prairie, come here, come here!

## THE FAIRY RAILROAD.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

"Wide enough, wide enough—it will be wide enough, child," and Uncle Hepworth rubbed his eyes, wiped his mouth, and suddenly sat up very straight in his chair, staring wildly around the room.

"What do you mean?" cried Nellie.

The old man looked straight into Nellie's face, and her laughing eyes gradually woke him up, and put meaning and merriment into his face.

"Do you know what you said just now, Uncle?"

"I didn't say anything."

"O, didn't you though, you darling old dreamer? You said 'it will be wide enough, child.' What did you mean? What would be wide enough? a path, a stream, a door, a gate, a curtain, a fringe, a seam—what did you think would be 'wide enough?'"

Then Uncle Hepworth laughed one of his own laughs; hearty, jolly, glorious. What a great music box he is! He'll fill a whole house with melody and joy. May he have length of days, and life where there are no days to measure away the perfection of blessedness.

"It was a good dream—a 'mighty' good dream," he said.

Uncle caught the word 'mighty' in the North, where he used to spend his winters. I love to hear him use it, once in a while.

"But what *was* the dream?"

Then Uncle Hepworth began: "In my sleep I saw a broad plain, bounded by distant hills. The plain was covered with green grass. Here and there I saw a patch of wild flowers. Near me, in the midst of the plain, stood a child, whose long, golden hair was floating in the breeze. With the little backs of both hands pressed tightly against her eyes, she wept bitterly. Then an angel, or a fairy—there are fairies in dreamland, you know—came near and said; 'Why do you weep, child?' The weeper replied; 'My home is yonder, far away yonder, by the hills, and I can find no path. The grass is deep and I am weary. My sad mother wonders, and waits, and weeps that I do not come. I am lost, lost, lost!' and she sobbed more violently.

"The fairy looked toward the sky. I wondered what she sought. Soon she caught two butterflies and two spiders. She placed a spider on each butterfly's back, then waving her wand toward the west, the butterflies started. As they sailed, the spiders spun, and two long, silvery threads were left behind them. As I looked, the threads turned into solid bars of gold, and as they approached the ground, were upheld by low blocks of marble. So, as far as I could see, a fairy railroad stretched

out, and still the butterflies flew, and the spiders spun, and the golden rails rested on their marble pillars.

"Then the golden haired child wondered, and wished she were on the butterfly's back, and wept again. The fairy lifted her wand toward the sky, and a fleecy cloud rolled itself into a pillowy shape, and dropped down toward the weeper and the fairy. As it came near, the cloud seemed to have four wings. As it touched the earth, each wing turned into a wheel, and the body of cloud into a chariot of pearl, and lo! a fairy car rested on the road. Then the worker of all this wonder said,

"No more tears. Enter the car and take this wand. Every time you raise and lower it the wheels will turn. If you do not grow weary, in this car of pearl, on this golden road you shall reach your home."

"The child mounted the car. She raised the wand. The car moved, but her faith failed her. Again and again she stopped and wept. The patient fairy bore with all her fears, answering her complaints and objections.

"The child once cried out, 'I'm afraid the car will turn over.' Again, 'won't these rails break?' Again she said, 'I'm so afraid this road won't reach all the way home.' Then again she said, 'what if another car comes from the other way, and breaks mine to pieces.'

"I grew tired of all this, and said to the fairy, 'Tell the child to look ahead. Let her see the road as it stretches far away over the plain.' The fairy did so, but the child wept the more. 'O, I see,' she cried, 'that the road grows narrow as it goes, and off yonder the rails meet, so that my car cannot go on them. O, I shall never reach home.'

"Then I cried out, 'It will be wide enough, child.' Just then I woke."

"But did the child go on?" I asked.

"Indeed, I don't know. You or somebody woke me, and now, weeper, fairy, spiders, butterflies, marble pillars, flowery meadow, golden rails, and chariot of pearl, are all gone."

"I'm so sorry—so sorry," said Nellie.

"The lesson lingers when the dream is departed," replied Uncle Hepworth; "don't you know we are all placed on a golden road by our good Master? It is our only way home. Yet we are always full of fears, always finding some fault, doubting when we should be trusting, standing when we should be moving on, weeping when we should rejoice. As the rails in the distance seem to lose their proper place, and come so close to each other as to make any advance impossible, so we see imaginary troubles ahead in life. We must learn, children, that the way will be wide enough for us, if we trust in God, and go on."

Nellie whispered to me as we went out to tea, that evening,

"The Sweet Briar Dell Railroad put a dream into Uncle Hepworth's head, and his good heart found a sermon in his dream."



OUR LITTLE FRED.

BY PRUDY.

Good morning, Mr. Corporal,  
I'm Frederick the Great  
Upon my noble war horse  
I'm riding out in state.  
A hundred thousand soldiers  
Are coming just at hand,  
I wave my sword so bravely,  
And give them my command.

We're going to rule this country,  
I've heard them call us *kings*,  
And then we'll show you, Corporal,  
A different state of things.  
For all the boys and girls shall do  
Exactly as they choose,  
And what they want to eat and drink,  
No one shall dare refuse.

We'll feast on cakes and candies,  
And never taste of bread.  
We'll sit up every evening,  
Till grown folks go to bed  
For I don't see any reason  
Why what is good for you,  
Should be so very dreadful  
For little chaps to do.

Good morning, Mr. Corporal,  
I really couldn't stay;  
I'm going to lead my soldiers  
A thousand miles to-day.  
My horse is named Bucephalus,  
He doesn't like to wait.  
Now toss your cap and say, "Hurrah  
For Frederick the Great!"

## THE SILENT CITY.—A FANCY.

BY J. A. BELLOW.

A sleepy old town, lying by the sea. Now and then I hear the dash of the waves, that have an infinite sorrow in their murmur. What place may it be? I ask; but there comes no answer. Verily, the city of the Silent. No people walk in the streets; the sun shines brightly on the pavements, but there are no men and women bustling hither and thither. I listen but I hear no sound that betokens life or motion. There is no hammering at the neighboring carpenter's, the school house is deserted, though the sun is shining brightly in at the windows. Am I dreaming? I walk through the deserted streets, and I am frightened at my own footsteps; my shadow on the white wall makes me start. There is such a terrible stillness.

The Silent City! Have you ever heard of it? The *people* have all died long ago, long ago—they're in the little graveyard, under the hill, all at rest. But still the *place* is the same. The birds sing as madly in the branches, and the sun shines as brightly as of yore; but there are no merry children dancing in its radiance, no mothers sit watching them at the windows, the fathers have all gone to that distant country whence no traveler returns to reveal its mystery. And I walk through the City of the Silent.

O, ye dead! O, ye dead! I hear your voices on every breeze that blows; your faces rise before me till I know not if I be alive or as one of you.

Again, in fancy, the silent city wakes to its life, its old, every day life, with every day cares and trials, sorrows and joys.

The farmer goes forth to his work in the field, as the lark starts from the meadow—the wild, joyous lark, carolling a song of love, and hope, and promise, bearing the message of earth up to the bright, blue heaven.

Again the doctor starts on his daily rounds—the kind, old doctor, who has laughed and rejoiced, has mourned and sorrowed, as they have wept, and sorrowed, and rejoiced.

In fancy I see the smoke curl from the low chimneys, and the busy housewives chatter about the doorways. Little children go dancing by, two by two, two by two; their faces are bright in the sunshine—dear little faces that were quiet long ago!

Hark! I hear the drone of the neighboring mill, and the jovial miller stands as of yore, rubbing his great, brown hands.

And then—suddenly the phantoms vanish. I hear the children's laughter, faint and far away; the whirring of the mill comes to my ears like music in a dream;



and still I walk through the deserted streets.

The bright sun shines on every rock and tree; on the little brook that dances, and babbles like a tired child, in its sleep; still the birds sing in the trees—but I start at my shadow on the white wall, and my footsteps frighten me as I walk through the Silent City.

### WHERE'S MY BABY?

BY KATE WOODLAND.

Where's my baby? where's my baby?

But a little while ago,  
In my arms I held one fondly,  
And a robe of lengthened flow  
Covered little knees so dimpled,  
And each pink and chubby toe.

Where's my baby? I remember  
Now about the shoes so red,  
Peeping from his shortened dresses,  
And the bright curls on his head;  
Of the little teeth, so pearly!  
And the first sweet words he said.

Where's my baby? In the door yard  
Is a boy with shingled hair,  
Whittling, as he tries to whistle,  
With a big boy's manly air;  
With his pants within his boot tops,  
But my baby is not there.

Where's my baby? Ask that urchin,  
Let me hear what he will say:  
"Where's your baby, ma?" he questioned,  
With a roguish look and way;  
"Guess he's grown to be a boy, now,  
Big enough to work and play."

Where's my baby? where's my baby?  
Ah! the years fly on apace!  
Yesterday I held and kissed it,  
In its loveliness and grace;  
But, to-morrow, sturdy manhood  
Takes the little baby's place.

### THE PICTURE STORIES IN SCHOOLS.

COLLEGE HILL, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1868.

Mr. A. L. Sewell, Editor of "The Little Corporal":  
Sir—Having been a friend and patron of your gallant "Little Corporal" for several years, I write to ask if you will not be kind enough to publish the picture stories as you formerly did, without the answers being given until the next month?

Being principal of the Union School, at this place, I find those "stories" a great help to the children, in their early efforts at "Composition writing," and as prizes have been offered for the best written stories during the year, they are very anxious to succeed, so wished me to write, asking you "to give only the Pictures," so that they cannot know anything of the written story, until they have done what they could toward writing a good composition from it. Respectfully yours,

HARRIET N. WILSON,  
Principal of College Hill Union School.

ANSWER.—Our Picture Stories are used as above indicated in a good many schools, and as we judge that they will be extremely useful to all teachers who will use them in this way, we shall be glad to gratify our friends by giving the pictures in a way satisfactory to them. But there are also others who want the readings and pictures to go together. So we have determined that during the coming year we will try to please both parties, by giving in each number one picture story with the reading accompanying, and one with the reading deferred till the following number. We hope to give you something unusually good in this department, the coming year.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1868.

### TWO MONTHS FREE.

All new subscribers for 1869, whose names and money are sent to us before the last of December, will receive the November and December numbers of this year (1868) free, being fourteen numbers for One Dollar. This applies to all, whether sent singly or in clubs.

Send us a club of new subscribers, and we will pay you for your time and trouble. Begin to work on the day this number comes. Every family should have THE LITTLE CORPORAL, whether it has children or not. It is the Great Magazine for children and for all people who have young hearts. It will make every family happier, and enable them the better to give pleasure and entertainment to visitors, whether young or old. The fact that it has already, when but a little over three years old, a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world, is proof of its great acceptability.

Everybody needs it; it will be easy for you to raise a club. And remember, too, that when circulating THE LITTLE CORPORAL you are not only earning a premium, but doing good, enlisting others in the great fight "against the wrong, and for the Good, the True and the Beautiful."

The recent enlargement and improvements add very much to its value. Our immense circulation has enabled us to make these improvements without raising the price. THE LITTLE CORPORAL, being entirely original, and first class in every respect, is now, without doubt, the cheapest magazine in the world.

### OUR WATCH PREMIUM.

When you have read the "Story of a Watch," the first article in this number of our magazine, turn to the Premium List and read about the watches there. Then determine that you will earn one of those beautiful and useful premiums. If you do not succeed in securing a full club, write to us, and we will give you a chance to make up a part in money, as we do in like cases with other premiums.

### "UP, GUARDS, AND AT THEM!"

#### NOW FOR A CHARGE ALONG THE WHOLE LINE!

December and January are the great months in the year for raising clubs. Now is the time to fill our quota. Remember, the new call is for

#### ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!

We want one hundred thousand new subscribers this winter. THE CORPORAL has already a larger circulation than any other Juvenile Magazine in the world. We do not shrink from showing our figures. We printed seventy thousand copies, full count, on the November number, and eighty thousand copies, full count, on this December number.

And now boys and girls—and men and women—all friends of the good and the true, we want one hundred thousand more; come join with us in giving THE CORPORAL to every family in our broad land. "Nothing succeeds like success." THE LITTLE CORPORAL has succeeded so grandly that it is very easy to raise a club for it, if you will only begin, and work with a will.

When you induce any one to take THE CORPORAL, you are opening to that person a great storehouse of good things. You are conferring a benefit for which your friends will thank you as long as they live.

Read carefully our Premium List, etc., on the last two pages of this magazine, (which are added this month,) and begin now to raise as large a club as possible. Send the money and names as soon as you have even a few, so that all may begin to receive their numbers at once.

### EDITORIAL.

In spite of faith or philosophy, there is something sad in the feelings with which we draw near to the close of the year. Already we begin to write "'68" on our letters and papers with a kind of regret and surprise at the discovery that so little is left to us of the year. It seems such a little while that it has been with us, and looking back over its weeks and months, we feel that we have accomplished so small a part of all we meant to do in them.

How good, and brave, and gentle, we meant to grow! How we meant to fight with all the faults and follies of our natures, and conquer the sins that so easily led us astray! Well, after all, we may have made some progress, though we cannot yet count upon the victory. At least, we never mean to give it up—not in "'68," or "'69," or "'70," or in any of the years we may live to see. Sometimes we think we have more things to trouble and hinder us in this work than anyone else. But then we must remember that the good Lord has promised us strength according to our day, and we must meet these trials bravely, and make the best of them.

There was a vine in my garden, last summer, that taught me a beautiful lesson of how a brave, patient spirit might overcome troubles. It was growing finely, and pushing out leaves and blossoms, when some one dropped a stone on it, and crushed it to the ground. "Poor, little vine," I thought, "you will have to stop growing, now." But after a few days I saw how the little thing had found strength to creep out from under the stone, though it could not lift it off,

and in a few weeks it crept all over it, and covered it with leaves and flowers.

"Brave, little vine!" I said, "I'll remember you if trouble comes to me."

And when the fierce heat dried and parched the ground, my little vine made a spot of tender green, for the stone shaded its roots and kept them cool and moist. So I saw that *some* good might come from even our heaviest misfortunes.

Do you know what has made me think of this? A lady has been telling me of a visit she made to the Asylum for the Blind, in Columbus, Ohio. One of the pupils was an old acquaintance of hers, a boy who lost his sight by a painful accident. He seemed so peaceful and happy in his new home, that the lady could not help expressing her surprise.

"O," said the boy, "*I wouldn't see again if I could.* We are all so happy here; and when I had my eyes, I saw so much sin and suffering. Nothing troubles us now."

And the matron could not say enough in praise of the boy—of his patience and his cheerful, happy obedience. I thought of my little vine, and that the boy's blindness was like the stone, which his happy heart had covered with beauty.

Emily Huntington Miller.

### THE KING OF PREMIUMS.

The *Queen* of Premiums is our beautiful Organ, which is so popular wherever it goes; the Crown Princess is "Red Ridinghood." For a good while our Premium List has been looking for a King. And who so fit for king as he who can march through the farmer's fields and gather in his strong arms the golden harvests and the waving grass, to be stored away in the great barns to feed the world—the people in the million homes, and the cattle on the thousand hills.

And so, when the Premiums had a meeting in THE LITTLE CORPORAL office, they decided, with one voice, to crown as their king one of those great *Reaping Machines* which are doing so much to lighten the labors of the modern world, and would make old "Boaz" almost turn in his grave, if one could pass near the place where he sleeps.

And when we came to choose among the best, what one would give universal satisfaction to the Farmer Boy or Man who should gain it, or sell quickly if it should be gained by some one not a farmer, (for this will be a great premium to be gained by Men, Women, Boys, or Girls, and sold for money,) we chose

THE BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER, made by Aultman, Miller & Co., Akron, Ohio, and sold all over the Union to the live and intelligent farmers, who have learned that if they would gain money and keep their health and vigor to a green old age, they must let the magnificent machinery of modern days do their heavy work—one man with this great machine doing the work of ten.

Indeed, the planting and Reaping Machines are becoming, more and more, great necessities. Our own country had not men enough to spare

during the war, and it has not men enough now to feed all the hungry mouths, if it were not for these great giants. More wonderful and useful they are than all the ogres and giants of old, that helped people out of difficulties, or led them into trouble, as their tempers moved them. This "BUCKEYE" giant is a *good giant*, we know, and will bring prosperity wherever he goes; and we can have five hundred, if we wish, to send off as premiums the coming year. See more about it on the Premium List pages.

But remember this, that among all these Kings and Queens, Princesses and Giants, THE LITTLE CORPORAL is their ruler, for is he not in America, where the private citizen (and that means you, too, my reader) is greater than a king?

## N. B.

YOUR TIME EXPIRES THIS MONTH.  
RENEW AT ONCE.

"Dec 8," OR "Dec 68."

Many thousand subscriptions on our books expire this month. All such names have printed after them on the little, colored label, "Dec 8," or else "Dec 68."

Let all such *renew at once*. As soon as this number reaches you, send to us, directly, your names and money for another year.

Do it now, before our lists are taken apart and made over for the new year. Thus you will save us a great deal of trouble, and be sure to receive your next number promptly.

### MRS. MILLER'S NEW STORY.

Mrs. Miller's new story for 1869 will begin in the January No., and will be entitled, "A Year at Riverside Farm." To those who have read her stories for the last three years, we need not promise a rich treat. They all *know* that this new story will be full of interest, and be, of itself, worth many times the price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL for a year. Mrs. Miller, in all her stories, aims, and succeeds in her endeavors, not only to interest, but to teach her readers how to lead truer lives. She makes her readers love and honor her model characters, and desire to be like them. She gives us no characters so impossible that they are obliged to die young. Her model characters are flesh and blood, subject to all the trials and temptations that you and I have to pass through, conquering only by the helps that all of us will have, if we are willing to try and be true.

A letter from Connecticut says: "Many were the exclamations of sorrow in our home, because it was announced in the November No. that Mrs. Miller's "Royal Road to Fortune," was to be concluded in the December No., and fears were expressed that she could not write another one as interesting."

Another letter says: "Our children are so much interested in Jimmy Marvin that they wish

Mrs. Miller would keep the story going all the time. They are so sorry to have it *end* at all."

Never fear, friends, when you know Mrs. Miller as well as our old patrons do, you will never fear to have her end a story, and begin a new one. We certainly expect a rare treat for all in "A Year at Riverside Farm." A. L. S.

### TO ALL WHO ARE RAISING CLUBS.

Remember the following points; they may help you in securing names to your club:

1st.—*The Little Corporal* is the cheapest of all the magazines, when we consider the quantity and quality of its matter, and its low price.

2d.—It is only because of its immense circulation that we are enabled to furnish it at the low price, and people everywhere should take advantage of this low price, which the great circulation gives, rather than pay a higher price for a poorer magazine, merely because its limited circulation compels the Publishers to charge the higher price.

3d.—*The Corporal* is entirely original and first class in every respect.

4th.—It is the best thing of the kind published for Boys and Girls, and besides this, is just as interesting to "older people who have young hearts."

5th.—It is the best thing in the world for the price, for a *holiday gift*. Everybody will soon be looking out for holiday gifts for their young friends. Let them subscribe for *The Corporal*, during the month of December, and thus secure the two months free, and their gift will then be repeated fourteen times for one dollar.

6th.—*The Corporal* gives the very best matter for all old people to read, if they want to keep their hearts warm and young; therefore they want it for themselves even if they have no children of their own.

7th.—If you can induce persons to subscribe for back volumes as well as for 1869, every dollar sent for back volumes will count the same as new subscriptions. In this way you can raise a larger club.

8th.—Send on the names as rapidly as possible, when you have even a few, so that they can be receiving their numbers. Then, when your club is full, claim the premium you have gained.

### A HOLIDAY GIFT.

Nothing can be more beautiful or acceptable for a Holiday Gift than THE LITTLE CORPORAL for one year. It will give continual happiness through the whole year. Send for it before the close of December. The November and December numbers of this year will be sent to all new names.

A most delightful Holiday Gift would be a bound copy of THE LITTLE CORPORAL from July '65 to December '68, seven volumes, bound in one, which we will send to any address, post paid, on receipt of five dollars.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

MARKS' FIRST LESSONS IN GEOMETRY.—12 mo., 156 pages. Published by Iveson, Phinny & Blake-man, New York. "Designed for the use of Primary Classes," "constructed for the purpose of instructing large classes, and with reference to being used, also by teachers who have no knowledge of Geometry."

We consider it an important addition to our list of school books, deserving to be generally introduced.

A BOOK ABOUT BOYS. By A. R. Hope, author of "A Book about Dominies." Published by Roberts Bros., of Boston, 1868. A sensible book, that should be read by all parents and teachers. We shall probably take occasion to notice this book more at length when we have more room. We do not agree with the author in all he has written, but relish his work so well as to finish it at "one sitting."

LITTLE WOMEN, or Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, by Louisa M. Alcott. 341 pages. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE GOLDEN ROBIN. A fine collection of sacred and secular music, as well as practical exercises, etc., "for the use of juvenile classes, public schools, and seminaries." We notice in the book quite a number of songs from our valued friend and contributor, Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. 224 pages. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

## THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO.

## RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming Chromo of Mr. Beard's great Painting is giving great delight wherever it is seen.

We might give many extracts from notices by prominent editors, but content ourselves with one by Dr. W. W. Patton, editor of *The Advance*. In an editorial article, among other things, he says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *fac simile* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Prang's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars!"

We send the chromo by express, mounted, varnished, and ready for framing, for a club of fourteen subscribers. The cash price is ten dollars. As Dr. Patton says in the above extract, it "would be cheap at fifteen" dollars.

Where any one prefers to send a partial club, and pay the balance in money, we send the Chromo for nine subscribers at \$1 each, and two dollars besides.

Send on the clubs and secure this superb work of art.

**THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.**—Our Premium for a club of three subscribers, the superb steel line engraving of The Heavenly Cherubs, from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is very much admired by all who see it. It is one of the finest and best steel engravings ever executed in this country, and sells readily for two dollars. It is sent by mail, post paid, on a strong roller, for a club of three subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, at the regular price.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
Chicago, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company:

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of *The Little Corporal*. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your institution may give to the West more like this, which must gladden every lover of art.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,  
GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

THE NEW NEWSPAPER AND  
MUSIC FILE, OR BINDER.

I have now received from the factory nearly all lengths of the File, and am taking measures to have them introduced to the public, through the hands of newspaper publishers in every county, as rapidly as possible. Ask your county Publisher to send for my wholesale price list. Your cheapest way is to purchase your supply, either for use or sale, from him. I can send by mail the size for *THE CORPORAL*, on receipt of 35 cts., which will cover the price of *File* and letter postage on same. The Files were patented in 1861, but as the inventor, Mr. White, is a minister, and has spent a great part of the time

since his invention was patented, as a chaplain in the army, this product of his ingenuity has remained in his study at home, and not been given to the public. I have now purchased his letters patent, and hope to give these files a lodgment in every house in America.

I give below the sizes and prices. Send for a circular, giving full description and letters of recommendation from many distinguished men.

No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —15c. each.	No. 21—40c. each.
No. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 22—40c. "
No. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 23—45c. "
No. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 24—45c. "
No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 25—45c. "
No. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 27—45c. "
No. 14—30c. "	No. 29—50c. "
No. 15—35c. "	No. 31—50c. "
No. 16—35c. "	No. 33—50c. "
No. 18—40c. "	No. 35—50c. "

The numbers above indicate the length of the Files in inches. Thus, No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long; No. 16 is 16 inches long; and so of the rest. The File should be  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches longer than the fold in the back of the paper to be filed on it.

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME VII.

	Page.
A Bird Story .....	Juliet Gleason. 26
Another True Ghost Story .....	Mrs. Mary H. J. 37
Bertie's Visit to the Barber .....	Ernest Haven. 60
Bianca .....	E. F. Milton. 21
Blind Joshua .....	W. O. C. 19
Dolly Snow's Call on the Clam Family .....	Miss Sarah J. Pritchard. 7
Dolly Snow Going Bony Fishing .....	Miss Sarah J. Pritchard. 36
Early Use of Hairdye .....	Bishop T. A. Morris. 53
Editorial .....	12, 28, 44, 61, 78, 93
Four Year Old Freddy .....	Abby Sage. 55
Fred and Fanny in Italy .....	Caroline Marsh Crane. 19, 40, 55, 68
Game of the Great Mogul .....	0. 29
Gold and Greenbacks .....	Thos. K. Beecher. 15
How We went Nutting .....	Felicia Ross Johnson. 67
Jaunty Carl .....	Annie T. Howells. 76
Laughing Carl .....	Ada J. Moore. 53
Lita's Lesson .....	Alta Grant. 36
Little Squirrel's Temptation .....	Lucia Chase Bell. 85
Mamie Bergen's Mistake .....	Anna North. 52
Milly's Faith .....	Mrs. Ida Southworth Hubner. 35
Nedicks .....	Lucia Chase Bell. 77
Nelly Hopkins' "celebration." .....	Lucia F. Snow. 33
No-name .....	Thos. K. Beecher. 86
One Hundred Years Ago .....	Hannah Thiristin. 11
Paper .....	Thos. K. Beecher. 31
Paul Puffer's Temperance Meeting .....	Julia M. Thayer. 17
Private Queer's Knapsack .....	15, 31, 47, 64, 80, 96
"Put the Bright Side Out to Mother." .....	Kate Woodland. 44
Red Birds' .....	Maria. 54
Russel's Resolve .....	Faith Latimer. 27
The Colorado Expedition .....	Prof. W. H. Daniels. 42
The Dearest Friend .....	Alta Grant. 10
The Dreamer .....	J. A. Belkows. 69
The Fairy Railroad .....	J. H. Vincent. 91
The Front Seat .....	Mrs. Julia P. Ballard. 49
The Giraffe in the Farm Yard .....	Paul Peregrine. 96
The Grand Rocky Mountain Campaign .....	Prof. W. H. Daniels. 4
The Mocking Genius .....	Julia M. Thayer. 65
The Rocky Mountain Expedition .....	Prof. W. H. Daniels. 57, 73
The Royal Road to Fortune .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 8, 22, 38, 50, 70, 87
The Silent City .....	J. A. Belkows. 92
The Story of a Watch .....	81
The Sweet Briar Dell Railroad .....	J. H. Vincent. 26
The S. B. D. Railroad Company .....	J. H. Vincent. 54
The Thirty Dollar Railroad .....	J. H. Vincent. 76
Too Large for her Age .....	Julia F. Snow. 1
Tudie's Pilgrimage .....	Lucia Chase Bell. 25
Wild Flowers of July .....	Mary Lorimer. 6
Wild Flowers of August .....	Mary Lorimer. 27

## Poetry—

A Baby's Grave .....	Leona. 4
A Cloud .....	Julia M. Thayer. 60
Adine's Guest .....	Alta Grant. 19
A Maiden's Blush .....	H. E. B. 77
A Picture .....	Prudy. 21
A Rainy Day .....	Johnny. 11
Baby Blessings .....	Mrs. E. D. Harrington. 54
Buttons .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 44
Children at Play .....	Emily J. Bugbee. 40
Counting Baby's Toes .....	Prudy. 35
Daisy's Lesson .....	J. A. Belkows. 36
Dreaming .....	Edna M. S. 66

## Poetry—

Emily .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 55
Fancy's Car .....	Julia M. Thayer. 84
Forget Me Not .....	Mrs. E. D. Harrington. 76
For Little Bell .....	Kate Woodland. 25
French and English Rhymes .....	Mary B. C. Slade. 86
Going to Sleep .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 6
Johnny's Lesson .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 6
Little Rhymes for Little French Scholars .....	Mary B. C. Slade. 57
Lullaby .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 73
Meadow Thrush .....	Emily J. Bugbee. 12
Morning Music .....	Luella Clark. 1
Our Little Fred .....	Prudy. 92
Pearlie .....	Emily J. Bugbee. 87
Promoted .....	Geo. H. Bungey. 68
Red Ridinghood .....	M. E. N. Hatheway. 60
Rhymes for Freddie .....	Prudy. 22
The Firefly .....	Mary A. P. Humphrey. 8
The Kitten's Complaint .....	Johnny. 53
The Mill and the Miller .....	Felicia H. Ross. 26
The Naughty Little Wren .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 4
The Six Kittens .....	Julia M. Thayer. 69
The Tea Party .....	Kate. 7
The Truant .....	Felicia H. Ross. 52
To the Queen of the Prairie .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 91
Unsatisfied .....	Lotta H. Rose. 75
Waiting .....	M. E. N. Hatheway. 33
Winter .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 81
When I am a Man .....	Prudy. 17
Where's my Baby! .....	Kate Woodland. 93
White and Azure .....	Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. 38
White Clover .....	Luella Clark. 53

Music—By Geo. F. Root and James R. Murray. Words by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

Heavenly Shepherd .....	9
Evening Hymn .....	24
Work .....	41
Saviour, Thou hast bid me Follow .....	56
The Pure in Heart .....	72
Counting Baby's Toes .....	Music by Prof. Jas. Harrison. 88

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 10 cts.

Office, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Volumes begin with January and July. Subscriptions may be sent at any time, and must begin either with the January, April, July, or October numbers. Unless the time to begin is specified, we will commence all subscriptions with the beginning of current volume, as all pages are electrotyped, and back numbers can always be furnished.

**HOW TO REMIT**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of *ALFRED L. SEWELL*.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the Registry fee, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending only one dollar, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

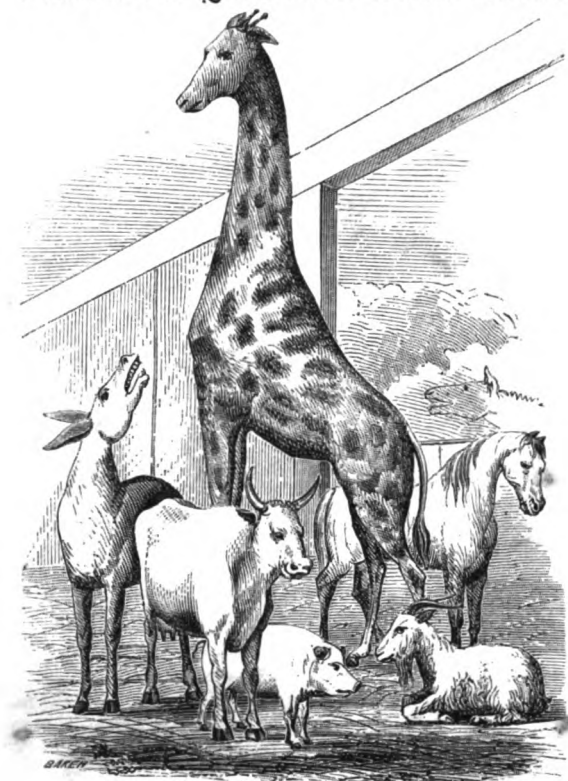
**ADVERTISEMENTS**—(Select, first class, only.)—Will be inserted on the cover, at the rate of \$1.50 a line on second and fourth pages, and \$1.00 a line on the third page, each insertion—counting three columns to a page, and 132 lines in a column, making 396 lines to a page, inside of border rules. For advertisements occupying large space, or running several months, a reasonable discount will be allowed. The rates for space in margins outside the border are higher, and can be learned by applying to the publisher.

When more advertisements than will go on the Cover are received for any one number, we will, unless we have orders to the contrary, put them on the extra leaf which is added for Premium List, and charge same as for space on Third page of Cover.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL,**  
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.



THE GIRAFFE IN THE FARM YARD.

A giraffe that had strayed from a menagerie found its way into a farm yard, and at once became the center of an admiring group of animals, who praised him for his great height, his beautiful spots, his dignity of appearance, his strength, and his refined manners. And the giraffe, being puffed up with conceit, held his head very high, and ventured to say,

"This is all very true. I am indeed a magnificent beast, and you do right to honor me above my fellows. There is not in all the land anything like me."

Now a surly ass, who had never received a compliment in his life, and who, being himself proof against flattery, was fond of repressing vanity in others, overheard this remark, and immediately replied, in a voice that had not grown musical with much cultivation,

"Indeed! you are a beautiful and wonderful animal, truly! But of what use, pray, is your long neck? You might feed, it is true, upon the tree tops, but this is a prairie country, and you will be obliged to stoop very low to eat grass with the useful animals you see around you. There is no shelter which is tall enough to accommodate your highness, and you will be obliged, therefore, to remain out of doors during the cold nights. Your immense strength is not available for drawing loads or bearing burdens, you can therefore be of no use to man except as a curiosity for the vulgar crowd to look at. There remains only your speckled hide on which you can felicitate yourself, and that, I doubt not, will one day be stripped from you, stuffed, and placed in a museum, a proper reward for your vanity and conceit."

Thus spake the ass, and the remaining animals turned away,

fully convinced that those graces and accomplishments which unfit their possessor for the practical duties of life are worse than useless.

*Paul Peregrine*

#### No. 70.—CHARADE.

When meadows wear their summer sheen,  
On hill and dale my first is seen;  
My next, we read in holy book,  
Is where a ploughman should not look;  
My whole is good if rightly used,  
And yet by many is abused.

*Johnny.*

#### No. 71.—CHARADE.

By the sea my first is spread,  
Countless as the stars o'erhead;  
While from thievish hands my last  
Keeps your treasure bolted fast;  
In my whole, a roving band  
Make their homes without a hand.

*Gerty.*

#### NO. 72.—RIDDLE.

Dancing all the summer long,  
Lightfoot sang her merry song;  
In her robe of emerald drest,  
Sunshine sparkling on her breast.

Silent now her merry song,  
Lightfoot slowly creeps along.  
O'er her bosom folded tight,  
Clings a robe of spotless white  
In the sunshine and the rain,  
Lightfoot, will you wake again?

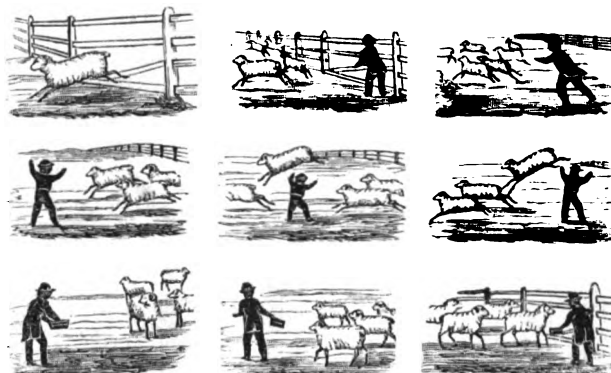
*Prudy.*

#### No. 73.—RIDDLE.

The printer taught me how to talk,  
The lame man taught me how to walk,  
The school boy found that I was sweet,  
And taught me I was made to eat.

*M.*

#### No. 69.—A PICTURE STORY.



This story tells how the farmer caught his sheep. But he did not catch them in the way he expected to. A bar was down in the fence one day, and the farmer's sheep thought they would go out and take a walk. They wanted to see if the grass was any sweeter over in the next pasture, than it was in their own. As soon as the farmer found out that his sheep had gone away, he ran after them. And so they ran down the long pasture, and then out into a road that led away off, ever so far. A boy who was going along the road, saw the sheep running and the man after them. He had sense enough in his head to see that the man wanted to catch the sheep, so he spread out his arms and stood across the road. The first sheep came running up to the boy, stopped a moment, and then jumped straight over the boy's head. Then, one after the other, all the rest of the sheep did the same; and so they ran on, and the boy stood as if he could not tell what had happened. That's the way the sheep do, and it's a brave way—jump straight over all difficulties.

But the farmer thought of another plan. He took some salt in a measure, and rattled it, and shook it at them. "Something good," they said to themselves, so they began to stop and look around. Then they all came running back to get the salt. This is the way the farmer caught his sheep; he caught them with salt. So you see, it is easier to coax than to drive.

*W. O. C.*

#### ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 67.—Charade.—Child-hood. No. 68.—Riddle.—Dewdrop.

# PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS.

READ ALL ON THESE TWO PAGES.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. The price of this picture is \$1.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of four, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a copy of Shober's elegant engraving of the great reformer, Martin Luther, (which contains in the margin fourteen smaller engravings, illustrating "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family;") the price of which is \$2.50.

4. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted like an oil painting, and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

The same premium will be sent to any who send nine subscribers, at \$1 each, and two dollars in money beside. The price of the Chromo, mounted on canvas, is ten dollars. We do not sell it not mounted.

5. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see other articles in this page, and the next.

6. REAPER AND MOWER Premium. See articles on next page, and write for descriptive pamphlets, &c.

7. All who send five names, (with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,)) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

8. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, 1868, or 1869. The six must all be sent at one time.

9. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. Write for particulars.

10. The Self-Binder. Send for circular.

11. Books. See another article on this page.

12. Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See another article on this page.

13. ELGIN WATCHES, MADE BY NATIONAL WATCH CO., which leading jewelers pronounce to be the BEST MADE WATCHES IN AMERICA, FOR THE PRICE, and equal to the finest European watches, for accurate time, THAT COST DOUBLE OR THREE TIMES THE MONEY; will be sent as premiums, every watch to have the finest 3 oz. silver case, and forwarded by express, as follows: (The prices given are the lowest regular city retail prices. In many places they are sold at prices considerably higher than those here given.)

Prices of Watches.	Sent as Premium for a club of	Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money will write for terms to the publisher of <i>The Little Corporal</i> .
\$30.00	75 subscribers at \$1.00 each.	
35.00	85 "	
40.00	100 "	
60.00	130 "	
75.00	175 "	

The above are all hunting case Watches.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 7, (the club of six).

Back numbers count in a club, same as current volume, so that in raising large clubs it is worth while to induce new subscribers to begin with July 1865, which was the first No. Back numbers can always be furnished.

FROM HARPER & BROTHER'S CATALOGUE:

7—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature..... 2.00  
5—Dr. Hooker's Natural History..... 1.50

Our subscribers of course remember that Dr. Hooker is the Uncle Worthy who gave us so many entertaining articles last year, and whose death was chronicled in our columns. His scientific books for children are not surpassed, being full of the most valuable instruction, and as interesting as the most exciting stories. His works are published by Harper Brothers. We can furnish any book that is published by the Harpers at rates similar to those at which we offer Dr. Hooker's; or we can furnish any of their larger books or sets of books as we do the Organs, for part subscribers and part money.

MRS. HENSHAW'S BOOK, "OUR BRANCH," will be sent by mail, post paid, for a club of nine subscribers to *The Little Corporal*.

The following books, from Hurd & Houghton's Catalogue, will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	Price.....
6—Italian Journeys. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	2.00
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Aesop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—That Good Old Time. By Vieux Moustache, Illustrated.....	1.75
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.55
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.25
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

## IN CLUB WITH THE LARGER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *The Little Corporal* in club with the larger magazines, etc., for one year, as follows:

Harper's Magazine (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	\$4.00
Harper's Weekly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Harper's Bazar (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Atlantic Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Putnam's Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Hours at Home (\$3) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.25
Phrenological Journal (\$5) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.00

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

### AND PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of *Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos*, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

### PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of forty subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, price \$130.00.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

To those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced or smaller and lower-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## "ORGAN" LETTERS.

We gave in the November number a number of extracts from a few of the many letters from those who have received organs as premiums for large clubs of subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. We give below one of those letters. We have many of similar character. For particulars as to terms, see above.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 2, 1868.

A. L. Sewell, Esq.—Dear Sir: Long will *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* be remembered by the McKee Mission Sunday School of this city, as its advent in our

midst opened the way to secure a valuable and almost indispensable assistant and attraction in our school. Your liberal offer to give a Peloubet Organ to any person, church, or school that would send two hundred subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, came under the observation of the lady teachers of the school, who are ever on the alert to advance the interests of the great and good work in which they are engaged. They immediately commenced soliciting subscribers, and now we are enjoying the fruits of their exertions.

For three Sabbaths the school has enjoyed the sweet tones of the organ, and teachers and scholars are charmed with it, and all who have seen or heard it, praise it in high terms. Mr. William Semple, the accomplished organist of the Chestnut-street Presbyterian Church, of this city, pronounces it a very fine instrument; and we would advise all Sabbath Schools not provided with an organ, to at once improve the *LITTLE CORPORAL*'s offer. The paper is well worth the money, full of instruction and amusement for children, and our subscribers anxiously look for the *CORPORAL*'s arrival, on the first of each month.

In behalf of the teachers of the McKee Mission School allow me to thank you for the great promptness with which you forwarded our organ.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES H. FLETCHER,  
Supt. McKee Mission S. S.

A note from Mrs. Semple, a teacher in the same school, written a few weeks after the above date, says:

"We like our organ better and better every Sabbath."

## SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS AS PREMIUMS.

We can send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each. A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen, Double Silver Plated Forks, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the finest quality of Nickel Silver Metal, and Double Plated with pure Silver. Spoons and forks will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. It is not necessary to wait till the club is full.

CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled, notify us, send a duplicate list of all the names you have sent, with their post offices, so that we may compare, and see if all is correct, and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller one. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

BOUND VOLUMES.—With the December number, *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* completes his seventh volume. We will immediately have the seven volumes (three years and a half) bound in one beautiful book, in stiff boards with embossed cloth sides, and gilt title. This bound volume will be sent by mail to any address for \$5.00, or will be delivered at our office for \$4.50. A full set of all back numbers, not bound, furnished for \$3.50. Money sent for this can count in clubs if desired. We will send this book, bound in boards, as a premium for a club of fourteen subscribers; bound in paper sides for a club of twelve names.

CLUBS for *THE CORPORAL* may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.



## THE GREAT PREMIUM. THE BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER.

In addition to other premiums given, as shown in the Premium List on the preceding page, we now offer a premium for which *men and boys* can afford to give up their time for a month, to do nothing but canvass for **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**. And one month's active work will secure one of these magnificent machines. If you are a farmer, it will be eminently useful to you. If you are not a farmer, the machine can be easily sold for money to one of your farmer neighbors; and there are but few ways in which you can make \$100 or \$200 so easy as by raising a club of subscribers to **THE CORPORAL**, and securing as a premium a **BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER**. Women and girls are not debarred from working for this prize, if they desire. Any one who can spare the time, and wants to make money, can send to us for sample copies, and make one or two hundred dollars, and be *doing good* at the same time; for who does good more easily and surely than by giving **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** to the children of America? Read our article in editorial page.

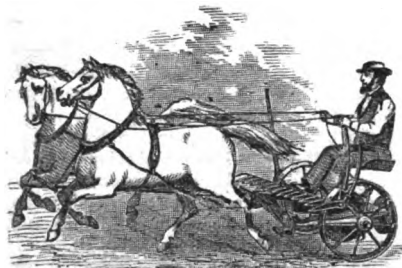
We can send hundreds of these machines, if they are earned. The following are the cash prices at the factory, and in the same lines we give the number of subscribers to **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, at \$1 each, required to secure the Reapers and Mowers as premiums:

	Cash Price.	No. Subscribers required.
Junior Mower,.....	\$120.00	200
Senior Mower,.....	140.00	233
Junior Mower, with dropper,.....	165.00	273
Senior Mower, with dropper,.....	185.00	300
Junior Mower, with self rake,.....	180.00	298
Senior Mower, with self rake,.....	200.00	330

Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a portion money, will write for terms to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

If you want further particulars, or descriptive pamphlets, write to the publisher of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**. Send all names as fast as taken, and let us know if you are working for this premium.

We take the following from Aultman, Miller & Co.'s pamphlet for last winter. Their pamphlet for this year will be ready in a few weeks. Read what is here said about the



## BUCKEYE MOWER AND REAPER.

No class of labor-saving machines has more successfully met and overcome the prejudices of the people, than the **Mower and Reaper**. So complete has been the conversion of the American husbandmen from the old and tiresome methods of securing the grain and grass crops, that there scarcely remains a farmer in the country where the **Mower and Reaper** has been introduced, who annually produces ten acres of either grain or grass, who does not depend upon these implements to aid him in securing the same.

In this great triumph of mind over matter, in the

almost universal adoption of labor-saving machinery to perform the work of the farmer, rendering his calling honorable and his labor dignified, America and the American farmer occupy an advanced and a proud position, as will be seen by an examination of the statistics of other countries on this subject.

The conspicuous part borne by the **Buckeye Mower and Reaper**, in revolutionizing public sentiment, and in introducing this new and wholesome order of things, to the farmer, and in all labor-saving machinery pertaining to husbandry, is a source of just pride to the inventor, as well as the manufacturer of this model machine, now universally recognized as the **Standard**.

It is not claimed for the **Buckeye** that it was the first mowing machine brought into use. The history of mowing machines shows that many others were introduced prior to it; and yet we claim for the **Buckeye** the position of a pioneer machine.

The **Buckeye** first made its appearance before the public at Syracuse, N. Y., in July, 1857, at the **Great National Field Trial**, held under the auspices of the **United States Agricultural Society**, to which all the manufacturers of mowing machines were invited, to test the merits of their respective machines, and to compete for the highest prize, a **Grand Gold Medal**, which was offered by the Society for the best **Mowing Machine**.

The **Buckeye** entered the arena for the contest without friends or former *pretense* of success, and differing in every essential point in its construction from the machines with which it was to compete.

Its two **Main Driving-Wheels**, with Double-hinged Folding and Lifting Whelps, at once gained for it hosts of admirers, and soon became the chief attraction.

The contest was long and severe, and the **Buckeye**, then in its infancy, had to contend with the combined opposition of the popular, one-wheeled machines of the day; but so complete was its success, and so overwhelming the evidence of its superiority, that it was awarded the **Highest Prize, the Grand Gold Medal**.

Here was a point gained. The one-wheeled machines with rigid finger-bars, were destined to be superseded by the **Buckeye**, and it at once became the **Standard Machine**. How well it merited and sustained that position, its subsequent history will show. In 1857, twenty-five **Buckeyes** were built. Encouraged by its success at the Syracuse trial, the next year fifteen hundred were made and sold; and this number has increased from year to year, until now twenty thousand are manufactured and sold annually, in the United States; and yet the demand the past year was not supplied.

A few years sufficient to completely revolutionize the manufacture of mowing and reaping machines in the United States. Rival machines sprang up all over the country, some of which have met with some degree of success. Many of these machines bear a close resemblance to the **Buckeye**; and it is noticeable that their success is invariably measured by this resemblance.

The second **Great National Field Trial of Mowers and Reapers** was held at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1856, under the auspices of the New York State Agricultural Society. This trial was gotten up on the largest scale, and was the most thorough and important field trial of mowers and reapers ever held in this or any other country. Fifty-nine machines were entered, and the trial lasted during a period of nearly three weeks; and the tests were the most thorough and severe the Society could devise. Among the fifty-nine machines entered at this trial, but one could be found that was a competitor with the **Buckeye**, at the Syracuse trial in 1857.

The contest was sharp, and great efforts were made by competitors to bring their machines favorably to notice, and, if possible, to place the **Buckeye** in a portion of the *prestige* gained at the Syracuse trial. But the verdict of the judges was "try again," and the **Buckeye** again carried off the **Grand Gold Medal**.

In the official report the judges sum up the record of the **Buckeye** in the following words:

"The record of the **Buckeye** is interesting in view of the fact that it was the pioneer in the class of the great improvements which have popularized mowing machines, and made them an absolute necessity to every farmer. It took the prize at the Great National Trial of mowers and reapers at Syracuse, in 1857, and at once sprang into a great popularity."

The result of this trial clearly shows that it still keeps the forward rank which it won at Syracuse, and at many other subsequent trials, and that it is still as worthy the patronage and confidence of the public, as it has been in any preceding portion of its history."

### WARRANTY.

The **Buckeye Reaper and Mower** is warranted to cut, if properly managed, one acre per hour, or ten or twelve acres per day, either grain or grass, in a workmanlike manner, with one pair of horses. The purchaser is allowed to cut two acres of grass, and also two acres of grain, on trial, and, in case anything proves defective, due notice must be given to us or our agent, and time allowed to send a person to put it in order. If it does not work after this, and the fault is in the machine, it will be taken back, or that part of it which proves to be defective, and will be replaced, or the money paid for it refunded.

### PREMIUMS.

We have omitted from our Circular, this season, the long list of Premiums which have been awarded the **Buckeye**. During the period it has been before the public. Suffice it to say, that to the **Buckeye** have been awarded the first and highest Premiums by the State Agricultural Societies of each State in which the same has been introduced and used, and by the judges of the three greatest National Field Trials ever held in this or any other country, commencing with the Great Trial at Syracuse, in 1857, where the **First Premium, Grand Gold Medal and Diploma**, offered by the U. S. Agricultural Society for the Best Mowing Machine, was awarded to the **Buckeye**. Also, the highest Premium, Grand Gold Medal, awarded by

the American Institute, at the Great Field Trial at Hunt's Bridge, Westchester county, New York, July 25th and 26th, 1858. Highest Premium, Grand Gold Medal, awarded by the New York State Agricultural Society, at the Great Field Trial of Agricultural Implements, held at Auburn, New York, commencing July 12th, 1866.

"FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, AND FOR THE GOOD,  
THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL."

A FIRST CLASS  
ORIGINAL MAGAZINE  
FOR ONE DOLLAR,  
For BOYS and GIRLS, and for Older People who  
have Young Hearts.

## THE Little Corporal FOR 1869: Enlarged and Improved

By the addition of a beautifully Engraved Cover, giving more matter than before, without raising the Price.

All new subscribers for 1869, whose names and money are sent in to the publisher before the end of December will receive the

November and December Numbers of 1868, FREE!

BEING  
TWO MONTHS FREE,  
OR  
Fourteen Numbers for One Dollar.

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL**.—A late number of this original magazine for boys and girls, and for older people who have young hearts, has found its way to our table, and is so replete of every rare and delicious thing for young hearts, that we are constrained to herald its uncommon merits. The stories are delightful and invariably instructive. The poetry is simple, tender, pretty, and high. The composition is excellent English; and, in a word, the conductor seems to enter into the spirit of their great task, to know the nature of young hearts, and how to cater to their immortal longings.—*National Intelligencer*, Sept. 10, 1868.

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL** is the most entertaining publication for the young that we have ever examined. We cannot see how it possibly can have a superior, or if it could have, how the young folks could possibly wish for anything better.—*Pennsylvania Teacher*.

We might give many pages of "Notices" from both the religious and secular press, as well as from the people everywhere, to prove that **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** is all that is claimed for it. Its matter is entirely original and from the freshest, most alive, and best writers in the country. No periodical, whether published for children or grown people, pays a higher price for articles, and it therefore secures the best of everything.

## Splendid Premiums

are given for Clubs of all sizes. Any one sending a list of subscribers, from two to a thousand, will receive  
A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL** claims to have now a larger circulation than any other juvenile Magazine in the world.

It is edited by **Alfred L. Sewell**, and  
**Emily Huntington Miller**.

Volumes begin July and January. Back Nos. supplied.

### Terms, One Dollar a Year,

In Advance. Sample copy ten cents, or FREE to any one who will try to raise a club.

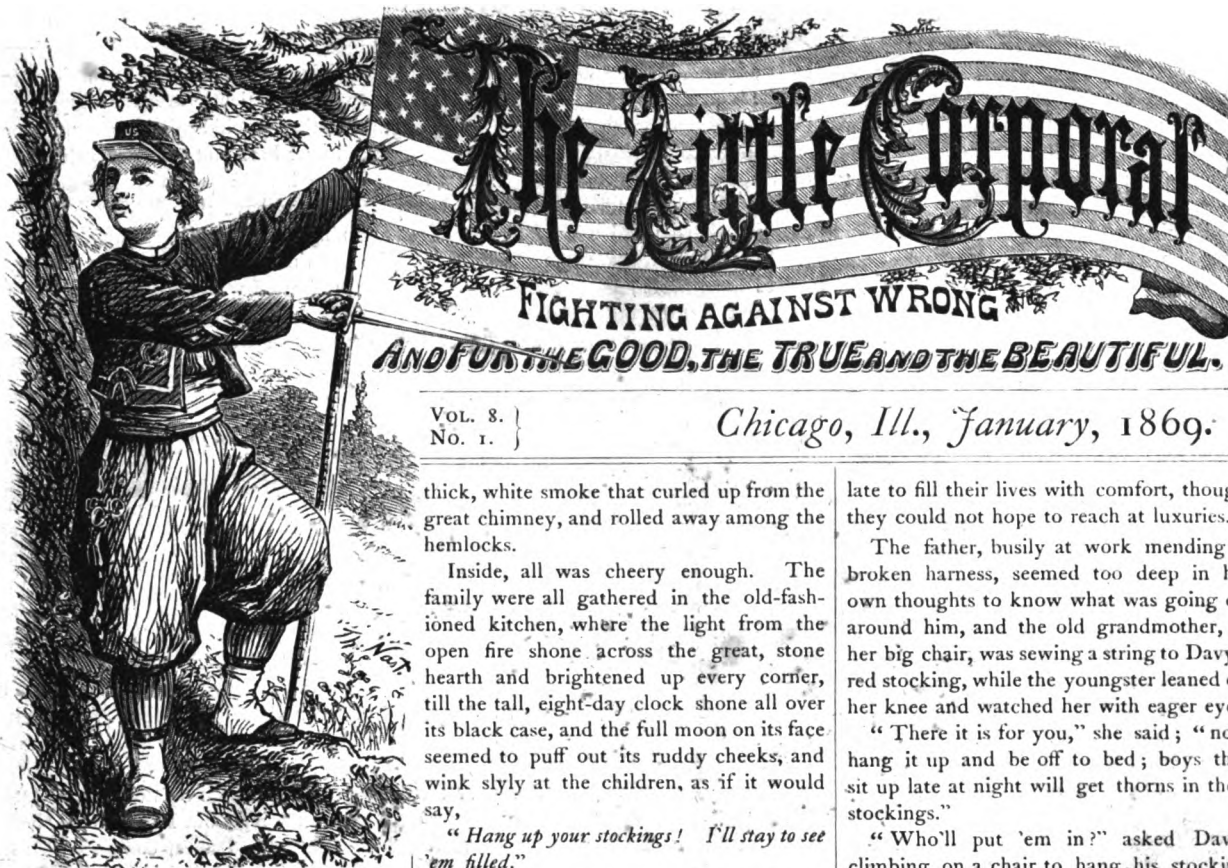
Address  
**ALFRED L. SEWELL**, Publisher,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Have you seen the "Woman's  
Paper!"

## THE SOROSIS;

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS  
OF WOMAN. The organ of no party or  
clique, independent in politics, fearless in criticism,  
and filled with choice literature, original and selected.  
It should be found in every household, for it is a  
paper eminently pure in tone, and contains sixteen  
pages of choice reading, consisting of Stories, Essays,  
Poems, Fashions, and all matters of particular interest  
to woman.

**THE SOROSIS** is published every Saturday, at  
104 Randolph Street, Room 9, by  
MRS. M. L. WALKER & CO.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Alfred L. Sewell, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

If you could have seen Riverside in the springtime, when all the upland and meadow was covered with young grass, and dotted thick with daisies and dandelions, and when the little brooks went singing down to the river, full of gladness that the fetters of the frost were broken, you would have thought it a pleasant place. And if you had seen it in summer, when the wheat fields were getting golden, and the great, green forests were full of song, from the birds and the breezes; or in autumn, when they put on their mantles of purple and red, and covered the mountain sides with glory, you would almost have envied the people who lived in the weather-beaten farm houses scattered here and there in the valley along the river. But on this last night of December, with the snow lying deep over everything, and the mountain lifting its gray rocks and naked trees here and there above it, Riverside looked bleak and desolate, in spite of the lights that shone out from the windows, and the

VOL. 8. }  
No. 1. }

Chicago, Ill., January, 1869.

thick, white smoke that curled up from the great chimney, and rolled away among the hemlocks.

Inside, all was cheery enough. The family were all gathered in the old-fashioned kitchen, where the light from the open fire shone across the great, stone hearth and brightened up every corner, till the tall, eight-day clock shone all over its black case, and the full moon on its face seemed to puff out its ruddy cheeks, and wink slyly at the children, as if it would say,

"Hang up your stockings! I'll stay to see 'em filled."

A tall, slender girl, about fourteen years old, was standing by the fire with her hands crossed before her, looking thoughtfully into the glowing embers. A soft, white stocking was hanging carelessly in her hand, as if she had quite forgotten it.

"There," said a strong, rough-looking boy of twelve, as he finished tying a coarse blue sock to a hook by the fire-place. "I'll warrant that not to break down, if you fill it with gold."

His sister looked up and smiled, but she sighed too, as she said,

"That'll never happen to anything that's hung up in this house."

"Well, who cares," said Nathan, boldly. "I'd rather dig my own gold, than have it come down the chimney. Why don't you hang up *your* stocking, Barbie?"

"I'm looking for a good place," said Barbara. "I guess I'll put it on mother's chair; the fairies will be sure to remember her."

The mother looked up from the jacket she was mending, to smile at Barbie. She was not a beautiful mother, and everything about her told of a life of hard labor, and anxious care. Her hair was thin and faded, her face pale and furrowed, and the hands that plied the needle were hard and unshapely. But the face was lovely to her children, who knew how it had always kept a cheery look for them, in the darkest days that ever came to Riverside; and the hands were beautiful that had toiled early and

late to fill their lives with comfort, though they could not hope to reach at luxuries.

The father, busily at work mending a broken harness, seemed too deep in his own thoughts to know what was going on around him, and the old grandmother, in her big chair, was sewing a string to Davy's red stocking, while the youngster leaned on her knee and watched her with eager eyes.

"There it is for you," she said; "now hang it up and be off to bed; boys that sit up late at night will get thorns in their stockings."

"Who'll put 'em in?" asked Davy, climbing on a chair to hang his stocking beside Nathan's, and as he did so, bringing his nose pretty close to the door of a little square cupboard.

"Seems to me I smell pop-corn," he exclaimed, forgetting all about his question.

"Never mind what you smell," said Barbie, catching him by the arms and landing him in the middle of the room, before he could undo the cupboard door. "you go to bed, or you may never smell anything good again."

This mysterious threat settled Davy, and his stubby, little boots and red stockings were soon placed beside grandma's chair, while he sat down upon the hearth to warm his bare feet, a ceremony Davy never omitted on any occasion.

"Your feet ain't cold, Davy," said Nathan, impatiently.

"Yes they are," insisted Davy, "cold as anything. I'll catch the croup if I don't warm 'em. Oncet a boy 'bout as big as me, went to bed and didn't warm his feet, 'cause his big brother was cross to him; and in the night, 'fore mornin', his feets began to freeze, and they freezed and freezed till he all turned into a snow man. I wrote that story my own self—it's a composition," added Davy, looking gravely at Nathan.

"You're a little humbug," said Barbie, sitting down on the floor beside him, and pulling his curly head into her lap.

"No I ain't," said Davy. "Squire Winter bought that."

"Bought what?" asked Barbie, wondering.

"Don't you know, that thing to rake hay with; father said it was a humbug. Tell me one story, Barbie, and then I'll go to bed, really and truly."

Barbie glanced up at Nathan, but he had seated himself with his history, so she began in a low tone:

"Once there was a little princess, that lived in an old house away up on the side of the mountain. She wore old clothes, and every day in summer, she went out on the hillside to tend her sheep. All winter, when the wind was blowing, she sat by the cottage fire, and spun the white wool from her lambs into the finest and smoothest of yarn, to weave garments for the king to wear. She worked and was very happy, but one day a beautiful lady came and said to her,

"Why do you sit here and spin? Do you know you are the king's daughter, and ought to live in his palace, and wear purple garments, and hear the birds sing in his garden all the year?"

"Then the little princess grew sad, and always when she was tending her sheep, or spinning by the cottage fire, she was thinking and thinking how she should find the way to the king's palace."

"Did she find it?" asked Davy, as his sister paused.

"Not yet," said Barbie, lugging the little five-year-old away to bed, "and I'm afraid she never will. Maybe the beautiful lady didn't tell the truth."

In the kitchen which she had left, Nathan still sat, with his chin on his hands, as he had sat listening to what he called "*Barbie's nonsense*," and making nothing at all out of it. But the mother made a great deal out of it. She knew more about Barbie's heart than any one guessed, and she had many a regret that her little, beauty-loving girl, with her keen, restless mind, must be shut out from all the advantages she so longed for, and held down to a life of hard, unvarying work. She could bear it well enough for herself, though she too, had dreamed of being "*the king's daughter*," but every mother hopes for her children all the things she found most impossible for herself.

When Barbie came back from the bedroom and stood warming her stiffened fingers by the fire, her father was hanging the harness in the woodshed, and her mother said, as she brushed the threads from the mended jacket,

"The little princess must not be discouraged; she may find the way to the king's palace yet, and who knows but tending the sheep may be the very best way to get there?"

Barbie blushed to see that her mother

had understood her parable, but felt cheered by the hopeful smile that shone out of the loving eyes that watched her.

Grandma was bringing from the depths of her pocket a pair of striped mittens, which she had knit for Davy, her pet and darling. Barbie had a woolen "comforter," for his neck, shaded in the brightest colors imaginable; mother a red-covered ball, and Nathan brought from its hiding place in the "spare room," a sled that he had made with his own hands, when the little fellow was in bed. It was rather clumsy, for Nathan's tools were few, but he had given the village painter a peck of his plumpest chestnuts to paint it a brilliant green, with a black horse on top, and "COMET" in big letters underneath it. To be sure, the horse was rather stiff about the knees, and had a remarkable head, but Davy was not likely to be critical, and would not find out for a couple of years that comet was usually spelled with an E.

"Now I'm ready for bed," said Nathan, hitching the sled rope to the red stockings, and pulling off his heavy boots.

"What heavy boots," said Barbie, looking at them; "don't they make your feet tired?"

"Not a bit," said Nathan, "they're the only sensible kind for a fellow that's out in the weather, as I am. Maybe you think I'd wear fancy boots like that soft-headed Will Ayres."

"No," said Barbie, feeling hit on one of her weak points, "but I should think it would be nice to have something lighter to wear in the house—some slippers or something."

"No it wouldn't," said Nathan, "I wouldn't wear a hundred pair of slippers if I had 'em. I ain't a girl, to be so awful tender."

Barbie bit her lips and looked steadily at the fire, and Nathan took up his candle and marched away to bed. As soon as he was fairly up the stairs, she drew a small bundle from under her apron and threw it on the stand, saying passionately,

"I'll never give 'em to him. It's too bad; after all the pains I've taken to work the slippers, and now he won't wear 'em."

"O, I'm sure he'll wear 'em," said her mother. "Nathan will be pleased that you've made him some slippers. He only talks so because he hates to have us think he wants anything he hasn't got."

"I was so afraid Mr. Carter wouldn't get the soles on in time, but I never shall care for them now," said Barbie, undoing the paper, and feeling pleased, in spite of herself, to see how well the bunches of ferns and berries looked on the dark, maroon ground. Barbie had quite a talent for drawing, and the pattern was her own design, copied upon the canvas with infi-

nite difficulty. She never had a doubt, as she worked patiently over the slippers, but that Nathan would be delighted with them, and it *was* hard not to feel a little abused at having her gift spoken of so disdainfully.

"He may have them," she said at last, fastening them to his stocking, "but it's the last time I'll take so much trouble to please him. I wish they'd fit father; I'd give them to him."

Barbie and her mother stood alone in the kitchen, to say good night to each other, as they always did, after the rest had gone to bed.

"Dear child," said the mother tenderly, "don't meet the New Year with anger in your heart. If you live as long as I, you'll find that a great many precious gifts are lightly prized in spite of the sacrifice it costs to make them. You'll see to-morrow that you have been doing your brother a wrong in thinking he does not care for your present. Nathan loves you a great deal, and in spite of his rough ways he cares more to please you than any one else. Is my 'little princess' going to make herself miserable for a fancy?"

"No mother; I'll try not to care about Nathan's teasing; but I do wish the 'beautiful woman' had never come—I wish I'd never dreamed of being a king's daughter."

"So do I," said her mother, quietly; "I wish Aunt Lucy Marston had never told you that you *was* a genius, and had left you to do patiently and contentedly the hard, homely work that the Lord appointed for you. It *is* hard, Barbie dear, and it isn't just what you or I would choose, but we were not left to choose. The good Lord gave us this work to do, and He meant us to do it so as to glorify Him, and get some good to ourselves out of it. Can't we do this, Barbie?"

"I'll try," said Barbie, more cheerfully. "I'll make a new end to my story. 'The little princess said to the beautiful woman, 'If I am a king's daughter, my father knows where I am, and when he wants me he'll send for me, if I go on cheerfully doing the work he gave me to do.' So the little princess tended her sheep, and spun by the cottage fire, and all the time she sung and sung, till one day the king sent her a purple robe, and brought her to live in his palace.'"

Barbie's eyes sparkled, partly with the firelight, and partly with her pleasant fancies; and her mother, looking at her, thought that perhaps Aunt Lucy was right, and Barbie *was* a genius. But what is the use in being a genius when one has no time for anything but the hard, homely work which can be done just as well by people who are not geniuses at all? This was what Barbie thought, and she had grown so thoroughly to dislike the daily

routine of farm life, that her mother greatly missed the cheerful little helper who had been the light of the homely farmhouse for nearly fourteen years.

"There, I've forgotten my pop-corn balis," said Barbie, suddenly starting from her dream; and going to the cupboard, she brought out a plate of balls daintily shaped from the crisp, white roses into which the pop corn had been coaxed to burst.

"There's enough for all of us," she said; "and even Nathan likes pop-corn balls, so he'll be sure of something. I got this silk handkerchief for grandma, and another for father; though I do wish ne wouldn't carry it to church, they're so dreadfully old fashioned."

"They're very nice and comfortable to use," said her mother, "and these are remarkably pretty ones; but how did you pay for them?"

"Sold my coral necklace," said Barbie. "I didn't want such a babyish thing, and I thought you wouldn't care, because you said I might give it away."

"No, I don't care, but I'm afraid you have been cheated. The necklace wasn't worth much, but the clasp was solid gold, and very heavy. I remember wishing Aunt Lucy had given you something really useful in the place of it."

Barbie said nothing, and the dear mother, whose thoughts were never for herself, never dreamed that half the value of the necklace had been expended in a pair of fur-lined overshoes, that were up in Barbie's chamber, carefully marked, "*For the dearest mother in the world, with Barbie's love.*" The very thought of them drove away the last shadow of a cloud from Barbie's heart, and she kissed her mother and went away to bed."

"Barbie!" called a sleepy, little voice, from away down in the feather bed, somewhere, "be you comin' to bed?"

"Why, Davy Phillips! ain't you asleep yet?" said Barbie, in surprise.

"No, I ain't, I'm wide awake," said Davy, sitting up in bed, with very red cheeks, and winking very hard, as Barbie's candle flashed in his eyes. "I'm goin' to stay awake all night, 'cause they're goin' to shoot a cannon down to the corners 'bout midnight, and I want to see where the New Year comes from."

"It doesn't *come* at all; it goes right on from one year into another, just like every other night. You'd better go to sleep, Davy."

"I guess I will," said Davy. "I've been finkin' 'bout my stockin', and I know what I hope there'll be in it."

"What is it?" asked Barbie

"O, some money; much as 'leven or eight dollars. You could buy a good deal

with that much money, couldn't you, Barbie?"

"Yes, a good deal. What do you want to buy?"

"O, a red shawl for mother, and a blue dress for you; do you like blue best, Barbie, or red?"

"Blue, I think," said Barbie.

"I thought so," said Davy. "Well, then I'll get a buf'lo robe for father, and some gold spectacles for gran'ma, like old Miss Merrick's; and I'll get Nathan that biggest trumpet down to the corner store. I hope he'll let me blow it, sometimes," added Davy, wriggling about with delight at the very idea of blowing that wonderful trumpet that adorned the show window of the "corner store."

"You're a dear little soul," said Barbie, giving him a hug; "I'm sure you'll find something in your stocking that will please you. Now go to sleep, like a dearie."

There was silence for a few moments, and Barbie, lying there broad awake, felt sure Davy was dreaming, till he asked, sleepily,

"I forgot about the princess. I wanted to know if it was a truly girl; and won't she never, never get to the king's house?"

"I guess she'll get there, sometime, if she don't fret over her work, and keeps on spinning and tending her sheep."

"I'm glad," said Davy, contentedly; "I wanted her to get there and hear the birds sing."

[To be continued.]

## WINDS OF THE WINTER.

BY PRUDY.

Winds of the winter, your voices I hear  
Through the old forest, so lonely and drear,  
Mournfully sighing to-night;  
Gone are the birds from the valley of green,  
Dead are its roses, and faded its sheen,  
Veiled in a mantle of white.

Winds of the winter, O say, do ye mourn  
O'er the sweet days that will never return,  
Gone from the valley and plain?  
Spring, with its odors of faintest perfume,  
Summer, with roses so royal in bloom,  
Never to brighten again?

Winds of the winter, our hearts cannot mourn  
O'er the sweet days that can never return,  
Life hath new battles to win;  
Work for the head and the heart and the hand,  
Onward we press at our leader's command,  
Eager the strife to begin.

A mother's love is more valuable than the costliest of gems, and is only intensified by trial and suffering; but what boy or girl would wish to be so cruel to a mother as to cause her suffering, simply to test her love? Yet selfish and careless acts are sure to wound a mother's tender heart.

## THE MAN ON THE CROCODILE'S BACK.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

Many years ago, there appeared a picture in the "Penny Magazine," one of the earliest and best of the English serials, which represented a man on a crocodile's back in the middle of some great, tropical river. He had a long spike pole in one hand, and with the other he was making joyful demonstrations to a group of Indians on the shore, who were hauling the monster through the water by means of a stout rope, attached to a piece of iron, most cruelly barbed and sharpened, which stuck in his bleeding and horrible jaws. What a mouth he had for sugar plums! what savage and merciless teeth! what inconceivably wicked and malicious eyes! We remember the brute's portrait as well as if we had seen it but yesterday; and equally well do we remember the strange and romantic emotions which it excited within us, before we had time to read the story which explained it.

At first we thought that it was some miserable "catch-penny," designed to wheedle superstitious folks out of their "odd coppers;" because, in sober truth, it did not seem to be at all reasonable or rational, that a man would deliberately and of his own free will, mount the back of a Cayman without so much as a saddle to give dignity to his eccentric situation—or even if he were inclined to adopt so extraordinary a means of locomotion, it was not very likely that the Cayman would be willing to *let* him; and although we subsequently found that it was claimed, in the reading matter, to be a fact in the natural history of a naturalist, we also found that people did not believe it, but, on the contrary, that they made light of it as a good joke, and classed it with the stories of Bruce, the African Traveler, and those of Baron Munchausen, who spun his outrageous yarns with the express design of burlesquing that mighty Scotchman's adventures as related by himself.

But it was all true, nevertheless, and it happened, as nearly as we can remember, in the following manner. The man on the crocodile's back was an English Catholic gentleman, now well known all over the world, by his printed books, as "Charles Waterton, the Naturalist." There were some evil laws at that time existing in England, which debarred all Catholics from obtaining anything in the shape of civic honors, or from serving their country in any way, either as a member of Parliament or as a simple justice of the peace. And being in possession of a splendid estate and a magnificent rent roll, and fond of natural history from his earliest youth, he resolved

to devote his life to that fine branch of human knowledge; and so he went alone into the woods and wilds of Demarara, in British Guiana, to enrich the science that he loved, with South American examples. He was a brave fellow, as may be supposed from this fact alone, if there were no others to attest it. But his whole life in those regions was crowded with braveries, during the seven years that he spent among their swamps and jungles.

He had secured some rare specimens for his museum of birds, beasts, and reptiles—and among them a vast Cobri, whose red, glittering eyes, shining in the dark recesses of a cave in the rocks, attracted him to its covert, as he was passing through a forest with his Indian guides and servants. Waterton immediately resolved to capture him, and ordered his people to stop, which they did; doing their best, however, to dissuade him from his purpose. They might as well have tried to dissuade the lion from eating the delicate mutton which he had stolen from the neighboring settlements, although it was a very dangerous feat to go inside the beast's den, cut his weasand, and drag him out, fifteen feet long from the tip of his ugly snout to the opposite tip of his uglier tail.

At first they refused to help him. But he threatened to break the bones of the entire crowd, unless they obeyed his orders. Then he tied a sailor's jacket around his left arm, and seizing one of the Indians by the nape of the neck, dragged him to the Cobri's den. Pausing a moment, before proceeding to the final extremity of giving battle to the enormous brute, which he could now distinctly see, in the twilight, comfortably coiled up in his glittering folds, he gave the Indian instructions to fall with the whole weight of his body upon the sleepy brute, if he began to unfold himself while he (Waterton) attacked him.

The poor Indian, who had (as they all have) a superstitious dread of the Cobri, did not at all like his work; but then he knew that if he failed to do it he would be well whipped, and then dismissed. So, all being ready, Waterton fell upon his knees, and fixing his eyes upon those of the serpent, began to crawl slowly toward him. When he had reached within a foot of him, the enraged monster reared his head a full foot from the coil below it, and began to hiss and dart out his fiery tongue.

"Be civil!" said Waterton; "be civil, my fine fellow, and oblige me by opening your pretty jaws a little wider!"

So saying, he drew close to him, and in a moment, as the beast's jaws were extended to make a grab at his unwelcome visitor, Waterton thrust the elbow of his

left arm, covered with the seaman's jacket to protect it from injury, as far down the distended jaws and throat as he could get it, and with a knife, which he held in his right hand, he deliberately cut the Cobri's throat, calling upon the Indian to throw himself upon the coil, which was now struggling, twisting, and agonizing generally, to get itself uncoiled. The poor wretch, however, was so paralyzed with fear, that he was of very little use to his brave master, who, seeing that the snake was about to give up his evil ghost, dragged him to the mouth of his den, and so into open daylight.

He soon died; although, as a rule, all the snake family, like eels, are very tenacious of life; and while the Indians stood shivering around the slimy and glittering carcass, Waterton took out his knife from his belt once more, and skinned him. Then he deposited his many-colored coat in a box, which he compelled one of the Indians to carry, who didn't at all like his burden.

This is, however, an episode—a story within a story—and has nothing to do with the "Man on the Crocodile's back," further than to illustrate his courage, and prepare the reader's mind to believe in the veracity of that unprecedented ride, which beat even Sheridan's.

Waterton had been, as far as our memory serves us—for his "Wanderings in South America," where the story is told, is not to be had in these parts where we write—some three years in the forests, paddling up and down the rivers, small and large, of Guiana, when the fever and ague admonished him to return to England to recuperate. He had been warned, also, by Sir Joseph Banks, never to remain more than three years abroad in any tropical climate; and as he was now bent upon returning home to his beautiful estate near Wakefield, in Yorkshire—called "Walton Hall"—he began to examine his specimens to see if there were anything of importance belonging to the natural history of Demarara that he did not possess.

His object in leaving his beautiful home, and a rent roll of nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year, was to collect the finest museum of South American reptiles and animals that had ever been brought to England; and to accomplish this noble piece of scientific ambition, he spent most of the best years of his life, only to find, as too often happens, an ungrateful reception when he once more landed upon the dear shores that he loved so well. For, what do you think they said to him, when he brought his superb collection to Liverpool? He had been working, all those years, not for himself, but for public science, and he designed to make a present of his collection to the British museum.

But they told him at the custom house, and the highest official authorities of England confirmed the judgment, that he must *pay duty* upon it to the king, (it was George Fourth's time, we believe,) before he could so much as claim it as his own property! Wasn't that a shame? and a fine inducement to get people to kill themselves for the sake of science!

But at present you will remember that he is in Demarara, anxious to see to it that his collection is wanting in no great specimen to make it complete and perfect. Suddenly it struck him that he had not yet secured an example of the king and tyrant of the South American waters—the Cayman, or Crocodile; and he made up his mind at once to capture one—this swift, executive fellow! At this time he had along with him a black man, as body servant, and two or three natives, well acquainted with the country; and journeying along the banks of the Demarara River they met with a party of Indians coming down, with a long line of canoes, well laden with provisions and hunting gear. They were thoroughly equipped for a long hunting expedition; but Waterton resolved to secure their services and experience in the capture of his Cayman—which, after much chaffering, and the promise of liberal payment—he succeeded in doing.

The Indians moored their canoes by the river's bank, and soon made a little village of tents on the borders of the forest hard by, where they began to prepare their tackle wherewith to catch a Cayman—not however, without many trepidations, for they don't like these cruel amphibious monsters—the Pelasgi—degraded rascals of the old race of saurians, that lived and died thousands of years before man came on this planet, to conquer and govern it. The question with the Indians was, by what trick of net or rope, they should try to seduce him from his slimy bottoms, into their coils above water. At last they got a long rope, and having tied a barbed arrow at one end of it, which they baited with the fresh entrails of a wild beast, they drove a pronged stake, like a hayfork, into the mud at a distance of about a quarter across the river, and dropping the bait over the prongs, within a foot of the surface of the water, they carried the rope thus suspended to a tree on the shore, unto which they made it fast. This happened one night in the moonlight, when the big crocodiles love to disport themselves, and the little ones get badly hit sometimes, with the merciless tails of these their playful dams, making a great hellabulloo over it, also, to the astonishment of the jaguars and other wild beasts on the shore. Indeed, at night, the river is populous with their vast numbers, and all its waters look alive as they



are moved about by the tumbling bulks of their dusk, and unwieldy bodies.

Waterton had not much faith in the barbed arrow of the Indians, and had already invented one in his own mind, of a similar shape, but bristling with a large number of prongs, instead of looking fierce with one. He was so sure that his hook would do the business for the Cayman that he extemporized a *Carmen Sapphicum*, (Crocodile death-song,) upon the poor brute's death, long before he was caught.

To avoid a blood-sucking insect, which had more than once tapped his great toe—and another villainous "critter," of the same, or other tribe, that used to make a hole in his flesh and lay an egg there, that grew to the size of a big hickory nut—Waterton slung his hammock high up among the tree tops, and spread a gauze over his face, attached to a linen cap, to keep off the mosquitoes. And on this first night of the experiment, he lay awake for a long time, listening if haply he might catch that big water-weazel "asleep!"

Just think of it, you who don't like to go to bed in the dark! and ask yourselves how you would feel, lying out there awake in those savage forests, in the dead of the night, waiting to hear a Crocodile snap his naked jaws at certain entrails on a barbed hook. Waterton was not disappointed at this first experiment; and the night orchestra, in which insects, birds, beasts, and reptiles took their several parts, mingled with those inarticulate voices, and weird sounds and cries, which come from no one knows where, but are painfully audible on such occasions—these things had for him, as he lay suspended in his hammock, midway somewhere between earth and the stars, an indescribable charm. He was a naturalist, you know, and that accounts for it, because, to such a man, nature is always interesting, and even her terror is beauty and splendor to his eyes.

He was roused from a sort of dog sleep, about the first blushing of the first red light of dawn, and hearing the stealthy jaguar roar hard by his resting place, he was not at all sorry that he had pitched it up so high. Whilst thus congratulating himself, he heard the Indians whoop—the signal for a rendezvous at the Crocodile tree! Waterton was first on the spot, but he might as well have been crooning in his hammock, for there was no Crocodile dangling at the end of the barbed hook. The entrails were gone, however, a proof that John Cayman had partaken of his *jentaculum*, alias his breakfast. The Indians were in a terrible rage of disappointment at the sight—for they were in a hurry to earn their wages and begone, and cared nothing for natural history, its specimens and purposes. But the civilized man, as

we said, was not at all disappointed. He expected it, and was prepared for it, so he rigged his own hook to the rope, and put it into its proper place, within a foot of the water's surface, once more; and the next night, or rather in the glimmerings of the next morning's light, he heard a shout, which, if the forests had been poetical in those parts, might have "split the trunks of their mighty trees asunder." But as they were not, it simply made Waterton spring from his hammock like a wild cat, and bound away to the Crocodile tree aforesaid, where it was now clear that a monster of some sort was in the felon's chains for stealing—caught in the very act! In a short time all the bank of the river was alive with excited Indians, shouting, singing, and whooping. For behold! in the white light of the morning a monstrous Cayman hung suspended by the jaws to Waterton's many barbed hook; more than half the under part of his greenish-yellow body being plainly visible, whilst the other half, and the lashing tail, were under water, stirring up the mud with angry, agonizing lashes; his cruel eyes glowing shoreward in wonder, and dread, and rage upon his persecutors.

Waterton wanted, above all things, to get him ashore alive and uninjured, as he must have a perfect specimen. But when he gave the word of command to the Indians they didn't understand him at all, and when he was urgent and threatening, they squatted down on their hams, in imperturbable dudgeon, and like Mr. James Crow, in the song, who

"Went into the butcher's shop  
To buy a pound of suet,  
But stole a leg of mutton,  
And didn't mean to do it,"

so, neither did they mean to do it. But Waterton was a Boanerges, Son of Thunder and Shoulder hitting, and so he told them to "up and at it," as Wellington his "Guards," at Waterloo. They however, were really frightened, and Waterton's negro was for running away—and set off indeed, for that purpose, with his master after him, who caught and pummelled him so soundly that he begged he would throw him into the Crocodile's jaws, or do any other cruel thing, only to cease pounding his bones!

At last, Waterton seized a handspike, and began to wade towards the now shivering and terrified Cayman. A shout of horror went up skyward for a moment, but Waterton was now so close to the gagged brute that he could hear him groan. So he called to the Indians to lower him into the water, but to hold taut the line. This they did, and in a second he vaulted, by means of the handspike, upon the Cayman's back, and seizing both his fore legs, he

turned them over on his back, so that he was rendered well nigh powerless. He then told them to haul him ashore, which they did, and wanted to despatch him with their hatchets, but Waterton showed them another method, and killed him scientifically, without the use of those vulgar hatchets. When night came he opened and prepared him for embalming, and a safe passage to England.

Such is the history, as near as we can remember it, of the "Man on the Crocodile's back,"—and when we first saw the picture in the "Penny Magazine," we little thought that we should ever become acquainted with the hero of that romantic story. And yet, twenty years afterwards, we happened to live in the neighborhood of Walton Hall, the ancestral estate of the Watertons for many generations—his warlike forefathers having wielded their battle axes at Cressy and Agincourt. Waterton's life is full of romance that we shall take, perhaps, an early opportunity of making our readers acquainted with it; and as we knew him personally, and used to visit him at the Hall, we have a good deal to say about the private life of this noted naturalist, that is not generally known. His ancestors had been in the same house for hundreds of years. Sir Robert Waterton was governor of Pontefract Castle, not far off, and had charge of King Richard II; and another of his ancestors had fought—only on the wrong side—at Marston Moor, for which Cromwell broke down the draw bridge, leading to the hall, across the deep moat—long since repaired, and still in existence; the hall being situate on an island in the middle of the beautiful, undulating park, which is three miles in circumference, and walled round by a high stone wall to keep in the game and other birds and animals, which live there, in a perpetual paradise; no gun being allowed to be fired within its precincts, as the park was used for natural history purposes, as a sort of private preserve. Waterton came in a direct line, through his grandmother, from Sir Thomas More, and was all his life through a staunch Catholic, as his ancestors had been for hundreds of years. He usually, when dressed at all, wore a complete suit of blue, but mostly dressed like a laboring man, and worked with his men in the park. His lower limbs were immensely strong, owing to his long habit of climbing trees.

"Let me show you how to drive it," said a carpenter to a little boy, who was about to put a nail in the top of his sled, which had become loose. But the boy refused the kind offer, set the nail wrong, and split the board. Too much conceit spoils many a good effort.

## SNOW.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Out of the window, little May  
Looks on a drear, December day,  
Watching the snow flakes dropping down  
Over the busy, smoky town;  
Watches them falling, soft and slow,  
Over the dusty pavement below —  
Over the quickly-passing people,  
Gateway and tower and lonely steeple;  
Over the chimneys black and grim;  
She looks to the sky, so cloudy and dim,  
Wondering where is the strange, far light  
Whence come these frosty flakes of light?  
Fall they from moon or from distant star?  
From limitless fields of azure afar?  
Are they the ghosts of vanished flowers —  
Lilies and roses of summer bowers,  
Crocuses starry and jonquils sweet?  
Do they, at last, as phantoms meet,  
Wandering lost in the upper air,  
Drifting downward white and fair,  
Seeking their old-time haunts below,  
Blossoming new in beautiful snow?

Whence it may come, and what it may be,  
When the soft-falling snow we see,  
Let us be sure 'tis a gift from Him  
Who, whether the sky be cloudless or dim,  
Thinks of us kindly, and for that reason  
Sendeth the seedtime and rain in their season,  
Sendeth the flowers and the fruits in their time,  
The peerless-pure snow and the gray-bearded rime.  
Good, good are His gifts, and most blessed  
His will —  
Let love rule our deeds while that will we  
fulfill.

## SEA ANEMONES.

BY MARY LORIMER.

Perhaps all my young friends know what an Anemone is. I trust that each one of you has seen, in the sweet spring time, the delicate wild Anemones in the woods, and perhaps you are also acquainted with their more stately sisters in the gardens, the brilliant scarlet, and white, and blue Anemones, which are brought from their beautiful homes in sunny Italy, to give a charm to our flower beds.

But how many of you have seen the *Sea Anemone*, that wonderful thing which one hardly knows whether to call a flower or an animal?

Come down with me to the shore, at the lowest point of tide. Let us make our way over this floor of great rocks, which are all under water, except at low tide. As we step from one to another, we stop to examine the pretty, little pools, in which the water is always standing, being left in these hollows by the retreating tide.

These pools are charming to those who are in search of seaside wonders. The water is clear as crystal, and so still that you can examine at your leisure all within them. Some look like lovely, little flower gardens, prepared by ocean fairies, if any such there are. Velvety little mosses, of

the brightest colors, red, purple, and yellow, soft, quiet browns, and vivid greens, all mingled and arranged, stand motionless in these enchanted pools.

In one very small one we may see what looks like a forest of the tiniest pine trees, not more than three inches high, of the deepest green, straight as arrows, and every little branch spread out exact and even. We are tempted to linger over these, for they are delightful, but we must hurry on to larger pools, beyond. Here, look down into the clear water, see the tufts of seaweed, (or Algae, as it is called,) growing thickly around all the rocks. What is that peeping out among the drooping sea-weeds?

A flower, surely; a rosy-pink flower, beautifully colored, and cut, and fringed.

You eagerly reach down into the water for it; you find no stem, but you grasp a soft, thick stalk, from which it seems to spring. You pull and pull, but all in vain, and, rising for a new effort, you look for your beautiful flower. Where is it? The rosy petals have vanished; nothing remains but an unsightly little stump, of a dull red, and looking something like a Tomato. But wait awhile, and watch this stump. When quiet is restored to the waters, slowly open the folds at the top, and timidly come out, by degrees, the hidden beauty, until it is again flaunting freely among the overhanging sea-weeds.

This is the Sea Anemone, looking so much like a flower that it is named for one. But it is no flower, but a beautiful and voracious little animal, which lives by devouring every tiny bug or fish small enough to be caught by its rosy fingers. This stump is its body, a sort of column a few inches high, and this flowery crown, looking so lovely, is an arrangement of arms or tentacles, stretching out on all sides, to catch the unwary. And catching is not all; from among these tentacles come out great numbers of little, white, thread-like filaments, and these are little threads of poison, which are fatal arrows to the small prey that they touch, though so minute as to be harmless and quite unfelt by the hand that grasps them.

There are several varieties of Sea Anemones, and one does not always find the rose-colored ones first. All of them are curious, and worth examining, but some are much more beautiful than others.

There is the Star Anemone, not very brightly colored, but very interesting. The body is a pale, olive-green, often tinged with pink, and the tentacles are striped with white, and a little, white spot at the base, in the shape of a heart.

Perhaps the most delightful of all the tribe, is the White-Armed Sea Anemone. It is quite small and delicate, about two or three inches high, and one in diameter. It

is more rare than the others, and is considered a great prize by Anemone hunters. This is generally found on the southern coast of New England, in the vicinity of New York and Long Island.

But the finest colored, and the most eagerly sought are the red or rose-colored. These vary much in size and color, and are often somewhat irregular in shape, looking like two or three crowded flowers, instead of one. The bodies are of various tints, dark, reddish brown, dull green, or pinkish. The flower, (as we will call it,) when fully expanded, is about three inches in diameter, though sometimes much larger, four or five inches across, and filling a saucer very nicely. The tentacles (or petals,) are a charming pink, with bands of white, and at the base is what is called the *disk*, a thin expansion which supports the crimped, and fringed, and ruffled blossom. This disk is often a light green, or rose color, and veined with purple or crimson, or orange-colored lines.

There are several other varieties, of various hues; light brown, dark brown, orange, chestnut, chocolate, pink, salmon, and white; sometimes they are striped with two or three tints, sometimes mottled with soft colors.

These remarkable productions can be found by those who dwell along the sea coast, all the way from Labrador to the southern waters. But they must be looked for. They choose to set up housekeeping in retired and most secluded spots; under the projecting rocks, which hang over the silent pools, and which are fringed with drooping mosses, the clear pools half shaded from the sunlight by streaming seaweeds and guarding cliffs.

There is no need of dangerous, or even venturesome effort to find them; the careful foot and the observant eye are the chief requisites. Of course, they must be sought at low tide, and the rocks which lead to their abodes are generally firm, and safe footing, and the patient searcher is often rewarded by finding a bright colony of them in some charming nook among the old rocks, where they can be visited at pleasure, when the tide is out.

They can be removed safely from their homes on the rocks, by gently and firmly pushing and pressing under the base until they are detached. They will live, and make themselves at home in a vase of sea water, in which is placed some of the sea weeds which are found in their favorite pools. Here, if placed in a somewhat shaded light, they will expand fully and almost constantly. A most wonderful thing it is to feed them. Drop upon this innocent-looking, flower-crowned head, a little bug, or a little bit of fresh meat, and lo! you will see the expanded fringes slowly

folding around the victim, and pushing it along to the center, where you soon see it plumped into the open mouth. But drop a bit of wood, or a minute pebble upon it, and, wonderful to behold, it pushes these the other way, and finally casts them off into the water.

At the sea side, where I spent several weeks this season, we had been told, on high authority, that we should find no Sea Anemones there, though they had been found a few miles beyond. But we could not see why this bold sea coast, in which we so delighted, should not show us these wonders, and many an hour we spent in fruitless search.

One morning, however, a gentleman came in, with triumphant tones, to summon us all to the shore.

It was a very low tide, and the rocks were bare for a long distance out—down below the “sunken ship,” which has lain for twenty years imbedded in the sands, and its few projecting planks are only seen at very low water. Down we hurried, and, piloted by our enthusiastic guide, we scrambled over rocks and slippery sea weed, and made our way through the “Five Broken Teeth,” as they call five battered points of rocks, on the very verge of the lowest water mark. Here we looked down into a quiet pool among the rocks, and lo! there were expanded five beautiful, orange-colored Anemones.

It seemed a shame to disturb them, but one daring hand, in attempting to dislodge the finest specimen, found with delight that it was growing on a small rock, which came up very easily. This was good fortune indeed, for it need never know that it was a captive, and could be taken on its rock and examined at leisure. So it was carefully placed in a pail of sea water, with attendant mosses.

Then others were dislodged, and the cry continually was, “O, here are more.” “Look here, I have found seven.” “Come and see these three beauties,” from different members of the party, who were searching the pools around. And, indeed, we did find multitudes, and felt a degree of complacency, that what had eluded the search of an accomplished naturalist, had been found by one of our household. We took ten or twelve to the house, and kept them under the shade of a board, behind the well, to be visited and admired by all who wished. Several of them expanded freely, and, had it been practicable, we would gladly have taken some to our inland homes, but, as we could not do this, we deemed it the best thing we could do, to consign them to a glassy, sea-girt pool, before we left the place, locating them more inshore than we found them, and hoping that they would take kindly to their new home.

## THE BOOK OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY EMILY J. BUGBEE.

The book of the New Year is opened,  
Its pages are spotless and new,  
At 1 so, as each leaflet is turning,  
O children, beware what you do!

Let never a bad thought be cherished,  
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile,  
And see that your faces are windows,  
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garments  
Of honor, and beauty, and truth,  
Which will still with a glory enfold you,  
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now with the new book endeavor  
To write its white pages with care;  
Each day is a leaflet, remember;  
That is written, then turned—beware!

And if on a page you discover  
At evening a blot or a scrawl,  
Kneel quickly and ask the dear Saviour  
In mercy to cover it all.

So when the strange book shall be finished  
And clasped by the Angel so tight,  
You may feel, though the work be imperfect,  
You have earnestly tried for the right.

And think, how the years are the stairway  
On which you must climb to the skies;  
And strive that your standing be higher,  
As each one away from you flies.

## JULIAN REED'S PUNISHMENT.

A TRUE STORY, BY EMER BIRDSEY.

The September day was mild and beautiful. The sun came up clear in the blue heavens, and the few remaining birds of summer were striving to make up, in loud notes, what they lacked in numerous ones.

The little village of Kent, on the Cuyahoga river, in Ohio, boasted of several schoolhouses—most of them, too, near the bank of the river. This fact caused the teachers of the schools a wonderful deal of trouble, for it was almost impossible to keep the scholars, especially the boys, away from the water. Many of them were, as yet, too young to swim, and there was fear that some day there might be one of them drowned; for just as sure as they saw the water, their pants almost involuntarily slipped above their knees, and before the boy himself was quite aware of it, he was wading around in the clear, cool water—so clear that he could distinctly see his toes on the gravelly bottom, even if he was over his knees in water.

One of these buildings was familiarly known as the “Red Schoolhouse.” It occupied one of the pleasantest points on the river bank—a hill that sloped gently down to the water's edge, dotted with a few large elms, under which the scholars would sit at noon and eat their dinners; then, when through, the boys would set

down their baskets, and lying down flat, would take a “rolling race”—that is, all commence to roll down hill, and see which would reach the sands first. Their laughter, mingled with the shouts of the girls, who admiringly cheered them on, would echo from the farther bank, where there was a heavy growth of willows that hung gracefully over the water that flowed deep and dark, and where all the fishes gathered to hide when they heard the approach of an enemy.

The teacher at the Red Schoolhouse was more watchful of her pupils than those of any of the other schools. She was so fearful that some harm would happen, while they were out of her sight near the water, that she took her dinner with the rest, and sat and watched all the noon, to see that none went in who were unable to swim. It was true that the parents of the boys often duly cautioned them, but they seemed to forget all about this when out of their sight.

One day, at noon, as the teacher touched the little bell to call their attention a moment before the dismissal of the school, she said,

“Now, children, I cannot very well go with you this noon, when you start from the schoolhouse, but I forbid you going down the bank to the water. It will not be much of a hardship to stay away just this once. Take your balls and go over the other side of the hill this time, there's my good boys.”

So she let them out, and saw them going over the hill with a shout. Then she picked up her satchel, and started to go and pass the noon with a friend, as she had promised.

After the teacher had been out of sight about twenty minutes, two boys slowly walked around the base of the hill, in the direction of the river.

“That water looks mighty cool and nice, to-day,” said George Huggins, to his companion, Julian Reed, as he threw up a marble and caught it in his hand.

“Yes,” answered Julian, with a whistle, looking cautiously around to see if anyone had heard or was near them.

No one answered the signal or appeared in sight.

“I guess we're big enough to go in the water without getting drowned,” he continued; “nobody'll see us—let's go down on the sand, any way; there's no sense in the teacher being so 'fraid to trust us out of sight.”

So they ran along where the little waves came up playfully and ran over their bare feet. It was delightful to feel their soft caresses.

“Let's go in just up to our knees,” said George. And in a moment they had

waded knee deep, and were splashing the water all over themselves. Once in a while they would stop and look toward the top of the hill where the schoolhouse stood, to ascertain if they were likely to be discovered, then they would hold their breaths and listen.

"I'll tell you," said George; "you wade in up to your neck, and I'll give you the best china I've got. He's a fine fellow, you know, and that'll be getting him for almost nothing."

He held up the marble, temptingly, between his thumb and finger, with a challenging smile on his face, and Julian exclaimed,

"I'll do it—so here goes!"

He didn't stop to take off any of his clothes, but plunged ahead, while George stood up to his knees in the water watching him.

Deeper and deeper the water was getting, as Julian waded on, and at last, when it reached his chin, George shouted,

"That'll do—come back now!"

But Julian couldn't come back—he had got into the current, it had taken him off his feet, and was bearing him away.

"Come back, why don't you?" again shouted George; but the only response was a frantic uplifting of Julian's arms. He then began to be alarmed. He looked towards the schoolhouse, but no one was in sight, though he could hear a faint murmur of voices beyond. Right around him there was almost a death-like stillness, and Julian's head was almost out of sight as he floated down the stream, and at intervals gave a wild struggle to regain his feet, but in vain.

George couldn't think of leaving his friend, to go in search of help, for before he could get back Julian might go entirely out of sight, and no one know where to look for him. He commenced shouting with all his might; and the energy of despair seized him as, looking again to where he had seen the brown head floating just on the surface, it was gone out of sight.

Louder and wilder he halloed, and at last the head of a man appeared over the top of the hill. George swung his hat, and kept shouting, as the man hurried down and was soon able to understand what was the trouble. He threw off his coat and boots and pitched into the water, swimming down with all his might, till he descried a dark object, which was Julian, coming to the surface for the third and last time. He grasped him, and keeping his head out of the water, brought him out and laid him on the green grass.

George had, all this time, stood motionless in the river, unconscious of where he was or what he was doing, with his mouth

open, and, as they say, "his heart in his mouth."

By this time a good many people had gathered on the bank. Julian lay motionless, as if entirely dead; but after a long time, during which they kept rolling him from side to side, to force the water from his stomach, he began to groan piteously, and eject the "nasty water," as in his suffering he called it, from his mouth. After a while they gave him some wine; and as the anxious teacher bent over him, with tears in her eyes, he looked up in her face and said,

"I was 'most gone, Miss Birdsey, and I guess 'twas because we went down there after you told us not to. But I'll never, never do so again. I'll never go again without you are with us. O the dreadful water—it hurts me so;" and he put his hand to his stomach and opened his mouth, as if he could not get rid of the sickening sensation.

He kept his word with his teacher until he learned to swim, and then he was a sort of protector over the others.

### THE MORNING MARCH.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

See the children, marching, marching,  
O! how gaily now they tread,  
Morning skies above them arching,  
Blue, and gold, and rosy red;  
Dewdrops sparkle on the grasses,  
Bird songs float from every tree,  
And the children laugh and chatter,  
Pleased with every thing they see.

O, the happy, careless children,  
Some have many a mile to go,  
On the highlands, in the lowlands,  
Storms may beat and winds may blow;  
They will drink from many a fountain,  
They will knock at many a door,  
Love, and joy, and peace, and honor,  
Seeking, seeking, evermore.

O, the precious, precious children,  
Some will weary by and by,  
Long before their sun that shineth  
Shall be half way up the sky,  
They will say, "O, little playmates,  
Leave us now, let go our hands,  
We can hear in faintest whispers,  
Words you cannot understand,

Leave us here and go without us,  
Through to-morrow's golden gate;  
With the violets o'er us growing,  
We a little while will wait."  
So the children kiss each other,  
Lips like coral, lips like snow;  
Ah! how sad the broken columns,  
Some to stay, and some to go.

Blessings on the little children!  
Scatter flowers beneath their feet,  
Tell to them your gladdest stories,  
All your happy songs repeat;  
Grown to thoughtful men and women,  
Soon this morning march will be  
Something sweet they left behind them,  
The rose-path of memory.

### THE SHIP CARPENTER'S SON.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

COPENHAGEN, August, 1868.

Ninety years ago, a little boy, the son of a ship carpenter from Iceland, lived in this queer, red-roofed city of Copenhagen, who, when he grew to be a man, became its pet and pride.

A great leap, was it not, from the workman's cottage to the palace of the king! from playing in the streets to presiding over the Royal Academy! from the little, soiled apron of the schoolboy to the coat glittering with orders, gifts of kings and emperors! And no one helped this little boy, except the best friend any mortal ever had, (save, of course, two, that you can guess,) and his own dear self. Better than this, he pulled nobody down that he might climb up higher; and best of all, the kind of work he did harmed no one, but gave pure and lofty pleasure to all who looked upon it.

Now is not that a clear and pleasant record for a little, grown-up boy, dying at seventy-five years old, to leave behind him in the world?

Suppose we take a walk, this summer afternoon, along the streets of Copenhagen. We shall be sure to find some of the work done by our little friend—done far from here, in the most famous of Italian cities, but brought back to his native place, out of his love of home.

Cross this small bridge—pick your way over these great, conical paving stones—(and pity the poor horses that pound their hoofs along these wretched streets)—turn the corner here by Christiansborg Palace, where our friend lived by the king's invitation, when he had made himself more widely known and loved than was his royal master. Here we are, at last, before the tomb of the great man, who was the ignorant, little boy. It is the strangest tomb you ever saw, and one would never think of giving it this name. It is a parallelogram in form, a "meeting house" in size, a dull, November day in color. Its walls, doors, windows, all taper gradually from base to top, giving it a singular appearance, which is increased by the sombre paintings that extend around the lower part of the external walls, in which a black-hulled ship figures conspicuously. Within are long corridors and numerous, frescoed rooms, up stairs and down. In the middle of this huge, curious building, is a large, open space, with no roof but the sky, with floor of stone, and in the center a little, narrow bed of ivy. Beneath the ivy is the grave of him for love of whom all this great house was made. It was his fancy to have this building in the form and style of tombs such as the Greeks used to build,

and so the walls, the doors, and the windows slant from base to top, as you have seen; and the paintings on the outside walls illustrate scenes in his life who now lies dead within, the ship representing his coming home laden with the life-long spoils of his genius and his industry.

Within, the walls of the open court (in the center of which he lies) are painted, as if growing up, the laurel, oak, and palm, emblems of victory; and over them a representation of the soul's progress from helpless infancy, through labor and impediment, to proud maturity and triumphant age, attended through all these vicissitudes by the figure of a guardian angel.

If you ask one of those men in uniform of crimson waistcoat and gold lace, who stand as guards in almost every doorway, he will pick you an ivy leaf from the vine-wreathed grave. Let us go back, now, into the building; walk through the long halls; sit down in the frescoed rooms; linger upon the stairways; a crowd of people all around us, but no disorder, and very little talking, for death has made the whole place sacred; and if he had not done so, here are presences before which one would rather think than speak. They stand about us, singly, in pairs, in groups, in long, white lines, hundreds of statues, carved in marble by the greatest sculptor of modern times, Albert Thorwaldsen, son of the Iceland ship carpenter. Numbers of his finest works, and plaster models of them all, are here. Up stairs you see pictures, statues, and coins, collected by him in Rome, where he spent most of his active years. In one apartment is arranged the handsome furniture of his private sitting room, and here is an unfinished bust of Martin Luther, which he commenced the day he died. Here is a splendid portrait of him by Horace Vernet, an eminent French painter; a bust by his favorite pupil, Bissen; and down stairs is the statue that I care for more than any other, gems of art as are they all, "Thorwaldsen leaning upon Hope," modeled by the sculptor himself, and wrought out by his pupil. Here he stands, a firm and manly figure, not tall, in loose, artistic dress, with mallet and chisel in his hands, carelessly leaning on an unfinished statue. Has he not a noble face? so kind and trusty, and so brave, as are the faces of those men who work their way through hardships to success.

Let us go, now, from this assemblage of historic heroes, mythologic deities, fair women, and lovely, little children, for I have something yet to show you, that, to my mind, is worth them all. But stop a moment, first, before these two medallion bas-reliefs. Ah! you recognize them, as I thought. So this most genial genius

helped to beautify your far-off home, for his chisel traced those gracious outlines, the silent figure that we call "Night," stealing away with children in her arms, and "Morning," strewing flowers, and carrying at her side a bright-faced boy.

Let us resume our walk. Here is Thorwaldsen's favorite church, where his remains were laid until the monument should be ready to receive them, and whither they were followed in funeral procession by the king, the royal family and high officers of Denmark, while the artist was mourned in every cottage in the kingdom. It is a very large but not a very handsome church. At home we should be greatly discontented with it, and have a meeting of the authorities to see what could be done about remodeling the huge, clumsy affair, to make it at once elegant and home-like. And yet there is a reason why it is the finest church you ever saw, and to be sought out beyond any palace in the land, and worth, at the lowest estimate, all the rest of Copenhagen. To prove this, in the first place, look up! Above the entrance door, and all along the front, is a matchless work of our sculptor—"John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness;" and grouped around him numerous figures, wonderful in their variety of character, attitude, and expression, yet all in one respect alike, their intent listening to the strange, inspiring words of the Forerunner. We could look and think about all this for hours, without becoming weary; but soon we shall see something better still. Enter the great, dim church. See, over the little "contribution boxes," fastened in mute suggestiveness against the wall, sculptures which engravings have made familiar to us, of Scripture subjects, teaching lessons of charity.

This is a Lutheran church, you know, and there are no decorations, save a few bas-reliefs, besides the fourteen large, majestic figures, the glory of the place, ranged two within the altar railing and twelve along the side aisles opposite each other. The fame of ~~work~~ is now before us in all countries; the sight is something not to be forgotten.

In a niche behind the altar, stands the colossal figure of our Saviour, his pierced hands extended toward the Twelve. On the pedestal of the statue, in Norse words, is the inscription, "Kommer Til Mig. Matth. xi. 27." The very attitude of the grand, mysterious figure, translates the sweetest sentence ever uttered.

Below is the baptismal font, exquisite in execution as it is unequalled in design. A kneeling angel holds in her extended hands a shell. What conception could be more beautiful than this of the baptismal water presented by an angel, betokening the

heavenly origin of the solemn rite that joins us to the church of Christ.

These figures are recognized at the first glance. But how can we distinguish Andrew from Simon, or Philip from Bartholomew? A very natural and appropriate question, which, fearing that you may be weary, we will answer "in our next."

## BONNIE.

BY BELLA W. COOKE.

Once, when I was a young girl, I started in company with some friends on a long journey. We traveled through a country destitute of houses for many hundreds of miles; so we slept in our wagon, and cooked and ate our food out of doors.

Just before we left the last settlement, a young man of our company gave me a small gray squirrel, which he had caught. When we started on our journey, I tied a leather string around my pet's neck, and took him to ride in my lap. He soon became quite tame, and it was but a short time before he knew his name or my voice, and ran to me whenever I called, or when he heard me talking.

There was no convenient place about the crowded wagon for his nest, so I gave him my dress pocket for a bedroom, and before long he came to regard it as his exclusive property. At first he did no harm to anything; but he finally became so mischievous that I could keep nothing but his honorable body in my pocket. He spent his leisure hours in sharpening his teeth on anything that came in his way. I carried a nice comb, which I thought he would not be likely to injure, but he gnawed almost every tooth out; and very soon he grew too smart to be confined by a string, which he found he could sever easily with his sharp teeth. I was very watchful to keep him out of mischief, and partially succeeded in the daylight, but at night he often left his tooth marks where they were not in the least ornamental.

I used to suffer reproach very quietly, for his sake, and carefully mended the coats and gloves he gnawed, and tied him up in disgrace, away from his loved nest, with severe lessons on the impropriety of his conduct; but I could never feel very cross with him, when I looked into his cunning, bright eyes, and saw his happy skip to my shoulder, whenever I came near. When we came to a camping ground, he explored the place, and if there were any trees or shrubs near, would climb all over them; but he would leave his play in the tallest tree, whenever I called.

One night, we camped on the bank of a stream, near a grove of large trees. I tied him, as usual, near my head, and, as



usual, he got loose before morning. Breakfast being over, I started to search for him, calling, as I went through the woods; but my search and calls were in vain. Our wagon was ready and waiting, and some were crossing the stream; still I could hardly give up the search. Finally I rode over the ford, and we all thought I had seen the last of pretty Bonnie.

As we were necessarily detained at the crossing, I left the wagon and went down among the trees on the opposite side of the stream from our camp, and rather hopelessly called "Bonnie! Bonnie!" Just as I was turning to leave, I caught a glimpse of a bushy tail, then I saw a little, sharp head put out from the farther side of a distant tree. Gladly I called, and saw my charming pet come bounding toward me. I could never determine whether he strayed in the night beyond the sound of my voice, or hid for mischief, as children sometimes do, and hurried on after us when he found he was left.

I frequently walked in front of the wagons, while he rode in my pocket or on my shoulder. Sometimes he jumped down and ran behind me, and when I missed and waited for him, he would run and jump on my dress, feel with his wee nose for my pocket, and dive in as quick as a flash.

Once or twice, when left behind, he jumped into the first wagon that came along. The teamsters knew him, and took care of him for me. So we traveled for over three hundred miles.

One day I was walking behind the wagons, instead of before them. After walking on an hour or so, without noticing whether Bonnie was with me, I caught up with the teams, and found he was missing. I was sure he was in his pocket-nest when I started to walk, so I was forced to conclude he had privately slipped from it, as he often did, and I had walked away and left him alone on a barren, treeless plain.

I mourned his loss with many tears, fearing some passing traveler might shoot him; for I had no doubt he would follow the first person he saw. Notwithstanding his mischievous disposition, his loss was felt by many who had been amused, as well as provoked, by his cunning tricks.

I was glad to remain ignorant of his fate, as I loved him dearly, and would rather hope he had escaped to a wild life, than know he had swelled the number of those who have fallen victims to a misplaced confidence.

Don't wear a sad face, if it is possible to avoid it. Such a face will cause a larger amount of unhappiness than ten cheerful ones can counteract. Why should you or I cause pain to another, unnecessarily?

## UNDER THE SHAKERS.

BY MRS. S. F. KEENE.

Mischief is brewing,  
Rogues, what are you doing?  
O, what are you doing? I say,  
Under those shakers,  
Those prim, little shakers,  
Sweet Alice and golden-haired May.

What! you don't mean to tell?  
A secret? Ah, well!  
Some mischief is brewing, I know,  
Under those shakers,  
Those prim, little shakers,  
You're nodding and chattering so.

Has the puss caught a mouse?  
Roaming over the house;  
Is the pantry door locked to-day?  
Have the dollies the mumps?  
Or is Nell in the dumps,  
Pet Alice and gypsy-eyed May?

What! neither of these?  
Then whisper it, please.  
"You never shall tell!" do you say?  
Very well,  
I shall tell  
All I meet  
In the street,  
That under those shakers,  
Those prim, little shakers,  
May and Alice plot mischief to-day.

## UNRULY MEMBERS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The fairy who presided at the birth of Evelina, was a generous soul, and desiring to bestow on her abundant gifts, gave so lavishly that the poor child really suffered on account of them.

She was not too good, that were impossible; but, as she grew up, her gifts increased—or rather her facility in using them—until she had quite a reputation for her wonderful powers.

Whatever she did, owing to the fairy's mistaken kindness, was done in extravagant style. She said too much, she heard too much, she talked too much, and having a nose that might have won distinction from the first Napoleon, she became what is known in vulgar parlance as a "snoop."

She made trouble for herself, and for everybody else, and her fairy friend, having compassion on her, called a consultation of all the fairies, to decide what had better be done. They had found that addition did not work well, so they decided to try subtraction and division; and one night, when Evelina was sound asleep, Finella struck her with her wand, and where there had been but one Evelina, there was now at least a dozen queer looking people; "chips of the old block."

Some had eyes and no other feature; some had only a nose; others rejoiced in ears; and not a few were possessed of a

mouth, and that necessary appendage, a tongue, which seemed to be in incessant motion.

Gifted with the power of locomotion, these ridiculous beings traveled off in search of adventure, and were everywhere, and in everything.

The Eyes were determined to see all that was worth seeing, and a good deal that was not, and they peeped into forbidden places—real Blue-Beard closets—and nothing was sacred from their prying intrusion.

But this was nothing to what the Ears heard; for they listened at keyholes, and the cracks of doors, and heard more about a certain Evelina than was creditable to them or to her. They itched to get at all the news; and were the repositories of more secrets than were ever intended for them; but they had no way of imparting anything, so their ears were just like open bottles, ready to be filled, and never emptied.

The Noses poked themselves in everybody's way, and minded everybody's business better than their own. They could scent a delicacy afar off, and into cupboards, and kitchens, wherever there was the least odor to attract, these abominable noses were sure to poke themselves. Of course, this mode of procedure would frequently result disastrously; and many a time, when they lifted a cork to get at some delightful perfume, they would be knocked down by the fumes of ammonia, asafœtida, or cayenne pepper. Such a sneezing time as there would be, occasionally! But they carried themselves as impudently as ever, and thought themselves very aristocratic.

But the Eyes, the Ears, and the Noses, didn't make half as much trouble as those unruly Tongues.

Babel was Paradise to the confusion they made; and perpetual motion was the principle they worked upon. People stopped their ears and ran away; little dogs barked, as they always do, at what sounds to them like a quarrel, and the cats spit their venom furiously; but all to no purpose. Talk they would, and talk they did, whether there was any one to listen to them or not. These tongues were evidently "hung in the middle," and there was no immediate danger of their being talked out.

Finella was in great distress; she had only made bad, worse; and she again sought the advice of her wiser sisters. "What shall I do?" she cried, plucking a rose leaf to dry her falling tears; "my gifts are only a curse, and it were better that Evelina should forget their use, than live to abuse them thus basely."

"Try her again," said Formosa; and with one motion of Finella's wand, the

little sprites left their mischievous pranks, and became a part of Evelina, again.

Evelina rubbed her eyes well, felt of her nose, and ears, and even bit her tongue, before she could be convinced that she was really awake. There was no Finella to be seen, and when she consulted the mirror, she found that all her features remained about the same, so she came to the sensible conclusion that it was only a dream, sent to teach her to be moderate in the use of those gifts, that are capable of producing so much mischief.

### ANOTHER CORPORAL.

BY A. J. F.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL may not be sorry to hear of another youth who bore the same rank and title. This one entered the army for the Union from Philadelphia, and was familiarly known as CORPORAL RILEY. Small of stature, of retiring modesty, always ready for work, brave in the hour of danger; his worth was soon discovered, and he was soon promoted to "*Eighth Corporal*." There was not a soldier in our regiment more prompt and faithful than he. On the picket line, in the camp, or on the field, he was always at his post.

A year rolled round and with it passed the "battles before Richmond," "Bull run," and "Antietam." When the last named battle was over, every officer above our hero had fallen, and he alone was left in command of his company, now reduced to fifteen men. Every duty belonging to company officers now devolved on him. At dress parade, on the march, everywhere, he commanded his men. When company rations were to be drawn, "Corporal Riley" drew them. He acted as "Sick Sergeant," as "Corporal," as "Captain." In short, he was *THE man* of the company.

There was one thing, however, that marred our Corporal's glory. The boys said that he was a poor scholar. The Adjutant said he could not read his writing. "And such spelling!" "Do," said he, "put an officer over that company." "I can't do it," said the Colonel. "He is the best man we have got, and it would insult his bravery to place a less worthy man over him." In the mean time our hero was studying the "Army Regulations," and reading. His penmanship improved, his reports were more correctly made, and while other officers were drinking, and telling stories, he was becoming a better man, a better soldier, and a better scholar. He *was climbing up*.

One day, our Colonel was ordered to recommend officers for promotion. I looked on while he named the officers for

the several companies in their order. When he came to "Corporal Riley's" command, I asked what he would do with it. "*W-e-l-l—I can't get over nor around the Corporal; so here it goes.*" With that he seized his pen and wrote in a bold hand,

*"For meritorious conduct, I recommend 'Corporal Riley,' of 7th P. R. V. C., for 2nd Lieutenant."*

The promotion was made. Our Corporal put on "shoulder straps," and carried a sword instead of a musket. We saluted him as an officer, but *we called him "Corporal Riley."*

Subsequently another promotion was made, and our young soldier was 1st Lieutenant. On the first day of the Wilderness Battles he was captured and taken to Andersonville. But he seemed to be made of too sterling stuff, to be killed by prison cruelties. He came home, and the last I knew of him, was what I saw in an order from the War Department, stating that he was brevetted *Captain!* Now, dear readers, this promotion was the result of *industry, faithfulness, and honesty.* "Corporal Riley" was fighting for "the good, the true, and the beautiful." Emulate his example.

### FRANK KINGSTON'S RESOLVE.

BY ALTA GRANT.

"Halloo, Frank! where 're you bound for?" cried Ned Hillary to his friend Frank Kingston.

"Just going home," said Frank; "they kept us pretty busy at the shop, to-night, and we couldn't shut up 'till late."

"Well, say, don't stay home and mope all the evening. It's a splendid night; let's have some fun!"

"What kind of fun?" asked Frank.

"O, most anything. A game of billiards, perhaps, for variety."

Frank hesitated. He knew very well that his parents did not approve of his going to the billiard room, but his fondness for the game sometimes overcame his scruples.

"Well, I'll come if I can," he said, as he moved on.

Ned called after him, "Don't fail, that's a good fellow. I'll meet you at the corner."

It had been a busy day, and Frank was tired and hungry. The table was waiting for him when he reached home, and his mother met him at the door, with a smile and a pleasant word, but her voice had a weary sound which Frank's ear could not fail to catch. He did not think of it again however, until, having finished his supper, as he was about to leave the house, his glance fell on her troubled face. She was rocking the baby, who was wakeful and

worrying; the table was yet to be cleared, and the girl was away on a visit to a sick sister. For an instant Frank deliberated, then back went the old straw hat, to its nail behind the door, and the next moment he had coaxed baby from mother's arms, and was quieting it as gently as a girl. It was a pretty picture they made in the golden twilight—the curly headed boy hushing the baby sister to sleep—and the pleased smile on their mother's face told that to her eye, no painting by any of the masters could be half so sweet.

Eight o'clock came and baby was sleeping soundly. Mother had seated herself darning stockings, and Frank was wondering whether it was not still early enough to meet Ned, when his father came in with the evening papers.

"Very busy to-night, Frank?" he asked. "My eyes feel badly and I don't like to use them much. Suppose you read a while to mother and me."

It was something of a disappointment, and Frank began the task reluctantly, but quickly becoming interested, all thoughts of Ned, and the evening's amusements vanished. After the reading, there was a pleasant chat over the events of the day, and when Frank knelt with his father and mother at prayers, he felt that it had been a happy and restful evening.

"Heard the news?" said one of the shop boys, the next morning.

"What news?" asked Frank.

"Ned Hillary had his eye put out last night—got into a quarrel in the billiard saloon."

Frank shuddered when he thought how narrowly he had escaped being mixed up in the same quarrel, and, then and there, he resolved to have nothing more to do with the billiard room.

At noon he told his mother of Ned Hillary's misfortune.

"Had he been at home, making others happy, like my Frank, it would not have happened," she said, with her loving hand on his shoulder.

Frank hung his head; and then, because his sense of honor was too fine to let him take praise that was undeserved, he confessed how many times he had been at the billiard room, and how near he had come to being one of the party, that night.

"But I shall never go there again, mother dear," he said, seeing the tears in her eyes.

"My boy has need to pray 'Lead us not into temptation,'" she said, softly. And Frank did pray those words in a way he had never prayed them before, and though he sometimes found it hard to refuse an invitation to play his favorite game, He who gave that prayer to His disciples gave him strength to resist the temptation.

## "FROM SHORE TO SHORE."

A TALK ABOUT A PICTURE.

BY J. A. BELLINGS.

Perhaps you have seen it; it is a common photograph, though not for that reason less beautiful. For truly, the common things of life are most dear to us, after all. The green grass studded with buttercups, the bright, blue heavens up to which we lift our faces every day, the well known birds, that flood our world with melody rarer than has ever been devised by the cunningest musician—which of these do we despise because it is common? To be sure, I bought the picture for twenty-five cents, but every time I look at it I feel a holier purpose, and a renewed faith in life and life's mysteries. It hangs above me as I write; let me tell you what I see.

A tranquil river on which a boat is sailing, filled with people. Nothing more. A casual observer might note that, and pass by with merely his word of praise; "pretty enough, but meaningless." Ah! but look; under the leaf is the flower.

At the prow two children are standing. Eagerly they are looking forward to the shore that they are nearing. Ah! happy little children, I am sad for you, thinking of the stout hearts that shall fail, of the dreams that shall not come true, of the hopes that shall be unfulfilled. The boy is pointing out something to his sister—a light-haired, loving, little thing, I know; one whom you would like to take to your heart, were she alive. Perhaps the boy is building a castle of future glory, of fame, or warlike renown. Who knows?

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Dream on! Hope on! The shore will be reached all too soon; ere night, shall the castle have crumbled to the dust.

Then there is a girl with her hands upon the side of the boat, looking—I know not where; into a world, perhaps, that she has peopled for herself. A weird, elfish thing, with a sunbonnet over her dark hair. I wonder what she sees with those black eyes! O, the world is full of dreamers, and this little child is like all the rest.

Next a boatman sits pulling at the oars. What a great, strong fellow he is, and how he smiles at the lovers who are just before him. Ah! for them there is neither past nor future, naught but the joyous, happy, loving present. See! he is whispering in her ear, and she looks down as she trails her hand in the water. Of what does he tell her? that handsome, manly youth. Does he tell of a home that she would cheer? of a life that she would ennoble? I know not, but that he whispers the "old, old story," who can doubt?

"For 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love  
That makes the world go round."

On that world divine they are gliding, all ignorant of time or space; loved and loving they "would fain that life should at a stand remain, eternally."

On the same seat with the girl—she has not lived so long but that her heart is warm and tender—sits a young wife. A little, tired child has flung his head into her lap; she soothes him with her hand. Such a loving, trusting face she lifts up to her husband! You might know that his fireside is pleasant, that for him she keeps the house cheery and bright. I would like, when I die, to have such an one stand at my bedside, and put back the hair from my forehead with her gentle hand. I would like to know that she would think of me with love. I would like to meet such an one in heaven.

She looks at her husband. He gazes earnestly into the infinite future that lies before him. A tall, manly form, a kindly, noble face. What sees he in that future? Ah me! the battle is a hard one, even for the strong; and, perhaps, he reads a story of struggling, and poverty, and pain, perhaps. But with that loving woman gazing in his face, what can he fear? "For better, for worse, until death do them part." Certainly, nothing could be very hard.

In the stern there are two other figures. An old man and wife. She is looking back, back into the past. For her there is no long future, save the eternal and heavenly. She is turning again the pages of childhood, maidenhood, and her wedded life. Were it strange if her eyes were dim? As for him—he to whom she pledged faith long years ago, he who has ever been her stay and support, he leans upon a staff. "He is always remembering." I wonder if to him the boat, and the river, and the people are realities. I wonder if he sees the light clouds in the heaven, and the little village on the left. O, no! for to him, as to his wife, the present is lost in the past. Again he goes over his boyhood, with its boyish trials and pleasures; he ponders upon his manhood, his love and courtship. And lo! the woman by his side has lost her gray locks and her faded cheeks. He sees

"But her girlish likeness,  
Brown eyes and brown, falling hair."

Again he leads the dance among his fellows. Again the solemn words are spoken at the altar. He lives over his married life; he thinks of children that have grown to man's estate, and have flown from the homestead. "He is always remembering."

All this and more, I see in the picture

that hangs above me. It is soft and indistinct in the lamp-light, but I can see the lover whispering of his love, and the young wife looking into her husband's face, and the old man always remembering.

## THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW.

BY ALTA GRANT.

One day a golden-haired child, who lived where no trees or flowers grew, was gazing wistfully through the open gate of a beautiful park, when the gardener chanced to throw out an armful of dry cuttings. Among them the little girl discovered one with a tiny bud just starting.

"Perhaps it will grow," she whispered to herself, and dreaming of wide, cool boughs, and fluttering leaves, she carried it carefully home, and planted it in the darksome area. Day after day she watched and tended it, and when, by and by, another bud started, she knew that the slip had taken root.

Years passed, and the lowly home gave place to a pleasant mansion, and the narrow area widened into a spacious garden, where many a green tree threw its shadow. But for the golden-haired child, now grown into a lovely maiden, the fairest and dearest of them all was the one she had so tenderly nourished. No other tree, she thought, cast such a cool, soft shade; in no other boughs did the birds sing so sweetly.

But while the tree lived and flourished, the young girl drooped and faded. Sweeter and sadder grew the light in her blue eyes, till by and by God's angel touched them with a dreamless sleep. Loving hands crowned the white brow with myrtle, and under the branches she had loved, laid her tenderly to rest.

But from that hour, as if in sorrow for the one that had tended it, the stately tree began to droop. Lower and lower bent the sad branches, lower and lower, until they caressed the daisied mound that covered her form.

"See!" said her young companions, "the tree weeps for her who loved it." And they called it the Weeping Willow.

ONE day, a little, blue-eyed friend of mine was playing merrily in the parlor, seeming to have no thoughts beyond her pleasure, when a gentleman and lady in the room began to talk about the Bible. The gentleman thought that a great many things in that wise book were not meant to be understood exactly as they were written. For instance, that the bunch of grapes which required the strength of two men to bring out of the "land flowing with milk and honey," was really an entire vine. The lady agreed with him. My little,

four year old friend dropped her toys, and going to the lady, put her hand upon her arm, and looking at her with pitying eyes, said,

"Aunty."

"What, dear?" the lady answered.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"God."

Then, summoning all her strength, in solemn tones, the baby asked, "Do you think it was any *wonderfuller* for God to make that big bunch of grapes, than to make you?"

Aunty felt reproved. *Annie E. Jones.*

### REED'S DRAWING LESSONS

The eye, perhaps, is the least educated of any of the organs of Sense. So true is this, that very few persons can draw a straight line any number of inches; or can even tell when it is so. There are many who can perform with some degree of excellence on a musical instrument, decide correctly of the delicacy of a perfume, and seldom has the education of the palate been so neglected that one is not able to judge of a good dinner.

But drawing and painting are always in the rear rank of refinement, and when the kindred arts, architecture and music, have pioneered the way, art and literature are sure to come in at the victory; for the highest condition of civilization is always crowned with these, and as a nation cultivates and studies them, so will it be refined, grand, and beautiful. Heretofore it has been thought that art was only for the few geniuses, who were born with a palette in their hands; and even now, the people are loth to part with this idea; but facts, in these latter days, show that Application is a very good *pro tem*. Genius.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, for there the honor lies."

It is related of Apelles, a celebrated Grecian painter, that, calling on his friend Praxiteles, and not finding him at home, he left a mark upon the latter's canvas, by which Praxiteles might know his visitor. Now this mystic *mark* is supposed to have been two parallel lines, as true and perfectly drawn as though done by rule and compass. But the skill was the mystery; and the remark of Praxiteles was, that "none but Apelles could give that sign!"

By this we may infer that the art, in those days, was a wonder not meddled with by the million, any more than in these latter days; not as much, for it was then a secret, confined to the few; now it is free to all, and all who desire to do so may learn to draw, for Pope's oft-quoted line, that

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;

is as true of drawing as of anything else.

We may look with delight upon a well-drawn object, and wonder how it is possible to make the figure stand out in such bold relief, upon a flat surface. It requires but three principles to produce it: *Form,*

*Light, and Shade.* But this is the mystery—incomprehensible as the Trinity. In fact it is the Trinity of Art.

Custom is beginning to sanction the attempt to educate the eye. It is now becoming fashionable to study æsthetics, and to consider drawing an accomplishment. Some of our schools and colleges have made it a specialty; and this has developed the fact that woman has the genius and qualifications necessary for an artist, and with much greater success in a pecuniary way; for the works of a woman artist have a market value greater than those of men, where the real merit is equal, which, in these days of Mammon worship, is quite an item.

When Bayard Taylor made the tour of Europe, he found great pleasure in being able to sketch from nature, and he never left a spot of any remarkable beauty or historical interest, without transferring it to paper; and his advice to every one is to learn to sketch from nature. It is certainly a source of pleasure and gratification, to possess views of the various lovely spots of earth, that we may chance to see; and to those who study these principles of beauty, in which all nature seems to float, and who can behold the creations creep from beneath their pencil, there is a charm more than words can express; for if a student of nature looks out upon the landscape, his eye is greeted by a thousand beauties that are never dreamed of by another. The eye seems instinctively to fall upon all the cozy nooks of beauty; and the sparkling floods of sunshine, the deep, transparent shadows, the cool and inviting half tints that unite the two, and the gentle gradations of perspective, till the enchantment of distance has melted the very mountains into the soft blue of the sky, all are fascinating studies, and conspire to entrance him with their loveliness. He dwells in a new world of feeling. It is the "Land of Beulah" in which his sense revels, and where, amid groves and vineyards and fountains of water, where the sun never goes down upon its glory, he may gather fruits for his fancy, and bask in a world of beauty. And this is a thing to be desired, for no one can devote himself to the study of Nature in any of her enchanting fields without being the better for it.

What, to an uncultivated eye, is merely a green tree, or a forest, is to him a volume of Nature, and each leaf a page of her hidden mysteries, unfolding to his eye a thousand forms and shapes and tints. To another a vast mountain gorge may excite only a sensation of dread and loneliness; but to the student it has the *charm* of solitude, and he sees in it one of the most sublime expressions of the Almighty, and is impelled to

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God,"

and he feels that beyond these glorious effects there is a more glorious Cause, and a Power above that which enables him to imitate. It is the Power that

"Made the picture painters imitate,  
The Statuary's first grand model made,  
Taught human intellect to re-create,  
And human ingenuity its trade."

That a book of this character, which will cultivate in children an æsthetic taste,

is needed, there is no question, for there is no work on drawing in this country, that brings the principles down to the comprehension of the child's mind. The lessons in some of the books are simple enough, but the technical snarl of the language employed is not so simple that a child "who runs may read." Experience shows that they have not the slightest understanding of the written rules of drawing and perspective, and they make but poor progress, even with a teacher.

It has been the endeavor, in the present volume, in a kind of pleasant chit chat, to so simplify the rules and language, that children may, with or without a teacher, be amused and instructed in elementary drawing, both at the schools and at their own firesides, and at the same time, be sure that they will have nothing to unlearn when they come to the more advanced books. Because the work is more particularly designed for children, it will be found none the less valuable to older people who desire to acquire a knowledge of drawing.

The lessons here given are mostly of familiar objects, easy to draw, and it has been the endeavor to so present the principles that they may be easily understood.

[Extract from introductory chapter to "Reed's Drawing Lessons," published by Alfred L. Sewell. See Editorial pages of this Magazine.]

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1869.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The year 1869 promises to be a very *happy new year* to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and in the fullness of his glad heart, he sends out to his many thousand friends, the joyful salutation which, on New Year's morning, rings around the world.

By the blessing of God upon well meant efforts, THE CORPORAL, (who has, before this, seen only three New Years ushered in,) is able to hold out his hand to a larger army, and pronounce his blessing upon more children, than rally to the call of any other juvenile magazine in the whole, wide world. He does not speak of this with a boastful spirit, but only thanks God for the influence thus far gained, and prays the prayer which the young king prayed, so many years ago, for wisdom and direction, that he may go in and out before this great multitude in such a way as to do them good—to make them all *better, and wiser, and happier.*

Wealth and honor are grateful to any human heart, but THE CORPORAL has learned to thoroughly believe that the wise man was right when he said, "Wisdom is the principal thing;" and let us all try to learn more and more, that the best thing we can do in all our lives, is to *be*

tinually "fight against wrong, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful"—fight wisely and well.

In this peaceful warfare THE CORPORAL glories, and while he marches onward with a glad, free heart, he remembers that though a million may rally to his standard, still he is only a *Little Corporal* in the army of the *Great Captain*, yet he cannot help wishing that he had a voice so loud as to be heard throughout the world; and an arm so strong that he could make his words come true, when he wishes that to every child, and man, and woman in the whole, broad earth, the year 1869 might be truly, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

### THE NEW VOLUME.

Our January number is sent to some of our old subscribers—all those who we feel sure will renew immediately. We send it because we know that many of you will have already sent your dollars for 1869 before this number reaches you, so we would not delay your magazine by changing the name in the list; and nearly all the others will renew as soon as this number comes.

MRS. MILLER'S NEW STORY, "*A Year at Riverside Farm*," will be one of the best she ever wrote, and we are sure you will like the Phillips children as well as you have Jimmy Marvin. Barbara Phillips will be one of the principal characters, and the girls will have a particular interest in her every-day life. Let us see if the princess ever finds the king's house.

LUCIA CHASE BELL has just sent us one of her most charming stories, telling of what Kitty and the Baby heard and saw in the Cricket country. It will appear in an early number, and will be a real treat for all, from grandpa down to baby.

"ONLY IN FUN," is the title of a splendid story for girls, by *Patience Waite*, which will probably be in the next number.

THE INDIANS.—We speak in another place of some very interesting articles we have already on hand about the Dakota Indians. These articles are fresh and full of interest for all classes, both young and old.

W. O. C. has lately paid us a week's visit, and while we were greatly interested in seeing and conversing with him, we were also much pleased to know that he is full of enthusiasm for THE CORPORAL, and will try to do more for the boys and girls this coming year than ever before. Watch the fortunes of *Nimble Dick*, the monkey, who appears first in this number. We think he alone will furnish fun enough to pay for a year's subscription to THE CORPORAL.

But we need not specify all the good things we have in store for the coming year. It is enough to say that all our old contributors and many new ones will do all they can to make this year the best one THE LITTLE CORPORAL has ever known. We are sure you will not only desire to continue your own subscriptions, but send one, or ten, or even one hundred new names, and not only do them all good, but secure some one of our beautiful premiums.

Send your renewals at once, as soon as this number reaches you, if not sent before, so that your name may not be changed in the list, but only the \$ be altered to a 9.

### HOW TO REMIT.

See, on third page of cover, an item with the above heading, which explains the whole matter.

Papers sent in clubs need not necessarily go to the same Post Office, or State.

### EDITORIAL.

One year ago I sent New Year's greeting to the children of the Corporal's army. I felt almost like a stranger then, but we have had so many talks together, that when I sit down now to write, I can fancy a crowd of bright faces peeping at me, and little feet pattering all about my chair. So many loving messages have come to me from one and another, that I feel quite sure you will wish me, as I wish you, a *Happy New Year*.

On my table lies a bound volume of, THE CORPORAL, and I have been looking it over—reading here and there, and thinking all the time,

"Well, nobody can say the dear, little soldier has not borne his banner bravely, and fought nobly for the 'Good, the True, and the beautiful.'"

I can't help feeling a little proud of him, and you know *love* finds charms that other eyes never see. A dear, little girl who reads this paper, was once in company with some older people, who were laughingly talking about the beauty of some of their friends.

"Don't you know who the prettiest lady in our church is?" asked Nellie, with an earnest tone; "why I do."

"Do you?" asked a gentleman; "who is it, Nellie?"

"Why, my mamma," said Nellie, as if there could be no question about it.

I liked that of Nellie, don't you? I like to see in a child that warm, tender love that holds mother best and dearest. It was only a few days ago that I heard an old lady say,

"It always seemed to be a kind of instinct with us children, to save the best of everything for mother. The first flower, the earliest fruit, any little, choice thing that we got, was always carried as an offering to her."

So when I was wondering what I should say to all the little people, I thought the very best thing would be to tell them that by and by the New Years would find them not little children any more, but grave men and women. That by and by the loving hands that fill the stockings for them now, would finish all their work and be folded in death; and the lips that have given them so many New Year's greetings, will be silent forever. Father and mother will be gone from the home, and the sweetest thing of all to remember will be that we made life pleasant and beautiful to them by love and tenderness, that after all, could not half repay their love and care for us.

Emily Huntington Miller.

### THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

There is something about the wildness and mystery and romance of Indian life that deeply interests us all. Indeed, though our homes are built upon the Red Men's former hunting grounds; though we look upon the same prairies and mountains where they lived and loved and died, and our boats steam over the same lakes and rivers that were theirs only a few years ago; though many of our states and cities and towns bear their names; we really know very little about them. We have in our office a number of articles, written by a gentleman, who for many years lived among the Dakota Indians, saw their every-day life, spoke their language, and knew a great many curious and interesting things about them. These articles tell us of "*Dakota Life*," "*Amusements and Games of the Dakotas*," "*Indian Medicine Men*," "*Indian Gods and Religion*," and other things that will greatly interest us all. These savage tribes are gradually melting away from off the face of the earth.

Soon all will be gone but their names, which we have appropriated, and the stories like these, which the white men have gathered up and written in their books.

These papers will begin in our next number.

### LARGE CIRCULATIONS.

We received a short time ago, from Rowell & Co., one of the largest and most enterprising advertising firms in New York, a circular which interested us a good deal. Two pages were devoted to a statement of the circulation of the principal papers and magazines in this country. Nearly two hundred periodicals were named. We copy, below, only a few of them. At the top the heading reads:

"The circulation of the papers on this list has been ascertained with considerable care, and may be relied upon as generally correct."

New York Weekly Tribune.....	190,000
Harper's Weekly.....	100,000
Harper's Monthly.....	112,000
Harper's Bazar.....	70,000
New York Weekly.....	200,000
Atlantic Monthly.....	50,000
Independent.....	80,000
The Little Corporal.....	80,000
American Agriculturist.....	160,000
Oliver Optic's Magazine.....	5,000
Our Young Folks.....	40,000
Putnam's Magazine.....	15,500
Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.....	85,000
Frank Leslie's Illustrated.....	45,000
Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine.....	50,000
Galaxy.....	20,000
Waverly Magazine.....	40,000
Phrenological Journal.....	30,000
Riverside Magazine.....	20,000
Our Schoolday Visitor.....	20,000
The Nation.....	6,000
Peterson's Magazine.....	140,000
Godey's Lady's Book.....	106,000
The World.....	75,000
Packard's Monthly.....	5,000
Round Table.....	7,000
LaCrosse Democrat.....	300,000
North American Review.....	2,000
Lippincott's Magazine.....	10,000
Nasby's Toledo Blade.....	80,000

There are many others that we would like to give, if we had space to spare. It will be noticed that THE LITTLE CORPORAL is put down for double that of any other *juvenile magazine*, and as much as the other three largest combined, and the above figures do not represent our January edition, which is 85,000, *full count*. We have no desire to boast, but we cannot help congratulating ourselves and our readers, for surely that will do pretty well for a boy only three and a half years old—a boy in the West, too, where, it was thought a few years ago, nothing but pork and corn and prairie wolves could flourish.

We notice, however, higher figures than ours on this list, among the grown folks' magazines and papers, but they do not appal the heart of our soldier boy. The Corporal says he don't see why Peterson's Magazine, or Harper's, or The Tribune, or Brick Pomeroy's Democrat, should have a larger circulation than his, and he firmly believes that before many years shall pass he will count as large figures as any of them. He means to deserve it, anyhow, and the boys and girls everywhere are working for him, and the ball is rolling on. May God speed it.

BOOKS SENT BY MAIL.—We will send by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, any book offered in our premium list. We aim to keep a full stock on hand for premiums, and may just as well sell them to all who wish to buy for cash.

CECIL'S BOOKS ON NATURAL HISTORY, mentioned in our premium list, are published by Clarke & Co. They have been highly spoken of by critics, as useful and instructive works for children.



## MRS. MILLER'S STORY.

Many thousands have followed Jimmy Marvin in his trials and successes, and said good bye to him, on his broad Iowa farm, with mingled delight and regret—delight that, by standing by his motto, he has gained the rewards a true life can bring; and regret that we can know nothing of his future course in life. We may be sure, however, that "Squire Marvin's" path will surely shine more and more. Only take the lesson of his history home, boys. There is not one of you who has fewer advantages than Jimmy had. Only be true and faithful, and you may succeed as well as he did.

And now in "The Year at Riverside Farm," we are introduced to Nathan and Barbara and Davy Phillips. We will soon be as deeply interested in this story as we have been in "The Bears' Den" and "The Royal Road to Fortune."

## REED'S DRAWING LESSONS.

We have just issued a book of Drawing Lessons for beginners, which we think will prove to be the best ever published. These Lessons are prepared by P. FISKE REED, a prominent western artist, whose studio is in the Crosby Opera House building, Chicago. Few men are better fitted to prepare such a work than Mr. Reed, and he has spent on this a great deal of care and study to make it as nearly perfect as possible. It is a common-sense book, that will be easily understood by all, and cannot fail to be of great service to all beginners, whether young or old. There are fifty-seven lithographic engraved lessons, besides a large number of wood engravings, with full explanations, printed in large type.

We do not hesitate to claim that there is no book so good, either for home study or the school room. By its aid any one can gain a good knowledge of the beautiful art of drawing.

The lithographic engravings alone cover twenty pages. The binding is full English cloth, with gilt title. Price \$1.50. It will be sent as a premium for a club of five subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. The book can be ordered through all booksellers, or sent by mail, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

## A CURIOSITY.

We copy the following paragraph from "Chicago Correspondence," in one of our exchanges. We may, at some future time, have something more to tell you about this huge cannon ball, and the gun it belonged to:

"One of the curiosities in Chicago is a huge cannon ball weighing 1,275 pounds, belonging to the big gun at Fortress Monroe, the largest ever used in this country, if not in the world. It is easy to imagine that the sides of any vessel, either of wood or iron, would present a weak barrier to such a ball, sped with the explosive force of nearly half a barrel of powder. As those visiting Chicago may wish to see this *souvenir* of the late war, I will tell them where to find it. It lies on the sidewalk next to the Chicago post office, in front of the office of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, which—as its name indicates—is the Napoleon of juvenile papers, having in three years reached a larger circulation than any juvenile magazine in the world. It is purely original, and its able corps of writers have given it so high a literary and moral character, and made it so attractive that it is everywhere eagerly sought for."

## "UP, GUARDS, AND AT THEM!"

Read the item with the above heading, on the third page of our cover.

## THE REAPER PREMIUM.

Notice the Buckeye Reaper and Mower Premium, on Premium List pages. It will pay any man or woman or boy or girl to work all winter for one of these machines. If you fail to get enough names to secure the Reaper, you can pay the balance in money, or sell your claim to some one else who will do so.

## TO THOSE RAISING CLUBS.

January is a splendid month in which to work for clubs. During these days in which we write, new subscriptions are coming in very rapidly—more than twice as fast as during the same days of last year. November, '68, gave us more than twice as much money for subscriptions as November, '67, gave us from *all sources combined*. We hope that December and January, and the months following, will do as well.

THE CORPORAL is so well advertised, that it is easy to raise clubs. Nearly everybody knows about it, and nearly everybody likes and wants it; and with nearly all good people, the more they know it the better they like it.

The Premiums are fine, and while you are *doing good* by circulating our magazine, you can also easily gain a beautiful premium, and thus be well paid for your time and trouble.

Renewals count in clubs just the same as new subscribers.

Remember the following points; they may help you in securing names to your club:

- 1st.—*The Little Corporal* is the cheapest of all the magazines, when we consider the quantity and quality of its matter, and its low price.
- 2d.—It is only because of its immense circulation that we are enabled to furnish it at the low price, and people everywhere should take advantage of this low price, which the great circulation gives, rather than pay a higher price for a poorer magazine, merely because its limited circulation compels the Publishers to charge the higher price.
- 3d.—*The Corporal* is entirely original and first class in every respect.
- 4th.—It is the best thing of the kind published for Boys and Girls, and *besides this*, is just as interesting to "older people who have young hearts."
- 5th.—It is the best thing in the world for the price, for a present for your young friends. Subscribe for *The Corporal*, and your gift will then be repeated twelve times for one dollar.
- 6th.—*The Corporal* gives the very best matter for all old people to read, if they want to keep their hearts warm and young; therefore *they* want it for themselves even if they have no children of their own.
- 7th.—If you can induce persons to subscribe for back volumes as well as for 1869, every dollar sent for back volumes will count the same as new subscriptions. In this way you can raise a large club.
- 8th.—Send on the names as rapidly as possible, when you have even a few, so that they can be receiving their numbers. Then, when your club is full, claim the premium you have gained.

## THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO.

## RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming Chromo of Mr. Beard's great Painting is giving great delight wherever it is seen.

We might give many extracts from notices by prominent editors, but content ourselves with one by Dr. W. W. Patton, *editor of The Advance*. In an editorial article, among other things, he says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *fac simile* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Prang's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of *The Little Corporal*, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap

at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars!"

We send the chromo by express, mounted, varnished, and ready for framing, for a club of fourteen subscribers. The cash price is ten dollars. As Dr. Patton says in the above extract, it "would be cheap at fifteen" dollars.

Where any one prefers to send a partial club, and pay the balance in money, we send the Chromo for *nine* subscribers at \$1 each, and *two* dollars besides.

Send on the clubs and secure this superb work of art.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.—Our Premium for a club of three subscribers, the superb steel line engraving of The Heavenly Cherubs, from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is very much admired by all who see it. It is one of the finest and best steel engravings ever executed in this country, and sells readily for two dollars. It is sent by mail, post paid, on a strong roller, for a club of three subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, at the regular price.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
Chicago, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company:

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of *The Little Corporal*. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your institution may give to the West more like this, which must gladden every lover of art.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

## THE NEW NEWSPAPER AND MUSIC FILE, OR BINDER.

I have now received from the factory nearly all lengths of the File, and am taking measures to have them introduced to the public, through the hands of newspaper publishers in every county, as rapidly as possible. Ask your county Publisher to send for my wholesale price list. Your cheapest way is to purchase your supply, either for use or sale, from him. I can send by mail the size for THE CORPORAL, on receipt of 35 cts., which will cover the price of *File* and *letter* postage on same. The Files were patented in 1861, but as the inventor, Mr. White, is a minister, and has spent a great part of the time since his invention was patented, as a chaplain in the army, this product of his ingenuity has remained in his study at home, and not been given to the public. I have now purchased his letters patent, and hope to give these files a lodgment in every house in America.

I give below the sizes and prices. Send for a circular, giving full description and letters of recommendation from many distinguished men.

No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —15c. each.	No. 21—40c. each.
No. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 22—40c. "
No. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 23—45c. "
No. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 24—45c. "
No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 25—45c. "
No. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 27—45c. "
No. 14—30c. "	No. 29—50c. "
No. 15—35c. "	No. 31—50c. "
No. 16—35c. "	No. 33—50c. "
No. 18—40c. "	No. 35—50c. "

The numbers above indicate the length of the Files in inches. Thus, No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long; No. 16 is 16 inches long; and so of the rest. The File should be  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches longer than the fold in the back of the paper to be filed on it.



PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.



THE COW AND THE CROCODILE.

A cow and a crocodile having met on the banks of a river, had a violent dispute as to the merits of their respective places of abode. The cow naturally preferred the land. It was dry, it was solid, it produced abundance of rich grass. The crocodile could not sufficiently praise the river. Its waters, though muddy, were deep, and pleasant to the touch, and abounded in life-giving properties. The cow quoted many learned authorities to prove the dry land the proper home for animals. The crocodile, on the other hand, quoted as largely to show the river to be the best and safest dwelling place.

"But," said the latter, "since you will not be convinced by arguments, you would better come down into the water and learn by experiment the truth of my words. If, on making the trial, you should retain your present opinions, I will abandon my views as erroneous, forsake the water and dwell with you, henceforth, on the dry land."

The cow, pleased at the candor of the crocodile, went down into the river.

"What have you to say, now?" said the crocodile.

"That I am as much convinced as ever," responded the cow, "that the land is the only place where it is possible for me to live."

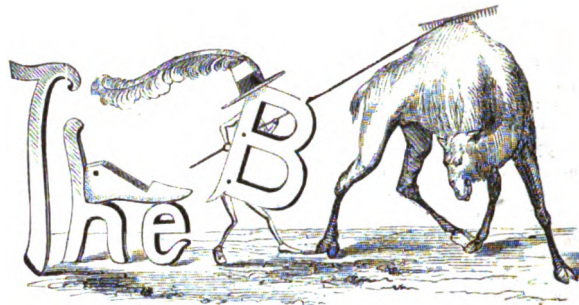
"You might have said so a few moments ago, with safety to yourself," answered the crocodile, "but now the utterance shall cost you your life."

And the cow, not being able to defend herself in the deep water, came to an untimely end.

"Beware," croaked a solitary frog, that had witnessed the sad scene. "Beware of meeting an adversary on grounds selected by himself."

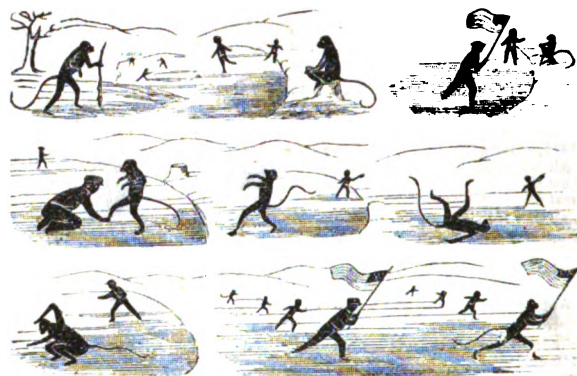
Concede nothing to the wicked, even with the hope of reclaiming them from vice."  
Paul Poregrine.

## No. 1.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



## No. 2.—A PICTURE STORY.

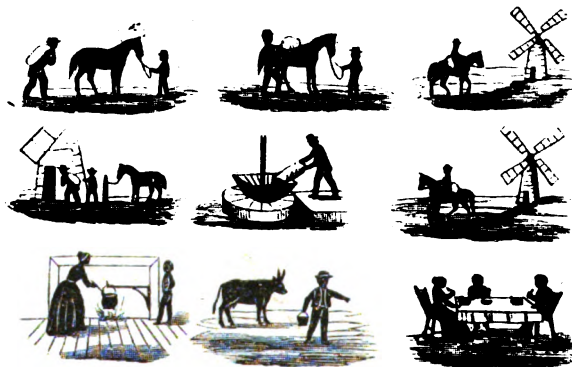
THE ADVENTURES OF NIMBLE DICK.



The translation will be given in the next number.

W. O. C.

## No. 3.—A PICTURE STORY.



"Does the wind blow hard enough to-day?" said James to his father.

"Yes," said the father, "and you may go to mill, and carry the corn."

In some parts of the State of Rhode Island, the country is flat, and there are no streams. Streams must always have a "down hill" to run on, or they'll not run at all. So in Rhode Island, they grind their corn with windmills.

So the bag of corn was laid upon the back of pony, and James jumped on, and off he went. The miller carried in the corn, and poured it all down into the hopper. Then the great wings of the windmill went swinging round and round, and the mill-stones flew, and the corn was ground.

When James came home, his mother hung the Scotch kettle over the fire, stirred in the meal, and made the pudding. I know it was good, because they raise the sweetest corn down in Rhode Island, of any place in the world; at least, so I think. So when father had brought in the milk, the table was spread, and all sat down to eat a supper of pudding and milk.

James always thought he had the best home in the world, and that his mother got the best suppers. Wasn't James a lucky boy?

W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 70.—Charade.—Green-back. No. 71.—Charade.—Sand-bank.  
No. 72.—Riddle.—The Brook. No. 73.—Riddle.—Stick.

## PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS.

READ ALL ON THESE TWO PAGES.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND RENEWALS COUNT ALIKE,  
If you designate which are Renewals.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. The price of this picture is \$1.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of four, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a copy of Shober's elegant engraving of the great reformer, Martin Luther, (which contains in the margin fourteen smaller engravings, illustrating "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family;") the price of which is \$2.50.

4. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted like an oil painting, and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

The same premium will be sent to any who send *nine* subscribers, at \$1 each, and *two* dollars in money beside. The price of the Chromo, mounted on canvas, is ten dollars. We do not sell it mounted.

5. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see other articles in this number.

6. REAPER AND MOWER Premium. See article on next page, and write for descriptive pamphlets, &c.

7. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

8. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, 1868, or 1869. The six must all be sent at one time.

9. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. Write for particulars.

10. The Self-Binder. Send for circular.

11. Books. The following books, published by Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago, will be sent as premiums: MRS. HENSHAW'S "OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES," price \$3, for a club of nine. "REED'S DRAWING LESSONS," price \$1.50, for a club of five. See, also, next column.

12. Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See another article on this page.

13. ELGIN WATCHES, MADE BY NATIONAL WATCH CO., which leading jewelers pronounce to be the BEST MADE WATCHES IN AMERICA, FOR THE PRICE, and equal to the finest European watches, for accurate time, THAT COST DOUBLE OR THREE TIMES THE MONEY; will be sent as premiums, every watch to have the finest 3 oz. silver case, and forwarded by express, as follows: (The prices given are the lowest regular city retail prices. In many places they are sold at prices considerably higher than those here given.)

Prices of Watches.	Sent as Premium for a club of	Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money will write for terms to the publisher of <i>The Little Corporal</i> .
\$30.00	75 subscribers at \$1.00 each.	
35.00	85 "	
45.00	100 "	
60.00	130 "	
75.00	175 "	

The above are all *hunting case* Watches.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 7, (the club of six).

Back numbers count in a club, same as current volume, so that in raising large clubs it is worth while to induce new subscribers to begin with July 1865, which was the first No. Back numbers can always be furnished.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS' CATALOGUE:

7—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature..... 2.00  
5—Dr. Hooker's Natural History..... 1.50

Our subscribers of course remember that Dr. Hooker is the Uncle Worthy who gave us so many entertaining articles last year, and whose death was chronicled in our columns. His scientific books for children are not surpassed, being full of the most valuable instruction, and as interesting as the most exciting stories. His works

are published by Harper Brothers. We can furnish any book that is published by the Harpers at rates similar to those at which we offer Dr. Hooker's; or we can furnish any of their larger books or sets of books as we do the Organs, for part subscribers and part money.

The following books, from Hurd & Houghton's Catalogue, will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
6—Italian Journeys. By Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Æsop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—Moore's Lalla Rookh. Illustrated.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.55
7—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.25
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

FROM CLARKE & CO.'S CATALOGUE.

4—Cecil's Book of Beasts.....	\$1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Birds.....	1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Insects.....	1.25

Any Books advertised as premiums will also be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher, Chicago.

IN CLUB WITH THE LARGER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *The Little Corporal* in club with the larger magazines, etc., for one year, as follows:

Harper's Magazine (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	\$4.00
Harper's Weekly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Harper's Bazar (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Atlantic Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Putnam's Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Hours at Home (\$3) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.25
Phenological Journal (\$5) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.00

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## STEINWAY'S PIANOS

AND  
PELOUBET'S ORGANS

AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

STEINWAY PIANOS.

We will send one of Steinway's best No. 1 Pianos, Seven Octaves, Rosewood, price, at the factory, \$650, to any person or school who will send us Nine Hundred Subscribers, at the regular rate of one dollar a year each; or, to any one who will send us Three Hundred and Twenty-five Subscribers, and \$325.00 in money, besides.

Larger or cheaper Pianos sent at the same proportionate rate.

PARLOR ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

To every Person, Church, or School, that will send us a club of *forty* subscribers, at the regular price of \$1 each, and Seventy dollars besides, we will send the Peloubet Cabinet Organ, price \$130.00.

The same prize will be sent to those who send Fifty subscribers, as above, and sixty-five dollars besides.

To those sending Seventy-five subscribers, as above, and sixty dollars besides.

To those sending One Hundred subscribers, and fifty dollars besides.

Those sending Two Hundred subscribers, at the regular rate of \$1 each, will receive the Organ.

We can furnish larger and higher-priced or smaller and lower-priced instruments on like favorable terms.

If you desire further information in regard to any Premiums offered, write to the editor of *The Little Corporal*.

## "ORGAN" LETTERS.

We gave in the November *CORPORAL* a number of extracts from the few of the many letters from those who have received organs as premiums for

large clubs of subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. We give below one of those letters. We have many of similar character. For particulars as to terms, see above, and write me.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 2, 1868.

A. L. Sewell, Esq.—Dear Sir: Long will *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* be remembered by the McKee Mission Sunday School of this city, as its advent in our midst opened the way to secure a valuable and almost indispensable assistant and attraction in our school. Your liberal offer to give a Peloubet Organ to any person, church, or school that would send two hundred subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, came under the observation of the lady teachers of the school, who are ever on the alert to advance the interests of the great and good work in which they are engaged. They immediately commenced soliciting subscribers, and now we are enjoying the fruits of their exertions.

For three Sabbaths the school has enjoyed the sweet tones of the organ, and teachers and scholars are charmed with it, and all who have seen or heard it, praise it in high terms. Mr. William Semple, the accomplished organist of the Chestnut-street Presbyterian Church, of this city, pronounces it a very fine instrument; and we would advise all Sabbath Schools not provided with an organ, to at once improve the *LITTLE CORPORAL*'s offer. The paper is well worth the money, full of instruction and amusement for children, and our subscribers anxiously look for the *CORPORAL*'s arrival, on the first of each month.

In behalf of the teachers of the McKee Mission School allow me to thank you for the great promptness with which you forwarded our organ.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES H. FLETCHER,  
Supt. McKee Mission S. S.

A note from Mrs. Semple, a teacher in the same school, written a few weeks after the above date, says:

"We like our organ better and better every Sabbath."

## SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS AS PREMIUMS.

We can send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen, Double Silver Plated Forks, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the finest quality of Nickel Silver Metal, and Double Plated with pure Silver. Spoons and forks will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. It is not necessary to wait till the club is full.

CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled, notify us, send a duplicate list of all the names you have sent, with their post offices, so that we may compare, and see if all is correct, and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller one. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

BOUND VOLUMES.—With the December number, *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* completed his seventh volume. We now have the seven volumes (three years and a half) bound in one beautiful book, in stiff boards with embossed cloth sides, and gilt title. This bound volume will be sent by mail to any address for \$5.00, or will be delivered at our office for \$4.50. A full set of all back numbers, not bound, furnished for \$3.50. Money sent for this can count in clubs if desired. We will send this book, bound in boards, as a premium for a club of fourteen subscribers.

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.



## THE GREAT PREMIUM.

### THE BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER.

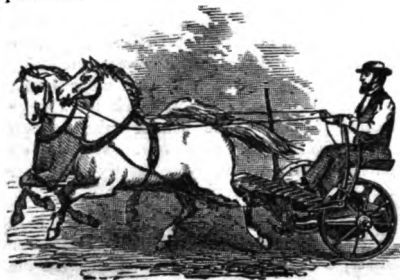
In addition to other premiums given, as shown in the Premium List on the preceding page, we now offer a premium for which *men and boys* can afford to give up their time for a month, to do nothing but canvass for THE LITTLE CORPORAL. And one month's active work should secure one of these magnificent machines. If you are a farmer, it will be eminently useful to you. If you are not a farmer, the machine can be easily sold for money to one of your farmer neighbors; and there are but few ways in which you can make \$100 or \$200 so easy as by raising a club of subscribers to THE CORPORAL, and securing as a premium a BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER. Women and girls are not debarred from working for this prize, if they desire. Any one who can spare the time, and wants to make money, can send to us for sample copies, and make one or two hundred dollars, and be *doing good* at the same time; for who does good more easily and surely than by giving THE LITTLE CORPORAL to the children of America?

We can send hundreds of these machines, if they are earned. The following are the cash prices at the factory, and in the same lines we give the number of subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, at \$1 each, required to secure the Reapers and Mowers as premiums:

Cash Price.	No. Subscribers required.
Junior Mower,.....\$120.00	200
Senior Mower,.....140.00	233
Junior Mower, with dropper,.....165.00	273
Senior Mower, with dropper,.....185.00	300
Junior Mower, with self rake,.....180.00	298
Senior Mower, with self rake,.....200.00	330

Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money, will write for terms to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

If you want further particulars, or descriptive pamphlets, write to the publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Send all names as fast as taken, and let us know if you are working for this premium.



## BUCKEYE MOWER AND REAPER.

### WARRANTY.

The Buckeye Reaper and Mower is warranted to cut, if properly managed, one acre per hour, or ten or twelve acres per day, either grain or grass, in a workmanlike manner, with one pair of horses. The purchaser is allowed to cut two acres of grass, and also two acres of grain, on trial, and, in case anything proves defective, due notice must be given to us or our agent, and time allowed to send a person to put it in order. If it does not work after this, and the fault is in the machine, it will be taken back, or that part of it which proves to be defective, and will be replaced, or the money paid for it refunded.

THE MANUFACTURERS.

# SUBSCRIBE NOW, AND Raise a Club! Raise a Club!!

This is the great Season for Raising Clubs.  
**WORK NOW, FAITHFULLY!!**  
**SEE PREMIUM LIST.**

"FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL."

## A First Class

## Original Magazine

**For One Dollar!**

For BOYS AND GIRLS, and for OLDER PEOPLE who have YOUNG HEARTS.

# The Little Corporal

## ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

This Magazine (not yet four years old) claims to have now a *larger circulation* than any other Juvenile Magazine in the world. Because of this immense circulation, the publisher is enabled to make the improvements initiated without raising the price. Considering the quantity and quality of the matter given, and the beauty of mechanical execution, it is believed to be the *cheapest of all the Magazines*, and worth much more than many for which a higher price is charged.

**"The Little Corporal," for 1869, will be better than ever before.**

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—A late number of this original magazine for boys and girls, and for older people who have young hearts, has found its way to our table, and is so replete of every rare and delicious thing for young hearts, that we are constrained to herald its uncommon merits. The stories are delightful and invariably instructive. The poetry is simple, tender, pretty, and high. The composition is excellent English; and, in a word, the conductors seem to enter into the spirit of their great task, to know the nature of young hearts, and how to cater to their immortal longings.—*National Intelligencer*, Sept. 10, 1868.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL is the most entertaining publication for the young that we have ever examined. We cannot see how it possibly can have a superior, or if it could have, how the young folks could possibly wish for anything better.—*Pennsylvania Teacher*.

We might give many pages of "Notices" from both the religious and secular press, as well as from the people everywhere, to prove that THE LITTLE CORPORAL is all that is claimed for it. Its matter is entirely original and from the freshest, most alive, and best writers in the country.

## Splendid Premiums

are given for Clubs of all sizes. Any one sending a list of subscribers, from two to a thousand, will receive A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

It is edited by **Alfred L. Sewell**, and **Emily Huntington Miller**.

Volumes begin July and January. Back Numbers supplied.

**Terms, One Dollar a Year, in Advance.**

Sample copy, containing Premium List, ten cents, or FREE to any one who will try to raise a club.

Address **ALFRED L. SEWELL**, Publisher,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**NEEDLES.** ONE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES, put up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

**WM. GOODSMITH & CO.,** Chicago, Ill.  
P. O. Drawer 6058.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*." Profits large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money. Write for particulars to Publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

Have you seen the "Woman's Paper!"

## THE SOROSIS;

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF WOMAN. The organ of no party or clique, independent in politics, fearless in criticism, and filled with choice Literature, original and selected. It should be found in every household, for it is a paper eminently pure in tone, and contains sixteen pages of choice reading, consisting of Stories, Essays, Poems, Fashions, and all matters of particular interest to Woman.

**A Premium sent to every Subscriber.**

THE SOROSIS is published every Saturday, at 164 Randolph Street, Room 19, by **MRS. M. L. WALKER & CO.**



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## BILLY MURDOCK'S NUGGET.

BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.

It was really a wonder, the way Mrs. Tabitha Velvet Grimalkin managed to take such excellent care of her great families; always five or six, and of such various colors and dispositions. I'll not deny that Nippers, her eldest son, did once most deliberately do to death Miss Susan Hawkins' canary; nor that Topsy was once caught with her head inextricably fastened into the cream pitcher, and that her little Mistress Edith, despairing of liberating her, did, without hesitation, break the milk pot with a flat iron, and release the prisoner. But on the whole they were an excellent family, of remarkable moral character and gentle manners, and mousers of no mean claw. Mrs. Tabitha felt sure that the duck pond was never at the bottom of any disappearance of her darlings, for in her excursions after meadow moles, she often encountered her children comfortably settled in homes of their own, with splendid residences in the rag basket, or shaving barrel, and a decent competency of cold

scraps, and skimmed milk. She had one daughter, living at a distance, Pearlwhite by name, who had a cherry colored ribbon, tied, with a large bow, round her neck, her ears pierced for ribbons to match.

Mrs. Tabitha felt all the proper pride of a mother, when she beheld her darling in her gorgeous array, and took care not to bring her into discredit by too frequent visits. She had little hope of her present family ever reflecting such glory on their parent, for one was a dirty white, two black, and two of the brightest yellow, with white collars. Ginger and Mustard were the names of these two uncomely specimens of kittenhood. But, as nature rarely fails to grant some compensation, what Ginger and Mustard lacked in beauty, they made up in grace and playfulness. Such madcaps as they were! such bouncers at rough and tumble play! Pranks that bid fair to break their necks, and end the entire cabalistic number of their lives at once.

It was hard upon Thanksgiving times, and the Hawkins family, good liver, excellent providers, and free, open-handed people in every way, were making preparations for a grand gathering of the clans that should include the entire connection of the family, to the third and fourth generation. And from morning till night the commodious kitchen resounded with the steady tramp, tramp, of Mrs. Hawkins and her maiden daughter, Susan, and whatever chance help they could obtain from the "men folks." In faith it needed a pretty faithful orderly to split all the fire wood, to fetch all the water, and to be useful in a general way, at the beck of these two notable housewives. Mrs. Tabitha and her family were in clover. Such countless bits of rich, nourishing gristle, flung from the generous chopping bowl! Such quantities of poultry offal! Such famous lickings of milk pans! Why, it was enough to convince a cat that the millennium had come, and that rats and mice hunts were merely recreations—constitutionals to create an appetite, sanitary measures to promote digestion.

Chicago, Ill., February, 1869.

"Ginger," purred out Mrs. Tabitha, "what are you up to now? What are you after? That's no mouse, you foolish kitten! It's only a dead leaf!"

Out of the open door went Ginger, like a flash of yellow light, after the red maple leaf. Down the path to the gate, then pausing to breathe, then recollecting a pressing engagement, she dashed down the road after a whirl of leaves that was mazzourkaing down the hill road. Just at this moment Mr. Lane's big mastiff, Towser, caught sight of her, and with one angry bark nearly sent her heart out of her spiteful little mouth. Ginger valiantly rallied, formed herself instantly into a hollow square, and presented bayonets. Another bark, and a grin of those most efficient-looking teeth, sent her flying into the nearest birch tree, where she "piff-f-f-ed" and spit at him to her heart's content, growing braver and braver, the safer she felt, until she convinced herself that she was quite a cat, and not merely a little furry, yellow puff ball, about two months old. Towser gave a tremendous bark, and was luckily called home by his mistress, who knew that he must be in mischief, by his noise.

Then Ginger began to realize that she was far from home, twenty feet or more from the ground, and night coming on. She thought of the snug kitchen, the warm basket of shavings, covered over with a bit of old carpet, the saucer of nice, sweet milk, the frolics with her brothers and sisters, and the improving conversation of her dear mother. Oh! her dear, furry, purry mamma! Should she ever see her again? The wind sounds very differently up in a tree on a November night, from what it does whistling outside a warm kitchen. So cold! And Ginger had never spent a night away from her warm bed before, and Mustard was there snug and comfortable. So she uplifted her voice, and bewailed her fate. Not loudly, but mournfully; not shrill, but passionate and pitiful beyond words to tell, were the poor kitten's wailings. It began to drizzle, and the short, dark day



was done. Poor Ginger! It is such a different thing to race at full speed up a tree, hotly pursued by a ferocious voice and terrible teeth; and, in cold blood, to venture, head first, down a tree whose lowest branches were twenty feet from the earth; and *such a little kitten!* She could only sit still and *mew* fearfully.

Billy Murdock lived in a rickety shanty near where the new railroad was building. His father had got a bad hurt not long before this, and couldn't work, and it was exceedingly short commons at Billy's home about those days, for his mother was just getting about, after the fever. In fact, I hardly know what the family would have done if it had not been for Mrs. O'Toole's cow. Mrs. O'Toole had told them that Billy might have a pail of milk, whenever he'd come after it. Billy was an honest Scotch lad, and hated to beg; but there were so many of them, and all so poor and so hungry, and he but twelve years old! So he went for the milk, and so my story gets told. Billy, like all very poor children, was a famous dreamer of riches and splendors; and only the night before he had had such a splendid dream! Billy walked along trying to recall it just as it happened. He dreamed that he was walking through the wood, when, right before him, he saw the greatest nugget of gold that ever was heard of, and shining and sparkling in one end was a great green stone, worth all of a year's pay of the President. And when he started to pick it up, it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled into a great hole in the ground, and Billy followed it; and it rolled into a great splendid kitchen, with a cook stove of pure silver, and all the pots and pans of gold. And the king walked up to him so free and easy, and says he:

"Billy, when you come to see me, why don't you wear better clothes?"

"Begging your majesty's pardon," said Billy, "I've no better."

"And why don't you help yourself?" says he; "don't you see them, more than ever I can wear out, hanging behind the door?"

"And," says Billy, "I doubt I'm welcome."

"Take and welcome," says the king; "for where gold goes before, you're always welcome."

And sure enough, in the corner lay the great nugget, with its green gem sparkling and winking at him. So Billy dreamed that he put on the clothes.

"Mew, mew, mew," right over his head. Billy almost let his milk pail fall, he was so startled, for he thought he saw the shining nugget, and the sparkling emerald right over his head.

But it was no golden vision. It was

only a poor, little, shivering, yellow kitten, crying for her mother. Billy was a soft-hearted boy, and his heart warmed to the forlorn little thing, trembling in the crotch of the tree. He thought how cold it must be there, and how pleased little lame Maggie would be with it, and setting down his pail softly, up the tree he went like a sailor, and poor little Ginger was soon wrapped up in Billy's patched jacket, snug and warm, with an easy faith in Billy's good intentions. She nestled close to his heart, and kept time to its kindly beating with a soft little purr of gratitude.

"And what have ye brought home the night?" queried the petulant voice of Billy's father, as he let Ginger out of his jacket into Maggie's lap.

"It's only a wee bit of a frightened kitten, that was crying up in the top of a tree, because it couldn't get down."

"Another mouth to feed," whined his mother; "and we've so little."

"Whist, now, mither dear," said Billy, soothingly, "it'll be but a wee bit drappie that the pussie'll drink, and ye know it's luck to have a cat come till yer house."

"Aye, but ye *brought* this one."

"And wasn't she just greetin' her very heart out up in a tree where a big dog chased her, and I couldn't bide to hear her cry, and I thought o' Maggie here."

Maggie had already taken possession of the poor little thing, and the two were so happy together that Mrs. Murdock had not another word to say, when Billy and Maggie poured each a few sips into a convenient clamshell, for Ginger's supper; and when that important ceremony was over, made no objection to the appropriation of the warm corner of Maggie's bed, into which she carefully tucked her pet.

Just as the family were preparing to go to bed, there was a loud knock at the door, and when Mrs. Meg opened it, there stood Mr. Ramsey, the paymaster of the road where poor Murdock had worked.

"Well, Murdock, I hear you've got hurt?"

"Yes, sir; but I'll soon be about again, I'm thinking."

"I thought as I was driving past, I'd leave your pay. Three days out of six, leaves three, and a dollar and a half a day — four dollars and a half; that's all right, I believe."

"All right, and much obliged, sir."

"Sorry I didn't have it in the time of it, but if you need anything badly, let me know. I'll look in again."

And the stout, comfortable gentleman buttoned himself into his stout, comfortable overcoat, and stepped out into the darkness, out of which came the light rattle of the light little wagon in which he drove about the country.

"Indeed, I wish it had been a half-hour earlier," sighed Meg. "I'd had a better supper, by far."

"Never mind the night, Meg," replied her husband. "To bed with ye all; ye've had yer sup o' milk the night."

And at a word the tow heads subsided into their nests, and in a few minutes everybody was fast asleep.

Now, Miss Pussie Ginger was, by habit and by education, by nature and principle, an early riser. Even Meg, who rose at sunrise, did not get the start of her. She awoke ere the peep o' day, stretched out her fore legs, then her hind legs, making herself as much like a camel as she could. Then she mewed, but nobody answered. Then she went to the clam shell, from which she had had her supper, to see if by chance some of the milk might have dried round its edges. Poor picking, evidently. Then, like a true philosopher, being able neither to eat, sleep, or get out, she amused herself. A few dry leaves had drifted in at the door the night before. She started them up, boxed them right and left, sent them flying hither and yonder, raced after them, looking as if her tail was dislocated. and getting into the highest excitement over them, tossed them all back to the place of beginning.

Wakened by the racket, Meg rose and set about her work. Little yellow Ginger went flashing about after the leaves, here and there, and once Meg stepped on her. She was a good woman; she did not mean to do it. But to step barefooted on a live, soft, squirming kitten, is enough to disturb anybody, and Ginger was about to make an exit more sudden than graceful, when Meg noticed, for the first time, what she had taken for a dry leaf, was a bit of brownish paper. Meg fairly screamed when she unrolled it, and found it to be a twenty-dollar bank note!

Billy was looking over her shoulder, and at once remembered that the paymaster sat in that chair, under which the kitten was playing, and must have dropped it when he had taken his father's wages. Meg sighed a very deep sigh. O, how many comfortable things will twenty dollars buy for the very poor. It means fuel and food, clothes and shoes, blankets and window glass, which represent strength, comfort, and endurance, work, health and competence. But Meg was an honest woman. She smoothed out the bill, and with another sigh laid it away in her Bible.

"And there let it lie till he comes again, for he's miles and miles away before this."

Billy looked at the bursted toes of his shoes, but said nothing — only hurried into his poor, patched clothes, that he might fetch from the village store the meal and potatoes for their needful food.

As Billy trudged along in the chilly November morning, with his potato sack flung over his shoulder, he was hailed by that most efficient of housewives, Mrs. Hawkins, who came to the door, with face glowing, and cap strings flying.

"Good morning, Billy; where now?"

"I'm going for meal and potatoes, ma'am."

"How's your father?"

"Better, ma'am."

"You come in here, and I'll give you some potatoes. I want you to hurry back as quick as you can, and ask your mother to come over and help me to-day. We've all, and more, to do, than we can possibly manage, alone. Tell her to set Jenny to mind your father, and I'll send him his dinner. Oh! them kittens! forever under foot!"

And a brace of them tumbled out of doors at a hint from her substantial foot.

"It's just like the one I found last night," said Billy.

"Well, if you've found one, for pity's sake keep it. We're overrun with cats, now."

"There's a cat in every corner. There's a cat before each cat, and a cat on each cat's tail," sang out Sam, who was washing his face at the pump.

"Thank you, ma'am, for the potatoes, for the kitten, too, for Maggie's overfond of it, already."

The result of their interview was a very early breakfast, and a speedy arrival of Mrs. Meg at the farm house, dressed in tidy, but coarse, working clothes, Mrs. Hawkins esteeming herself especially lucky to have secured such efficient aid in her labors.

"I knew it was good luck when I found the kitten," soliloquized Billy, as he trudged off to his work; "for wasn't she just like the nugget I dreamed I found? The same yellow lump, and the bright eyes of her are just like the green stone diamond that was in the end of it. And we'll never miss the sup she gets, for the comfort she is to little, lame Maggie."

All that day, through parlor and kitchen, up chamber and down cellar, stuffing fowls, preparing jellies, sauces, vegetables, cakes, and pies of all sorts, and putting to rights, generally, went Mrs. Hawkins, her unmarried daughter, Susan, and Mrs. Meg Murdock. They stuffed, and they roasted, they baked, boiled, stewed and fried, and when night came, and the aromatic odor of the pantry testified to the prodigal hospitality of the Hawkinses, Mrs. Meg decided that of all the women to work she ever saw, Mrs. Hawkins "was the driver." And it was true; for when Mrs. Hawkins "hired help, she calculated to have 'em help, and earn their money. She'd no no-

tion o' traveling all day to wait on *them*."

And Meg Murdock was to come again the next day and "help" at the great dinner. So much had been done already that you'd hardly think that they'd left anything to do on the great day itself. But the sauces, so carefully beaten to cream, were to be finished; the pudding to be boiled, the stuffed turkeys and ducks to be roasted. I can tell you there was enough to do, for Meg and all of them.

It was a great moment, when Mrs. Hawkins and Susan, High Priestess of Decorum and Housekeeping, retired into the inner temple to draw out the heavy claw-footed tables, to carefully match them, and to cover them with the rare, old, double-damask tablecloth, no trifling item in Mrs. Hawkins' "setting out." Like Mrs. Crotchet, they "were too nervous for witenesses," when the china was to be taken out and carefully polished, the dear old china, with the dainty rosebuds on the snow-white ground; the still older "egg-shell set," with black and gold edges; for the Hawkinses were none of your new people, with not an old dish in the house. Families like them are growths, like coral islands. It takes time to bring them to the surface, but they are there, growing and spreading, and when a great man is needed, out he comes from some such quiet, substantial nook as this farm house. At least he often does.

My pen (a very poor one) would utterly fail to describe the Hawkins dinner. Suffice it to say, that Mrs. Hawkins, in confidence with Susan, remarked that she "didn't know 's she'd ever had better luck with pies, and she *knew* she never did with jell; and the fowls weren't going to be very bad after all."

"The Empire is peace," said Napoleon. And in such an empire, after *such* victories, what wonder if Mrs. Hawkins's face overflowed with kindly welcome as she met her guests, of all ages and sizes, as they alighted upon the square horse-block, which had served for generations. And there were Grandma Winthrop, in an old-fashioned cap and shawl, and old Uncle Joel, and Sam, and Rachel, and all the boys, and Fred and Tom, from Yale, and Azariah and Susan, and five or six tow heads. And there were Frank and Nellie, with the new baby, all pink and moist, in more wrappings than a mummy; and the Widow Evergreen, second cousin to Mr. Hawkins, with sweet Mattie, her daughter, and Charley and Joe, (cousins, too,) and some more boys and girls, and lastly, pretty Edith Hawkins and her newly-wedded lord, otherwise Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ramsey, from Netown, on her first home visit since the wedding.

It so happened that among all the ar-

rivals Meg did not notice Mr. Ramsey, till at the table she passed his plate for a slice of the turkey which Uncle Joel was carving. She started back, and was almost frightened, till she remembered that she had only been tempted, but had not sinned. She fancied that he looked suspiciously at her.

Not he! As if one could not, on one day in the year, dismiss business care, and business suspicions! Not he! If ever a man was thoroughly engaged in sounding the lowest depths of chicken pie, that man was Robert Ramsey, who had no notion, at the moment, even of Meg's existence.

Meg knew what was manners, too well to obtrude her own affairs upon him then, but it seemed to her as if they would never get done eating. Why should they? It was what they came for, what they had looked forward to for weeks and months, this jolly gathering in this jolliest of farm houses. Meanwhile she had dispatched Billy, detailed for knife cleaning, home for the money, and now had it snugly tied in the corner of her handkerchief.

"The fairest day, were 't ne'er so long,  
In time must come to even' song."

And when the sated guests, more than satisfied, returned to the great parlor, passing, two by two, through the low, old-fashioned door, Meg, lying in wait, pulled Mr. Ramsey by the sleeve, and with great minuteness recounted the finding of the bank note, giving the fullest particulars, even to the fact of Billy's kindness to the benighted kitten, and ended by returning the twenty-dollar bill which he had dropped the evening before in her shanty.

Mr. Ramsey listened, pleased to hear of Billy's kindness of heart, pleased at Meg's honesty, and still more pleased to recover the money, for which he was responsible to the Company. Meg was human, if she was honest. It was hard to see the money go so smoothly into the big pocketbook, and back so snugly into his breast pocket. He thanked her, and tearing a leaf out of another book from another pocket, he wrote on it and gave it to her.

"Send Billy there to-morrow," and walked into the parlor.

"163 Water street, Newton."

Fifteen miles off, a stout walk for a boy of twelve. But next day, when Mr. Ramsey and Edith drove home in the neat, light wagon, they took Billy home with them. And did Billy have good times? To go to school, and do chores, to make fires, fetch wood and water, and go on errands, to clean knives, peel potatoes, and take care of Mr. Ramsey's horse; to get a dollar a week and shoes, and every third Saturday to go home and see Nugget, and lame Maggie. And in time, when he could write a good hand, Mr. Ramsey let

him help him with accounts, and by and by made him his clerk. In time, too, when the Murdocks moved on for more work, Billy got Mrs. Edith's permission to bring Nugget and her last young family to her kitchen, and set them up housekeeping in a basket of shavings of their own. For by this time, Nugget, as she was re-named, was a great old cat, with a numerous family, and was looked upon by Billy with the greatest respect and affection. For, as he argued, if he hadn't found the poor little frightened thing in the tree, and taken her home, of course she couldn't have found that money, and his mother would certainly have swept it out for a dead leaf; and if it hadn't been found, it couldn't have been restored, and then Mr. Ramsey wouldn't have taken notice of him, and have given him so good a place, and taken pains with him, and laid the foundation of his present splendid fortunes, of which he was always certain that Nugget was the corner stone.

And so it was; but it was all because of the real kind heart of the boy who sheltered the suffering little creature. So Mr. Ramsey thought, for he believed as I do, that

"He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast."

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small,  
For the dear God that loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

### THE CRICKET.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

All summer the tree toad's in trouble and pain;  
"What a terrible pity!" cries he;  
The blustering bullfrog, in shine or in rain,  
A noisy old croaker will be.

The catbird you still may hear bawling away;  
"It's where, and O, where shall we sup?"  
But the cricket, in summer and winter, is gay,  
And he sings, "cheer up, cheer up!"

The green little grasshopper scolds o'er his meal,  
And the katyids worry and fret;  
The mice in the hay rick will scuffle and squeal;  
Dame squirrel you'll find in a pet.

The dusty bees grumble, in spite of the sweets  
They sip from the lily's fair cup;  
But the brown little cricket forever repeats,  
"Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"

### NO GRAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM UHLAND, BY LUELLA CLARK.

Make me no grave when I shall die—  
Let me not under the blossoms lie—  
But, when my soul from the earth shall pass,  
Bury me deep in the summer grass.

In the grass and the flowers, when my life is  
spent,  
I shall lie asleep and rest content—  
While from far the flute will lend its note,  
And over my head the white clouds float.

### A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER II.

How white and crisp and cold the snow looked under the starlight of that frosty, New Year's morning! Two hours later, when the sun came up, everything would flash and sparkle, and the trees and bushes look like frosted silver, but Davy could not wait for sunrise. He had heard Nathan raking open the fire, and rolling the big back log into the kitchen fireplace, and he was eager to go down and see what was in his new, red stocking.

"Barbie, Barbie, its a'most supper time and I want to get up this minute," he called impatiently.

"Well, get up then," said Barbie, fretfully, "and not wake me with your clatter."

"But I can't open the stairs door," mourned Davy, "and I want to see my stocking."

"O, it's New Year's morning; I'd forgotten about that," said Barbie, rousing up a little. "I wonder if I've got anything?"

"Course you have," said Davy, in great glee; "I buyed you somefin' my own self, with the dollar aunt Lucy sended me."

Davy's "dollar" was only ten cents, but it was the sole treasure he possessed, and it touched Barbie's heart that he should give it to her. In a few moments both were dressed; Barbie's short, curly hair did not need much arranging, and Davy must ride down stairs upon her back, so as not to "freeze his feet." The moment the kitchen door was opened he shouted "happy New Year" to his father and mother over Barbie's shoulder, and then gave a shout of delight as he caught sight of his sled.

"Let me down, quick," he said, and for a few moments was too much absorbed by the sled to care to notice anything else.

Nathan came in from the shed trying to look wholly unconscious, but only succeeding in looking confused. It was always the custom to examine the stockings after the family were all together, but Barbie had been too much vexed to wrap up the slippers very carefully, and when Nathan made the fire he couldn't well help seeing them. He was too honorable to examine them, but he glanced every minute at the wreath of berries that encircled the heel, which peeped out of the torn paper, and wondered what he should do.

"If I only hadn't made such a dunce of myself last night," he said to himself; "she won't believe I'm pleased at all, now; she'll think I'm pretending, and that's just what I hate about it."

"Why don't you look in your stockin', Barbie," said Davy, climbing after his own. "There'll be somefin' in it for sure."

Davy's "somefin'" proved to be a bright, red ribbon for her hair; a poor little string of a thing, but Barbie delighted him by declaring a hair ribbon was just what she needed, and immediately tying back her curly hair with it.

Nathan mustered up courage to make a bold dash at his slippers, and he admired them so heartily, and was so honest in his thanks, that Barbie was quite appeased, especially as she found that Nathan had bought for her the silver thimble with a wreath of forget-me-nots around the rim, which had long been the desire of her heart.

There were no very costly presents, but everybody was pleased and happy, and the great secret of it all was that almost everything had cost the giver some small sacrifice, that served to make the gift doubly precious. It is so in other homes besides Riverside; the things we prize most are not always the ones that seem most valuable to other eyes. I keep in a precious corner of my writing desk a pair of tiny, sugar slippers, that a little, lisping boy bought for me with two cents that had been given him to buy candy. He bravely resisted all the temptations of the confectioner's window, and brought me the little pink-and-white slippers, with his eyes shining with delight:

*"To 'member me by, when I go away anywhere."*

Money would not buy those slippers now.

"Father," said Nathan, as they sat at breakfast, "couldn't we have Prince, and take a sleigh ride somewhere; Barbie and me?"

"Me too," put in Davy; "I guess I want to go sleigh ridin' much as anybody."

"Yes, you can have Prince," said Mr. Phillips, "but you'll have to keep along the river road. It's drifted pretty bad, and the Oxford road isn't broken very well."

"We might go to cousin John's," said Barbie, looking doubtfully at Nathan, for fear the plan might not suit him. If it didn't he was sure to let them know, for Nathan prided himself on never concealing any of his opinions. But this time he was on his good behavior, and he said not a word about a plan which had been in his mind when he first proposed the ride, and said very pleasantly,

"Yes, we'll go to cousin John's, and Davy can go too, and wear his new comforter and mittens."

"And my sled, too," said Davy, who kept fast hold of the rope while he ate.

"No indeed; there isn't room, and, besides, Johnny would smash it before you got back; he always breaks things."

"Then I won't go," said Davy, beginning to cry, "and I think you're real ugly to me."

It really was provoking, after all the pains Nathan had taken to please Davy, but Davy was the baby of the house, and they all had had a hand in spoiling him.

"Stay at home, then," said Nathan, "you're a little nuisance, anyhow, and I'd rather go without you."

Nathan stormed away to the barn, Davy sat crying in his chair, and Barbie felt as if all the pleasure of the day was gone.

Out in the barn Nathan took up the curry-comb and began to dress down old Prince in a style that was decidedly rough.

"It's always the way," he said to himself; "whenever I try to be particularly good somebody's sure to make me mad and spoil it all," and the comb came down across Prince's shoulder in a way that called forth a stamp of decided remonstrance.

"Whoa!" said Nathan, crossly, and then went on with his soliloquy.

"They make a perfect little tyrant of Davy, and he thinks he must do just as he pleases. I don't care; I won't give up to him; he may stay at home if he wants to."

All the time something in Nathan's heart kept saying, "*who's the master! who's the master!*"

He tried not to listen; he was determined he wouldn't listen, but it kept right on, and by and by Nathan threw himself down on the hay, with his chin on his hands, to think about it; and what he thought was pretty much this.

"Here's another year spoiled. Last year and year before, and the year before that, I thought I'd leave off getting mad, and storming 'round so, and I didn't do it. And now I meant to take a fair start to-day, and just lay it down that I'd be master myself, and now I've gone and got mad first thing at that miserable, little Davy. I don't see as it's any use trying."

Nathan looked up at the dusty rafters and thought, all at once, of what he had read of a famous general, who lay discouraged in a barn, and took heart from seeing how a little spider crept patiently up the side of the barn, falling back over and over, but starting instantly for a new trial, till at last it succeeded.

"*I'll be master,*" said Nathan, springing up. "I can rule myself, and I *will*."

He will find out sometime, perhaps not this year, that ruling one's self is not an easy task, and the mastery only to be gained and kept by constant effort, and by trusting not to our own strength, but to the Friend who is always ready to strengthen the weak and help those that are ready to fall.

He came into the house with his eyes full of light; that bright, manly look that

sometimes made Nathan look almost handsome, and said cheerfully,

"Now then, Barbie, get ready in a hurry, and mother must bundle Davy up. I'll carry out this Comet and get him safely packed."

"O, will you take the sled," said Davy, brightening up, and wiping his eyes and nose on his little, chubby, red hands.

There was plenty of room for the sled under the seat, and very soon Barbie was dressed in her green merino, with a broad streak around it, where the tucks had been let down, her old-fashioned cloak, and quilted silk hood, and came out to the door looking very happy. Mrs. Phillips brought out Davy, bundled up to his eyes in his new comforter, and tucked him in between Nathan and Barbie.

"Be sure and ask Roxy about that rule for coloring green," called grandma from the door, "and tell Susan to bile up some coltsfoot and take the tea for her cough."

"She can't have *our* colt's foot," said Davy, with a shake of his head.

"Coltsfoot," explained Barbie; "it's a plant that grows in the woods."

The river road was beaten to a smooth track by the constant passing of teams, drawing logs to the sawmill up the river. The great hemlocks were weighed down with their heavy load of snow, and the rocks along the river banks were sheeted with ice in all manner of picturesque forms. Barbie never told her pleasant fancies to Nathan, so they said very little as they rode along, but they could both laugh at Davy's chatter.

"Don't wriggle so Davy," said Barbie; "you'll tear my dress."

"Seems to me you most always wear that dress," said Davy, "I wish't I'd buyed you a blue one, 'stead of that ribbon."

"I wish't you had," said Barbie, trying to laugh; "this green dress is my cross."

"Grandpa's old coats are mine," said Nathan. "I *shall* be glad when mother can't find another to make over. When I die I shall leave it in my will that all my old clothes are to be burned, and not made over for anybody."

"I'm glad if you do," said Davy, gravely, "cause maybe they'd fix 'em for me."

"I wonder if this is a good farm," said Barbie presently. "Father says a man is never poor who owns a good farm, and I'm sure we get poorer every year."

"Cousin John makes money enough," said Nathan, "and never seems to half try. But I don't care, anyway. When I'm a little older I shall learn a trade, or do something; I don't mean to be a farmer."

"What'll father do, then," said Barbie, in alarm; "we shall be poorer than ever if he has to hire all his help."

Nathan had thought about that many a

time. It was the one thing that always came in to spoil all his air castles. He cut circles in the snow with his whip lash as he drove along, and did not answer Barbie.

"You see," said Barbie, "I've had a good many plans, too. I want to do so many things, and I'm sure if I could only have half a chance I would do something worth while. And I've fretted a good deal about it, because there wasn't any way but for me to wash dishes, and make beds, and patch and scrub. Aunt Lucy said it was a shame, and I've been thinking so, too."

Barbie stopped and Nathan looked at her in astonishment. It had never entered into his stupid head that his sister might have some ambition beyond her daily work. He thought girls were made to do housework, and, of course, that was what they delighted in.

Barbie went on, getting bolder with the effort she made:

"It isn't because I don't like to work, but to do it all the time and never see any good come out of it, and not be any nearer getting time to read and study, but just getting enough to eat, and these ugly, old clothes to wear. I can't help feeling as if it *was* a shame after all."

"*I say it is,*" said Nathan, with sudden gallantry; "but then, who's to blame about it?"

Sure enough; who was to blame? Not the father and mother who bore without complaining the heaviest burdens of toil. Could it be the One who had appointed their lot, and whose tender mercies they knew to be over all his works?

"It isn't a shame," said Barbie, bravely, "and we ought not to feel so about it. I made up my mind last night, only it don't *stay* made up, that I wouldn't fret over my work, and keep wishing things were different. I'm going to take them just as they are, and see if I can't get some good out of them."

"There's Johnny's house," shouted Davy. "O, they've put a little sign over the door! What's that for, Nathan?"

"It's an insurance plate; to show the house is insured."

"I know," said Davy, wisely; "it means that anybody that burns it up'll have to pay a fousand dollars. I wish't somebody'd burn *our* house up and give me the money."

Johnny stood at the window with his nose flattened against the glass. His throat was done up in red flannel; a sure sign that he had had an attack of croup, and would smell horribly of onion syrup.

"Johnny always does get the croup," said Davy, in an injured tone, "now we can't slide *any* sledge."

Nathan was very prettily glad, and considered that the chance of taking the sled home safe were decidedly better for it.

Cousin John was one of those cheery, self-satisfied men, to whom all manner of good fortune seems to come without being sought. He sat toasting his feet by the great, blazing fire, and gave the children a hearty welcome.

"I told Roxy this morning somebody was sure to drop in to spend New Year's with us. We're always lucky about company."

"We've got a turkey," said Johnny, "and plum pudding, and mince pie."

Cousin Roxy came in from the kitchen, hastily drying her hands on the corner of her checked apron.

"Why didn't you bring grandma along," was her first question; "it's such a nice day, she might have ventured out."

Nathan and Barbie looked at each other with a sudden recollection that grandma had been talking for a month of visiting cousin John, and they had not even asked her to come with them.

"O, never mind," said cousin John, "I'm going up to fetch grandma myself, one of these day."

Susan and Ellen, both older than Barbie, came down from their chamber, dressed in fresh-looking, red-and-black delaines, and pretty, white aprons, trimmed with dainty ruffling. Barbie felt faded and old-fashioned the minute they came in, and Nathan bristled up into his roughest manner, which after all, was only his way of being uncomfortably bashful before his big cousins.

The girls soon took Barbie up into their own room—a plain, whitewashed chamber, with a rag carpet on the floor. It was not a bit nicer than Barbie's own, and had not half so charming a view of river and green valley as lay like a picture before the windows of Riverside, all summer long. But there at one side was a great, open stove, with a fire crackling and snapping, sending a summer air through all the room. And by the front window was Ellen's *sewing machine*, the first that ever had found its way to that primitive region, and the wonders that it wrought in the way of tucking, and ruffling, and stitching, were veritable fairy work to Barbie. A great rose geranium stood in the sunniest window, and a canary swung and whistled in his cage above it. What a precious little bit of summer it was, the bird and the plant in the sunny window, and Barbie sighed as she thought of the icy chamber at home, for which she had hardly dared dream of such a luxury as a fire. If such a thing only *could* be; but in a minute she turned resolutely away from the useless wish and tried to feel interested in the merry chatter of the girls.

"These are our New Year's presents," said Ellen, taking from the bureau two patterns of soft crimson mezzotint; "father got them himself, and never said a word to

mother about them; he's got wonderful good taste for a man."

"How pretty they are," said Barbie; "I s'pose you'll have Miss Martin fit 'em, right away."

"O, Susan can fit as nice as Miss Martin, and I can make 'em in a day with my machine," said Ellen, a little proudly. "You ought to have a machine, Barbie; it would help so much with the boys' clothes. Father says our machine has paid for itself a dozen times over."

"I'm afraid I should get lazy," said Barbie, "if I had so much help at my work."

"I wish you would," said Ellen, "then mother couldn't be always holding you up to me for an example. Ever since I can remember it has been 'look at that little Barbie—so much younger than you and ever so much smarter.' Ain't you afraid you sha'n't live, Barbie?"

"No, indeed," said Barbie, half thinking her cousin was making fun of her. "I don't know anything that's worth knowing, hardly."

"And Aunt Lucy Marston says you're a genius, besides; O, dear, what a responsibility it must be," laughed Ellen, without noticing how painfully Barbie flushed up at her words.

Susan saw, and called Barbie away to see her new bonnet, bidding Ellen to stop her nonsense. They passed an hour or two pleasantly and Barbie had quite forgotten her uncomfortable feelings, when a loud scream from the wood shed made them hurry down stairs. Nathan, running from the kitchen, was the first to get there. Master Johnny was holding fast to the new sled, and screaming at the top of his lungs while Davy alternately pulled at the sled and Johnny's hair, declaring he was "the baddest boy in all the world, and he'd tell his papa to give him to the jail man."

"Stop, Davy," said Nathan, holding his hands.

"Make him give up my sled, then," said Davy, "he broke it a purpose wid his old hammer."

Sure enough; the black horse had a terrible bruise where his ribs ought to have been, and the sled was cracked completely across.

"'Twouldn't go," said Johnny, sulkily; "take your mean, old sled," and he threw it violently down.

Davy subsided from his anger, sat down upon it and began to cry bitterly. Nathan fairly ached to pick Johnny up and shake him, but he didn't.

"Never mind, Davy," he said consolingly. "I can fix the sled just as good as ever, and we'll have a saddle on the horse, and a man riding."

It was a rash promise, but Davy was comforted in a minute, and they went in amiably to dinner, cousin Roxy promising

Johnny a whipping when he got over the croup. The croup was Johnny's city of refuge, and saved him from many a whipping; it wouldn't do to make Johnny cry, or he'd choke to death!

The short winter afternoon was almost over when they drove back along the river road to Riverside.

"After all," said Nathan, "I always feel glad to get back home again, if it is a dismal old place; and I feel better when I'm hard at work; then I don't get time to be wishing and making plans."

Barbie didn't say anything, but she thought of her little parable of the night before, and said to herself,

"The little princess is happiest when she stays at home by her spinning. I don't mean to waste so much time in *wishing*, but I'll try to find some way to make this year better than the last one."

[To be continued.]

## SHADOWS.

BY OLIVE C. FERRISS.

I sat for an hour, in a dream, one night,  
Watched the varying shadows fall;  
Saw the children play, and the shifting light  
Making pictures over the wall.  
The fire burned bright on the warm old hearth,  
And we sat by its ruddy glow,  
And I lived again, in the children's mirth,  
The hours of my own Long Ago.

"Come hither, my darlings," I said, "to me,  
Oh! the hour has its many charms,  
And my heart is as young, for aught I see,  
As is Effie's, here in my arms."  
I held them close, and I clasped them fast,  
Ah! the children, so fair and sweet,  
As we saw, like phantoms, going past,  
All the shadows, so weird and fleet.

"O, surely," said Hilda, the youngest, "then  
A king and his train went by;  
O, I know he was one of the royal men,  
For he carried a scepter high."  
But Ethelind shook her wise young head;  
"No, sister, it never was so;  
It was only a shepherd lad," she said,  
"Who was calling his sheep, I know."

"But Effie, my Effie, who now goes by,  
My merriest darling of all,  
Pray, what do you think, little girl," said I,  
"As the shadows flit over the wall?"  
"The Mayday children," she said, and smiled,  
"O, I know it is children I see."  
"Ah! Mayday Queen," I said to the child,  
As she nestled closer to me."

"Jamie, my laddie, who sits at my feet,  
What seem the weird shadows to him?"  
"I saw but a soldier go by, on his beat,"  
Said the boy, with his dark eyes dim. [deep,  
"I thought of my father, whose slumbers are  
In the land where the palmetto grows."  
Ah! darling, how many, how many there keep  
Their long and their silent repose.

And then the dear children came closer to me,  
I kissed their young faces, so fair,  
But Hilda, the youngest, leaned over my knee,  
With her cheek on Jamie's bright hair,  
And we, for an hour, by the fire's red light  
Watched the fitful shadows at play. [night,  
Oh! my dears, who were with me there that  
I am dreaming of you to-day.



## THE PARROT AND THE NIGHT-INGALE

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

Once upon a time, a parrot in a golden cage, who had been chattering a great many silly speeches that his master had taught him, happened to hear a nightingale singing in the woods, just outside the garden of the house, in the open window of which his large, wire cage was set.

"I say," said the parrot to the sweet minstrel of the woods and the moon, "who taught you to sing such a sweet, wild melody as that wherewith you have just made the air and the starry night tremble?"

"Nobody taught me," said the beautiful song bird; "I sing because my heart is full of music, and I cannot help it."

"Well, that's very odd," said the parrot; "I cannot understand for the life of me, how you do it."

"I dare say not," said an old Jack Fox, who sat under a tree and heard this conversation between the two birds. "You are as different from the nightingale as the last bit of cheese I ate was different from the lump of white chalk, that some one of my many enemies wanted to make me believe was as good to eat as the cheese. You are a vast deal prettier bird to look at than the bird of the night, and can say things that don't belong to bird language at all, and I have even heard you laugh, and worse still, swear like a trooper!"

"You'd better believe that you've said just the true thing about me!" said the parrot, interrupting the red fox and his long tale. "I can do all that, and a good deal more!" she added, perking up her feathers, and looking as proud as a peacock.

"But it's very ill mannerly to interrupt a gentleman when he's speaking," said the fox, with a sedate look. "You ought to have let me finish before you put in your word, anyway; and then, perhaps you might have said something wise, instead of showing your ill breeding and conceit. I did not mean to praise you for your foolish sayings, you may depend upon that; because, like the empty echo, that lives in the rock, you can only repeat what you have heard somebody else say, and have no power to say anything yourself, and tell us how you like to live in your cage, or even to sing so simple a song as the little linnet sings in the hedgerow."

"And I tell you," said the parrot, "that you are a saucy, good-for-nothing, old, red fox to say so. Who cares for Miss Nightingale, and her fine singing? Not I, indeed! I only asked her who taught her to sing, because I wanted to show her how much better I could trill a lay than she can—that's all."

Whereupon the parrot began to imitate

all the noisy, discordant, street songs that master Bob, who lived in the same house with her, had taught her from time to time; and a horrible mess she made of it.

The fox squatted down upon his red hams, and began to laugh until the woods resounded with his mirth, and an old owl came out of his hole, in a decayed tree, and asked him whatever was, or could be, the matter, that he raised such a row in the starry air.

"Matter enough," said the fox. "Here is a silly parrot, that is dying of envy because of the exquisite singing of the nightingale, and wants to make us believe that it is nothing of the sort, and that she can make as good music as our pet bird, whereas she is only like dame Dodd's teapot, that can only pour out of it, what has already been poured into it. Did you hear, just now, how she murdered 'Jim Crow,' and 'Sweet home,' making a noise like a saw mill that has got the colic; and then calling her screeching and grating, music sweeter than the nightingale."

"Ah!" said the wise, old owl, putting on his spectacles, and perching himself on the stump of a tree. "There's nothing so foolish as envy. I have heard both the parrot and the nightingale do their best, when they did not know that anybody was listening to them. I would advise the parrot to be contented with her cage, and the nonsense that Bob teaches her; especially as she finds pleasure in it, and loves to chatter and re-chatter all the nonsense she hears. But she must never presume to be anything but a parrot—a noisy, empty chatterbox! For the moment she tries to warble like the nightingale, she makes herself ridiculous. As for the nightingale, she is an original bird, and always delights us with her songs, and she may sing as long as she likes, and the birds and the beasts will listen, as well as the stars, and the humans, and all nature will be delighted and satisfied."

## FAITH.

In the gloaming, when my darlings,  
In their dainty robes of white,  
By the mother's knee have murmured,  
"Jesus, keep us through the night;"  
To their little crib, white-curtained,  
Where the upper shadows fall,  
Nestled in my arms, I take them  
Through the long, unlighted hall.  
Swift, in rayless silence, round us  
Close the deepening shades of night;  
"Dark!" my blue-eyed Bertie whispers,  
Half in awe, and half in fright.  
"Dark!" the baby brother echoes,  
With a hush upon his glee;  
Then my Bertie, nestling nearer,  
Whispers softly, "Papa see!"  
Blessed, blessed faith of childhood!  
Father grant this faith to me;  
Dark the shadows round me gather,  
But I know that Thou dost see.

## THANKSGIVING IN CRICKET COUNTRY.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

There they went, down the frozen road, on the way to Uncle John's Thanksgiving dinner. There were Johnny, and Caleb, and Susie, and Mark, and Hattie, all nestling down in the warm straw, and you could just see their bright hoods and "comforters," and rosy faces, peeping over the sides of the old farm wagon. There was Kitty's mother, too, propped up in a great chair, with "comforts" and straw packed all around her, "for all the world as if she was a fine chany pitcher," Kitty's father said; and there he sat, away up on the board, in front, with the big drab overcoat on, that had been worn in the old Revolution, and was good enough to last through ever so many Revolutions to come. It seemed as if even the steady old horses looked fatter and sleeker on Thanksgiving, than any other day.

But Kitty didn't go; neither did the baby, because baby was so cross, and it was such a long, cold, jolty ride; and besides, "Kitty's mother was sick, and tired, and worn out, and ought to have one long resting spell, without the baby to bother her."

Baby loved Kitty, for she tugged him about all day long in her little, stout arms, and she never was one bit cross to him, or out of patience with him. So there they were, all alone, in the old kitchen, and Kitty held baby in her arms by the window, till the wagon had crossed the bridge and gone over the hill out of sight. The sky had sprawling, stretching clouds in it, like huge birds, with long, black wings. Far away, where the fields looked hazy and blue, Kitty could see clusters of hay stacks, and she thought they looked, in the dim distance, like Indian wigwams. Even the grim, brown shocks of corn nearer by, you could fancy were some strange, savage war weapons, stacked up together. It was marvelously still in the old kitchen, since the bustle and hurry was over, and the boys, and Susie and Hattie, and all of them were gone. Father had built up a great fire of logs, that would burn all day, so that Kitty and baby would be sure to be warm as little birds in a nest.

On the white-scoured kitchen table was Kitty's dinner, all ready for her when she got ready to eat it, and it was a magnificent dinner, for a little girl, any day but Thanksgiving, when you want to be at your uncle's, or your grandmother's house, and have on your red merino, and your new shoes, and see all your cousins, and your new uncle that married your auntie;

and when you want to romp in the yard, and sing songs, and show your Uncle Tom how well you can speak pieces. So, if Kitty did have pumpkin pies, and cold chicken, and baked apples and cream, and dainty bread and butter and honey, for her dinner, she couldn't help feeling a little lonesome. Out in the "deadening," just beyond her father's barn, the crows went wheeling among the dead tree tops, calling drearily to each other about the grim weather. Now and then a faint gleam of sunshine rested on the far-away haystacks that looked like Indian wigwams, and shone on the dry corn stalks out in the field where the cattle were fed, till they looked like jointed staffs of gold thrown upon the ground. Some times it lovingly touched Kitty's forehead, as if it were thinking "Blessed little Kitty! blessed little Kitty!"

By and by, baby wanted to go to sleep. So Kitty turned away from the window, and sat down in her mother's little green rocking chair, and then she cuddled him up close in her arms, and rocked and sung, till baby's golden lashes rested on his cheeks. He wouldn't be tucked

away in bed though, if he *was* asleep. He always woke up in a hurry whenever Kitty tried that. So there she sat, softly rocking, and rocking, and the fire light shone drowsily over her honest little face, and out in the old deadening the crows seemed to be calling fainter and fainter, as though they were all going on their way to some great crow Thanksgiving dinner, and would soon be quite out of sight and hearing.

Down in the hearth the crickets were chirping their old, sweet tune, and Kitty wondered how they looked while they sang. It seemed as if they might be little, wee mothers, with soft, shining hair, and white robes, rocking, and singing their babies to sleep. Suddenly Kitty heard a sweet,

## THE SONG OF LABOR.

Words by MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by PROF. JAMES HARRISON.

1. Hur-rah for hon - est la - bor! What though its face be brown Its hands shall wear the  
 3. Hur-rah for hon - est la - bor! Let cow - ards shrink from toil; The man who works with  
 sceptre, Its brow shall wear a crown! 2. Hur-rah for hon - est la - bor! It  
 Na - ture Is King up-on the soil! 4. Hur-rah for hon - est la - bor! Its  
 rolls the world a - long; Its heart is true and loy - al Its eye is clear and strong.  
 roy - al paths we tread; And on - ly bow to toil - ers Who work with hand or head!

clear voice, that sounded just like a cricket, down on the hearth before the fire, and it said "whoa!" just as plain as could be. It wasn't as fine as the voice of crickets when they sing. So Kitty looked, and she saw a little bit of an old farm wagon, about as long as a darning needle, with two little, fat old horses. And a portly old cricket, with red mittens on, was just climbing out of the wagon. The straw in this little mite of an old wagon glistened in the red fire light, and there was a wee, splint-bottomed arm chair in it, whose arms were polished till they glistened, too. Then there was a board up in front for old Mr. Cricket to sit on when he was driving, and it had a funny old patch-work quilt thrown over it for a cushion.

looked back at her and smiled, and said, to be sure she might; and then Kitty climbed down from the old chair, and nestled in the straw by the baby, with her cheek close to his, and so at last they started.

It was a long way to Cricket Country, and quite rough at first. Some of the roads through the chinks in the fireplace hearth, were awfully steep, and Kitty was sadly frightened sometimes, but Mr. Cricket always chirped out, cheerily, "No danger! no danger at all!"

And at last they reached Cricket Country. It was early winter there, too. The trees were naked, and the fields brown. But the sunshine! They had the yellowest, cheeriest sunshine; the very old dead

The good old cricket stopped a moment to stir up the straw into a nice, soft nest, and set the chair steadier, and then he looked at Kitty, and said, "Come, Kitty; it's Thanksgiving, you know, and you're to come and take dinner with Grandma Cricket and me. And the baby—bless his dear little fingers and toes—he's to come, too. Here, just poke him into this straw I've fixed for him. He won't wake; if he does, I'll sing him to sleep again. I know more baby songs than you ever heard of."

And would you believe it? The jolly old cricket dumped baby down into the straw, and covered him up warm; and he wasn't a bit too big to go in, and he never woke up at all. And then he took Kitty and swung her clear over the sides of the wagon, into the little old arm chair, and Kitty felt just as *little*, you can't think! It quite took her breath when he swung her over. Then old Mr. Cricket got in and said, cheerily, to his horses, "get up, there." And then they were going to start, but Kitty said, bashfully, "Please, Mr. Cricket, can't I get down in the straw, by the baby?" Mr. Cricket

leaves on the trees, gleamed in it like gold.

"You see we make our sunshine," said Mr. Cricket, "and so we have it steady, all the year round. Each family has a loom, and the women and children weave it. We old gentlemen help a great deal, too. It's good for the health, this weaving sunshine. Some few families have refused to weave any, and it's astonishing to see how old, and shriveled, and miserable, they have become, although they have the free use of all which is woven by the rest of us. It's wonderful, this weaving one's own sunshine."

"I'd like to weave some," said Kitty.

"I dare say you would," answered old Mr. Cricket. "You look as if it might come handy to you. I'll ask Grandma Cricket to let you."

Kitty was very busy thinking what wonderful looms they must have, and how beautiful the warm, golden sunshine was, when suddenly the wee old horses stopped by a wee whitewashed gate, with dead hollyhock stalks on each side of it. There was a clean-swept path leading from the gate up to a little, low house, with rose vines running over the kitchen window. On the clean, mossy doorstep, an old dog, about as big as a ladybug, sat on his hind legs wagging his tail for joy; but he was too old, and lazy, and comfortable, to get up. So his tail just kept thumping on the step. Old Mr. Cricket lifted Kitty out, and put baby into her arms, and then the door opened, and old Grandma Cricket came out. She had a white cap on, with a great, puffy ruffle to it, and a blue gown, and a white apron, and high-heeled slippers; and her breath made you think of cinnamon essence, and she had the sweetest, motherliest little chirp of a voice Kitty ever heard. She came hurrying down the path, and took baby into her arms.

"Now, you little dumpling," she said

### CHORUS.

Then work a - way with heart and hand. .... Un-

Then work a - way with heart and hand. .... Un-  
 till your task is done. .... There's work for you and me to  
 do. .... There's work for ev - ry one. ....  
 do, work to do, There's work for ev - ry one. ....  
 do, work to do, There's work for ev - ry one. ....

Play first four measures for Interlude.

were some glasses of golden custard, with ripe, red strawberries glowing in the snowy "float" on top; and there was a little china sugar bowl, with a gold band around it, and a cover like a white hollyhock, and a beautiful, glossy tray, with bright, pink roses painted on it. The fireplace, Kitty thought, was a good deal like the one at home. Over the mantle there was a profile likeness of some old cricket, long since dead and gone, and there was a funny, old pincushion, shaped like a diamond, with ever so many little diamond-shaped pincushions dangling from it, which Grandma Cricket called a "hen and chickens pincushion."

Down on the warm hearth lay a little lumpy bundle of old flannel, and the little lumps kept moving, and every now and then you could hear a little faint chirp. Kitty thought perhaps it might be a bundle of little crickets, put down there to warm. But Grandma Cricket laughed, and said it was some little chickens she had brought in out of the cold, because they had the "gaps."

Presently old Mr. Cricket came in, and he pulled off his red mittens, and sat down by the fire, and said, cheerily, "well, Grandma Cricket, you can put on your dinner," and just then the baby woke up, and crowed good naturedly, out of the nest of pillows Grandma Cricket had made for him in her own arm chair; and then they all sat down to dinner, and Mr. Cricket held baby in his lap, and carved the turkey, too. O, it was beautiful. It makes my mouth water to think of that dinner. I don't dare to tell of it at all. And when it was over, baby sat on the floor, just as if he were the best baby in the world, playing with a ball of blue yarn, and Kitty stood in a chair and wiped the dishes for Grandma Cricket.

"After the work's done, you shall weave some sunshine," said Grandma

to Kitty, "just trip into the house, and toast your toes by the fire a minute, while I finish takin' up the dinner. Now Grandpa Cricket, be brisk, because I've been a waitin' a whole hour. Seems to me, you haven't druv so fast as usual."

So Mr. Cricket promised to hurry and feed the horses, and Kitty and baby, and Grandma Cricket, went into the house. And there, in the wide old kitchen—it was wide for a cricket house, you know—stood a great big dinner table—and you know it seemed big to Kitty, because now she was so little; and it was covered with the daintiest, shining linen. And on that there was a great frosted cake, with "Thanksgiving" written on it in queer letters, made out of evergreen, and there

the fire, and said, cheerily, "well, Grandma Cricket, you can put on your dinner," and just then the baby woke up, and crowed good naturedly, out of the nest of pillows Grandma Cricket had made for him in her own arm chair; and then they all sat down to dinner, and Mr. Cricket held baby in his lap, and carved the turkey, too. O, it was beautiful. It makes my mouth water to think of that dinner. I don't dare to tell of it at all. And when it was over, baby sat on the floor, just as if he were the best baby in the world, playing with a ball of blue yarn, and Kitty stood in a chair and wiped the dishes for Grandma Cricket.

"After the work's done, you shall weave some sunshine," said Grandma

Cricket. So they hurried and finished the work, and then old Mr. Cricket sat by the fire and held the baby, while Kitty and Grandma Cricket went into the weaving room.

And there wasn't any beautiful, golden, radiant loom, such as Kitty expected to see. It was just a plain, old, wooden loom, and it made Kitty feel disappointed, till Grandma Cricket told her that the sweetest sunshine was often woven in the plainest old looms. All you had to do was to move the shuttle back and forth, and sing, while the sunshine grew and grew, brighter and softer, finer than the rarest lace. So Kitty moved the shuttle, and sung as well as she could, and a little robe of sunshine grew in the loom, just to fit the baby, a radiant robe, such as angels might love to wear. And Kitty clapped her hands in joy when it was done. There was some more sunshine in the loom, but it was very tender and faint. Grandma Cricket said it might do to twinkle in Grandpa Cricket's face, and wake him up in the morning.

Then they took baby's robe and went back into the kitchen, and there was old Mr. Cricket telling the baby a story. This was what he told :

"Once a crow and a little pig started on a journey together; but the crow flew over the tree tops, and the little pig couldn't keep up. So the crow stopped once in a while, and looked back, and said, 'Nimety, nimity, toodercoroogin! coddle down, coddle down, coddle me donker! Doun coom along, coom along!' And the little pig cried and said, 'Wee, wee! Can't get over the ground sills.' That was all of that story.

Kitty smoothed the little sunshine robe over her knees, and sat thinking. By and by she said, "What are ground sills?"

"That I can't tell," said Mr. Cricket.

"What does 'coddle me donker' mean?" said Kitty.

"I can't tell that, either," answered the good old cricket. "It's an old legend of Cricket Country. It's been handed down through a good many generations, so we've lost the meaning; but we keep the story for the sake of its poetical beauty. No body ever learns it without coming to Cricket Country. It's beautiful for soothing babies."

Then he asked Kitty if she'd like to hear a poem. Kitty said she would, and so, after clearing his throat a little, and cuddling the baby up closer in his arms, he began :

"The first day after Christmas—" but old Mrs. Cricket interrupted him, and said :

"You must know, my little Kitty, that a great while ago we used to keep Christmas for twelve days, in Cricket Country,

making merry, and sending gifts till the twelfth night."

"Why don't you do so now?" asked Kitty.

Grandma Cricket smoothed her apron thoughtfully, and said perhaps it was because so many other great days had got mixed into the year, Thanksgiving, and Fourth of July, and so on, but she wasn't sure. So they stopped talking, and Mr. Cricket began again :

"The first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
A partridge and a pear tree ;

Second day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Two turtle doves ;

Third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Three French horns ;

Fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Four flaring flambeaux, a partridge and a pear tree ;

"Fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Five gold rings ;

Sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Six broadswords ;

Seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Seven kettle drums ;

Eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Eight echoing horns, a partridge and a pear tree ;

"Ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Nine waving plumes ;

Tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Ten trombones ;

Eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Eleven crowned kings, a partridge and a pear tree ;

"Twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Twelve white mice,

Eleven crowned kings, ten trombones, nine waving plumes, eight echoing horns, seven kettle drums, six broadswords, five gold rings, four flaring flambeaux, three French horns, two turtle doves, a partridge and a pear tree."

And O, it was the rarest thing to hear Mr. Cricket recite that poem. He began very slow and tender, but he kept speaking faster and faster, till you fairly held your breath for fear he'd miss a word ; but he didn't miss one. Kitty's great gray eyes were shining when he got through.

"Where *are* all the things?" she asked, eagerly.

"What things?" said Mr. Cricket.

"Why, those your true love sent to you," answered Kitty ; and then Grandpa Cricket winked at Grandma Cricket, and burst into a great laugh, and said, in the midst of his laughing :

"Why, that's the *poem*, child. It isn't real, you know ; it's fancy."

But he felt wonderfully flattered down in his simple, old heart, because he thought Kitty's question was a compliment to his manner of reciting the poem.

Baby was fast asleep by this time. So Grandma Cricket tucked him away in a great, soft bed, in a shadowy, little bedroom, and came out smiling, just as people always do when they've been kissing a baby.

Then old Mr. Cricket stirred the fire, smiling to himself, and when it was blazing to suit him, he took a long, hickory splinter, and poked one end of it into the

coals a minute. Then he held it up with a little golden flame on the end that had been in the fire, and said :

"Do you know how to play anything, little Kitten?"

"Yes," answered Kitty, "I know how to play thumbs up, and puzzle, on my slate, and fox and geese, with grains of corn."

"Well, we won't play any of them," said Mr. Cricket, sitting down in his chair, and holding up the lighted splinter ; "Now listen to me :

"Pass the brand from hand to hand,  
While it still grows colder,  
Till its last spark goes out in the dark,  
And a forfeit we'll take from the holder.  
Lives in my hand,  
Dies in your hand,  
And I shall be glad ;  
Pooph !"

"You see, Kitty," said Grandma Cricket, interrupting him again, "we pass the brand from one to another, each repeating the verse while holding it, and if the brand goes out when you say 'pooph,' you must pay a forfeit, and if it goes out when I say 'pooph,' I must pay a forfeit, and so on."

"Well," said Grandpa Cricket, rather sharply, for him, "it says all that in the verse. Now, Kitty, it's your turn."

So he handed the splinter to Kitty, and she said the verse, with her heart thumping for fear she might have to pay some terrible forfeit. And sure enough it did go out when she said "pooph," and she had to give old Mr. Cricket a good kiss for a forfeit, which wasn't so terrible, after all. Then they lighted it again, and kept passing it around, and saying the verse real fast, but it wouldn't go out ; so no body had to pay a forfeit but Kitty.

"That's a very beautiful play," said Grandma Cricket, when they got through, "and she has learned it nicely ; but seems to me, you and Kitty and the baby had better be starting. It's bad driving up through the hearth after dark."

So old Mr. Cricket went and got his horses and wagon ready again, and Grandma Cricket kissed Kitty and the baby, and Grandpa Cricket put on his red mittens, and at last they started. Kitty heard lovely cricket singing as they rode through the country, and Mr. Cricket told her it was the little crickets weaving sunshine for the next day.

"They weave more on Thanksgiving than any other day," said the good old Cricket ; "and that's why you haven't seen any of them around."

Baby was fast asleep while they rode, with the soft sunshine robe folded upon his little bosom, touching his white cheeks and hair with a tender light.

All at once, it seemed to Kitty, she

had grown ever so much too big for the little wee wagon, and then she thought it stopped with a horrible jerk and tumble, and then she heard a big, deep voice, saying "Halloo! O, Kitty!" And there was Kitty, safe at home, in the little green rocking chair, by the fire, with baby in her lap. And the sunshine robe, and the good old cricket, and the little wee horses and wagon, were gone. But Kitty's Uncle John stood there, laughing, and patting her cheeks with his great brown hands.

"They taught me how to weave sunshine," said Kitty, "only I haven't any loom."

And Uncle John took Kitty and baby both into his arms, together, and said Kitty always had been a little sunshine weaver, because she was such a loving little sister, and such a self-denying little daughter. "The loveliest sunshine," he told Kitty, "always shines in happy faces."

And then he said that aunt Ruthie wouldn't hear of "such little ones as Kitty and baby," being left alone all that long day, and so she had sent him after them.

And so the little sunshine weaver had a beautiful bright Thanksgiving day after all.

A LITTLE friend of mine had a boy friend younger than herself, whom she declared was growing up an "old maid" with her, and earnestly opposed his mother in putting boy's clothes upon him. The fatal day, however, arrived, when he changed his girl's clothes for others. His mother, feeling very proud of him, took him to see his little friend, who, peering out of the window, and not detecting the hated garments under his overcoat, clapped her hands with delight, and cried, "O, there's my dear little friend," and hastened out to meet him. In a few seconds she returned, with melancholy face, and lips quivering with disappointment and grief. Upon my inquiring what was the matter—if, after all, it was not her friend? she burst into a flood of tears, and, between her sobs, declared, "Taint no body I want to see. They've gone and put breeches on him." His mother had taken off his overcoat in the hall, leaving him looking very handsome and proud, in his new clothes, to all but his little friend, who declined to have anything to do with him, and who replied, when asked to tell him good-bye, that she "would when he was dressed more 'spectably." As he grew older, and rougher, she declared all his faults were to be attributed to his "horrid boy clothes," and that he had grown a "street boy," and never would be any better, while he had on those "old pants."

## CURIOUS THINGS IN KALGAN.

Kalgan is a walled city, of one hundred thousand inhabitants. It is situated in the north of China, on the borders of Mongolia, about one hundred and thirty miles northwest from Peking, the capital of the empire. It is divided into upper and lower cities. The upper city is built just within the Great Wall, in a pass in the mountains. The climate is delightful, the thermometer not rising above 90° in summer and going down in winter to about 8° below. The city lies about two thousand feet above the sea, and the mountains around it rise eighteen hundred feet higher.

But the readers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL will be more interested in a letter written last winter to a lady friend, by Mrs. Isabella Williams, who is a missionary, and lives in Kalgan.

"You would enjoy," she writes, "sitting with me by this nice coal fire. I know I should have to talk about the *baby*, and there are ever so many things you would want to know about. We get very good coal, indeed, and it is cheap—much more so than at Peking or Tientsin. We are paying, for the best kinds to be used in stoves, only about thirty cents in silver for one hundred catties, equal to one hundred and thirty-three pounds. Other kinds, having less smoke, range from sixty to eighty cents per hundred catties. They are better for the Chinese, as the most of their fires are open, letting all the smoke into the room; but the cheaper kind does just as well for us.

"Mr. Williams was telling me, the other day, that he had been at the Wolf's Den, a little temple on the opposite side of the mountain. The story of the Den is this: A man, who wished to commit suicide, built this temple, dedicating it to the wolves. He represented that people about to kill themselves would do well to follow the example he was intending to set, and do so in this temple, where the wolves would be sure to eat them. This would be meritorious, he said, as the wolves would then be less hungry, and less likely to eat men who still enjoyed gathering argols, or begging, in rags, for a living. This struck a good many as reasonable, and suicides became so fashionable that the city authorities were obliged to make a law forbidding people to kill themselves in the Den.

"If you were to take a walk with me, this afternoon, you would see a great many strange things, such as red-faced Mongols, dressed in skins, bouncing between the two humps of their camels, or galloping on horses, by the side of long trains of camels with or without burdens. We should have to wait a long time for them to pass, before

we could cross the street. Or it may be a great flock of fat-tailed sheep would make our crossing impossible, or a long line of twenty or thirty soda carts, perhaps. There we can stand still and look about us. On the opposite side of this street is a melon stand. Perhaps you are Chinaman enough to have a piece. If so, just save the seeds. Throw them into this willow basket, and the man will have them salted. After awhile, his boy or himself will carry them around with peanuts, salted apricot kernels and hickory nuts, so that you may pay your cash and get them back.

"Yonder are carts of green oats and hemp-seed cake. We feed our cow on them. The season was so dry and then so wet, that the oat crop was a failure, and oat meal has gone up from two and a half cents a catty to four or five cents. Poor folks have to confine themselves to millet, with occasionally some buckwheat cakes. Wheat flour they cannot afford, as that is five or six cents a catty.

"Here comes a man with dusting brushes made of chicken feathers; and there, over the street, is one carrying a quantity of pots and teakettles, of a cheap kind of earthen. A pot big enough to cook for our family, I can buy for four or five cents. A pint teakettle or mug will cost a cent and a half. They are very easily broken.

"While we wait we will walk up the street a little, and see a boy who is cobbling shoes. He seems to enjoy his work, and gets plenty of custom. Another day we can ride down town, and see all sorts of things out in the street for sale—cotton cloth, shoes, second-hand clothing, and bedding; peas, persimmons, red haws, nuts, radishes.

"What are these open furnaces for?" We call them traveling kitchens. You can have a bowl of bean curd, rolled flour, or some other delectable food. Here are twelve cash, if you like to try it.

"The camels have passed, and we will go and make Mrs. Gulick a call. 'Why, you go about here as if you were at home.' Yes, I go alone to Mr. Gulick's whenever I like, and nobody thinks of molesting me. To be sure, it is only three minutes' walk. I should not wish to take long walks alone in Kalgan, though I do not know that it would be unsafe.

"Mrs. Gulick is an English woman, and one of the kindest of friends. She has one of the warmest, most womanly hearts, and I love her very much. One could not find better friends than she and Mr. Gulick have been to us. With me this is cause for great thankfulness. Indeed, God has been kinder to us than we expected, and in more ways than one.

ISABELLA R. WILLIAMS."



## TWO PICTURES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## I.—LOOKING OUT.

Rosy and warm the fire light falls,  
In the rich man's home, to-night,  
On the pictures hanging against the walls,  
And the children's faces bright.  
They have parted the curtain's crimson folds  
Away from the window high,  
And their eyes look out at the whirling snow,  
And the dull and stormy sky.

Their dainty garments are rich and rare,  
Their faces are fair to see,  
And the golden gleam of their shining hair  
Is bright as a crown might be;  
And many a stranger stops to smile  
At the picture, warm and bright,  
The beautiful children, looking out  
On the dark and stormy night.

## II.—LOOKING IN.

With tattered garments, and faces thin,  
Abroad in the bitter cold,  
The poor man's children are looking in  
Through the curtain's crimson fold.  
The bleak wind tosses their rags in scorn,  
Their feet are aching and bare,  
While they gaze at the beauty and light within,  
And the children's faces fair.

I think, as I hasten along the street,  
Of the beautiful home above,  
Where the rich and the poor alike will meet,  
And share in the Father's love.  
The Lord will open the shining door,  
And gather his dear ones in,  
The rich, with their soft and dainty robes,  
And the poor, with their garments thin.

## THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

## THE PEOPLE AND THE LAND.

Among the Aborigines of the Northwest, there is no nation more numerous, more powerful, or more warlike than the Dakotas. In former times, they were commonly known to white people as the *Sioux*, which is a name manufactured for them by the early French *voyageurs*.

The name they apply to themselves is *DAKOTA*, which means *Alliance*, or *Friendship*. This word is sometimes used to denote a *family* of peoples or languages, and includes, of course, the Dakotas, or Sioux, and the Assinaboines, a branch of the same nation, and also the Mandans, Rickarees, Poncas, Omahas, Winnebagoes, and others.

The Dakota tribe proper is composed of many bands. The Wah-pay-koo-tays, or Leaf Shooters; the Uday-wa-kan-tons, or Spirit Lake Villagers; the Wah-pay-ton, or Leaf Villagers; the Se-se-ton, or Swamp Villagers; the Pa-bak-se, or Cut Heads; the Yank-ton, or Dwellers at the End—of which there are two branches; and the Te-ton, or Prairie Villagers. These last are further divided into Hoon-kpa-tees; Brules, or Burnt Legs; Sans Arc, or No Bows; O-o-hay-non-pa, or Two Kettles; Minne-kan-joos, or Planters by the Water; Se-

ha-sa-pa, or Black Feet; Hoon-kpa-pas, and Ogallallas. The first three of the bands mentioned above, namely, the Leaf Shooters, Spirit Lake, and Leaf Villagers, are now commonly called the Santies, which is an Anglicised Dakota word, meaning Dwellers on Knife Lake.

When the mission of the American Board was commenced among the Dakotas in 1835, and for many years afterwards, their country extended from the Mississippi River westward to the Black Hills. On the northeast, the line between them and the Ojibways was often fought over. They then lived on the Mississippi, where Winona and Red Wing have since grown up, and near St. Paul, and all along up the Minnesota River.

Then there was no white settlement on the Mississippi above Cassville, which is a short distance above Dubuque; now you will find villages of white people as far up the Minnesota as Lacquiparle, and northward to the sources of the Father of Waters.

The eastern part of this land of the Dakotas is too well known to need any description. It is the state of Minnesota. In the western part of this state, the prairie land begins greatly to predominate, and wood becomes so scarce as to make its settlement a slow process. But all through to the western border of the state, and even beyond, the land is fertile, and the climate sufficiently moist to ensure good returns from tillage. This cannot be said of that vast prairie country extending from the valley of the James, or Dakota river, westward, and the upper Missouri generally. Here, fully half the summers prove too dry for raising corn. Consequently the Indians in that region were then, as now very much, only "mighty hunters" of buffalo.

If any one asks for the number of the Dakotas, the answer must be, "they have not yet been counted." They were estimated by government agents, a third of a century ago, at *thirty thousand*. We missionaries, after a careful inquiry, thought that estimation was too great, and placed it at *twenty-five thousand*. But very recently the Peace Commissioners have again counted them at about *thirty thousand*.

This is the people whose life, customs, and religion will be the subjects of a series of articles, that will, from time to time, appear in THE LITTLE CORPORAL. The writer, having spent a great many years among the Dakotas, will hope to make a perfectly reliable statement of facts, and to lead others to form a just estimation of their character.

The present with its duties, and the future with its hopes, are all we have to do with.

## AMBER.

BY MARY LORIMER.

When I was a little girl, a member of the family had a stick of amber a few inches long. It was beautifully clear, and its smoothness was pleasant to the touch. It had also other fascinating qualities, and was with me a wonderful favorite. How well I remember those early days, when, having borrowed this treasure, I sat down to my simple experiments. First I rubbed and rubbed it with my handkerchief, or, better still, with a piece of silk, until I began to perceive the balsamic fragrance which it gave forth. This was a charming moment, though the teasing uncle who owned it, would insist that there was no fragrance about it. But there was, and there is, as any little girl may find out, who can get a piece of amber.

Then I would cut up the slenderest slips of thin paper, or fine thread, upon a table, and rubbing my magic amber wand, would hold it over the little heap, when lo! the topmost threads would rise gently in the air to meet it, and the little slips of paper would jump up and touch it, and there would be such a commotion in the little pile of shreds, that even the troublesome uncle had to own that this was splendid. Happy days! Again and again would the spell be tried with delightful success.

Then, years later, at a house where I visited, the lady had upon a table, among other costly foreign trifles, a "string of fragrant beads of amber," and it was always a pleasure to me to take this glowing chain, as a plaything, in the pauses of conversation, or as a subject of conversation itself. Some of the beads were dark, some light, but each one had a clear, glittering glow, and within some of them we could see delicate little insects, or bits of fern, or moss, elegant in shape and color, and sealed up forever in these transparent caskets.

How came they there? was the question which many of us, in our youthful ignorance, could not answer. But it once so happened that a learned man took these gleaming beads from my hand, and told us about amber. He said that hundreds and hundreds of years before our country was discovered, the dwellers on the coasts of the Adriatic and Baltic seas, used to find this beautiful substance thrown upon the shores after storms had swept the deep. They found it could be highly polished, and made into ornaments; that it possessed an aromatic odor, and had a mysterious power of attraction; and that within its clear depths were often imprisoned insects of unknown species. But what it was, or from whence it came, none could tell. But in our days, science does not permit

many mysteries to remain unraveled, and amber has had to confess its nature and its dwelling place. It is now found that amber is the fossilized resin of a pine long extinct, which is called by botanists *pinus saccinefer*, or amber pine.

In former ages there were forests of these amber pines on a part of what is now the bed of the Baltic sea. These forests were long ago submerged, petrified and fossilized, and still, from the depths of the Baltic sea, is thrown up the precious gum which we call amber. Within it are often found delicate mosses, and ferns, and leaves, and insects, which belonged to those by-gone ages.

How wonderful it seems that we to-day can look upon a bright, little bug, or butterfly, which so many hundred years ago touched its tiny feet to the soft and glittering resin, as it flowed from the tree. Ah, little captive, now you are caught, indeed, and the next clear gush sweeps so softly over you, that the graceful form and delicate wings retain all their beauty, and thus you are handed safely down to us, through uncounted centuries, enshrined in a pellucid gem, to charm the eye of taste and science through all time.

More than eight hundred species of insects have been found in amber, most of them species now extinct; and not insects only, but specimens of mosses and ferns; and forty-eight species of trees and shrubs have been found, which are quite different from those now growing on the shores of the Baltic sea.

### THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S NEW DRAWING BOOK.

#### SOMETHING INTERESTING.

We told our readers last month that we had just published a new Book, entitled "REED'S DRAWING LESSONS," prepared by Mr. P. Fishe Reed, the poet-artist, who is well and widely known both as a landscape painter and a literary man. We give in our editorial columns a few notes which we have received from well-known artists, and will give others at another time, when we have more space. Below we print an extract from the book, to show its general scope and style, putting it in this wide column so as to better accommodate the cuts illustrating the text. The first cut of the pig and house shows about how people draw who have never taken lessons. Here this book takes them, and first teaching them the very first A B C of the art, conducts them pleasantly and carefully through a series of cheerful, common-sense lessons, until it teaches them how to draw men, women, children; animals, boats, houses, trees, and landscapes, finishing up, in the last lesson, by teaching how to sketch landscapes from nature, as shown in the cut at the close of the following extract. Compare the first cut in this article with the last, and

then procure "REED'S DRAWING LESSONS," and give yourselves and children and friends both amusement and instruction, by learning the beautiful art of Drawing. But to the extract:

#### A FEW WORDS TO CHILDREN.

Drawing is one of the most pleasing things a child can learn to do. Some have a natural taste for it, and draw very readily, while others have to study; but with a little thought and practice all can learn to draw very nicely. This must be done as you would learn to read, by first learning the A, B, C, of the art.

Everyone should learn to draw; for, whatever business is followed, it will be found useful as well as pleasant, to the child, the youth, the mother, the lady of either toil or leisure, the farmer, the mechanic, and the professional man.

Perhaps you may say that you have not the talent—that only great men learn to draw. Who knows how great a man or woman you may one day become? It was said of Walter Scott, that when a boy, he was a "dolt," and of the Duke of Wellington that he was "only fit for food for powder." Yet Scott was a great writer, and Wellington a great warrior.

A singular anecdote, too, is related of Washington Allston, who was one of the greatest of American painters. After he had become famous, and was known and praised all over the world, some of his friends came across one of his earlier works and brought it to him, asking his opinion of the merit of the boy who painted it. Allston, who did not know that the picture was his own work, replied,

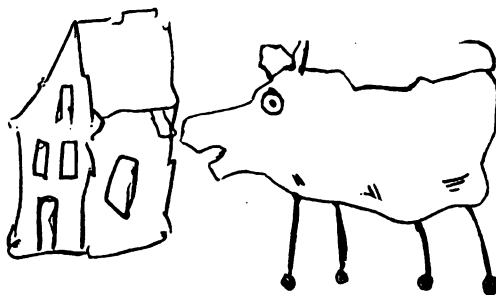
"The boy who painted it had better go to shoemaking!"

You may well imagine his surprise, when, turning the picture around, he found his own name written on the back.

Now the great secret of these men's success, may be told in two words—*study* and *practice*, and not merely the dry labor of study and practice, but they became interested in their studies, and not no amount of labor is too much to prevent such people from doing whatever they will.

You can well remember when you only knew your a, b, c, and what a mystery it was, to see how well your older brother could make all the snarled words read so easily; and you know, too, how, by constant practice, you were enabled to do the same. Drawing is no harder, and the crude, ill looking lines you will first make will be quite as good as the first "pot hooks" you made in your copy book.

If you now attempt to draw a pig and a house, the picture may look something like this:



The pig is as big as the house, and he stands on four drumsticks, and looks as much like a plum pudding as a pig. The house has no two lines alike, and you may be surprised that it does not tumble over on the pig, and break his saucy looking mouth. But when you have drawn all the lines and figures in this book you will do better.

#### THE TOOLS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

All you require to begin with, is a No. 2 Faber, or American lead pencil, drawing paper, and a piece of rubber;

but as you progress, you may use chalk, or white crayon, black crayon, charcoal, and a port crayon, in which to hold them; also a stump to soften the harshness of the lines. But these are not to be used now, only the pencil.

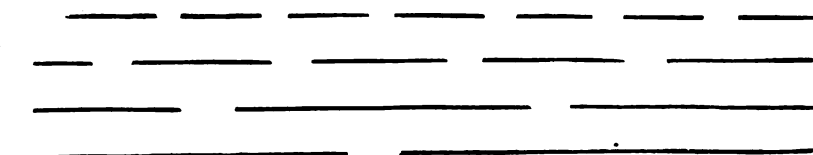
To sharpen the pencil, shave off the wood at least three fourths of an inch from the end, leaving a fourth of an inch bare. Unless you have some very fine lines to make, do not bring the pencil too fine a point. To make a fine line the pencil must be more pointed than for heavy lines:



In sharpening the pencil, of course, draw the knife towards the point, but in sharpening the chalk, crayon, or charcoal, cut the reverse way, placing the blade to the point, and cutting towards the hand.

#### THE FIRST LESSON.

To begin with, do not grasp the pencil as though you were afraid it would get away from you, but hold it lightly and firmly in the fingers, as you would hold a pen, and then, with a free, easy sweep, make the line. Do not fear that you will spoil your work. It matters not if you do. Better spoil it with freedom than fear. If spoiled, you can throw it away and try again. If you find that you are getting along nicely, and happen to make a bad line, you may erase it with the rubber, but don't depend too much on the rubber, for it is the pencil that makes the picture.



The first thing that you have to do, is to take a sheet of ruled paper, and trace with your pencil the lines. Draw first from left to right, then from right to left, with a light, brisk

motion. Put the pencil firmly upon the paper, where you begin the line, and move it along, with equal pressure, to the end, then stop and *lift* the pencil off, (do not *drag* it,) so that the line will be of the same breadth all the way.

Copy these lines until you can do them nicely.

## LINES.

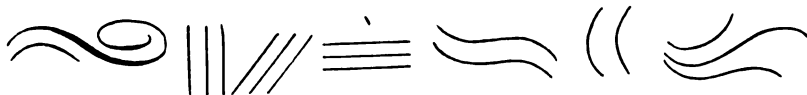
Wherever we turn our eyes, we see numberless lines, forms, and shapes, and so varied are these, that we can never find any two objects exactly alike, yet all the lines that go to make up all created things, are simply two—the straight line and the curve. But simple as this seems, there are very few people who can trace a true curve, or straight line, any number of inches.

A few rules are here given, which you must try and understand, for they will be of great use when you come to draw the more finished sketch.

Perpendicular lines, when heavy, express strength. Horizontal lines, heaviness. Angular



lines, harshness. Curved lines, grace and beauty. Fine lines, smoothness and delicacy.



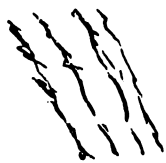
The least beautiful lines are angular. The most beautiful are curves. All lines are more of less pleasing, as they are combined in proper proportion.

Thus the letters B, O, R, and S, are the most pleasing; the angular letters, A, V, and W, the most harsh.

The finely curved lines of the human figure give the idea of beauty; the heavy lines of the bull, and the angular lines of the dog, give the idea of strength and harshness.

When you look upon an object that is pleasing, or uncouth, it is a good practice to examine it, and see what it is that makes it appear so. You will soon find out that the lines in the face of a cross person are all angular, while those in the face of an innocent little child are all curves; and that the cat is more graceful than the frog; the horse more noble looking than the donkey. All of these effects are caused by the difference in the lines that compose the body, and those you should learn to trace, in any form that strikes you as being pretty or strange, and if you do so you will soon find it very interesting, besides aiding you in drawing.

## THE WAY TO MAKE THE LINES.



This must be your rule in making lines. They must not be rough and scratchy, nor *dragged* out, as though done with a broom straw, like this;

Look and think well for what purpose you are making the lines. Place the pencil upon one point, and then, with a quick, easy motion, make the line with one sweep. By a little practice in this way, you will soon be able to make a succession of parallel lines, straight or curved.

It is said of Giotto, one of the greatest of Italian masters, that he could, with one sweep of the pencil, make an O of any size, as perfectly as it could be done by rule, which gave rise to a saying among the people in that day, that a thing was "as round as Giotto's O." It was thought to be wonderful then, but there are many artists now who can do the same. The whole secret is found in one word—*practice*. With this you can do almost everything, without it, nothing; and any little boy who will practice as much and as long as Giotto did, will be able to make an O as round as his.

The whole Book is in this same style, containing thirty pages of lithographic engravings, and many wood cuts, the last lesson, teaching from nature, being illustrated by the following wood cut:



## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1869.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

## OUR NEW FIRM.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST, AND A LOOK  
AHEAD.

The readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* will notice that our firm name is changed this month, by the addition of "& Co." For three years and a half I have published *THE CORPORAL* alone. I am very happy in being able, by God's blessing, and the aid of the boys and girls of America, to see it enjoying to-day such an abundant prosperity; and improve the occasion to take a survey of our work.

Most of you know how I came to begin this publication. In 1865 I organized the Army of the American Eagle, to raise money for the last Great Sanitary Fair, to aid our sick and wounded soldiers. In this beautiful army I was joined by about twelve thousand children, all over the Union, and by our united effort, in about two months and a half we realized a net profit, after paying all expenses, of over sixteen thousand three hundred dollars, which I paid into the treasury of the Great Fair. This was accomplished by the sale, at ten cents each, of pictures of the Veteran War Eagle, a copy of which we have now on the front page of our new, green cover, as our trade mark. At the close of this pleasant, though laborious work, I found myself in correspondence with these twelve thousand working children. Their companionship was so agreeable that I did not like to bid them adieu, and so I started the *LITTLE CORPORAL*, to keep up our acquaintance.

Beginning such an enterprise, is like beginning to build a light house out in the sea. If you want it to be solid and substantial, you must begin at the bottom, and expect to sink a good deal of money and hard work far down below the water line, where it will never be seen of men, but where it is very necessary, in order that the superstructure may remain firm through all the future years. Eighteen years before, I had left home when a little boy, and begun life like so many thousands have done, as a printer's "devil," and had been obliged to "paddle my own canoe," (for which I am very thankful,) until I found myself in Chicago, conducting a good business, and worth nearly twenty thousand dollars. And so I begun to work on the foundation of what I intended should be a first-class national magazine, for the boys and girls of America. Most of my best friends assured me that I would fail. Some of the wisest said there was no field ready, especially in the *West*, for such a work; but I believed otherwise, and knowing by experience exactly what it was to begin at the bottom and work up, I determined to risk my all, rather than give up my boys and girls. So I worked, the

best I knew, and prayed to God for success; and my money, saved by long years of hard work, was poured in, month after month, for two years, or more, until it was nearly all sunk; but I did not believe that it was lost, though, like Paddy's tea kettle, it was at the bottom of the sea. It had gone down to make a foundation for my light house. And so I worked on until the walls rose above the water line, and instead of looking down to build upon the wall, we now look up, and others, passing by, look up, too, and I feel a satisfaction in knowing that THE LITTLE CORPORAL's light shines into more families than that of any other juvenile magazine in the whole wide world. Now let the storm and the wind beat. Every wave only washes more sand about the foundations of our light house, and makes them more secure, and our shaft is going higher, so that our light may gleam further and further out upon the world. Out of the reach of the waves we can build more smoothly, and make our work more nearly perfect. As our foundation has been laid, not only by work, but by faith in God, so we will continue to build in the same way. Nearly, if not quite all, who write for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, are Christian people, distributed among many different churches. So the magazine is not published in the interest of any particular sect, but serving that God who is the refuge and strength of all who trust in Him, we desire to acknowledge Him in all our ways, and work as well as we can "for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful."

And now comes the "& Co.:"

The business duties of THE LITTLE CORPORAL office are of course increasing rapidly, until I find myself surrounded by more work than I can easily manage; and although no man was ever more highly blessed with good, true, and faithful assistants than I have been, still I often feel that, as in social and domestic life, so in business life, it is not always best for man to be alone; and so I have chosen a partner. Prof. JOHN E. MILLER, of Akron, Ohio, will hereafter be associated with me in the business management of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, in book publishing, and in all my business matters. I need say nothing by way of recommending him to my friends all over the Union. The mere fact that I choose him as my business partner and fellow laborer, shows you what I think of him, and speaks more than all that I might write.

The Editorial department of THE LITTLE CORPORAL will remain in my own hands, precisely as heretofore, and with an efficient partner to work with me in carrying the heaviest cares in the business office, I shall hope to do much better for our readers than before. Mr. Miller's talented and accomplished wife, EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, for a long time known and loved so well by all, will continue as my Associate Editor. It will be hard for her to love THE CORPORAL and the children more, or to labor more devotedly for them than she has always done; but as her home has heretofore been in Ohio, and will hereafter be in or near Chicago, she will have a better opportunity to do more for us all than when so far away.

And so we begin the new year. In addition to the publication of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, we expect to go largely into publishing juvenile and other good books, and sending through the mails, not only our own publications, but those of all other American publishers.

Now, boys and girls, and men and women, everywhere, send along your names and dollars and clubs for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and double our already magnificent list. The larger list we have, the better we can make the magazine.

ALFRED L. SEWELL.

## OLD SUBSCRIBERS FOR 1868.

### TWO REASONS WHY.

The February number of THE LITTLE CORPORAL will be sent to a few of our old subscribers who have not yet sent in their money for the new year. The figures Dec 8, or Dec 68, after the names in the list, have been so rapidly changed to 9s, that by the time the February number is mailed there will not be a great many left to alter, and of those we hope that nearly all will send on their money as soon as the February number reaches them.

Another reason is that I want all subscribers, both old and new, to see the new offer we make of a *velocipede* to the person who shall send us the largest number of subscribers between the time they see this offer and the 1st of August, and a Hunting Case Elgin Watch to the one who shall send us the next largest list within the same time.

Don't delay a day longer than you can help, as we shall, within a few days, take out the few remaining names that have Dec 8, or Dec 68, after them, and while we shall always be glad to put your name in again, we know you will desire to save us as much trouble as you can.

Work faithfully for clubs. This is a good time for obtaining subscribers, and we are sending out a great many beautiful premiums.

Read another article headed "Important to those Raising Clubs."

## THE VELOCIPEDE.

### A NEW OFFER.

Everywhere we hear the people talking of the *Velocipede*, the new horse, that has just come among us, that don't need any hay or oat: and carries men and boys and women and girls fifteen miles an hour.

We will give one of these new *Velocipedes* to the person who sends us the greatest number of subscribers, between the time you receive this number and the first day of August. The person who sends the next largest list, will receive a hunting-case Elgin Watch. Perhaps we will offer other premiums for other lists coming next in order.

These premiums will be in addition to our ordinary premiums. Those working for clubs will receive the usual premiums, as though the *Velocipede*, Watch, etc., were not offered, and then the large lists will have these in addition.

Now for a race. Who will win? All who engage in this contest must state, in every letter they write us, that they are working on this offer, so that we can keep our lists accordingly. We hope to have an article on the *Velocipede* in our next number.

## REED'S DRAWING LESSONS.

We have a large number of letters from artists, endorsing our new Drawing Book, but, being pressed for room, print only one, promising to give others hereafter. See the advertisement on the third page of cover of this magazine, and send for the book:

CHICAGO, Jan. 8, 1869.

Alfred L. Sewell & Co.—Gentlemen: After a critical examination of "Reed's Drawing Lessons," I am prepared to speak of the book in the highest terms of praise. It fills a place never before occupied in this country, its text being free from technicalities, abounding in a kind of humor that is sure to awaken an interest in the child student of art. The work should be widely disseminated.

Truly yours,

H. C. FORD,  
Vice-President Chicago Academy of Design.

## SEND IN YOUR CLUBS!

Send in names and money for THE LITTLE CORPORAL as rapidly as you can. This is a good month for raising clubs and securing premiums. Notice several additions made this month to the list of magazines with which we club.

## TO THOSE RAISING CLUBS.

Remember the following points; they may help you in securing names to your club:

1st.—*The Little Corporal* is the cheapest of all the magazines, when we consider the quantity and quality of its matter, and its low price. It also has a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world, and as large as the circulation of any other three American juvenile magazines combined. This circulation has been gained in a little over three years, on simple merit, in competition with magazines older and in eastern and more favored localities.

2d.—It is only because of its immense circulation that we are enabled to furnish it at the low price, and people everywhere should take advantage of this low price, which the great circulation gives, rather than pay a higher price for a poorer magazine, merely because its limited circulation compels the Publishers to charge the higher price.

3d.—*The Corporal* is entirely original and first class in every respect.

4th.—It is the best thing of the kind published for Boys and Girls, and besides this, is just as interesting to "older people who have young hearts."

5th.—*The Corporal* gives the very best matter for all old people to read, if they want to keep their hearts warm and young; therefore they want it for themselves even if they have no children of their own.

6th.—If you can induce persons to subscribe for back volumes as well as for 1869, every dollar sent for back volumes will count the same as new subscriptions. In this way you can raise a larger club.

7th.—Send on the names as rapidly as possible, when you have even a few, so that they can be receiving their numbers. Then, when your club is full, claim the premium you have gained.

ADVERTISERS will notice that we have slightly changed our rates this month, by raising the price of our third page of cover, to the same rate as charged for the other two. Our rate is now \$1.50 per line, all round. When you send your copy, say what page you prefer, and you shall have it, if not engaged. If it is already spoken for, we will give you the best place we can, that is not taken.

Our rates are lower in proportion to circulation, than those of any other American Magazine. We print now 85,000 copies, full count. Those engaging space now, may make contracts for a year or less, at present rates. We may soon advance these rates.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

By Alfred L. Sewell and John E. Miller.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 12 cts.

Office, No. 6 Post-Office Place, Chicago.

SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

ADVERTISEMENTS—(Select, first class, only)—Will be inserted on the cover, at the rate of \$1.50 a line, counting three columns to a page, and 132 lines in a column, making 396 lines to a page, inside of border rules. For advertisements running several months, a reasonable discount will be allowed. The rates for space in margins outside the border are higher, and can be learned by applying to the publisher.

When more advertisements than will go on the Cover are received for any one number, we will, unless we have orders to the contrary, put them on the extra leaf which is added for Premium List, at same price. Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## No. 4.—CHARADE.

My first expresses well the state  
Of those who rage, and rave, and hate;  
My second heads the twenty-six,  
Who help us wisdom's lore to fix;  
My third in house, and hall, and way,  
Turns darkest night almost to day;  
My fourth flies swiftly o'er the land,  
And bears you to the utmost strand;  
My whole, the distant oceans o'er,  
Lies by a far-off eastern shore.

M. B. C. S.

## No. 5.—CHARADE.

A little word, of letters two,  
But meaning one, first comes to view;  
Prefix one thousand, (Roman brief;)   
Behold a creature born to grief!  
Prefix a pronoun, and there will be  
What every maiden fain would see;  
Once more prefix, I humbly crave,  
A double curve. 'Tis done, it gave  
A statesman true, a soldier brave.

Mary Louise Hood.

## No. 6.—CHARADE.—BOTANICAL.

Cold and shining, still and white,  
See my first, this winter night,  
Like a garment from God's hand,  
Robbing all the sleeping land.

Jewel-bright my second gleams,  
Millions like it make the streams;  
Yet the eye that looks with care,  
Sees all heaven mirrored there.

Flowers are dead, and birds have flown,  
Yet a beauty all its own,  
To the scene my whole may lend—  
"I am not a summer friend."

Mary A. P. H.

## No. 7.—CHARADE.

My first is a species of fish,  
Found often in pond or in mere;  
My second, when gently you tap at the door,  
You linger, expecting to hear;  
My whole, to the music of hammer and plane,  
Rears dwellings to guard us from wind and from rain.

Mary A. P. H.

## No. 8.—CHARADE.

Viewless to a human eye,  
Hear my first go sweeping by;  
See! it lifts the soft, bright hair  
Of my second, tripping there.

By the moss-grown well I stand,  
Turn my whole with steady hand,  
Bring the oaken bucket up,  
Pour the diamonds in my cup.

Mary A. P. H.

## No. 9.—CHARADE.

One is a lady you'll surely confess,  
Two is quite useful the lady to dress.  
Out in the garden my whole you will meet,  
When in the summer the roses are sweet.

Gerty.

## NO. 10.—RIDDLE.

Queer creature am I—as I'm going to tell—  
And you never behold me in life,  
Though in storms I'm discerned, and in forests I dwell,  
And am heard in the roar of the strife.

I take ever a part in the joys of the good,  
In sorrow a double share;  
But in scenes of iniquity do not intrude—  
My presence can never be there.

And, although not essential to literature,  
Or science, or art, I insist  
Without me a book you could never endure,  
And knowledge would cease to exist.

Paul Plain.

## No. 11.—A PICTURE STORY.



Reading to be given in next number.

W. O. C.

## No. 12.—A PICTURE STORY.



## NIMBLE DICK STORMS THE FORT.

Nimble Dick was in his den. Looking out, he saw a file of boys coming up, heavily loaded with snow balls. The battle commenced and the snow balls flew. Nimble Dick had a stout heart, and was not at all scared. He rushed out like a tiger, snapped his teeth, and ran at them. The boys, leaving their flag behind them, took to their heels and ran for the fort. When they reached the fort, they thought they would stand bravely, and defend it. But Nimble Dick came raging along, with colors flying, and bounded right over the wall into the fort. So they scattered right and left, and Dick, the hero, waved his flag in triumph, having won an easy victory.

The boys, gaining a little courage, threw a few rounds of balls into the fort, but did no damage. So, when the battle was all over, Dick, the conqueror, marched back, carrying his battle flag, and laid it up in his den, a trophy of victory.

W. O. C.

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 2.—JANUARY NUMBER.

There was a pond near the cave where Nimble Dick had taken up his home for the winter. Nimble Dick had heard a great commotion down there, and felt a little curious to know what it all meant; so he went out to see. Takes his seat on a stump, and quietly surveys the scene. Appears to be somewhat amused.

Is invited by one of the party, to join in the frolic. Concludes to venture on the ice, and try a pair of skates. Feels brave, and is bound to go ahead; but does not quite understand the motions. His heels make a sudden dash into the air, somewhat to his astonishment. Feels a tender spot on the back of his head, and thinks he will rub it off. Comes in at the last end of the train, somewhat in the rear.

"Let them laugh," says Dick. "I will show them that I can do something yet, if I am a monkey."

After a good deal of practice, Nimble Dick wins the flag, and leads the van.

W. O. C.



# A New Musical Periodical. THE Musical Independent.

A LARGE QUARTO OF 32 PAGES,

Issued on the First Saturday of every month. Each number contains from three to five pages of beautiful Piano Music, besides a variety of original and selected reading matter, which will be found very interesting to Amateurs, the Musical Profession, and all who take an interest in Music or Musical Literature. The last three numbers contain the music named below:

## November.

The Sweet By-and-by, Song and Chorus, by J. P. Webster.  
Who will Come to Meet me There? Song and Chorus, by H. Pontrill.  
In our Heart 'tis Summer still, Quartette, by T. M. Towne.  
The Golden Chimes, Rondo, by Franz Abet.  
Heaven's Messenger, Waltz, by Austin Lowell.

## December.

The Footsteps on the Stairs, Song and Chorus, by J. A. Butterfield.  
O'er the Bright and Sparkling Waters, Duett, by F. Kucken.  
The Angel's Dream, Rondo, by G. Lange.  
The Fairies' Frolic, Polka, by Celestin Demeur.

## January.

Leaf by Leaf the Roses fall, Song and Chorus, by A. Vane.  
Won't you tell me why? Ballad, by Claribel.  
O'er the Waves we Float, Duett, by S. Glover.  
Kathleen Mavourneen, Variations, by H. Thomas.  
Love's Messenger, March, by V. B. Aubert.

The value of the music alone in each monthly issue is nearly equal to the amount of a year's subscription, and is so arranged that it may be detached from the reading portion and bound with other music. The publishers have no hesitancy in offering the MUSICAL INDEPENDENT to the public as

**The Largest,  
The Cheapest,  
The Best, and the  
Most Progressive**

publication of the kind in the world. Many of the best musical writers of the country are engaged as contributors to its columns, and it is our determination to use every available means in rendering it so attractive and interesting that each monthly visit will be hailed with pleasure and satisfaction by its patrons.

**TERMS—Yearly Subscription \$2. Single Copies, 25 cents.**

Special rates to clubs and canvassers. Send for specimen copies.

## A NEW VOLUME

OF  
Music for the Young Folks.

ENTITLED

## THE GOLDEN ROBIN

CONTAINING

- I. MUSICAL NOTATION.
- II. ROUNDS AND EXERCISES ADAPTED TO PHYSICAL ACTION.
- III. SONGS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
- IV. SACRED PIECES.

By W. O. PERKINS,

Author of "The Nightengale," "Sabbath School Trumpet," &c., &c., &c.

The whole forming a most attractive Music Book for Juvenile Classes, Schools, and Seminaries, and one that cannot fail to be admired by all Teachers and Scholars. Price 50 cents.

J. P. WEBSTER'S

NEW SABBATH SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK,

## THE SIGNET RING;

A collection of beautiful Hymns and Tunes, arranged as Solos, Duets, Trios, and Choruses, fresh, sparkling, and original, including an ample variety for every department of Sabbath School exercises, pic-nics, excursions, social gatherings, and the home circle.

It is most emphatically a **NEW BOOK**; its entire contents (both words and music, with but few exceptions) having been written and composed expressly for its pages. Mr. Webster, one of the most popular of America's song writers, has devoted years to the preparation of this work, and now offers it to the public, confident that it will receive the approval of those who will favor it with a careful examination. Price 50 cents.

Copies of either of the above will be mailed, prepaid, on receipt of the price by the publishers.

**LYON & HEALY,**

117 Clark and Washington sts., CHICAGO.

## PREMIUM LIST

For Clubs of Subscribers to  
THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. The price of this picture is \$1.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel-engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars: or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of four, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a copy of Shober's elegant engraving of the great reformer, Martin Luther, (which contains in the margin fourteen smaller engravings, illustrating "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family;") the price of which is \$2.50.

4. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted like an oil painting, and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars. The same premium will be sent to any who send nine subscribers, at \$1 each, and two dollars in money beside. The price of the Chromo, mounted on canvas, is ten dollars. We do not sell it not mounted.

5. The Pianos, Organs and Melodons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see articles in Jan. No.

6. REAPER AND MOWER Premium. See article on next page, and write for descriptive pamphlets, &c.

7. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

8. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, 1868, or 1869. The six must all be sent at one time.

9. Appleton's Cyclopædia as a Premium. Write for particulars.

10. The Self-Binder. Send for circular.

11. Books. The following books, published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago, will be sent as premiums: Mrs. HENSHAW'S "OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES," price \$3, for a club of nine. "REED'S DRAWING LESSONS," price \$1.50, for a club of five. See, also, list of books below, and in next column.

12. Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See article in last number.

13. ELGIN WATCHES, MADE BY NATIONAL WATCH CO., which leading jewelers pronounce to be the BEST MADE WATCHES IN AMERICA, FOR THE PRICE, and equal to the finest European watches, for accurate time, THAT COST DOUBLE OR THREE TIMES THE MONEY; will be sent as premiums, every watch to have the finest 3 oz. silver case, and forwarded by express, as follows: (The prices given are the lowest regular city retail prices. In many places they are sold at prices considerably higher than those here given.)

Prices of Watches.	Sent as Premium for a club of	Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money will write for terms to the publisher of <i>The Little Corporal</i> .
\$30.00	75 subscribers at \$1.00 each.	
35.00	85 "	
45.00	100 "	
60.00	130 "	
75.00	175 "	

The above are all hunting case Watches.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 7, (the club of six).

Back numbers count in a club, same as current volume, so that in raising large clubs it is worth while to induce new subscribers to begin with July 1865, which was the first No. Back numbers can always be furnished.

FROM HARPER & BROTHER'S CATALOGUE:

7—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature..... 2.00  
5—Dr. Hooker's Natural History..... 1.50

The following books, from Hurd & Houghton's Catalogue, will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

	Price.
6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys. By Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Æsop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75

[See next column.]

5—Moore's Lalla Rookh. Illustrated.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.25
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.50
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

FROM CLARKE & CO.'S CATALOGUE.

4—Cecil's Book of Beasts.....	\$1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Birds.....	1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Insects.....	1.25

Any Books advertised as premiums will also be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

IN CLUB WITH THE LARGER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *The Little Corporal* in club with the larger magazines, etc., for one year, as follows:

Harper's Magazine (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	\$4.00
Harper's Weekly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Harper's Bazar (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Atlantic Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Putnam's Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Hours at Home (\$3) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.25
Phrenological Journal (\$3) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.00
Riverside Magazine (\$2.50) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.75
Galaxy (\$4.00) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Hearth and Home (\$4.00) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Lippincott's Magazine (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Peterson's Magazine (\$2) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.50
New York Weekly Tribune (\$2) and <i>The Corporal</i> .....	2.50
Western Rural (\$2.50) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.75
Prairie Farmer (\$2) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.50
Moore's Rural New-Yorker (\$3) and <i>The Corporal</i> .....	3.50

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

## NEW AND

## STANDARD BOOKS!

We have issued a General Catalogue of Miscellaneous Books, giving the Titles and Prices of more than 2,000 of the most Popular, New, and Standard Works.

We have also issued a

## CHEAP LIST

of a large number of Books slightly shelf worn or faded in binding, which are offered at greatly reduced prices. Both of these Catalogues will be sent, post paid, to all who write to us for them.

**Cobb, Pritchard & Co.,  
BOOKSELLERS,**

81 & 83 Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

## THE CHEAPEST!



For the Family and Farm.

## NORTHERN FARMER

Containing Monthly 40 Large Pages.

Send for Samples to

**FRED. D. CARSON, - Publisher,**

FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

## THE GREAT PREMIUM.

### THE BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER.

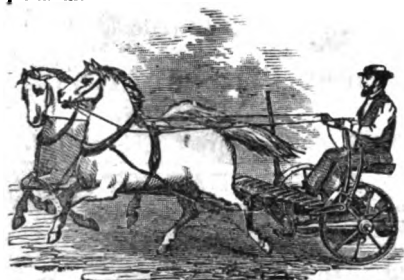
In addition to other premiums given, as shown in the Premium List on the preceding page, we now offer a premium for which men and boys can afford to give up their time for a month, to do nothing but canvass for THE LITTLE CORPORAL. And one month's active work should secure one of these magnificent machines. If you are a farmer, it will be eminently useful to you. If you are not a farmer, the machine can be easily sold for money to one of your farmer neighbors; and there are but few ways in which you can make \$100 or \$200 so easy as by raising a club of subscribers to THE CORPORAL, and securing as a premium a BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER. Women and girls are not debarred from working for this prize, if they desire. Any one who can spare the time, and wants to make money, can send to us for sample copies, and make one or two hundred dollars, and be doing good at the same time; for who does good more easily and surely than by giving THE LITTLE CORPORAL to the children of America?

We can send hundreds of these machines, if they are earned. The following are the cash prices at the factory, and in the same lines we give the number of subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, at \$1 each, required to secure the Reapers and Mowers as premiums:

Cash Price.	No. Subscribers required.
Junior Mower,.....	100
Senior Mower,.....	150
Junior Mower, with dropper,.....	175
Senior Mower, with dropper,.....	250
Junior Mower, with self rake,.....	200
Senior Mower, with self rake,.....	300

Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money, will write for terms to the publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

If you want further particulars, or descriptive pamphlets, write to the publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Send all names as fast as taken, and let us know if you are working for this premium.



## BUCKEYE MOWER AND REAPER. WARRANTY.

The Buckeye Reaper and Mower is warranted to cut, if properly managed, one acre per hour, or ten or twelve acres per day, either grain or grass, in a workmanlike manner, with one pair of horses. The purchaser is allowed to cut two acres of grass, and also two acres of grain, on trial, and, in case anything proves defective, due notice must be given to us or our agent, and time allowed to send a person to put it in order. If it does not work after this, and the fault is in the machine, it will be taken back, or that part of it which proves to be defective, and will be replaced, or the money paid for it refunded.

THE MANUFACTURERS.

## SUBSCRIBE NOW, AND

# Raise a Club! Raise a Club!!

This is the great Season for Raising Clubs.

**WORK NOW, FAITHFULLY!!**

**SEE PREMIUM LIST.**

"FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL."

**A First Class**

**Original Magazine**

**For One Dollar!**

For BOYS AND GIRLS, and for OLDER PEOPLE who have YOUNG HEARTS.

# The Little Corporal

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

This Magazine (not yet four years old) claims to have now a larger circulation than any other Juvenile Magazine in the world. Because of this immense circulation, the publisher is enabled to make the improvements initiated without raising the price. Considering the quantity and quality of the matter given, and the beauty of mechanical execution, it is believed to be the cheapest of all the Magazines, and worth much more than many for which a higher price is charged.

**"The Little Corporal," for 1869, will be better than ever before.**

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—A late number of this original magazine for boys and girls, and for older people who have young hearts, has found its way to our table, and is so replete of every rare and delicious thing for young hearts, that we are constrained to herald its uncommon merits. The stories are delightful and invariably instructive. The poetry is simple, tender, pretty, and high. The composition is excellent English; and, in a word, the conductors seem to enter into the spirit of their great task, to know the nature of young hearts, and how to cater to their immortal longings.—*National Intelligencer*, Sept. 10, 1868.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL is the most entertaining publication for the young that we have ever examined. We cannot see how it possibly can have a superior, or if it could have, how the young folks could possibly wish for anything better.—*Pennsylvania Teacher*.

We might give many pages of "Notices" from both the religious and secular press, as well as from the people everywhere, to prove that THE LITTLE CORPORAL is all that is claimed for it. Its matter is entirely original and from the freshest, most alive, and best writers in the country.

## Splendid Premiums

are given for Clubs of all sizes. Any one sending a list of subscribers, from two to a thousand, will receive A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

It is edited by Alfred L. Sewell, and Emily Huntington Miller.

Volumes begin July and January. Back Numbers supplied.

**Terms, One Dollar a Year, in Advance.**

Sample copy, containing Premium List, ten cents, or FREE to any one who will try to raise a club.

Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**NEEDLES.** ONE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES, put up in Patent Wrappers, Assorted Sizes, sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of thirty cents and a three cent stamp.

These needles are of the best English manufacture, and warranted. Address

WM. GOODSMITH & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
P. O. Drawer 6038.

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE to canvass for the Sale of Chromos or Oil Prints of Beard's great thousand dollar Picture, "*Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*." Profits large. Ladies or Gentlemen can make money. Write for particulars to Publisher of *The Little Corporal*.

Have you seen the "Woman's Paper?"

## THE SOROSIS;

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF WOMAN. The organ of no party or clique, independent in politics, fearless in criticism, and filled with choice Literature, original and selected. It should be found in every household, for it is a paper eminently pure in tone, and contains sixteen pages of choice reading, consisting of Stories, Essays, Poems, Fashions, and all matters of particular interest to Woman. Send for a specimen copy.

PREMIUMS OFFERED FOR EVEN ONE SUBSCRIBER.

TERMS.—Single subscription \$3.00; club of six subscribers \$15.00; club of twelve subscribers \$34.00. Published every Saturday, at 104 Randolph Street. (Room 19.) Address

24-Jan MRS. M. L. WALKER & CO.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## ONLY IN FUN.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE GIRLS.

BY PATIENCE WAITE.

One day, a dozen years ago, a group of boarding school girls were standing in one of the corridors of a well-known young ladies' seminary. They were gay, bright girls—"our set of girls." Very romantic and very exclusive were "our set." We wrote charming notes to one another; we cherished mysterious secrets; we indulged in significant little giggles and hints; we had our photographs taken in groups; we wore blue ribbon badges, with a French motto; we took a solemn promise to attend one another's weddings, and to write the very day we were engaged, and tell all the particulars. Very witty and original, too, were "our set." We wrote comic poetry, and got up mock programmes. We mimicked and made caricatures of the unpopular teachers; we ridiculed the school regulations, and made fun of everything that could be made fun of; we admired and encouraged and laughed at one another, until, at the time

VOL. 8. }  
No. 3. }

Chicago, Ill., March, 1869.

of my story, "our set" had become quite a disturbing element in the usually well-ordered school.

Ah! well, the blue has faded from our ribbons and from our eyes, and the years have brought us earnest work since then. But that day, a dozen years ago, ribbons and eyes were glancing bright, and we were discussing a certain annual festival to which the school had been invited.

"It is going to be perfectly elegant, Thursday night," said Kate Moore. "A great deal nicer than it was last year. Splendid music; Dodsworth's band is coming up from New York, on purpose—one of the day scholars told me about it—and there are to be charades and tableaux and refreshments, and it is to a promenade affair—so much nicer than when every one is fast in the seats, and no one can tell how any one looks. O, if I only had my light-flounced silk, and sister Florence's opera cloak! I dare say the ladies will go in full dress."

"Well," said Lillie Grant, "I shall wear the fullest dress I have, and you all know that is my everlasting plaid poplin—that is a very full dress, full in the skirt, and full in the sleeves, full of wrinkles about the shoulders, full of grease spots, full of little holes about the pocket, where the mice tried to get at the cookie crumbs I brought away from my last full dress party. O, yes," with a shrug of her shoulders, "O, yes, I shall go in full dress, certainly."

"O, Lillie, you are the funniest girl that ever lived," said Bell Haven, laughing, and giving the funniest girl a little sisterly hug, as she said it. "And I am sure you will look lovely—you always do—and I am just going to wear some lavender ribbons and my new corals."

"That will be a wonderfully full dress—two bows and a set of jewelry," said the funniest girl.

"Well, girls," I believe it is more than the rest of us will wear to that festival," said Alice Marshal. "I don't think Miss Lothrop means to let us go. The invita-

tion came three days since, and her Serene Highness has not condescended to say a word about it."

"Allie, you are always croaking and thinking the worst things are going to happen," cried Kate, impatiently, taking short turns up and down the hall. "We shall know in a few minutes—there comes Mary Gray, now!"

A door had opened at the far end of the long hall, and a young girl came slowly toward the waiting group. "We can't go," she said, in a low tone, as she drew near. "Keep still! Don't make a fuss here in the hall, where every one will hear you. Come up to Alice Marshal's room, and I'll break it gently to you, and we'll have a good howl over it."

At this, away we went, with a rush and flutter, up the stairs, and down the hall, to Alice's room, where we all huddled in, and locked the door. "Now, Mary Gray, let us hear about it."

"Girls, there is nothing to tell—positively nothing, except that we can't go. That is the beginning, and the end, and the middle of it. We can't go. Miss Lothrop was very haughty, and very high and mighty. She had on her regular royal purple manners, and gave me such a chill, I'm shivering yet."

"But, Mary, do tell us everything, how she looked, and the words she said, and the reason of it."

"Why, she looked just as she always looks—that black silk dress, and her lace collar, and two curls behind each ear, you know; and as for the words, she must have talked English, for that is the only language I understand; I suppose it was all grammatical and proper, though I'm no judge, and of course there was a reason—a sort of reason—with a good many words to it. I tried to understand it, but my mind is dreadfully 'young and plastic,' and may be I did not get it clear. She said that 'certain of our girls had been so careless of rules lately, and so negligent of our studies, and had manifested such a tendency to recklessness of conduct, that,

although they had been guilty of no overt acts, still, no favors could be granted to them.' O, wasn't I vexed! But I did not say a word. I made a kind of subdued curtsey—put all the dancing steps I knew into it—and left the room. Of course she meant *our set*, and it is done just to punish us, for the girls have always gone to that festival every year. Isn't it hateful?"

"Hateful! The hatefulest thing that ever was done!" "The most tyrannical!" "The most abominable!" "A burning shame!" we all cried, in a chorus of angry exclamation.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Alice Marshal, who always had a practical way of looking at the facts in the case.

"Do! We'll do something. We won't stand it!"

"O, yes, we will," replied Alice, coolly, "We've got to stand it; we don't want to be sent home in disgrace, and we've got to submit—or pretend to."

"I hate pretending," said Bell Haven.

"So do I, my dear," returned Alice, "But it is what you might call a military necessity, just now. We are mad as hornets, of course, but we need not buzz about and sting people, and get killed ourselves, and our nest broken up. We had best keep quiet, and have our fun some other way."

"But there is no other way," said Kate Moore. "This festival was our only chance to get out of this nunnery, and go anywhere, or see anything, and it is too bad to keep us home."

"Indeed it is," said Lillie. "And we had all expected to make such a sensation—especially I and my plaid poplin, and sister Florence's opera cloak—and we ought not to be disappointed; it is bad for our health if we don't have our fun regular. We must do something."

"I say, girls!" flashed out Alice Marshal, as a bright thought struck her. "I say, let's have a festival of our own—just our own girls, you know. It would be no end of fun; we could act charades—act like anything—all of us, and have tableaux—after a fashion—and refreshments too, for I'm going to have a box from home, and, if you are not afraid to risk it, we'll have it at midnight, when all the monitors and dragons are fast asleep, here in this very room—and no thanks to any one. But we must keep it awful secret—now promise."

Promise? Certainly we would promise. We declared that Alice was "magnificent—perfectly magnificent." She was "splendid," "elegant," "the most generous girl that ever lived;" and then we all sat down in a cozy group upon the carpet, and fell

to talking over the frolic. Our arrangements, I regret to say, involved a great deal of deceit and disobedience. But this did not trouble us much. It is a curious fact that when a knot of girls get their giddy heads together plotting mischief, their notions of right and wrong become strangely confused. Lillie Grant declared at the outset that, "School rules were like warm gingerbread—best when they were broken." And Alice said, "It was all fair in war; the teachers are on one side, and the scholars on the other. We are bound to have all the fun we can, and they are bound to catch us if they can." And all the rest of us said, "Yes, indeed—to be sure it is."

Now I do not suppose any of us, in her heart of hearts, believed this nonsense. We knew the regulations of the school were wise, and that our parents expected us to obey them; and that scholars and teachers were on the same side, and working for the same object, and that our actions were right or wrong in themselves, and God would judge them, though no human being kept watch. But no one said anything so stupid and humdrum as this, for girls then, as now, were not always brave enough to speak out their best thoughts. So no one made the slightest allusion to conscientious scruples, but there was a good deal of talk about fancy costumes, and characters, and our plan for a little, sly entertainment began to assume quite formidable proportions. The day that the express box arrived, certain little, three-cornered notes of invitation were handed to the initiated.

#### FANCY DRESS FANDANGO, & HOB-NOB SUPPER.

*Elder Sniffles at home.*

"At midnight, in his guarded tent." *Music from the opera of "O, no, we never mention it." Also, selections from the oratorio of "Chunks of pudding, and pieces of pie."*

*Proceeds devoted to the purchase of eyeglasses and ear-trumpets for the monitors, and a package of moral tracts for the faculty.*

The night of the adventure arrived, at length, and the wonderful party came off with great *eclat*. I might describe that party. I might tell you how we young hypocrites went to bed, and snored vigorously, while the teacher made her nightly round of visits; how, when the house was still, we stole softly out, donned our queer dresses and went to Allie's room. I might tell of the funny sights there; how our hostess, by means of a gymnastic suit, spectacles, a wig, and white neckcloth, had transformed herself into the veritable Elder

Sniffles himself. I might tell of Mrs. Squash Blossom, and her daughter, Cynthia Ann, the belle of Pumpkintown; of Mrs. Partington, and the redoubtable Ike; of the nun, and the fairy, and Miss Flora McFlimsey, and her friend Miss Stuckup.

I might speak of the supper; the roast turkey, and delicious, home-made bread, and butter, and cakes. I might tell how the sealed can of chicken salad was unsoldered by means of a curling iron, heated in the gas. How Alice cut up her best, stiff, drawing paper, to make plates to eat it from; how we ate with our fingers, and took turns drinking out of one mug, and carved the turkey with a penknife and a pair of scissors. I might tell you all this. O, yes, I might, but I am afraid you would see that it was good fun, and would not be properly impressed with the naughtiness of it. So I believe I won't say anything about it. I will only tell you that, in the very midst of the merriment, when the fun was at its height, there came a loud knock at the door. The merry words died on our lips—we looked from one to another with frightened faces—we were found out—disgraced—we should be expelled—ruined.

Another knock—"Young ladies, open the door immediately!"

What should we do? Where could we go? We started up frantically.

"Girls, don't hide—and don't try to," said Alice Marshal with a touch of scorn in her tone. "It is of no use; that is Miss Bartram's voice, and nobody ever could get away from her; she would rummage that closet and wardrobe in half a minute. She would pick the very plaster off the walls, to see if you were not hid in the cracks. We have got to make an unconditional surrender, and don't let us be sneaking about it." So saying, she opened wide the door.

It was Miss Bartram—the Avenger, we called her—we were so very witty we had to call names. A tall, gaunt lady, with piercing eyes and a Roman nose. She looked uncommonly like an Avenger that night, as she swept into the room; a long dressing robe floated from her shoulders, her unkempt locks were straggling about her face, and her eyes flashed angrily upon us, as we stood huddled together, a miserably crest-fallen group.

"What does this mean?" she demanded sternly. "Miss Marshal, this is your room, please to explain."

Alice stood pale but unflinching. She was always brave and generous—our Alice.

"It is my fault, Miss Bartram," she said with a trembling voice. "It is my fault. I invited the girls to come to-night, and share my box, and we dressed up for—fun, and it is my fault."

"Indeed, it is not her fault," we broke



in; "we need not have come; we are all to blame—everyone."

Miss Bartram looked around upon us in slow scorn. "What you say is very evident, young ladies—indeed, so very evident that you need not interrupt again, unless you are spoken to. Go on, Miss Marshal. How many such entertainments do you give in a season? How many of your guests have retired?" she asked, peering into the closet, and under the bed. But being slightly disappointed in her researches, she continued in a more sarcastic vein, "Allow me to congratulate you on the success of this brilliant affair. Rest assured it will be properly reported and investigated. Go to your rooms. It is one o'clock. I wish you a very good morning."

So ended our festival, and so began our troubles. The remaining hours of the night passed dimly away, and the morning brought the dreaded interview with Miss Lothrop. Very calm, and cold, and severe was our lady principal. She heard the facts, saw our tears, listened to our promises and protestations, and then, in her polished manner, "regretted that there were no extenuating circumstances; it was such a flagrant act of disobedience, and evinced such recklessness of behavior, that removal from school seemed the only adequate punishment. However, she wished to be just; she would take time for reflection and for counsel."

She took two days. I suppose one was for counsel, and the other for reflection. I know they were terrible days of suspense to us, and held misery enough for two years. We could not eat nor sleep—believed we could not—but perhaps were not utterly disabled in these respects. We went about our duties with anxious faces and red eyes, or huddled together in twos or threes to speculate drearily upon our fate. Sentence was pronounced at last—the third morning after our adventure. Our names were read out at morning chapel, and, after a mortifying, public reprimand, we were sentenced to three days under restrictions.

This being "under restrictions," as they called it, was the worst punishment I ever suffered. It was a sort of social quarantine. A girl who was restricted was considered morally infectious, and no one was allowed to speak to her. She must learn lessons, be present at recitations and meals, go out for exercise, fulfill all of her school duties, but none of her mates on the playground, on the avenue, in the schoolroom, or in the halls, or at table, could communicate a word with her. The regulation was enforced by a system of secret monitors—a most detestable system, but very effective in this case, for the monitors, whoever they might be, were vigilant—and any

one who broke the regulation was quite sure to be detected. So the lawless spirits who sympathized with us did not dare to express it, and we were left to endure the three days as best we might; and you cannot know, unless you have suffered it—and I hope you have not—how hard and mortifying those days were.

We were naughty girls, but perhaps it does naughty people no good to isolate them from sympathy—to gather up your skirts and walk around them. Certainly our punishment did us no good—we were very much mortified, but not at all humbled. We passed through the ordeal, and "our set" was "our set," still—just as vain and impulsive and restless of restraint as ever.

We were together—the old coterie—in Lillie Grant's room, the first half holiday after our disgrace.

"Girls," said Alice Marshal, "girls, do you know I have found out who is the secret monitor—the tattler—the snoop—whatever you may call her—down in our hall? It is Miss Davis; that little, old, poky, Miss Davis, with the white face and big eyes. I can't tell you how I found out, because I promised not; but it is certain; there is not the least doubt of it. It was she who told about our fandango party. It seems she was up prowling around with a headache, and wanted hartshorn, or dear knows what all. She is a fainty thing, and Miss Bartram, who is her cousin, went to attend upon her, and heard our noise, and so got us into all that trouble. That is her story, though I don't believe the hartshorn and headache part of it. I believe she just went and told Miss Bartram out of clear malice. And now, I say, don't let that girl have a moment's peace. Let us torment her within an inch of her life."

"O, I wouldn't," said Belle Haven. "Maybe it is just as she says, and she really was sick, and is not to blame. I have heard about her—she is an orphan; first her father died, and then her mother took sick, and she nursed her through years and years, and spent all the property in doctors' bills and traveling, and at last her mother died, and she came here; and she is real poor, and is studying to be a teacher, and that is what makes her work so hard, and not have any friends with the girls. Isn't it forlorn?"

"Yes, of course it is," said Lillie. "But she need not turn about and spoil all of our fun just because she can't have any herself. It's real dog-in-the-manger."

"But she is dreadfully sad and thin and pale-looking. Don't you think so?"

"To be sure," said Alice Marshal, impatiently. "She is as thin as a barber's sign cut out of a board. You have to

stand on one side or the other or you can't see her; and that makes dodging a special science in our corridor. I dare say she keeps thin on low diet, so that she can squeeze into small places and listen. O, I don't have any patience with tattlers, I don't care how small and thin and pale they may be. If I was so mean as to tell tales, I should think the less there was of me the better. I just hate and despise a girl who will tell, and being forlorn is no sort of excuse. I am going to make it a point of duty to torment that Miss Davis till she gets thinner and thinner, and fades away into dim air. I'll begin this very night, too. I'll dress up like a ghost, go into her room, and frighten her out of her senses."

"O, Allie, you don't mean it! You don't dare!"

"Yes, I dare do anything I want to do." was her fearless reply.

And it was quite true. Allie Marshal had a fertile brain to plan, and a ready hand and daring will to execute anything she wanted to do. Rash and impulsive, she was; but otherwise loving, noble, and true. She would suffer or do anything to shield a friend, and with her code of honor could not regard a monitor as anything but a traitor, to be despised and tormented.

"Yes, indeed," she went on, "I dare do anything in a good cause, and I can rig up an elegant ghost. I will put powder on my face, wrap up in a sheet, and hold a snowball in my hand till it is icy cold, and then walk softly in and touch her."

Ah! well, it seems strange, looking back at it, that girls would *dare* to do as we did. But this is a true story; it all happened just as I am telling you. I don't remember that we had any fears, but went to work with great zest, planning and acting the ghost scene. We whitened Allie's face, and draped her in the sheet, and she practiced for us the gliding, noiseless step, the sepulchral tone, the mystic words, and icy touch, traditional with ghosts; and it was all frightful enough, even that bright afternoon, with the sunlight coming in at the windows, and plenty of laughing and talking. We congratulated ourselves that it must be a complete success when performed in the silence and solitude of dim moonlight. It was a success—a terrible success!

I cannot tell exactly what happened. We never "talked it over." A few broken words in a whisper from Allie's white lips were all the particulars we ever heard. For the rest, we knew what every one knew—that the whole house had been aroused, in the night, by terrible shrieks in the second story corridor, and that, after a time, they had found poor Mary Davis sitting up in bed, with a staring, vacant look in her wide-open eyes, laughing and talking incoherently to herself. They could not rouse



her from this state; she gazed stupidly at them, and muttered senselessly in reply to their questions. The doctor was sent for. He looked anxious, and called it a nervous spasm, brought on by—well, by over study, perhaps. He left a quieting draught, and promised to come again at daylight. But there was little change. All that day and the next she remained in the same state, but at intervals would have terrible paroxysms, when her cries could be heard over the whole house.

What ailed Mary Davis? That was the all-engrossing mystery. The physicians were baffled, the teachers could throw no light upon it, the girls made wild conjectures about it. But the secret was safe. It was locked close in our guilty hearts. It should not fall from our guarded lips—it could not look out from our eyes—safe, safe! But, oh! our hearts that held it! No wonder they trembled and were still those long days of suspense, for if she died, the sin of murder would lie at our door!

Poor Alice Marshal! God only knows what throbbings of wild remorse filled her heart. The girl was strong to suffer, and she uttered no cry. She did not talk with us of her bitter, unavailing regret, but we watched her bright face grow haggard and old under the silent torture.

A week went on. The paroxysms of the sick girl became less frequent, and finally ceased. She was out of danger, and quite harmless and docile, they said, but she gave no signs of returning reason. Aye, our secret was safe! God knew it, but His judgment is long deferred. And the poor, idiotic creature, chattering senselessly in that darkened room, she would never tell it—never. It was quite safe.

But Alice grew sick; her health gave way under the pressure of pent-up feelings. She was wholly miserable, and unfit for school duties. Slow fever, they called it, and the doctor prescribed a few weeks of change and rest; and so her father came to take her home. We went to say good-bye, the morning of her departure, and so it happened that we were all together again, "our set," for the last time. A sad time it was, too, although Lillie Grant tried, at first, to be gay, and act as if we were not in any trouble.

"Now let us make nice, little, French adieux, and no doleful good byes," she cried, very briskly. "Allie is only going for a few weeks, till she gets back her roses. We love her most to pieces, of course, but we ought to have respect for her new traveling dress, and not put her into a tepid shower bath. Now, I promise not to cry, if the rest won't!"

"O, Lillie, don't be funny," said Alice, earnestly, while the tears filled her eyes;

"don't be funny, it's no use trying; it hurts me. You all know what it is that is making me so miserable. We did not think it would come out as it did, when we had so much fun getting it up. And I have told father all about it, except that you knew about it. I did not tell that, and there's no use in anybody's ever knowing that; the sin and wrong were all mine. And O, girls, my father was so good, he just loved and pitied me, and cried with me, and forgave me, he was so good. I feel as if I wanted to get down on my knees and love him all my life. If he had been angry, I believe it would have killed me." Allie broke down, crying, here, and we all sobbed together—the gay advocate of French adieux, the hardest of us all.

"And O, girls," Allie went on, "it is a long good-bye. I don't think I shall ever come back to school. Father is going to take Mary Davis home with us—she has no near friends, you know—he had a long talk with Miss Lothrop, and it is all settled; her home will be with us always. I am the only child, and everything that love, and care, and money can do for her will be done. I will tend her night and day—I would almost give my life to get her reason back again—and O, girls, don't forget me; I shall miss you all dreadfully. It is so hard to give you all up, but it is the best thing—the best thing."

We could not talk much more, for our tears; we could only tell Allie that we loved, loved, loved her, and always, always would, and kiss her again and again, as she went out from us forever.

It was years before the light of reason dawned again on Mary Davis, but all that time Alice Marshall was her tender nurse and loving sister. The same home sheltered them, and the same love was over them.

O, Allie, darling! Friend of those cloudless days in the early teens. I have never seen you since that sad parting day, and the mist of long years is between us now. But I know how your young life was, for years, under the shadow of the wrong you had thoughtlessly done, and I know too, that in the shadow grew sweet, lowly graces of heart and life—flowers that had never bloomed and shed their sweet fragrance but for the shadow that cherished them.

THE CORPORAL'S "POLICY."—The best "policy," the best "plan" is simply to do right. O, boys and girls that have your lives lying before you—a fair, broad vintage, shining in the golden light of your young hopes, be sure of this—to do right is the greatest achievement you can possibly accomplish. Day by day, hour by hour, through discouragements and temptations, do right. Do it with an earnest purpose and steadfast will, as unto God, not man.

## WISHES.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

What are you thinking, my darling,  
Sitting so silent and still—  
Sunlight asleep in your ringlets of gold,  
Eager lip parted, as if to unfold  
Wonderful secrets at will?

"O mother! I've only been wishing  
More things than could ever be told;  
Dreaming with wide-open eyes, while the light  
Drops through this apple-bough, rosy and white,  
Flecking the soft grass with gold.

"Wishing I knew if the robin  
Sang in the maple to-day,  
Tales of the winterless lands he has seen,  
Groves of the orange, and islands of green,  
Perils of wing by the way.

"Wishing I knew how the May-flowers  
Bloom on the hem of the snow;  
Longing to read what the crocuses write,  
Marvelous letters of purple and white,  
All in an orderly row.

"Wishing I knew if the streamlet  
Tells in the violet's ear,  
Stories of life at the frost-monarch's court,  
Glittering fairies by moonlight that sport,  
Palaces crystalline clear.

"Wishing I knew if the south wind,  
Brings not some news from the sea,  
Tropical waves in the sun-light aglow,  
And, somewhere, sailing so stately and slow,  
A ship that is freighted for me."

O, dreams of an innocent childhood!  
O, wishes too sweet to come true!  
What is the toil of the oldest mind?  
Guesses at knowledge but half defined,  
Nearer to nature are you.

## KITTY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL

Mother and baby were gone to spend the day with old Aunty Penn, who lived in the little old cabin across the creek. Father was gone to the mill, and the children were away at school. So Kitty was keeping house all alone.

It was beautiful to keep house, at first. The bread was left for Kitty to put in the oven, when it was light enough, and the way it got perforated with a fork, every five minutes, was wonderful to see. There was the old-fashioned tin oven, heating upon the hearth, in front of the great, red fire, and it was so daintily clean and bright, outside and inside, that Kitty could see herself in it, only sometimes she looked very fat and jolly, and sometimes she looked long and thin; but the rosy cheeks, and honest, smiling eyes, were always there.

By and by the great, round, snow-white loaves were ready to bake, and Kitty felt very housewifely and important, you may be sure, when she put them into the shiny, old oven. Then she took the turkey-wing off the mantle, and dusted the clean, red hearth, and fanned the fire; and then she

rubbed the candlesticks, though they were bright as gold, already; and after that she gave the cats their nice breakfast of milk, in an old saucer, out by the back porch, and next she brought a little basket of great, red, spicy apples, out of the cellar, and tucked a huge, linen bib under her little, fat, double chin, and briskly pinned up her sleeves, and got a sharp, bright knife, and a pan, out of the pantry, and sat down "to dig holes in some apples, to bake for father." He liked cold, baked apples, and he always made up such a funny, glad face, when he saw them, and said, "Our Kitty's way of fixing apples suits me to a T." It made no difference if she did see it in the almanac; it was "Kitty's way," and so there sat Kitty, with her feet on the rounds of her chair—because they could not reach the floor—while she held the pan on her knees, and laughed softly to herself, thinking how beautiful the big, red apples would look, and how beautiful they'd taste with their hearts full of sugar and cinnamon.

It didn't take long to prepare the apples, because when Kitty's fingers worked, they worked in earnest; and then she put them away in the pantry, ready to go into the oven when the bread came out. And that bread was turned, and watched, and thumped, till it must have been quite out of patience. But at last there were eight golden-brown loaves, beautifully baked, and Kitty proudly took them out of the oven, and put the apples in. Then she darned Johnny's old, ragged mittens, and hung them on the nail where he always hung his hat; and then she fastened in the loose leaves of the almanac; and then she sprinkled her plants—and she could raise plants like a little magician. Nobody ever noticed her taking much time with them, but there they stood in the sunny, kitchen window, looking as though they loved to live, with their fresh, green leaves, and stout stems, and bright blossoms—a little orange tree, with its scented leaves, and a fragrant geranium, and a thrifty rose bush.

"I'm so glad it's cleared off," said Kitty, as she stood by the window; and then she noticed how the naked trunks of the trees, over in the deadening, were cased in frozen rain, and glistened in the early morning sunshine, like polished iron. It looked as if a troop of giants, passing that way, had scornfully struck their spears into the earth, and gone on, trusting in the might of their own strong hands. Just outside the window a little, crisp, curly, brown leaf, hung from a fine, silver cobweb, and daintily whirled and danced whenever a breath of wind touched it, as if that were the only beautiful thing it could ever do. And the little, old leaf

seemed so happy, and so good hearted, that Kitty loved it, and thought, "You dear leaf, I wish you could sing; for I know you would sing such a sweet song."

Out under the barn, a great company of old hens were gathered together, and Kitty thought she could hear them clucking in a quiet, gossiping way, about their warm shelter, and which way the wind blew from, with a little ill-natured croaking mixed in, about foolish old Speckle, who hatched six little, shivering chickens, since the cold weather.

Away across the creek she could see Aunty Penn's little brown cabin, nestling among the locust trees, and she knew just how old Aunty Penn looked while she trotted baby on her knee, and fed him with sugar cakes. Kitty always loved to go to Aunty Penn's. She was a homely old woman, to be sure, and she never wore a cap over her rough, gray hair, and she smoked a pipe; but she could tell fortunes with tea grounds, and she could make up puzzles, and she had a fashion of saving up pretty bits of calico, to give to little girls. And the more Kitty looked at the little brown cabin, the more she wished she could have gone with mother and the baby, and it seemed all at once as if the house had grown so ghastly and still, with nobody in it but Kitty, and then she wondered if there wasn't "something in the best room."

"I guess I'll just open the door, and hold my breath, and peep in," she said to herself. So she opened the door. It looked as natural as could be, in there, with the stately spare bed in one corner, and the big, gilt-clasped Bible on a stand in another corner, and the long, green "settee," in front of the broad, empty fireplace. So Kitty breathed free again, and shut the door briskly after her, as she came into the cheerful, familiar kitchen. All at once the clock stopped ticking. There was nothing ghostly about that, because it was time for it to stop. Kitty climbed upon a chair close to it, and said, "You're a dear, blessed, old clock, but you can't go unless somebody winds you." It was a pleasant old clock, with such a sweet, contented "tick, tick," and such a fine, silvery voice, when it struck; and it had upon it a picture of a rosy-cheeked woman, with great braids of golden-brown hair, laid like a crown upon her head, and she had smiling, blue eyes, and a haughty neck, and a scarlet scarf laid upon her shoulders. Kitty always called this rosy-cheeked picture, "Aunt Alicia Belle," and she had thought about it, and looked at it so much, that she really loved it, and felt as if the blue, smiling eyes were always kindly

watching her. So when she got down from the chair, she said:

"Now, Aunt Alicia Belle, don't you think I might get my nice, calico bits, that Aunt Hattie gave me, and make some new blocks for my quilt? You know I haven't pieced any for such a long, long time."

But "Aunt Alicia Belle" only smiled, and didn't say a word, and presently Kitty concluded not to make any quilt blocks that day. There was her father's half-finished mitten, lying, with the needles sticking in it, on mother's workstand.

"To-morrow mother wants to make Johnny's new jacket," said Kitty to herself, "and she won't have time to finish father's mitten. He needs them, too, when he's working out in the cold. I guess I'd better finish this one, before mother gets back with the baby. Let me see, the other one is finished, and this is 'most ready to narrow down. O yes, I can finish it, and how glad father'll be! I heard him ask mother about 'em last night."

The beautiful, red apples were done by this time, and filling the whole room with their delicious, spicy perfumes; so Kitty put them in the pantry. Then she drew her mother's little, sociable, creaky, rocking chair, up to the fire, and sat down to knit father's mitten. A huge, ugly, striped mitten it was, but thick, and warm, and no fine lady ever enjoyed her dainty work better than Kitty enjoyed clicking those strong, stout needles.

At last it was done, and Kitty smoothed it out in her lap, and tied up her knitting needles with a bit of yarn, and thought she'd sit still a little while, for a wonder, because her arms and fingers ached so. The yellow sunshine came through the plants in the window, and lay like drops of gold sprinkled upon the clean, white floor. The old clock softly ticked through the stillness, as if it were counting the heart-beats of sweet "Aunt Alicia Belle." The room was scented with the faint breath of the orange and geranium leaves, and in the warm, sleepy fire before her, Kitty could see strange pictures. There was a fiery road, with a gray, sad-eyed, old pilgrim sitting by the way, and a golden spinning wheel crumbling to dust while it turned. And as Kitty looked, an old city, with quaint steeples and roofs, silently sank into the red earth upon which it stood, while the big back log arched over all, like a mighty bridge, spanning a ruined world, and upon it solemn angels rose and disappeared with their wings of flame.

Presently Kitty spied a walnut down on the hearth, peeping from behind the old iron shovel.

"I'm sure I didn't know you was there,"

she said, "or I should have cracked you, long ago."

But just then she spied a little, old-fashioned door in the walnut, and it had brown and white panels, and a knob about as big as a pin head, and there was a little, mossy stone step in front of it, and right beside the door was a little window, with a wee white curtain; but most wonderful of all, a queer old chimney ran up the side of the walnut, with delicate, blue smoke curling out of the top. And by and by the door opened, and a wee old woman peeped out, and nodded and smiled, and said:

"Come here, dearie."

She looked as if she might have been Mother Goose's cousin, with her great, ruffled cap, and the stiff ruff around her neck, and her rosy, hooked nose, and peaked chin.

"But I am so big, and you are so little," said Kitty.

"That's no difference at all," said the old lady; just put your fingers down here, and I'll make you all right."

So Kitty knelt down on the hearth, and put her fingers down, and the old lady touched each one of them, and said, in a low, chanting voice:

"Alam, Balam, Topsy, te,  
Dilla, Dolla, Domine,  
Oaka, Poach, Domi Noach,  
I, pon, tos."

Then Kitty felt that she was so little she could just reach up to the old lady's apron string, and so they kissed each other and went into the warm, little walnut house. And there was a little, round, brown, shining room, with an arched ceiling. It had a tiny fireplace in it, with a clear fire burning, and a tea kettle hung on the old iron crane, singing its sweet, home-like song, while the breast of a young humming bird, fastened to a string before the fire, slowly turned, and turned, and dropped delicate gravy into a little gold pan on the hearth.

There was a cat sleeping on the hearth, and she had fur of shining white, and little red rings in her ears, and ivory claws with velvet points, and right before her, on the hearth, lay a primer, opened in the middle. It had bright, colored pictures in it, such as Kitty always had in her own primers. But the letters were strange, weird letters that she couldn't understand at all.

On the little, clean, brown window sill stood a box, with a morning glory vine growing out of it, and running up over the white curtain, and whenever anybody breathed upon its fairy, blue-and-white bells, there sounded faint chimes, like a sweet, silver bell, ringing far in the heart of some still, deep forest.

"Can your cat read?" asked Kitty.

"O yes," answered the old lady; "wake up, Grinny, dear. Can't you read some now?"

The cat stretched herself, and yawned a great yawn that showed her pink mouth and sharp teeth, and then she began, spelling the words out first to herself:

"Kaneery, Kanory, Kanoot,  
O, a bird and a fat little mouse.  
Kaneery, Kanory, Kanoot,  
Not a bird, nor a mouse in the house."

"She can't read any further," said the old lady, "and part of that is cat language. That does very well, my dear. You shall have some humming-bird breast for dinner. Do you know Kriss Kringle, Kitty?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Kitty, eagerly. "I mean, I never *saw* him; but he brings me things. Last Christmas he brought me a new tippet, and a hood, and an orange, and a Jew's harp, and a—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the old lady, nodding; "I made the hood, and the tippet. I am Kriss Kringle's own sister. I love children just as well as he does, and I help make the gifts. I do the knitting, and I make all the candy, and the gingerbread. Just sit down here in my chair, and I'll give you a taste of my peppermint candy and gingerbread."

So Kitty sat down in her great, cushiony chair, and Miss Kringle tripped to her tall, red cupboard, and brought her three sticks of peppermint candy, in a queer, blue cup, and a great slice of fragrant gingerbread on a pink, scalloped plate.

"Isn't it delicious?" she asked, watching Kitty while she ate it. But she didn't wait for an answer, for she knew very well what Kitty thought, because her eyes sparkled so.

"It's a good while till Christmas," she continued, "so I haven't made many gifts yet, though I'm never quite without any. Would you like to see my candy room?"

Kitty said, indeed she would; and she only had one stick of candy left, so she took that in her fingers, and followed the old lady into another little, golden-brown room, where the sunshine came down through the ceiling. All the nooks and crannies, and shelves, in this room, were filled with curious and lovely things, made out of candy. There was a clear, amber-colored crown, and a sparkling scepter, and a shining star, and a great, white lily, sprinkled with golden dew, and a candy baby in a cradle, with the dearest, little, pink face. Yes, and there was a tall, candy castle, with towers, and a stiff, streaming flag, and ivy running up to the loftiest turret, and an old porter asleep by the gate.

And there were candy angels, and soldiers, and cannons, and great slabs of

white cream candy, in crystal jars, and an iceberg of glittering rock candy, with a ship frozen right on the top of it.

But, O dear, I mustn't try to tell of all the wonderful things Kitty saw, only there was a beautiful little Christmas tree standing in the middle of the room, and it was full of nice, little candy toys.

"It's all so little, though," said Kitty; "if I was big as I used to be I could put it all in my mouth at once."

"That's the beauty of it, dear," answered good Miss Kringle; "Kriss can go anywhere with my work on his sled, even through a keyhole, but the minute it touches your stocking, it grows to be just the right size. These are what I had left from last year's gifts. But there's a good many more little folks this year, so I don't expect to have much left this time. And they've all been so uncommonly good, too. I shall be monstrous busy getting ready."

"I should think so," said Kitty.

Then they went to the ginger-bread room. There was a little ginger-bread cabin, with a big barn behind it; and there were dogs, and cats, and a yellow lion, and squares and squares of ginger bread in silver trays. This room wasn't so beautiful, but it made Kitty's mouth water.

"And now I will show you my knitting work," said the old lady. And then she opened a door that had a little golden knob, and led Kitty into a little, sunshiny, perfumed room, where fairy little hoods hung from hundreds of glittering little pegs all over the ceiling. And there were wonderful, bright tippets, and dainty, little baby stockings, and tasselled mittens, and bright crib curtains, and cunning, little, scarlet jackets, and everything lovely, and warm, that a loving heart could think of.

"Don't you ever get tired, Miss Kringle?" said Kitty.

"O," answered the dear old lady, "I made 'most all of these when I was a girl, but I never get tired, not even if I am ever so busy. I lie awake at night, and laugh for joy, when I think of something beautiful to make for my darlings, and it's so sweet to think, while I knit, knit, knit, of the fairy heads the hoods will cover, and the little, busy hands the mittens will keep warm, and the dimpled feet the stockings will hide. The children think Kriss Kringle gives them all the gifts. They don't know who loves them so dearly in her foolish, old heart; but it doesn't make much difference to me. It's sweet to have such blessed work to do, whether anybody knows it or not.

"And now, Kitty, I know something about you. You needn't blush; it's nothing bad. Who is it the baby loves? Who is the tenderest, patientest, little sis-

ter in the world? Who loves to 'help mother'? Who worked away at a great, thick mitten, till her fingers ached? Who baked that nice bread, and the delicious apples? Who tends the cheerful plants in the window? Who is always doing loving little things for everybody but herself, from morning till night? Why, Kitty, to be sure! And so you shall choose your own Christmas gifts, and if you choose the very loveliest of all, I'll be glad to give them to you."

And Kitty, with her blushing cheeks, laughed and cried all at once, and at last she chose a fairy, white hood, to give to baby, and a pair of mittens for herself, and the yellow, ginger-bread lion, and a pure-white cross of cream candy, and six balls of clear peppermint candy; and Miss Kringle said she must take the beautiful, candy Christmas tree, besides.

"And remember," she told Kitty, "my brother Kriss will give you something, too."

"I love you," said Kitty. And that was all she could say; and Miss Kringle didn't want her to say anything more.

Suddenly Kitty felt two little, roguish hands, clutching her hair, and heard a little, birdie voice, chattering sweet baby talk, and two little feet were dancing in her lap, and she rubbed her eyes, and saw her mother untying baby's handkerchief while he stood on Kitty's knees. And presently father came in, and when he saw the nice, new mittens, he called Kitty a "precious little daughter," and then she told them what Miss Kringle had promised her, and they just looked at each other and smiled, and didn't say a word.

But would you believe it! When Christmas morning came there was a pair of mittens in Kitty's stocking, and a ginger-bread lion, and a cross of cream candy, and six balls of peppermint candy, and a Christmas tree. And right over the stocking hung the dainty, white hood for baby. On the mantel stood a cunning, little, red bureau, marked, "For Kitty." And that was Kriss Kringle's own gift.

I HAVE a little niece, who, when she was about three years old, would run so constantly back and forward from the nursery to her mother's room, that when her mother was particularly busy, she would lock her door, and say to her "no admittance." This the child learned, and called it "no permittance." One day she was singing "Nellie was a Lady." On coming to the line, "Last night while Nellie was a sleeping, death came a knocking at the door," she turned suddenly around, and asked, "Mamma, did Nellie say 'no permittance?'" *Annie E. Jonas.*

Never wear a hood with two faces under it.

## THE LITTLE SISTERS.

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

I am sitting alone, and thinking,  
On this mild December night;  
Outside no star is blinking  
And the snow falls soft and light;  
Within is neither voice nor call,  
Only the old clock on the wall  
Ticking, ticking.

And why, or where, or whither,  
Is all unknown to me,  
But before me, two little maidens—  
Edith and Emily—

They come unbidden, they will not go,  
I see them stand in the fire-light glow,  
Smiling, smiling.

O, lovely child! O, tender child!  
O, child of the gentle heart!  
O, Edith the fair, with the golden hair,  
In life what will be thy part?  
One of smiles and delight? or of passion and pain?  
Gladsome, or weary to heart and brain?  
My dove! my dove!

And what does the future hide for thee,  
Emily, sprite and fay?  
Emily with the wondrous eyes,  
And the voice so blithe and gay!  
Why may I not at this midnight hour  
Bless thee with weird, prophetic power?  
My little fairy!

I long to enfold you, my darlings,  
To encircle you with my arm;  
As if I could shield and protect you;  
I save from sorrow and harm;  
What can I do? what give or grant?  
My gay-winged bird! my tender plant!  
Edith! Emily!

Women? so! must you learn to bear  
Injustice, and sorrow, and wrong? [within  
Must your hearts be throbbing with pain  
While without you seem brave and strong?  
Must you love, and trust, and then deplore,  
Receive the less, and give the more?  
Alas! Alas!

Must you? no! no! you only may—  
O, Edith, with the golden hair!  
O, Emily, my bewitching fay!  
O, sisters, so sweet and fair!  
And I pray your sorrow may fall as light  
As the snow on this mild, December night,  
Darlings! darlings!

## GOING TO SCHOOL IN THE OLD TIME.

BY EMILY J. BUGBEE.

In the country where I lived when a little girl, among the hills of Central New York, it was the fashion to have snow all winter. Only now and then would come a soft, sunshiny day, which would take off part of the snow, and perchance leave the ground quite bare in places. But very soon again the white mantle would fall over hill and dale, and frozen streams, and now and then would come down the big snows, which hid away all the fences and stone walls that enclosed the different fields and farms, and loaded down the trees, and roofs of barns and houses, until there was danger of their falling in. Those were beautiful, gleeful winters, as I remember

them; for though the school house stood a mile away, to which our little feet had to trudge through winter snows, yet it was the rarest kind of fun, that going to school, with warm, woolen clothing, made of the wool sheared from our own beautiful sheep, the process of whose manufacture we had watched, from the washing of the sheep, in the summer time, down to the dyeing of the soft, white flannel, to a bright madder red, to make the pretty dresses, of which Maggie and I were so proud, and in which we were so very comfortable. Our brothers' garments were colored at the old mill, which stood on the bank of the noisy brook, and from whose great wheel the breath of the frost-king caught the water, as it was rushing over, and transformed it into a castle of ice, glittering like diamonds, into whose chill halls we would sometimes venture, with a feeling of awe, lest we might be congealed by the stern king, into ornaments for his palace.

But the going to school—that was what I was going to tell you about; how we were up in the gray morning twilight, ate a smoking breakfast, had our dinner of bread and butter, mince pie, and dough-nuts, placed in the lunch basket, toasted our feet by the blazing wood fire in the wide old fireplace, donned our warm hoods, cloaks, and woolen mittens, and at eight o'clock set off cheerfully on our journey. Brother had a big hand sled, upon which Maggie and I took our turns for a ride. Wasn't that beautiful sleigh riding, though, in the bright, frosty morning, brother prancing on before, like a real horse, now and then cutting pranks which sent us rolling over into a snowbank, and shouting with laughter? This was generally the signal for the one who was trudging on behind, to jump on and take her turn. About half way to school, if we were early enough, we were joined by two boys, who had a nice sleigh, but no sister to ride on it, and they always volunteered to draw one of us. I was the elder, and a little bashful, for the scholars at school some times called Robie my beau, and my teasing brother would often make me accept the offered gallantry, while he drew Maggie for the other half mile. Then followed a race to see which would get first to the school house. The snow would fly from under our horses' heels, covering us like spray, and we clinging closely to the sides of the sled, forgetting all about the cold, in the excitement and fun of the race. Sometimes our toes and fingers would tingle when the journey was ended, but the old stove in the schoolhouse usually sent forth a gracious heat, as we entered, and room was made in the noisy circle, for the last comers

to warm. Then for a few moments we laughed and chatted together, until a rap from the ruler on the desk sent us to our seats, and to our books. Ah! as I sit here to-day, by a bright coal fire, within the walls of a stately college building, in the great city, where at this moment a hundred and seventy-five girls are congregated in the different schoolrooms, the memory of that little, brown schoolhouse comes sharply up from the far-away years, and I seem to hear the subdued hum of the busy lips that were conning over those primary lessons, and I can almost feel the same drowsiness stealing over me that was so hard to shake off after being so long in the cold. But I start and tremble when I think how far away it is, and how many years the winter snows have drifted over Maggie's head, and how many, many years that boy brother, who played horse for us, has been a sojourner in distant lands; and how I am a woman, amid such changed times and scenes, with threads of silver gleaming in my hair, and crow's feet about the corners of my eyes, and lines on my brow, so different from the rosy little girl that went to school winter mornings, to the old brown schoolhouse.

But I have told you, after all, very little of the fun we used to have, going to the winter school; of the snow images we made at the noon spell; riding down the steep pitch by the schoolhouse, on sleds and boards, sliding on the ice; (skates were unknown then). Some times when the snow was over the fences, there would come a crust over the top which would bear us up, and we thought it great fun to go home across the lots, and walk right over the tops of the fences, now and then, perhaps, breaking through to the knees in the deep snow. Once in two weeks we used to have a spelling school in the evening, down at the old schoolhouse, and that was the greatest time of all, to the little scholars, as well as to young men and maidens who stood high in arithmetic and grammar. At such times the big sleigh and *real* horses were put to use, and a jolly load was picked up round the neighborhood, and carried to spelling school. It was a great advantage, then, to be a good speller, and I remember distinctly the pride and satisfaction I felt, when, upon one occasion, I stood until I had spelled down a whole class of big boys and girls. I don't assume to have been a precocious child, but I was a good speller. Aside from these pleasant memories connected with the winter school, how bright and comfortable is the memory of the fireside at home. The nice, warm supper, and later in the evening, perhaps, the great, red apples, and white hickory nuts, or brown chestnuts, which our hands

had helped to gather from orchard and wood.

"Mamma," asks a dark-eyed little girl, "don't you wish you could be a child again, and have such fun as you used to have?"

"Ah! no; the way is long, and often rough, between, and I would rather get back my childhood and youth on the other shore. But I wish *my child* could have a little of the free, natural, healthful life, that I enjoyed, (for *children were children* then) that she might live as near to nature, and have as intense a love for all her glad and beautiful scenes."

There is nothing in the memory of those simple, homely days — when my wardrobe consisted of home-made material — that grates at all upon my sensibilities. On the contrary they are always full of freshness and beauty; and when I see how many evils wealth, and luxury, and ease, are bringing upon our children in the present age, I can but be grateful for a childhood made up of sturdy pleasures in which nature mostly had her own way with us.

### A TALK WITH THE BABY

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Baby, baby! come sit on my knee,  
Nobody's waking but you and me;  
Cat and kitten are fast asleep,  
But still my wearisome watch I keep;  
Rocking the cradle to and fro,  
Singing merrily, singing low,  
All the rhymes that ever were sung  
Since long ago, when the world was young.  
Ten o'clock! do you mean to stay  
Broad awake till the peep of day?

Baby! now, there is no one near,  
Whisper a secret in my ear;  
How did you learn the wondrous speech  
All our wisdom could never teach! •  
What is the meaning of all your words,  
Soft as the twitter of rustling birds?  
Nobody knows what schemes may wait  
Hidden away in your nodding pate;  
Dear little dreamer, tell me true,  
What are you planning to be and do!

Baby, baby! your fingers white,  
Reach for the big, round moon at night;  
Strive in their eager grasp to hold,  
Wandering rags of the sunshine's gold;  
When shall we ever make you know  
How, in the sun, the blossoms blow?  
How the winds run on fairy feet  
Over the fields of bending wheat;  
How, in the the world, so strange and new,  
All things beautiful wait for you,  
Leading you on, by your clasping hand,  
Out of your rosy baby-land.

Baby, baby! the world is wide,  
Snarers and danger on every side;  
What will you do when the mother's love  
Cannot shelter her tender dove?  
Ah! you are sleeping on my breast,  
Nothing troubles your quiet rest;  
Safe in the arms that fold you here,  
Never a thought have you of fear;  
Over us both is One who keeps  
Watch while his children wake or sleep.

### A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER III.—BARBARA'S JOURNAL.

Ever since Aunt Lucy Marston was at our house, I have wanted to keep a journal. Aunt Lucy is rich, and lives in a beautiful house in Philadelphia, and when she first wrote that she was coming to spend the summer with us, I think mother was more sorry than glad. For here at Riverside we are only poor people, and work hard, and wear old clothes, and never have anything beautiful in the house. So when mother read the letter, she looked troubled, and said, with a sigh,

"I'm afraid we can't make it pleasant for her, everything is so different from what she is used to at home."

"Never fear about Lucy," said my father, cheerfully; "she's not so old as to forget when things were no better with us at the old home, and when she and I ran barefooted in the fields, and set snares in the woods for rabbits. I don't think money could spoil Lucy; so write to her Barbie, and tell her we'll be right glad to see her."

So Aunt Lucy came to Riverside, and ever since then all the world has seemed different to me. My Aunt Lucy is a beautiful woman, and she always wears beautiful clothes—not splendid, like Lucy Ayres' cousin Dell, but soft, fresh, dainty things, that look as if they just grew on purpose for her; and even our Nathan said one day that she looked just like a pink morning-glory all wet with dew. Father used to say she was just like sunshine in the house, and it rested him only to look at her. She made the house beautiful, too. I used to sit and think, while I was sewing, how I would buy pictures, and carpets, and all kinds of nice things, if I was only rich, but Aunt Lucy showed me how I could make frames, and vases, and brackets, out of cones, and shells, and straw, and pictures out of ferns and dry grasses, and autumn leaves, and so many pretty things to make the bare rooms pleasant. I used to watch her all day long, and wish I could grow up to be just like her. I told her so, one day, when we sat in the south chamber sewing carpet rags. But she only laughed, and said:

"You'll be a great deal smarter woman than I am, Barbie. Don't you know you're a genius?"

I didn't quite know what Aunt Lucy meant by a genius, only they're different from other people. So I said,

"I guess we're all geniuses here at Riverside, and that's the reason we work so hard and never get any richer. I wonder what the use of it all is."

"I remember I used to feel just so when I was of your age," said Aunt Lucy;



"but all those homely things are pleasant now to look back upon. I've got a journal I kept in those days—you'd laugh to read it—why don't you keep a journal, Barbie?"

"Because nothing ever happens here at Riverside," I said. We wash, and bake, and scrub, and mend our old clothes, and every day I wish for Saturday, because father gets his paper then, and there's something to read."

Aunt Lucy laughed, but she looked sorry, too, and sat weaving a strip of red flannel over her white fingers. Presently she said,

"It's just the little common things that happen every day that you want to put in a journal. Sometimes, when I'm tired of everybody, I get my little red journal and read and read how Nathan and I caught a rabbit in our snare, and how I went strawberrying with Julius and found a turkey's nest in the south meadow, with fourteen eggs in it. Julius died when he was very young, and these little scraps are almost all I have to remember of our childhood together."

We didn't say anything more about the journal, and I thought Aunt Lucy had forgotten it; but one day there came a great box of books for us children, and down at the very bottom, was one with a dark-green cover, lettered "DIARY" on the back. Nathan saw it first and he picked it up and said,

"Hallo, here's one of them things folks write that are going to be put in Sunday School books—must be for you and me Dave. I always knew somebody would want to write my history."

"O, it's my journal!" I said. "I thought Aunt Lucy had forgotten; do give it to me, Nathan."

"O, ho! so you're going to write a journal," said Nathan; "that comes of being a genius. Just let me tell you how to begin."

He jumped on a chair, and held the book so I couldn't reach it, and pretended to read.

"March 1st.—This has been a very trying day to my feelings. Darning stockings is very disagreeable, and I don't think I shall ever get used to my *spere*. It is very bad for a genius to have to work."

Aunt Lucy told me if I ever kept a journal to write things down just as they happened, so I must tell that I was real angry at Nathan, and tried to snatch the book away, and called him a mean, ugly boy. He isn't ugly though, only he likes to tease me, partly because I get angry easy, and partly, I guess, because he's a boy. When I couldn't get the book I sat down in a chair, and wouldn't speak, and Nathan

ran around me, and sung, "*Here we go round the barberry bush.*" He calls me that because I don't like my name, and because he says I'm all over prickles, like a barberry bush. By and by mother came in and made us both feel ashamed. Nathan gave me the book, but he said,

"I don't see how she knows it's for her; there ain't any name in it, and I want it for a 'count book. I ain't soft enough to keep a journal."

I didn't care anything for the book after that. Everytime I looked at it I thought of that foolish quarrel. I wonder if other people try, and try to be good, and can't do it, because it seems to me that when I'm trying hardest the most things keep happening to plague me, and then I get discouraged and stop trying. Maybe if I write it down in my journal when I get angry it will help to make me remember, only it won't be pleasant to read over by and by, when I'm a woman, if I keep it as Aunt Lucy did hers.

March 8th.—Something wonderful has happened here at Riverside. Nelly Winter had a party, a regular birth-day party, and most everybody was invited. There's two things about parties, and first I'm glad, and then I'm always sorry. I like to be invited, and I want to go, but then there's my clothes. I never have anything nice to wear, and in winter it's always my old, green merino, that shows where the tucks have been let down, and in summer my white muslin, with such little, old-fashioned sleeves, and then Grandma always says,

"How wonderful that green merino does wear; it's just as good as new now."

I brought down Nathan's jacket, to darn a place on the sleeve. While I was doing it he brought me in a handful of partridge vines from the woods, all covered with bright-red berries.

"They're to put in your hair," he said, and then he looked at the jacket and patted it, softly. "Poor old fellow," he said, "it's too bad to work you so in your old age." I say, Barbie, how old do you 'spose that jacket is."

"O, Nathan," I said, "don't let's go to the party and wear our old duds. I hate 'em."

"I don't," said Nathan. "I feel a kind of veneration for 'em. Anyhow, I'll go, to let Will Ayres see I ain't afraid of him, if he did twit me about my old clothes at singing school."

When it came the night for the party, I did my hair as nice as I could, and put in the berries, and tried not to care about my dress. But the very first thing, when we got there, and went in the front chamber to take off our things, Nelly Winter said,

"O, here comes Barbie, all in green, like an old maid."

She had the sweetest, blue dress on, trimmed with black velvet, and a little coral pin, and she looked like a beauty herself. Lucy Ayres whispered to me not to mind, for it was real mean of her; but it just spoiled all the evening for me. By and by, we went down to the parlor, and there were the Shepherd girls and May Ellis sitting on the sofa with their hands folded in their laps, and all the boys standing up in the farther corner of the room, looking as scared as anything. All but Nathan, and he was sitting by the table looking at a book of engravings. He was leaning on his elbows, and his hands looked so big and red, because his jacket sleeves are too short; I felt a little ashamed of him, myself; but I was real angry, pretty soon, when I saw Will Ayres making fun of him. He doesn't know half as much as Nathan, if he does wear nice clothes; but I don't see why a boy can't be good, and smart, and sensible, and be a gentleman, too. I know Nathan could if he'd only try; but he won't.

After a while Will Ayres and some of the other boys came up to the table, and pretended to look at the books; but I saw Will slip something into Nathan's pocket, and then all kept watching him, and laughing, slyly. I wanted dreadfully to get it, for I knew Nathan would be so angry, but pretty soon he pulled out his handkerchief, without looking, and it fell on the floor. I thought he didn't see it, but he did, and he picked it up and looked at it, and then said, out loud,

"Here's one of your cards, Will; I didn't know you'd gone into business. *Small sums of money to loan. Old clothes, and second-hand garments of all kinds, taken as security.*"

Then he gave the card to Will, with a very low bow, and all the boys laughed, and Will looked real foolish. I felt real proud of Nathan, then. We played a good many plays, and guessed riddles, and by and by supper was ready. Such a splendid supper, with great pyramids of oranges, and a dish of white grapes that Nelly's uncle sent from Philadelphia. Then Nelly's father opened the doors into the sitting room and showed us Nelly's birth-day present. She never saw it herself till that minute, and she was ready to go wild with delight, for there was the most splendid piano, with a red cover, worked in gold around the edge. O dear! my heart beat so I could hardly speak, and I felt just like crying and laughing, all together, though I can't play in the least, and never, never, should have time to learn. But it did seem so grand to have such a piano; and when Nelly was thanking her father I felt just like hugging him myself.

Gracie Winter played some tunes on

the piano—she's Nelly's big sister—and has been to Philadelphia to school, but she's going to be married pretty soon, and the piano is Nelly's very own.

When we were going home, I asked Nathan if he had a good time.

"Good enough," he said; "as good as I expected."

"I don't see how you could help being angry at Will Ayres," I said. "I'm sure I was angry myself."

"I didn't help it," said Nathan. "I was angry enough to knock him down, and I most wish I had. He's a regular puppy, and he's got to learn his place some time."

"I'm glad you didn't, though," I said, "it would have spoiled everything."

"Well," said Nathan, "I thought of what Cousin John said when that old, white-faced cow kicked him over. He just looked at her a minute and said, 'Now if I was a cow I'd get mad at you, but seeing I'm a man I guess I won't.'"

I dreamed all night about the party, and in the morning I felt cross and tired, and didn't want to tie Davy's shoes for him. My old dress looked worse than ever, and I couldn't help wishing, when I hung it away in the closet, that something dreadful would happen to it. But after breakfast, when father went down to the Corners, mother brought out her best shoes to send down to be mended.

"You must have some new ones," said father; "these are too shabby."

"Never mind," said mother, "they'll do very well, I go out so little, and I'd rather you'd get some for Barbie; those square-toed ones are a great worry to her."

That's just like my mother, she always thinks of everybody but herself; but I have made up my mind not to fret over my clothes so much. I can't help caring about it, and I don't believe God would have made everything so beautiful in the world, if he did not mean us to love beautiful things; but if I can't have what I like best, I'll try to be contented. Aunt Lucy told me once, that people can be *contented* without being *satisfied*.

"You ought to go into the woods with us to-day, Barbie," said Nathan, as he sat by the window, fastening a new lash to his whip; "it's about the last day's work we shall do at the lumber, for the swamp road is beginning to break up."

Barbie was washing the breakfast dishes, and singing over her work to a queer tune of her own.

Nathan always laughed at Barbie's singing because she couldn't, or wouldn't, learn to sing by note as he did; but she had the very sweetest of voices, and she was always humming over any words she came across that pleased her. It didn't matter at all

about the tune other people chose to sing them to, Barbie had plenty of tunes of her own, that could be made to fit any metre in the world. She stopped short in the middle of a line, when Nathan spoke, and looked around to her mother.

"You might go, well enough," said her mother, smiling, as she took her hands out of the bread she was kneading; "I dare say it would do you good."

"O, I should like to go so much," said Barbie; "I've been thinking all the week how lovely it must be up at the spring."

"Put on your flannel dress and your thick shoes, then," said Grandma; "I don't see the sense in catching the neuralogy out in them damp woods, any way."

Barbie specially hated her flannel dress, but she ran and put it on without a murmur, and was ready at the door, with her basket on her arm, when her father came around from the barn with the oxen. They were drawing logs from the woods to the saw-mill, and instead of a cart, they had two pairs of wheels, fastened together by a long beam, and I dare say if you had been there you would have wondered where you were to ride. But Barbie wasn't at all puzzled. She perched herself on the timber, with her basket beside her, and was as well satisfied as if she had been in a coach. Davy climbed up, too, and rode as far as the cross-road, on his way to school, just for the sake of riding, probably, for he could walk a good deal faster than the clumsy oxen.

The March winds blew Barbie's hair about her eyes in spite of the close, little hood tied under her chin; but Barbie had no fear of tan, or freckles, and it was so good to get a free, full breath of mountain air, and feel that for one blessed day there was no work waiting to be done. Presently they turned into the wood road, and went jolting along over little hummocks of moss, and through hollows half filled with ice and water. There was a spicy smell from the pines and hemlocks, that was almost as pleasant as the scent of blossoming orchards. The crows went cawing about over tree tops, the blue jays screamed, and a little, brown wood-bird trilled out a note or two of a sweet song, stopping short, as if it knew a great deal more than it meant to tell.

It was a happy day for Barbie. While her father and Nathan worked away at the logs, she wandered off to the spring, a favorite haunt of hers. In a little, sheltered hollow, on the mountain side, so shut in by great hemlocks, that the mosses and ferns kept almost a summer greenness, a clear, little spring bubbled out from the rock, and went trickling away to the glen below, making a tiny stream of clear, cold, mountain water. The ice gathered along the edges of the little brook, but in the mid-

dle, the water ran freely, and the long grass at the bottom, was as green as could be. Barbie always had strange fancies about that little brook, and she walked beside it listening to its babble, till she heard Nathan's shrill whistle, and knew it was time for dinner. They sat down on a carpet of fallen pine leaves and ate their dinner out of the great, white basket that mother packed so carefully. The oxen stood close by, eating their hay, and looking at their neighbors with their great, honest eyes, wondering, perhaps, how they managed to live without hay.

After dinner, Barbie filled her basket with cones to finish her book-shelves, gathered some partridge berries for Davy, and some colts-foot and liverwort for grandma, and did not even forget the walnut bark to color the carpet rags, though she heartily wished there were no such things in all the world as rag carpets. She rode home at evening very tired, but very happy, and even the great kitchen seemed beautified by the little basket of ferns and mosses that filled one corner of the broad window sill.

"Here's a letter from Lucy," said her father, when he came back from the Corners that evening. Aunt Lucy's letters were usually common property, and no one read them more eagerly than Barbie; it seemed like news from some far-off fairy land, to read her lively chat of things in the great city. But this time her mother read the letter and folded it quietly up and put it in her pocket.

"Are they all well?" asked her father, looking up from his paper.

"All well," said her mother, briefly, and Barbie wondered more than ever. What could there be in Aunt Lucy's letter?

[To be continued.]

### BABY BELLE.

BY MRS. M. E. C. BATES.

Eyes as blue as any blossom,  
Darling Baby Belle!

Slender figure—light and lissome,  
Dainty Baby Belle!

Mamma's comfort—papa's treasure—  
O, we love you well.

White as drift of winter's snows is  
Your brow, Baby Belle!

Cheeks like sweet June's fairest roses,  
Precious Baby Belle!

Never such a blossom brightened  
Any woodland dell.

Two red lips like bright buds parting,  
Laughing Baby Belle!

Two white teeth, like pearls, just starting,  
Happy Baby Belle!

Mother's baby—mother loves you  
More than words can tell.

Two wee hands forever doing,  
Busy Baby Belle!

Bright the paths of your pursuing,  
Little Baby Belle!

Happy home's dear ray of sunlight,  
O, we love you well.

## THE YELLOW GIANT.

BY FRANK CHURCH.

Years ago, there was a country where things went on most beautifully, for if they did not suit, the clerk of the weather just regulated them to suit everybody.

But the seasons and the weather being much as they are here, a good many were not suited, and the poor clerk of the weather had his hands full. There was too much rain for the ladies, and too little for the farmers; too much snow for plowing, and too little for the sleigh rides. It was too cold, and it was too hot. According to the most reliable reports, it was half the time freshet, the other half, drought.

A very hot summer, brought about by the special pleading of a very large party who enjoyed the sea shore, was succeeded by a very cold winter, by particular request from the builders of a new and splendid skating rink. The cold was intense. It froze the ground deeply, heaved the soil, and broke off the roots of the winter wheat. It nipped the fruit, pinched the noses, and frosted the toes of the solid men of Sooturself. They bore it pretty well, (to please the young folks, who liked skating,) but when, after a lovely April, the *frost*, in May, nipped all the young peaches, they went to the clerk of the weather, and raised such a clamor about his ears, that he was fain to stop them.

They declared that this sort of thing was outrageous, you know, for how could any body plant or sow, when things went on at this rate? What reasonable surety had any body for a good crop? And the only way to do it, was to request Jack Frost to take himself off, and keep his nose where it would not freeze anybody else's, and never come back till he should be invited to do so.

"What will you do about ice for summer?" inquired the venerable clerk.

"O, it is so cool now that I don't believe we shall need any. But if we do, we can get it from Freezeyernozoff, easily enough."

"Um; well," (sticking the bird-of-Paradise quill behind his venerable ear, and settling himself for an argument,) "how about sleighing?"

"Substitute carriages."

"And skating?"

"Parlor skates."

"And winter apples, and potatoes?"

"The fruits of the tropics will more than supply their places."

"Um! well, we'll see. Call again next week."

In time it was duly announced that an

edict of banishment had been promulgated against Jack Frost, who was thereby requested to depart from the land of Sooturself, until such time as it should be the sovereign will and pleasure of its inhabitants to recall him; all of which my lord Superintendent of the Brazen Trumpet caused to be duly proclaimed in the streets and squares, the highways and the byways of the city and country of Sooturself.

Then everybody went to work, planting oranges and bananas, and they had two crops of strawberries in one year, and peaches and all sorts of fruit, without count.

Dealers in heavy drygoods moved away, or were ruined, and fur dealers packed off in the greatest haste, to avoid the clouds of moths and other vermin, which began to fill the place.

Sellers of hot corn and hot coffee were indicted, as nuisances. Cooking was done chiefly by means of burning glasses. Nobody cared for meat. Milk men were abolished; the milk soured in bringing. If you wanted it, the cow was driven to your door at so much a milking.

Young folks picnicked, and boated, to their heart's content, and the season at the sea side was one of unexampled brilliancy.

Autumn came, and though stingy papas and wise uncles could see no need of new clothes, as the weather was unchanged, they were obliged to provide fresh invoices of grenadins, bareges, pique and organ-dies, and began to wonder if such cobwebby stuff was not rather an expensive substitute for the poplins, silks, &c., of the *ancien regime*. And they were duly provided, and duly worn to bits, too, for the heated term lasted till Christmas, and began again at Twelfth Night.

Everybody grew too lazy to live. Food, such as it was, grew almost spontaneously. The ripe fruit was almost ready to drop into one's mouth, it was so plentiful and delicious. A purple atmosphere of indolent delight rested over the happy land of Sooturself. They "fleeted the time carelessly as they did in the golden days," and nobody cared for to-morrow, for to-day was so brim full of delight.

Yet some grumbled. Nobody was as strong and vigorous as once they were. Diseases, before unknown, made their appearance, and a change seemed to be coming over the countenances of the people. There were strange disappearances, at times, as they were called, for nobody liked to speak of disagreeable subjects. Sometimes those who bade you good night in perfect health, were not to be seen or found in the morning, and were seen no more of men.

Horrible whispers fell from pale lips, that the Yellow Giant had come, and had

declared that he meant to stay, and had laughed at all attempts to drive him away. And where he went, where his horrid breath was felt, men and women turned of his loathsome color, and passed away like the breath of the morning.

Cordons were cast across streets, and barricades erected, to hinder the Giant from going about, but he laughed at their feeble attempts to keep him within bounds, and strode rampant over the whole city. If one went abroad, or staid at home, it mattered little. It was the choice of meeting the Yellow Giant face to face, or of letting his poisonous breath sap your life in your chamber. It was all the same. Those who might, perhaps, have recovered, died from neglect or hunger, for there were none to minister to them. And the dreadful carts went abroad; at early morning, and at midnight, the cry went forth, "Bring out your dead!" But often the living were too feeble to obey the call, and the dead and the dying were left alone together in the forsaken houses.

At last a few of the strongest of these pale men and feeble women, dragged themselves once more to the office of the venerable clerk of the weather. He received them in gloomy silence, and silently placed the raven's quill, with which he had been writing, over his ear, as he asked them their will, as they prostrated themselves before him, for indeed they were too weak to stand.

"Wherefore have ye come?" he asked. "Have ye not had your absolute will regarding the land? Do not the oranges and fruits yield their increase?"

"O, thou most venerable," they replied, "the fruits rot in their abundance, under the trees, for nobody gathers them. The earth is red as blood, with strawberries, and the wild vines riot over the garden walls. Only the hands that should gather their abundance, and the lips that should taste of their flavor, are cold and still in death. The Yellow Giant stalks, unchecked, over the land, and there is none to hinder. His breath is pestilence, his touch, death. Help us, or we perish from the face of the earth!"

The old clerk smiled grimly.

"Will ye, then, part with all that ye have of the gay tropics? Will ye know the orange and the grape, the banana and plantain, as strangers? Will ye forego the glowing sunshine, the cloudless moonlight, the soft and sunny atmosphere ye now enjoy? Forsake the life of indolence and improvidence ye have led, and return to toil and care, and, above all, cleanliness?"

"All this, and more, will we do," sighed the stricken company.

"Then I shall once more summon the

Spirit of the Frost," growled the stern clerk, and blew into the air a downy puff of the wild aster seed.

There was a hush, a shiver, a chill. The purple sky grew gray, and cold. The golden air darkened; the birds hushed their song; the flowers grew white and stiff, then fell, blackened, from their stems. The rich fruits cast themselves to the earth, and were covered with a thick mantle of fallen leaves, and a snow-white veil, that seemed as if woven of the finest seed pearls, spread itself, like mist, over the ground.

The pale sufferers raised their stricken heads to ask the meaning of the sharp, but most invigorating breeze, which blew in at the open window. The Yellow Giant gave a wail of despair.

"O thou, mine enemy!" he cried, "I had hoped never to meet thee again, and that I and Death might have reigned supreme in this land of eternal summer. Farewell, O sunny land! Thy enemy and mine has come."

And with a groan that sounded like the creak of rusted charnel-house hinges, he fled forever.

And wherever that fine mist, as delicate as a dream of pearls, was spread, disease was rebuked, and the sick arose, and the dead were buried, and the polluted city cleansed; and the foliage and fruit of the tropics are only known as guests and strangers.

And though the Yellow Giant has often renewed his attempts to once more subdue the land, though he has sailed up in ships, and been hidden in costly stuffs, and been carried ashore in the night; yet, he has never, since that fatal summer, effected a lodgment. He has been hunted, and driven out, and held at bay; and at the last he always found his snow-white enemy lying in wait for him at the edge of the summer, ready to wither him to nothing, with a breath.

And so perhaps it is better, after all, to put up with chilblains, and red noses, to be chilled, and nipped, and pinched for a while, than to have such terrible company as haunts the lands of Eternal Summer.

#### NEW BOOK PREMIUMS.

Send in names and money for THE LITTLE CORPORAL as rapidly as you can. This is a good month for raising clubs and securing premiums. Notice several additions made this month to the list of Books sent as premiums. We cannot too heartily recommend the one entitled "The Family Doctor." It is one of the best temperance stories we have ever read, and we would be glad to see it in every home. We sincerely hope that those who do not secure it as a premium will send us the price of the book (\$1.50), and allow us to send it to them by mail.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1869.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

#### BE SURE TO READ

The *proposition* we make in another article. We want a club from every Post Office in response to this *Proposition*. Now is the time to strike.

#### PUSH ON YOUR CLUBS.

We have a great many good things getting ready for this new year. THE LITTLE CORPORAL will be even better than ever before. We intend to send out such a magazine that all who read it shall feel it to be one of the necessities, not to be dispensed with.

Now is the time to increase your lists, to raise new clubs, to complete clubs already begun, and to secure our beautiful premiums.

#### EDITORIAL.

About a year ago somebody asked the Editor of this LITTLE CORPORAL, "What shall the children do on rainy days?" The Editor lives in a country where it rains sometimes, and I dare say, had been sorely puzzled to answer that question to the satisfaction of his own little people. At any rate, he called on all the fathers and mothers to help him answer it, and a good many things were suggested by some of them. We've tried some of them at our house, and though they work very well, yet we have come to the conclusion that, on the whole, the best thing to do for children at such times is to let them alone. None but those who have had a good deal of experience with children, can have any idea of their wonderful *inventive* powers, and when left to their own resources for amusement there is almost no limit to their contrivances. Give the little folks, where it is possible, a room to themselves, and leave them to their own resources. Suppose they do reduce your dining room to utter confusion. You can rearrange it in fifteen minutes, and you have saved two hours by the operation. I know of a family where two little boys of five and seven amuse themselves from daylight till dusk, with only a short interval for lessons and meals. They have few playthings—a box of building blocks, an old clothes line, a pair of scissors, a carpet hammer and paper of tacks, and a box where all the bright bits of paper that come into the house are deposited. That is pretty much all, but on a rainy day, or a cold one, they take possession of the dining room, and invent an unceasing round of amusement. Suppose we peep in at them. They have been busy for an hour, and very quiet, only the constant chatter of their merry voices and now and then an exclamation. What a litter! You feel as if you wanted to run for the broom, but it is only your stupidity. What you take to be bits

of white and yellow paper scattered over the floor are *beautiful lillies*, in a green meadow; that rope zigzagging around is a little brook, and those clothes pins grouped about the dust brush are children having a picnic under a tall elm tree! The oldest boy explains it all with sparkling eyes, that show how real it all is to him. Perhaps in a few minutes, a box of buttons will be emptied on the table, and the buttons arranged in companies of soldiers, or the blocks will be built into cages, and you will hear the young exhibitor showing off his animals, and describing the elephant as he marches along, "*with long ears severely shaking*."

Just as quick as you try to help them by any suggestions, you do mischief, and too many toys are only an evil. A child's imagination is vivid enough to help him out of any difficulties in this line, if you will only give it play.

Said a busy mother: "I have spent many hours in reading to my children; many in trying to teach them, but never one, unless they were sick, in trying to amuse them. They have been taught from babyhood to amuse themselves."

So I feel like saying to the hundreds and thousands of busy mothers, *teach your children to amuse themselves*, and to do this you need only to give them the opportunity, and then let them alone.

Emily Huntington Miller.

#### A PROPOSITION—AN EASY WAY TO RAISE A CLUB.

While our subscription list is rapidly increasing, and many thousands of new friends are flocking in, and while many thousands of our old friends have renewed promptly, there are still a great many who have not yet renewed. A very large share of these have failed to renew merely because they have put it off till a convenient time. Many of them are renewing now every day, and very many more would renew at any time, if somebody would remind them of it, and ask for their subscriptions. Of course their names are now taken out of the list, but before taking them out we had extra slips printed, showing every name, and the time to which payment had been made. And now we want to make

#### A PROPOSITION.

If you want to raise a club in your neighborhood, you may write to us for the list of old subscribers, at your post office, who have not renewed. We will send you the printed slips, and you can go around, and easily secure their renewals on your list. We will allow all these to count on your club, and we hope you will be able also to send with them a good list of new names. Please write for this list at once, as we shall send the list for your office to the first one who writes for it. If you write, and receive no answer, you may think that some one else has been ahead of you.

Write your letter in as few words as possible. Something like this:

Alfred L. Sewell & Co.: Please send me the printed list of expired subscriptions for this post office, and I will try to have them renew for THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Then sign your name, post office, and state, in full, written so plainly that we cannot mistake.

Thus we hope to secure the renewal of all those who have thus far neglected to send their dollars for 1869.

#### OUR MUSIC

Arrived too late for this number. We have in preparation a beautiful Easter Hymn, for the April number. Words written by Mrs. Miller Set to music by an eminent musical professor

## BOOKS BY MAIL.

We send by mail, post paid, to any address in the Union, any of the books mentioned in our premium list, on receipt of price mentioned, which are the regular publishers' prices, with nothing added for freight or other charges. We can also send in the same way, any other respectable work, in the regular trade, by any publisher. We do not handle books of the Dime Novel, or extra sensational, blood and murder style, but only books of the better class, such as intelligent people ought to read. In ordering from us you will hereafter receive your books with the corners protected by our own patent corner guards, so that the corners will not be broken down. By the use of this device books reach their destination in as nice condition as though just taken from the book-shelf. No other firm has a right to use this "guard," and this will give us a great advantage, as we can send the finest books with entire safety. When you order books from us send the advertised price, and if it is a book that we do not advertise, state the name of the firm who publishes it. See "How to remit," at the bottom of this column.

## THE VELOCIPEDE PREMIUM.

## A NEW OFFER.

Read the article about Velocipedes in this number.

We will give one of these new Velocipedes to the person who sends us the greatest number of subscribers, between the first of February and the first day of August. The person who sends the next largest list, will receive a hunting-case American Watch. Perhaps we will offer other premiums for other lists coming next in order.

These premiums will be in addition to our ordinary premiums. Those working for clubs will receive the usual premiums, as though the Velocipede, Watch, etc., were not offered, and then the large lists will have these in addition.

Now for a race. Who will win? All who engage in this contest must state, in every letter they write us, that they are working on this offer, so that we can keep our lists accordingly.

## THE NEW DRAWING BOOK.

Notice on the extra leaf in front of this magazine, all that is said about Reed's Drawing Lessons, by prominent artists. These gentlemen all stand high in their profession, and would not recommend a book that they did not know to be in every way worthy.

Send us \$1.50 by mail, and we will send you a copy of this new book by mail, post paid.

**HOW TO REMIT**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums; made payable to the order of **ALFRED L. SEWELL**.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the Registry fee, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending only one dollar, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

## BOOK PREMIUMS,

AND TERMS OF CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.  
SEE, ALSO, REGULAR PREMIUM LIST.

The following books are sent as premiums for clubs. The figure before the name of each book indicates the number of subscribers required to secure it as a premium. We will also send these books to any address in the Union, on receipt of the price. All books are sent by mail, post paid, and protected from damage in the mail by our patent book corner guard.

The following books, from Hurd & Houghton's Catalogue, will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title.

	Price.
6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys. By Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins, cloth, gilt.....	1.75
7—Aesop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—Moore's Lalla Rookh. Illustrated.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks, Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle. By Hawthorne.....	1.25
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.50
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Colored Illustrations.....	1.25

## FROM HARPER &amp; BROTHER'S CATALOGUE.

7—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature.....	\$2.00
5—Dr. Hooker's Natural History.....	1.50
3—Baker's "Cast up by the Sea." (See advertising pages).....	75
7—Du Chaillu's Wild Life. (See advertising pages).....	1.75

## FROM CLARKE &amp; CO.'S CATALOGUE.

4—Cecil's Book of Beasts.....	\$1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Birds.....	1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Insects.....	1.25

## FROM THE CATALOGUE OF JAMES O'KANE &amp; CO.

6—Irrington Stories. By Mrs. M. E. Dodge. Illustrated by Darley.....	\$1.50
7—Hans Brinker; a story of Life in Holland. By author of Irrington Stories. Illustrated by Darley.....	1.75
6—Boys of the Bible. Illustrated.....	1.50
6—Girls of the Bible. Illustrated.....	1.50
7—Robinson Crusoe.....	1.75

## FROM THE CATALOGUE OF HENRY HOYT.

5—The Family Doctor, or Mrs. Barry's Bourbon. A thrilling temperance story that should be read by every father, mother, and child, and especially by every "family doctor.".....	1.50
4—The Model Mother, or the Mother's Mission. A story of uncommon interest and power.....	1.25
4—Opposite the Jail. Illustrated.....	1.25

Any Books advertised as premiums will also be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

We shall be constantly adding to this list, and our readers may rest assured that all books here given are such as we can confidently recommend.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select whatever premium you choose.

None of these clubs need be sent all at one time, except No. 7, (the club of six).

## IN CLUB WITH THE LARGER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *The Little Corporal* in club with the larger magazines, etc., for one year, as follows:

Harper's Magazine (\$4) and The Little Corporal.....	\$4.00
Harper's Weekly (\$4) and The Little Corporal.....	4.00
Harper's Bazar (\$4) and The Little Corporal.....	4.00
Atlantic Monthly (\$4) and The Little Corporal.....	4.00
Putnam's Monthly (\$4) and The Little Corporal.....	4.00
Hours at Home (\$3) and The Little Corporal.....	3.25
Phrenological Journal (\$3) and The Little Corporal.....	3.00
Riverside Magazine (\$2.50) and The Little Corporal.....	2.75
Galaxy (\$4.00) and The Little Corporal.....	4.00
Hearth and Home (\$4.00) and Little Corporal.....	4.00
Lippincott's Magazine (\$4) and Little Corporal.....	4.25
Peterson's Magazine (\$2) and Little Corporal.....	2.50
New York Weekly Tribune (\$2) and The Corporal.....	2.50
Western Rural (\$2.50) and The Little Corporal.....	2.75
Prairie Farmer (\$2) and The Little Corporal.....	2.50
Moore's Rural New-Yorker (\$3) and The Corporal.....	3.50

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.

## SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS AS PREMIUMS.

We can send Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, as premiums, as follows:

A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Tea Spoons, worth \$2.50, for a club of eight subscribers, at \$1.00 each. A set of half-dozen double Silver Plated Table Spoons, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers at \$1.00 each.

A set of half-dozen, Double Silver Plated Forks, worth \$5.50, for a club of fifteen subscribers, at \$1.00 each.

The Plated Forks and Spoons are made by Rodgers & Bro., Waterbury, Connecticut, and are warranted made of the finest quality of Nickel Silver Metal, and Double Plated with pure Silver. Spoons and forks will be sent by Express.

These premiums should attract the notice of every lady, and every one who would like to make an acceptable present to mother, sister or friend.

Send on the names and money as soon as you have a few. It is not necessary to wait till the club is full.

## TQ THOSE RAISING CLUBS.

Remember the following points; they may help you in securing names to your club:

1st.—*The Little Corporal* is the cheapest of all the magazines, when we consider the quantity and quality of its matter, and its low price. It also has a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world, and as large as the circulation of any other three American juvenile magazines combined. This circulation has been gained in a little over three years, on simple merit, in competition with magazines older and in eastern and more favored localities.

2d.—It is only because of its immense circulation that we are enabled to furnish it at the low price, and people everywhere should take advantage of this low price, which the great circulation gives, rather than pay a higher price for a poorer magazine, merely because its limited circulation compels the Publishers to charge the higher price.

3d.—*The Corporal* is entirely original and first class in every respect.

4th.—It is the best thing of the kind published for Boys and Girls, and besides this, is just as interesting to "older people who have young hearts."

5th.—*The Corporal* gives the very best matter for all old people to read, if they want to keep their hearts warm and young; therefore they want it for themselves even if they have no children of their own.

6th.—If you can induce persons to subscribe for back volumes as well as for 1869, every dollar sent for back volumes will count the same as new subscriptions. In this way you can raise a larger club.

7th.—Send on the names as rapidly as possible, when you have even a few, so that they can be receiving their numbers. Then, when your club is full claim the premium you have gained.

CLUBS FOR THE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL,  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

By Alfred L. Sewell and John E. Miller.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 12 cts.

Office, No. 6 Post-Office Place, Chicago.

## SEE PREMIUM LIST FOR CLUBS ON ANOTHER PAGE.

ADVERTISEMENTS—(Select, first class, only)—Will be inserted on the cover, at the rate of \$1.50 a line, counting three columns to a page, and 122 lines in a column, making 366 lines to a page, inside of border rules. For advertisements running several months, a reasonable discount will be allowed. The rates for space in margins outside the border are higher, and can be learned by applying to the publisher.

When more advertisements than will go on the Cover are received for any one number, we will, unless we have orders to the contrary, put them on the extra leaf which is added for Premium List, at same price. Address

**ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,**  
publishers of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.



## SMOKE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

See the smoke, this winter day,  
Lift, and soar, and sail away;  
Up, and away on the crisp, cold air,  
Into the cloudland far and fair.  
Out of a hundred chimneys, see,  
How it is rising light and free;  
White, or purple, or blue, like the sky,  
To which it is curving, and soaring high,  
Half lingering still, while it rises and roams,  
Warm with the breath of a hundred homes.  
Soul of the fagots that burn below,  
Where children play in the firelight glow;  
Where kind words are said, and sweet songs sung;  
Where life is a joy; where hearts are young;  
Where prayers are said in the twilight dim,  
And glad praise mounts on the sacred hymn,  
Where, safe from the cold and the wind-tossed  
snow,

All gather serene in the hearthstone's glow,  
And talk of the world so wise and so wide,  
Of joys that have gladdened, of hopes that have  
died;

Talk of the Beautiful, Good, and True,  
Of what has been done, and what is to do;  
Talk till the fagots sink lower and lower;  
Till the red flames curvet and leap no more;  
Till the last white whiff of the smoke has fled,  
And left the dull ashes cold and dead;  
Fled up, up, up, through the chimney wide;  
Now its airy journey who shall guide?  
Over the steeples, over the town,  
Fleecy and white as eider down,  
Still drifting, and floating, thin and white,  
Fading, slow fading out of sight,  
Yet rising, still rising, so far and high,  
Till merged in the blue of the cloudless sky.

Ah! who can tell where it wanders now?  
Has it drifted to rest on some mountain's brow?  
Or, is it sailing, and sailing still,  
Far, far in the heavens at its own sweet will?  
We know not, for only God knows where,  
God—who never forgets to care—  
To care for all He has made, and to hold  
Wind, smoke, and vapor, heat and cold,  
All in the tendance of some wise law [flaw.  
By which all work His will, without failure or

So, when our souls, while low burns life's fire,  
Shall seek, at God's bidding, a realm that is  
higher;

When over our ashes our friends plant sweet  
flowers,

Where will wander this strong, glad spirit of ours?  
Who shall guide to the far, far realm, where it  
goes,

This spirit that lives, and that loves, and that glows?  
Who can tell of the life so joyful, so free,  
That will open so early to you and to me?

None but God—who guides all, and holds all in  
His hand—

He will guide our souls safe to their dear father-  
land.

## FOR THE APRIL NUMBER.

We have deferred till the April number a curious article entitled, "Indian life," which will introduce to us the Dacotah Indians in their free, wild life; this will be followed by an account of their amusements, their heathen religions, their medicine men, and some of their noted characters. In the course of these articles will be told many things that will be strange and interesting to all of us. We can rely on the truth of what we read in these sketches, as they are written by gentlemen who have lived for many years among these Indians, spoken their language, and seen their every-day life and customs.

## MY VELOCIPEDE.

BY H. I. S. RIDER.

Over a year ago I began to hear of the funny, fast, French pony of which you have more lately heard so much. Little wonder that I wondered at the horse that never eats oats, never hints at blanket or curry-comb, never intends to throw his rider, never wants whip or halter, and has no more hair on his back than a Mexican dog, and no more of a tail than had Tam O'Shanter's mare after the witches caught her at the bridge.

After all France had gone crazy over this invention—for the pony is made, not born, mind you—I began to get just a little crazy, too. A dismounted king once offered a kingdom for a horse. As I became crazier I was almost willing to offer at least a corner lot for a velocipede. In fact, I was as eager as one of the CORPORAL's boys who the other day went to a playmate saying, "I'll give my old hen for the hind wheels of your little wagon."

"Why?"

"O, I want to make a pelocivede! and, I'll give you the old rooster, too, if the hen isn't enough!"

But a corner lot, a rooster and all his hen-harem, would hardly import a Paris velocipede, so I waited until some Yankee, as I knew one would, should make one in this country without a drop of foreign blood in his iron veins. Sure enough, New York started a factory, and soon my pony came. Opening the box, and putting the parts together, I sat down to look the funny affair all over. What I saw you can here see for yourselves.



First, I found the front wheel three feet, and the hinder wheel two feet and six inches high; these wheels are graceful and strong, and made like those of a buggy. The fork over the front wheel runs up to the handles on its top, by which that wheel may be turned in any direction, whither the whole velocipede is sure to follow. The reach which connects the two wheels is wrought iron, and on the top is a nicely padded saddle made very easy by its steel spring. On each side of the front wheel is a crank and a stirrup. I at once saw how the thing might be made to run, though I trembled to think how, in my case, the rider instead of the pony must be "broken to harness."

When you are learning to ride, don't invite any spectators, unless you want to be laughed at. I never want to, so I waited till eleven o'clock that night, found a lonely street and a smooth place, screwed up my courage, said "who-a," softly, got into the saddle, put my feet into the stirrups, held on to the fence with one hand, seized the tiller with the other, gave a push, and ! ! ! \* \* \* — well, I got up again.

The fact is, getting up kept me busy for several minutes—but, though I could not keep my seat, I would have kept my temper had not a

thunderstruck policeman provokingly asked, "Vot ish ter matter mit you unt that strattle-bug?" "Matter with me! It's my horse—what do you know about velocipedes!"

I do wish policemen would go to bed earlier.

Soon I began to get more ideas and fewer falls. The beginner ought not to put his feet on the stirrups, but when in the saddle should push himself along with his feet, and first learn to balance and steer by turning the tiller. Next, put one foot on a stirrup and push with the other foot, and then change this foot work, until at last he can use both stirrups at once. I improved rapidly, and could soon go my length before "measuring my length" on the ground. Pony finally gave it up and ran along quietly, though for several nights a spectator might have thought I was planning a rail-fence, so zig zag was my track. I must confess, however, that I frequently found it necessary to "pick up something," for I was unwilling to leave myself lying about in various places along the street.

My next trouble was with the boys who had a great curiosity to see my "go-cart," and would call after me—"There's the steam man!" "Go it, Dexter!" "Hello, Two-forty!" "Hold on, Mister, where"—but whisk, and they would be left out of hearing and sight. But it was comfort to see that ministers, editors, doctors, working men, ladies, girls and everybody, were as excited and curious, but rather more polite than the boys, when they saw the velocipede coming. In fact everybody has the velocipede fever, and I could hardly get to even, a short journey's end because of the questions people asked me. Of course I always pretended not to hear, and would pass like a tempest, leaving questioners looking like a row of interrogation points. One day, however, came the turn of the exclamation points again, for I turned over in front of a large school just as the boys and girls were coming out. In a minute I was surrounded as though I were a bursted hoghead of sugar. From hundreds came loud laughter, and from scores the instant plea, "O now, Mister, please hold on and tell us." So pony and I looked grave, as though we tumbled on purpose, and the shower began.

"I say, Mr. Rider, who makes those what-do-you-callems, and what do they cost?" Benon of Paris, France, charges from \$50 to \$75 for his; Michaux, of Paris, \$40 to \$80; Pickering, of New York, \$100 to \$125; Hanlon, \$65 to \$100; Monod, of New York, \$70 to \$125; Wood, of New York, \$125, and Gosling, of Cincinnati, \$75 to \$125.

"What do you call it?"

A velocipede, which means "swift-foot." The French call it *veloce*, and we, in English, call the rider a *velocipedist*, or a *velocipedestrian*.

"Do they make them for boys?"

Yes, and as small or large as you want them. Have you not noticed THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S extra premium of a *velocipede*?

"Does it tire you?"

Not as much as walking. I can run ten miles on a very smooth road as easily as I can walk three.

"Is it hard to learn?"

Not as hard as skating.

"Did you hurt yourself when you first tried?"

Never. I fell down, but my feet when on the stirrups are so near the ground that I almost always alight, like a cat, on my feet.

"But people laugh at you."

Yes, and they laughed at the first locomotive. They will soon stop that.

"Can you make long journeys on them?"

Yes, on a very smooth road. In France, five men went eighty-five miles in eight hours and one half. In Paris, Chicago, and other cities,

some men ride to business and their work on them.

"How fast can they go?" At the rate of ten miles an hour, easily. I know a man who ran one-third of a mile in sixty-two seconds, which is at the rate of over nineteen miles per hour.

"It's selfish; nobody can ride with you."

Yes, just like horse-back riding.

By this time my audience was a large one. Men, women, and boys, plied me with questions—and finally, a little girl, as sweet as THE CORPORAL's "Little Red Ridinghood," said, rather disgustedly, "why, a girl can't stay on that kind of a horse." "Pshaw!" broke out four or five boys together, "they are not made for g-i-r-l-s," [derisively] but, just as one rogue began to say something about the straddling part of the matter, I comforted the blushing, would-be Amazon, by telling her that velocipedes are made with three wheels—two behind—for ladies and little hoods who want to be Ridinghoods.

"But I don't see how you balance, or how any one can learn."

Well, boys, you must take THE LITTLE CORPORAL and read the March number.

All this time, stood fifty grown-up men, as much interested as the boys, one of whom asked a grown-up question.

"What is the velocipede's history?"

I began to tell him that it was invented in about 1818, by Baron Drais; that it at first had no stirrups; that the rider pushed it with his feet; that it was all made of wood; that in 1830 it was improved in Paris; that mail carriers rode them; that they went out of use; that the velocipede of 1868 was practicable, and would be used by many people—and just then the school-bell rung, and I was glad to get away. Said I to pony, "Let us go!" and, since he never says "neigh" to me, home we trundled. We think of enlisting in THE CORPORAL's cavalry or artillery. For particulars apply to Messrs. Pony and Rider, care of Little Corporal, Chicago.

### A VERY CURIOUS THING.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

It had been a long time since anything had spoken to me. I had well-nigh given up listening for strange voices and curious stories, and was trying to make up a story all out of nothing, in the way that smart men do, like WALTER SCOTT, and CHARLES DICKENS. But I never have any luck at story making. My stories won't hang together. I had a good one about BOB and the blackberries—how he waited till SIM STOKES had started, and then put on his skates and got ahead of him by shooting along under the river bank, up to the patch, and picked two quarts before SIM got along—skating is so much faster than walking, you know. "But," said a sober, little girl, "how could he skate? There isn't any ice in blackberry time!" And that spoiled the story. It broke right in two. Lies never hang together long. That's one reason why there's no use in lying. Liars get found out. They talk skates and blackberries.

But when any one tells me a true story, I love to hear it, and write it down as soon

as I can, so as never to forget it. And yet, as I said, it had been a long, long time since anything had told me its own true story; and like a fisherman, when the fish won't bite, I was about to quit listening, because nothing spoke to me. You see, all noises are a sort of talk. All noises say something. I cannot understand them, perhaps, but that is my fault, not theirs. Nothing spoke to me so that I could understand it. It takes quite a long time to learn a new language. That's the reason why babies are so long learning to talk, they have to learn a new tongue; they can talk baby talk perfectly—better than we can.

All noises say something, and this was what a noise seemed to say to me: *skree skree-ak, skree skree-ak, skree skree-ak*. The noise seemed to come from under my boots, as I walked. I put on rubbers, and smothered the voice into silence. And when I took them off again, and walked over the floor, there was no sound. I left my boots by the parlor fire all night long, and the next morning, louder than ever came *skree skree-ak*, as nearly as I can spell it.

"How your boots do squeak, this morning," said she.

"Squeak? No, indeed. Mice squeak; boots *skreek*, and scared woman shriek, and little girls squeal and scream. Nothing *skreeks* except boots and shoes," said I.

"Why, I've heard you men talk about *squeak leather*," said she.

"Well we ought to say *skreek leather*, and somebody ought to listen and learn what the *skreek* noise means."

"Nonsense," said she; "*skreeking* boots are dry boots. Wet 'em, and the *skreek* is all gone!"

"Wet hens never cackle," said I; "nor do birds sing in the rain, nor will boots *skreek* when damp or soaked; they are uncomfortable, disheartened. But depend upon it, there is sense in boots, and when they talk they say something."

When a boy, I knew quite a number of French words. But when I heard Frenchmen talk, the words rattled in so fast that I could as well understand hailstones on window glass, as what they said. Everybody talks too fast to be understood by a foreigner, or stranger. A man said to me one morning, "*Howjerdo?*" Would a Frenchman have understood him to mean, *How do you do?* We all talk too fast to be easily understood, and so I thought, perhaps this *skree skree-ak* of my boots may be only very fast talking; I'll look to it.

So I took the boots up into my private study, after cleaning them till they shined with delight and gratitude. I examined them separately. Setting the heel of one

of them on my left knee, so that the leg of it lay at ease on my right, I carefully bent the toe of the boot toward the instep—carefully and slowly. I was delighted. Instead of a loud *skree*, I heard a great number of separate, snapping, little words, hundreds of them. If I bent the boot suddenly and quickly, it sounded *skree* and *skree-ak*. But when I made it talk slowly I could easily count the words. Here was a discovery. I shall now find out what makes boots *skreek*.

A French surgeon has invented a way of lighting up the inside of a man's stomach, so that we can see what the matter is when something goes wrong in the inside of him. Another surgeon has invented a mirror and a light, so as to be able to see the opening into the windpipe, and pick out a fish bone that is strangling there. The surgeons are getting so that they see through a man in a minute. And when they cannot see, they are so skillful that they can cut a little hole and peep in a most anywhere, and then sew up the hole again, when they have seen all they care to. But none of the surgeons have ever learned to talk with an inside passenger, just as if somebody had asked JONAH, in his whale, "How does it feel, and how does it look, inside there?"

But I have a whole boot with a voice inside of it. I am learning the language—the *SKREE* language. There are two that do the talking, face to face, in each boot. When they speak, they put their cheeks close together, and rub them one upon the other. Many suppose that these talkers are only leather bits. A shoemaker says, contemptuously, "They are only insole and filling, that were pasted together, and now have worked loose, and of course they *skreek*, as you call it."

Shoemakers know how shoes are made, better than I do. But they have not listened to what shoes say, half as much as I have. I think it quite likely that the little, leathery people that talk to me, are called, in the shoeshop, *insole* and *filling*. But what of that? I know that live things are never quite dead until they are all gone to pieces, and have become little atoms again. The skin has not lost all its life when the ox dies, and gives it off to the butcher. The hide does not lose all its life with the tanner! The leather is not dead when cut up into scraps and soles. And so long as there's life there's talk.

And so here is the story which I translated from the *Skree* language:

#### HIDE AND SCRAPS STORY.

[We must put off printing this story until next month. But the preface to it seems to us very curious, all by itself.—ED. LITTLE CORPORAL.]



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.



## THE HORSE AND ELEPHANT

A horse and elephant formed a very pleasant traveling acquaintance, and chatted very pleasantly together, as they passed along the highway. The elephant was so greatly charmed with the wit and vivacity of his new friend that he made him his counsellor, he himself being a stranger in the country. When the two friends came to a bridge over a deep stream, they took counsel together as to whether it could be crossed in safety. The elephant depending much upon the judgment of his friend, professed himself unwilling to take any important step without his advice. The horse did not doubt the safety of the bridge, as he had often crossed it, and to prove himself in the right, walked over it in safety. The elephant, not considering the lightness of the horse, and his own vast weight, attempted to cross also, but the timbers breaking beneath him he fell into the stream and narrowly escaped a violent death.

As he scrambled with difficulty up the high bank, he vowed never to select an incompetent or irresponsible counsellor, or to follow the guidance of any one less wise and weighty than himself. *Paul Peregrine.*

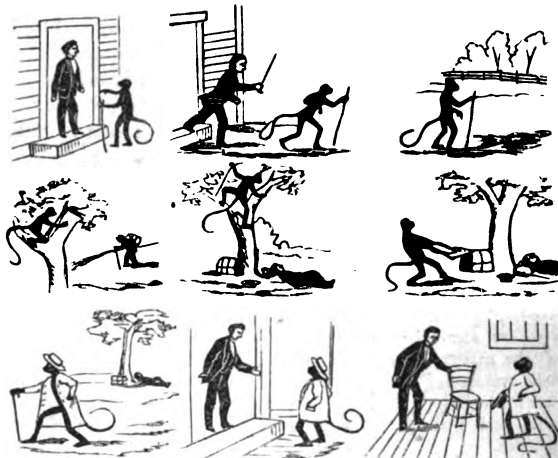
## No. 13.—ENIGMA.

2 and 1, 1 and 2, 1 alone, you will hear,  
When startled with wonder, with pain, or with fear,  
My 3, 4, and 5 together, will be  
What all the French people write for the sea;  
And in 3, and in 4, you will always find me.  
2, 3, 4, and 5, is a thing that the Jews  
To measure their barley, for selling, would use.  
1, 2, 3, and 4, is a place that you love,  
I am sure, all the places you know of, above.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is my whole, and will show  
A measure the Jews had for things that will flow,  
And a famous blind poet, who lived long ago.

*M. B. C. S.*

## No. 14.—A PICTURE STORY.

NIMBLE DICK TRIES BEGGING.



Reading to be given in next number.

*W. O. C.*

## No. 15.—A PICTURE STORY.



**THE MEDDLESOME BOY.** This boy was always meddling with things that did not belong to him. Mary was the nice kitchen girl. She liked Renie, only she didn't like to have him around in the kitchen, putting his fingers into the pots and pies. So sometimes she would shake her fist at him, and be cross when she caught him doing these naughty tricks.

One day Renie was passing by a blacksmith's shop and looked in. He saw the men pounding the red hot iron, and the sparks flying off. When the men were away he stooped and picked up a piece of iron that lay by the anvil. He did it just because he wanted to meddle with everything he saw. But the iron was hot, and Renie jumped and roared like a crazy fellow. The men laughed merrily at the foolish boy.

Once he was at a neighbor's house where there were bees. He walked around the hive, and looked curiously at the little busy bodies, buzzing in and out. That was all well enough. But the next thing he did wasn't quite so well. He punched the end of a stick into the door of the hive, to see what the bees would do. They raised an army on short notice, and came out to drive the enemy off. They stung him with their sharp stings; and, I suppose, they said as they did it, "Now go home and mind your own business." He ran to a haystack near by, and thrust in his head and hands until the bees went off.

*W. O. C.*

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 3.—FEBRUARY NUMBER.

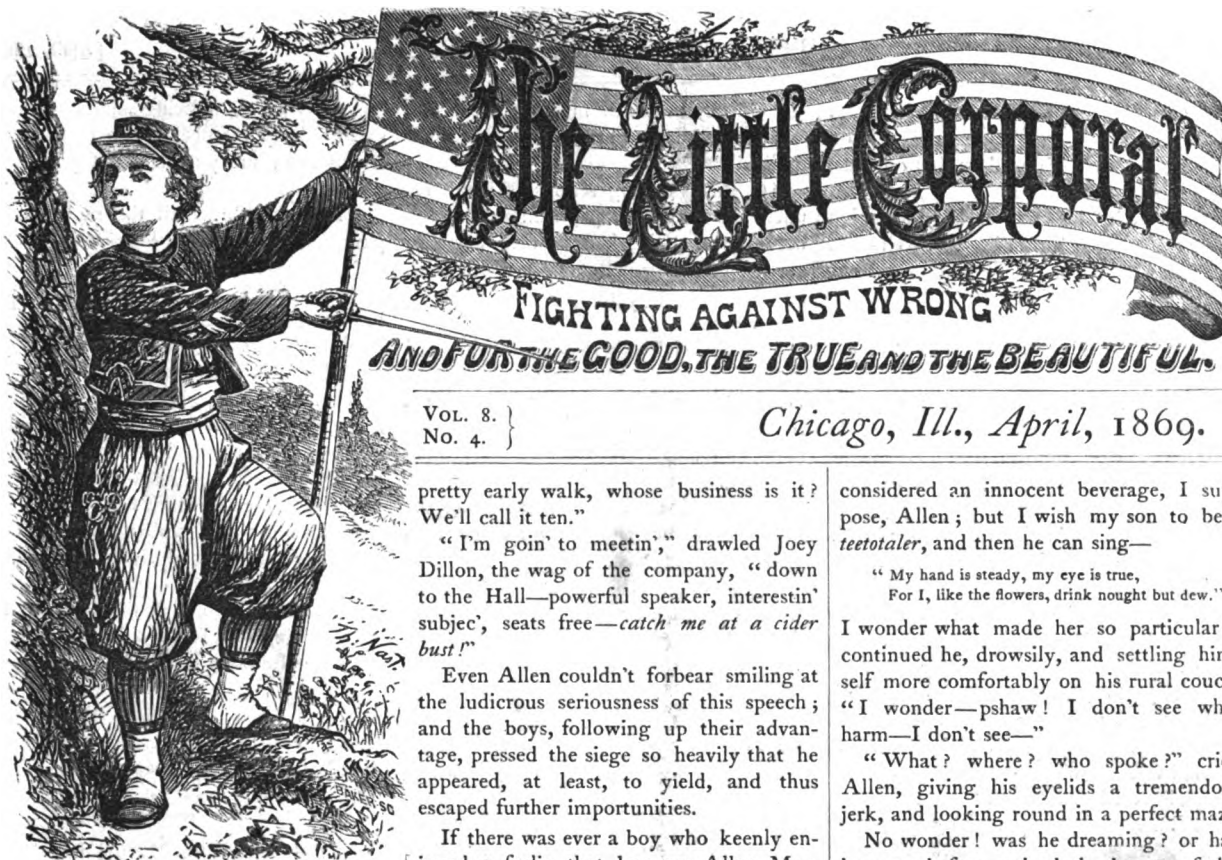
The subject of this story is *economy*; which means, how to make the best use of a dollar. Walter's father was not a poor man, for he owned a nice farm. He provided good clothes for his family, and good things for them to eat. But he always said that no one knew how to use a dollar until he had earned it. So when his boys came to him and wanted spending-money, he told them to *earn* it. So they had to go to work and earn it the best way they could. When Walter found an old horse-shoe along the street, he picked it up and saved it. Sometimes he pulled old nails out of boards; and sometimes even old spikes. Once a ship was wrecked on the shore, and he found old spikes in the planks. He was sorry for the poor sailors that had been wrecked; but he thought the spikes had better not be lost.

When Walter carried his tub to the blacksmith's, the man weighed it, and paid him a penny a pound. So when he went home, with the money jingling in his pocket, he thought he knew the worth of a shilling, at any rate; and he thought he should know pretty well how to use it. He resolved to think twenty times before he spent it once.

*W. O. C.*

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

No. 1.—*Illustrated Rebus, January Number.*—The last feather breaks the camel's back. No. 4.—*Charade.*—Mad-a-gas-car. No. 5.—*Charade.*—An; man; her man; Sherman. No. 6.—*Charade.*—Botanical.—Snow-drop. No. 7.—*Charade.*—Carp-enter. No. 8.—*Charade.*—Wind-lass. No. 9.—*Charade.*—Lady-slipper. No. 10.—*Riddle.*—The letter O.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## THE FIRST STEP.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

"You'll be sure and come, won't you, Allen?" asked Corny Brown, the ringleader of a troop of frolicsome boys. "Nine o'clock, *sharp*, remember. It's a bright, moonlight night, and we'll have to creep round under the hazel bush, on the south side of the old mill. I know the *ins* and *outs*, perfectly."

"But," said Allen, rather dryly, I never did steal cider; and —"

"Steal cider! Ha! ha! that's a good one," cried Clemmy Jones; "as if anybody called it *stealin'*, to suck cider through a rye straw! Why, you don't carry away any to hurt, and the deacon's got lots of it."

"Besides," continued Allen, "I promised my mother I wouldn't be out late nights, and I always keep my promises."

"Pshaw!" said Corny, impatiently; "don't be a spooney, Al. Can't you make believe a little? Say you go to bed. If you choose to get up afterwards for a

VOL. 8. }  
No. 4. }

Chicago, Ill., April, 1869.

pretty early walk, whose business is it? We'll call it ten."

"I'm goin' to meetin'," drawled Joey Dillon, the wag of the company, "down to the Hall—powerful speaker, interestin' subject, seats free—*catch me at a cider bust!*"

Even Allen couldn't forbear smiling at the ludicrous seriousness of this speech; and the boys, following up their advantage, pressed the siege so heavily that he appeared, at least, to yield, and thus escaped further importunities.

If there was ever a boy who keenly enjoyed a frolic, that boy was Allen Morrow. Nature did not give him his bounding pulse, mirthful spirit, and supple limbs, to go moping through the world, sullen and sour. Gay, generous, and social, that is just where Allen's danger lay. A fatherless boy, left much to his own will, and fond of pleasure, he was also a great favorite with his companions. If pleasure lured into forbidden paths, or comrades beckoned him to evil, what but a clear sense of duty and a fixed principle of rectitude could keep him from drifting down the current of temptation into the yawning abyss of ruin? And, alas! Allen's principles were not fixed. Nothing was fixed with him but his love for his good mother.

Even now, as he went whistling along home, he was inwardly debating whether he might not, *this once*, be his own master. Visions of enchanting moonlight, rollicking fun, luscious cider, and the very mischief and secresy of a night raid upon the deacon's barrels, enticed him.

"It would be so jolly," sighed he, throwing himself down beside the little, half-way spring, his usual resting place; "it would be so jolly! but it won't do; I can't deceive my mother; I could never look her in the face again, and she thinking me true and honorable all the time. And, what's more, I had forgotten entirely the other promise I made her on my birthday, cider included. I wonder what Corny would say to that? Yes, I recollect now; she said, 'Cider is generally

considered an innocent beverage, I suppose, Allen; but I wish my son to be a *teetotaler*, and then he can sing—

"My hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew."

I wonder what made her so particular?" continued he, drowsily, and settling himself more comfortably on his rural couch. "I wonder—pshaw! I don't see what harm—I don't see—"

"What? where? who spoke?" cried Allen, giving his eyelids a tremendous jerk, and looking round in a perfect maze.

No wonder! was he dreaming? or had he never before noticed the beauty of this quiet nook? The tall larches, intertwining their boughs overhead, roofed in the silence. Like the silver mirror of some goddess, lay the shining fountain, set in the emerald green of the mosses. How cool and fragrant was the air!

Allen listened—no sound disturbed the sweet solitude save the drip, drip of the crystal rill that fed the mossy basin.

"How lovely!" cried Allen, with delight; "this must be the home of some water nymph or fairy."

Well spoken; for at this moment from the center of the fountain rose a lovely, little maiden, with eyes of liquid blue, and shining, golden hair. She was wrapped in a mantle of starry spray, that glittered in the light of a stray sunbeam.

Fair as a water lily, there she sat, nodding familiarly at Allen, who, for his part, dropped his cap and made a handsome bow.

"Guess my name, if you can, young gentleman," said she, laughing.

"Undine," instantly replied Allen, remembering the story of that fantastic nymph.

She shook her head, gleefully, scattering a shower of diamonds from her locks.

"Then you are Helen, or Ariadne, or Minerva, or Cleopatra," said he, bringing out all his lore. He thought of Queen Elizabeth, but the Unknown was minus the stiff ruff in which that princess always appears.



"You'll never guess," said she, merrily. Allen threw himself despondently on the ground, held his head in both hands, and thought.

"I have it," he cried at last, springing up; "They say Truth lies in a well—but I think she prefers this fountain—and she must be very beautiful—is that it?"

"No, indeed!" said the little one, dashing a handful of spray directly in his face; "not Truth, indeed; she is far too grave and dignified for me; but I confess to some relationship—and, do you know, she sometimes lends me her mirror? Would you like to see yourself?" with a mischievous smile.

"See myself—in the mirror of Truth. O no, no, I thank you," replied Allen, suddenly conscious of so many petty faults, such grievous short-comings, indeed, that he was fain to hide his face very low among the wild flowers that fringed the fountain.

"Come! come!" continued the sprightly little lady; "never mind, I'll show you the one you love best; and before Allen could wink he was face to face with darling, little Minnie Grow. There she was, done in water colors; laughing eyes, flaxen curls, rosy mouth, dimples and all; and, what was charming, she returned Allen's glance of admiration to the full. But she vanished just in time to save him from a plunge bath, which he certainly would have taken a moment later.

"Ha! what a delicious simpleton you are, Master Morrow!" exclaimed the laughing sprite; now you shall see the one who *loves you best*.

Then, mirrored in the glassy fountain, was a face so calm and beautiful, so loving, kind, and holy. Allen clasped his hands, and sighed, "My mother!" And gazing down, he seemed to behold, as in a panorama, all her loving, tender care for him; all her midnight vigils; her hours of weary toil; her moments of anxiety and pain; he heard again her words of counsel and reproof, of love and hope, and confidence. Could he betray that confidence? disappoint those fond hopes? return that pure, unselfish love with base ingratitude? Impossible!

"Go on!" cried Allen, with deep interest; "show me something more;" and, as if answering to his very thought, he beheld a scene of such mournful interest that the tears flowed, unwittingly, down his cheeks. It was his father's death-bed.

"My son," said the dying parent (Allen seemed to hear it once again), "you will not always be a child; to your loving, thoughtful care I commend this dear mother and precious sister. God help you to be their comfort and protector when I am gone."

This scene vanished, like the preceding, leaving Allen still unsatisfied.

"Go on, beautiful maiden; show me what came afterward; how was that trust fulfilled?"

"O, this is getting serious, Allen," replied the water-nymph, smiling through her tears; I wish I had not meddled with my sister's mirror. But if you will have it, remember Fancy, not Truth, holds it before you."

Scarcely heeding her words, Allen gazed expectantly into the fountain, when lo! all vanished from his sight, and without a thought of wonder as to how he came there, he found himself just balancing upon the back bed-room window sill, overlooking the wood-shed; mentally agitating the question whether *to go or not to go* with Corny.

It was but a little thing. A harmless frolic on one side—on the other, hum-drum duty. It was scarcely worth the anxiety with which he deliberated upon it. Alas! he forgot that, in such a case, "he who *deliberates* is lost," that a step one way, the right way, is peace, and safety, and honor; a step the other way is perdition.

The household was asleep. From his mother's room, which stood ajar, seemed to come unspeakable, holy influences, bidding him pause. From round the low couch where Bessie slept in her innocence, angels seemed to beckon with warning gesture.

But from without came a sound more potent than them all; it was Corny Brown's low whistle, from where the whole truant clan awaited him in the shadow of the lindens. At that magic note, all better thoughts vanished, and gliding quickly over the low roof, he leaped lightly to the ground and joined them.

Formost now among the frolickers, more madly gay, more recklessly bent on mischief than all the rest, was Allen. Corny himself, who planned the expedition, and "by hook, and by crook," literally, had got together a sumptuous little supper, felt his laurels entirely overshadowed.

Some hours later, when Allen laid his head upon his pillow, it was with a glorious sense of having cut his "leading strings," and ventured for himself.

But moonlight is a gay deceiver, clothing things ugly and uncanny in charming mystery and softening shadows. Daylight reveals all their deformities. At least so thought Allen, as he dressed himself, in spite of a dull, stupid headache, and went down to a late breakfast. The splendid little escapade of the night before, now seemed the extreme of childish folly; nay, more; with his enlightened conscience he already began to suffer all the pangs of remorse.

"You are late, Allen," said his mother,

pleasantly; then, noticing something unusual in his appearance, "What's the matter my son; are you ill? did you sleep well?"

"Headache," was all the reply Allen gave, and that, without looking up.

It was useless to try to eat, and his mother in her kindness, arranging the pillows on the lounge, insisted upon his lying down. Then darkening the room, she moved quietly about her household tasks.

But little Bessie, glad to have Ally' at home, whatever the cause, drew her rocker up beside him, and laid her soft, little hand on his hot forehead, cooing her sweet words of sympathy in his ear.

It was too much. Allen turned his face to the wall and feigned sleep, while bitter tears forced themselves between his shut eyelids. What would he not give only for the courage to confess and be forgiven.

In the afternoon he was better, and went to school. But even here conscience pursued and tormented him. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," stared at him from his copy-book.

"O, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive."

That was the parsing lesson; and surely the master's glance meant something when he called upon Allen to give the analysis. But a good romp with Corny and the rest, in the course of the afternoon, did much to restore his spirits; and he finally concluded that it was all nonsense to torment himself about such trifling sins, if sins they could be called. As Corny said, "Why need boys make old fogies of themselves."

And so, the Rubicon was passed. Allen was fairly in the enemy's country, not to conquer—but to be conquered; not to fight, but to yield almost without a struggle. To barter truth and honor for a few transient hours of giddy pleasure.

Henceforth Allen's course inclined to evil. He yielded more and more to the persuasions of his boon companions. He stifled more and more the better voice within. He shrank more and more from his mother's earnest glance, treating her reproofs, first with indifference, then with open contempt.

He was to Bessie no longer her ideal hero, though she clung to him with all a sister's love. Neighbors shook their heads with ominous sighs, and his mother carried in her heart a ceaseless burden of anguish.

Allen was fully aware of it all, but an irresistible fascination lured him on. The cigar and wine-glass lent their baneful influence, and as he neared that age when young people so often are far wiser than their seniors, reproof and entreaty were alike lost upon him.

It was no uncommon thing now, even in a brief college vacation, for Allen to



prefer the society of dissipated and unprincipled young men, to the pure enjoyments of home. Alas! he knew not how soon those sweet restraining influences he so much hated would be removed forever.

He was just going out on one of these occasions when his mother's voice arrested him.

"Allen, can't you give us the pleasure of your company this evening? Bessie and I spend many lonely hours together."

Her tone, which conveyed something like reproach, struck painfully on Allen's ear.

"Some other time, mother; but to-night I would rather—"

"Allen," exclaimed his mother, clapping her hands, and suddenly giving vent to her pent-up anguish; "Allen, have you ceased to love us? Are mother and sister less prized than strangers? Have you forgotten your dying father's bequest? O," and she began pacing the floor rapidly, "is it for this I have wept, and prayed, and toiled, and suffered? Is this the end of all my hopes? Where is my innocent boy, my noble, ingenuous Allen? Is he lost—lost to all sense of duty—to the voice of love and tenderness—to everything manly and good?"

"Mother!" cried Allen, angrily; "what is this all about? what have I done? Confound such nonsense! When you are reasonable I'll listen to you."

"Oh! my son, you have broken my heart," she groaned; but Allen heard only the slamming of the street door behind him.

When he awoke from the long sleep that followed that night of drunken revelry, it was to find his mother's eyes forever closed; her voice forever silent. No more tears; no more upbraidings; his guardian angel had fled.

O, why did he not pause here? Why not, for his orphaned sister's sake, resist the tempter, and prove himself a man? Alas! in the agony and shame of his remorse, he flew to the wine-cup for relief. Bessie clung round his neck, and, as a last appeal, held his mother's likeness up before him, hoping the sight of that angelic face would recall him to himself.

He struck her rudely from him, and threw the picture—*his mother's picture*—in the fire.

Pale as death, and trembling in every limb, Bessie wrapped a mantle around her, and with one glance of reproach and woe, fled from the house.

Horror-struck at his own act, and full of wretchedness, Allen sat cowering before the embers; with what bitter, bitter memories surging through his soul! O, that *first truant act*—that first broken promise—that *first step* in the wrong direction—how

clearly he saw in it the beginning of his everlasting ruin! Oh, that he were again the light-hearted, innocent boy! Not for worlds would he then swerve from the straight and narrow path.

A heavy step disturbed his unhappy reverie. A young man entered. It was Corny, his bosom friend, who tempted him to evil, and laughed at his remorse.

"How now?" said Corny; "glum as ever? What's the matter? Where's Bessie?"

"Dare to take my sister's name on your vile lips, and I will fell you to the earth," cried Allen, in sudden rage; "What are you here for? Is it not enough that you first tempted me astray, and have dogged me on ever since, until I have become tenfold worse than yourself, but now you must come to gloat over my ruin?"

"Come, come," said Corny, soothingly; "you are a little beside yourself, I think. Has anything happened?"

"Anything happened!" shrieked Allen; "haven't I killed my mother, and driven my innocent sister out a wanderer in the world. Haven't I disappointed everybody's hopes, and turned traitor to all that's good and holy? One thing more I can do," he added, instantly snatching a gun that stood in one corner; "I can send my own soul to —"

"Stop!" screamed Corny, seizing him with the strength of a giant, and hurling the weapon with a crash through the window.

They grappled with each other. Allen's passion had quite exhausted him. He felt Corny's fingers tightening their hold on his throat —

"Halloa, youngster, wake up here! a little more, and you'd ha' wriggled yourself clean into the water."

It was a good-natured teamster, who, stopping to quench his thirst at the half-way spring, found Allen writhing in that agony generally termed nightmare. Seeing the boy well awake, he went on, gee-hawing to his oxen.

Allen sprang up as buoyantly as a newly inflated toy-balloon. He could with difficulty refrain from startling the echoes, far and near, with his hip-hip-hurrah! Wasn't it a blessed thing to be young, fresh, and innocent! To have life before him, full of hope and promise, and no evil shadows from the past, goading him to madness.

Would Corny, or any other boy, ever have power to lure him into truant paths of sin while the memory of this hour remained?

Then Allen remembered his good mother's teachings. He realized how nearly he had yielded to temptation, and he was not ashamed to kneel right there, in that shaded nook, and ask heaven to

keep him from the *first wrong step*.

Happy is the mother who sees in her boy's face the beaming candor and integrity of soul that shone in Allen's as he recounted at home, all the scenes, real and unreal, of that day.

Happy is the boy who deserves such words of sweet approval as fell from his mother's lips, with the dear good night.

### EVANGELA'S PRAYER.

BY JULIA M. TRAYER.

Beside her little couch she knelt,  
In childish innocence and grace;  
The grief her gentle spirit felt,  
All pictured in her tearful face.

With folded palms and lifted eye  
She softly breathed her simple prayer,  
To Him who hears the sparrow's cry,  
And clothes the lilies sweet and fair.

"Please, Lord, may some dear angel come  
To watch o'er little sister Bess,  
Since our own mamma has gone home;  
For I'm so small, and she's still less.

"She's such a tender, little thing,  
O, make her way all smooth and bright;  
Close sheltered by his brooding wing,  
She'll never wander from his sight.

"And make me strong to do and bear;  
And good, that so she'll learn to be;  
And if a cross fall anywhere,  
O, not on *her*, please, but on *me*."

She closed her drooping lids and slept,  
One cheek upon the snowy spread,  
While softly in a moonbeam crept,  
And wove a halo round her head.

And now her dreaming soul to bless,  
There came a vision bright and fair;  
'Twas all about the little Bess,  
And seemed an answer to her prayer.

She saw the child in slumber sweet,  
Upon a little, golden bed;  
An angel watching at her feet,  
Another watching at her head.

A heavenly radiance filled the room,  
And perfumes floated on the air;  
'Twas night without its shadowy gloom,  
'Twas day without its scorching glare.

And ever when the infant flung  
Her arms about, with restless throes,  
A little song the angels sung  
That lulled her softly to repose.

And when with hunger she awoke,  
They gave her heavenly wine and fruit;  
And one in tender accents spoke,  
And one played sweetly on her lute.

Thus on and on, for many a day,  
The angels hovered o'er the child;  
And so she trod life's desert way,  
Alike unharmed and undefiled.

Then woke the dreamer, and she blest  
The loving Lord who heard her prayer,  
And laid her down to quiet rest  
Without a sorrow or a care.

Character is what we really are. Reputation is what we are taken for.

## DAKOTA LIFE.\*

Like the Arabs of the desert, the Dakotas usually live in tents, or *teepees*. These are of a conical form, like the Sibley army tent, the Dakota *teepee* being the original pattern. In the late spring and summer, when the skins of the buffalo are worthless for robes, the Dakota women dress them with the hair off, for moccasins and tents. From seven to fifteen buffalo skins, thus dressed, are sewed together for one tent, according to the size of the household, or the ambition of the owners. Instead of being supported by a tripod, as the Sibley tent is, a Dakota *teepee* is constructed by setting up a number of poles—from six to a dozen—fastening them together at the top, and spreading out the bottoms so as to suit the size of the covering, which is then drawn around them and fastened with a row of pins in front, leaving a hole at the bottom, for entrance, and one at the top for the smoke. The lower edge of the covering is then fastened down by pins driven into the ground, while the flap, which regulates the smoke hole, is arranged to accommodate the wind.

This finished, the industrious Dakota wife gathers a bundle of dried grass, which she spreads on the ground in the inside, and on this she places her skin mats and robes. These form the carpet by day, and the bed by night. In the center, a space is left for the fire, and the woman takes her ax and cuts and carries home a bundle of dry wood.

She is then ready for the return of her husband, with his ducks, or other game, if he has been so fortunate as to find any. If the man has no powder, or has been unsuccessful in taking game, perhaps he brings in some eggs, or turtles, or fish. Or possibly there has been a buffalo hunt, and fresh meat is abundant. Or, if that is not so, it may be the time when *teepsinna* are plenty. This is a root with a hard rind, and a sweet, farinaceous bulb within, which grows in the high and dry prairie. The women and children are the *teepsinna* diggers. When the root is tolerably abundant, a woman goes out in the morning, and returns about two o'clock, with half a bushel, which makes about a peck when hulled.

The kettle is swung over the fire, and whatever there is on hand, or whatever has been obtained by the day's labor, for the day's food, is boiled, and served out in the common wooden dishes, to be eaten with knives or horn spoons. If it is the time for taking furs, the skin of the animal

is taken off and stretched for drying, and the flesh is put in the kettle.

The man, perhaps, has gone out in the early morn, without any breakfast, and now it is afternoon. It is only right that the woman should have hominy, or boiled corn ready for him on his return. And as she neither goes to war, nor kills ducks, deer nor buffalo—in fact, because she is only a woman—it is highly proper, on the principle of an equal division of labor, that she should plant and hoe the corn. The corn, then, by the common custom, which is common law, is regarded as belonging to the woman, and so is the *tent*, and many other things, often including the *horse*.

We have spoken of the skin *teepee*. When the buffalo becomes scarce, skin tents are difficult to be obtained, and then cotton cloth is purchased of the trader, and substituted for the more substantial, dressed buffalo skins.

Then, too, there is the *summer house*, which is built at or near the planting place, and constructed of poles tied together, and covered with bark. These bark houses are somewhat permanent fixtures. They are more roomy, cool and pleasant for the summer, than the common *teepee*. Usually they are square, or oblong, though in some portions of the tribe the circular form is fashionable. In the latter case the sides of the house are made of split sticks, set on end, and the covering is of earth, thrown on poles laid close together. The square, or oblong ones are finished within, with a raised platform, about two feet high, running along the two sides and the farther end, the door or entrance being at the other end. This platform is covered with bark, and on it are spread the mats and robes on which they sit, and lie down and sleep. The fire is made on the ground in the center, and a hole is left in the ridge, through which the smoke is supposed to pass out. But with the best arrangement, and the greatest care, a Dakota summer or winter house is often a very smoky place. And, as if the smoke of the fire was not enough, there is added the smoke of the pipe. The Dakotas are great smokers. The red pipe stone quarry, where, according to tradition, is the assembling of the nations, is in the Land of the Dakotas. The tobacco is furnished by the trader, and the *kinnikinick* the Indian finds growing along the streams.

When the Dakotas are without pipe and tobacco, they are not usually in a very good humor. A boy learns to smoke when quite young, but a girl is not expected to indulge in that way until she becomes a woman. And occasionally you will find a woman who does not smoke.

Smoking takes up much of their time when awake, and is with them a great institution. When alone, a man lights his pipe frequently; but when two or three are together, the pipe is kept going around, and seldom gets cold. If one Indian meets another on the prairie, they sit down and smoke before they talk. At their feasts, before and after eating, they smoke—but especially before. Indeed, the pipe, on many of these occasions, is held up reverently to the god they wish to propitiate, and the prayer is offered, "Have mercy on me."

When the camp moves, the women take down the tents, roll them up, and pack them on horses, or on their own backs, and start off, while the men sit down and enjoy a last smoke around their camp fires.

In the early years of the Dakota Mission, Mr. G. H. Pond used to wish that he could be an Indian for a little while, that he might know how a Dakota felt and reasoned. It was, perhaps, to realize this wish, that he made a trial of camp life, the record of which will illustrate the subject of this article.

He started from Lacquiparle April 1, 1838, with a blanket on his shoulder, in company with some Indian families, to spend a few weeks in camp. The party ascended the Chippewa river towards the forks of the stream, to join others who were already out hunting in that part of the country. At night they lay down empty, as the Indians say when they have killed no game during the day, and slumbered on the bank of the river, under the broad, blue sky. Mr. Pond, however, had brought a little food, which he shared with the company, as generosity is a necessary virtue in an Indian camp.

The next morning they reached a streamlet, which ordinarily might be stepped across; but now, swollen by late rains and melting snow, it was a formidable river. The Indians sat down and smoked, and contrived, and hesitated, and smoked again, each waiting for the others to lead the way. The water was cold, and came up to a man's shoulders, and it was not a little amusing to see the younger wife of one of the men cling with her copper-colored arms around his savage neck, as he tugged her across, both nearly buried in the water. The baggage, carried on the head, and supported by the hands, being all taken over dry, and the water wrung from the clothes, the party resumed their march along the narrow trail.

At the Forks, the Chippewa was full to overflowing, and the afternoon was consumed in crossing over in a little canoe, which belonged to Round Wind, whose

\* This article forms a chapter in "The Gospel among the Dakotas; by Rev. S. R. Riggs;" a book that will soon be published. It may not be copied.

*teepee* stood on the farther bank. Round Wind's *teepee* was circular, about twelve feet in diameter, with a fire in the center, and had piled away in it all the baggage of the family. That night fifteen persons, besides unnumbered dogs, lodged in it.

At this place Eagle Help made a small canoe for muskrat hunting, which detained the party two days. In the evening of the first day, Little Crow, then a young man, and his wife, whom he had recently taken, brought in about a half bushel of tortoises, which they had found sunning themselves along the shores of the river and lakes. Another brought in an otter, and another a crane and some ducks. These were to make supper and breakfast for all the party.

It was somewhat painful to one not accustomed to the operation, to see the tortoises cooked alive. They were all put into a large kettle of water and hung over the fire. At first they seemed to be quite well contented, but as the heated water approached the boiling point, they became restless, and it was sport to the Indians, great and small, to beat them back as they tried to escape over the sides of the kettle. The life was finally boiled out of the poor animals, and they were served up in wooden dishes, with the water in which they had been scalded to death, for broth.

Round Wind's wife, who was the mistress of the *teepee*, and exceedingly respectful to her missionary guest, took particular care to wipe out his dish, first with a dry wisp of grass, taken from under the mat on which she sat and slept, and afterwards with the corner of her short gown, which she had worn night and day since autumn; and having thus cleaned the dish, she put into it a tortoise and some broth, and placed it before him. But the pity already excited, and other circumstances, had taken off the edge of his appetite, however keen it might otherwise have been.

When the canoe was finished, Eagle Help and wife, and Mr. Pond started up the left branch of the Chippewa, to a place fifteen miles distant, where six families of Indians were encamped. This was Friday. They slept that night on a little hill covered with oaks, and had a goose for supper, the entrails of which, according to Dakota custom, were roasted on the coals, and eaten while the goose was being boiled.

Saturday morning, having breakfasted on what remained from their supper, they continued their journey, and reached the camp early. The *teepees* stood on the shore of a lake bordered with trees, and the country around was well wooded, and abounded in lakes.

Sabbath morning came, but as food was very scarce, the Indians determined to re-

move their camp, leaving Mr. Pond behind to rest on the Sabbath, and rejoin them the next day. That day he had a muskrat for breakfast.

The lakes now froze over, and the ducks disappeared, so that from Monday until Thursday, in the *teepee* of Cloud Man, whose guest Mr. Pond then was, they had nothing to eat, except one duck, a few ground nuts, and some dead-fish, which the women gathered on the lake shore, and the Indians said were *good*. So does the buzzard relish his supper. What creatures of habit! The white man cannot eat fish that died in the winter, and floated ashore in the spring, and are boiled without cleaning, simply because he dislikes their looks and flavor!

Thursday, three of the six *teepees* removed to the river, and, what was a matter of rejoicing to all, *Red Fisher's* son killed a goose. All the men, seven in number, made their suppers from that one goose, and it was the best meal Mr. Pond had after the muskrat on Sabbath. Friday morning there was nothing to eat, and all the Indian men started off early on the hunt, except Round Wind, who went back to the lake for a canoe. But he soon returned, bringing the sad news that the Ojibwas had, in the night, killed the inmates of the three *teepees* which had remained behind on Thursday.

Mr. Pond went immediately with Round Wind to the place, where lay scattered about, the hashed and mangled remains of a part of his company the day before. They hastily dug a hole in the earth, in which, with feelings which may be imagined, they packed the bodies, limbs and severed heads of the dead, eleven in number, and then covered them with their buffalo skin tents. Only two had escaped.

It appears that Hole-in-the-Day, a celebrated Ojibwa chief, with a small party, had visited their tents in the evening, pretending peace. The Dakotas had killed a dog and feasted them. They all had lain down to sleep, but the Ojibwas rose up to slay.

When Mr. Pond and Round Wind returned to their camp, they found the tents all *struck*, and everything in readiness to start home. A boiled goose egg had been kindly kept for the missionary. When he had eaten that, Round Wind told him to mount his horse, and he would take him to the forks of the Chippewa. Safely across the river, he could go in haste, on foot, to the Mission Station. That night he forded the stream over which the Indian had carried his young wife the week before, and lay down without fire or supper. Dreaming, under such circumstances, was quite out of the ques-

tion. Saturday at noon he breakfasted at home, after *two weary weeks* of missionary labors, enriched with a variety of Indian savage life in the wigwam.

One of those who escaped in the above massacre, was a mother. While fleeing, her babe was shot in her arms, and she was slightly wounded. She took refuge behind a tree, and thus eluded her enemies; and from that hiding place she observed them in their fiendish work. After they departed she returned to the *teepees* and watched until the morning. Then, after the Indian manner, fastening two poles to a horse, she placed on them a wounded boy and her own scalped little ones, and started in search of the party that had left them the day previous.

These two weeks spent by Mr. Pond in the Indian *teepee*, are, in some respects, an extreme specimen of Dakota camp life. Not by any means is there always such a scarcity of food—so much hunger. Not always is there such danger and death. And yet both are of frequent occurrence.

When the news of this cowardly and treacherous act of the Ojibwas reached Lacquiparle, there was great wailing. Almost every family in the village was in some way connected with those who had been slain. Early on one of the mornings after this, there came an old woman to the Mission Station, with disheveled hair and haggard looks, wearing a ragged shirt and leggins, and with an old piece of buffalo skin thrown over her shoulders. She walked around the house, wailing *Me-ta-ko-ja! Me-ta-ko-ja! My grandchild! my grandchild!* And in her estate of sorrow and want, she took occasion to beg in the name of our first-born. This was the first time some of us had heard that form of appeal. And coming as it did, under those circumstances, it was an appeal of wonderful power. It seemed so like asking God for the sake of His dear, only-begotten Son. Often afterwards did we hear the same form of request, and it never lost its force.

These are some of the experiences in Dakota Life. In such circumstances children are born, and grow up and die. Poorly clad, and often poorly fed, they are usually uncomplaining, and as gleeful as children born and cradled in the lap of plenty. But it cannot be denied that it is a hard life, even for them. And many, unable to endure excessive hardships, sink into an early grave. The *conjurer*, or *powwow* is called in to try the power of his song and rattle. But death is already taking possession, and cannot be driven away by such a power. The only thing the conjurer can do is, by his song, to teach the departing soul how to walk along the path of spirits.

## ON THE TRACK.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

A group of rosy children at their play;  
 The sky is fair; the year is at the May;  
 The sunshine creeps among their faces bright,  
 As if it claimed its gentle place by right.  
 With hands upraised, and sly, mysterious air,  
 What merry secrets are they telling there?  
 Gay little heads are nodding in the sun;  
 Dark, roguish eyes are twinkling with their fun;  
 As heedless of all danger as the birds;  
 O, happy time of flowers and loving words!  
 Hark! a sound is on the breeze!  
 Is it the hum of roving bees?  
 Is it the murmur of the mill?  
 No, the dripping wheel is still,  
 Dimmer now, and now more clear,  
 'Tis the down train rushing near!  
 Panting comes the iron steed!  
 Will the children never heed?  
 Are they deaf to every sound?  
 Feel they not the trembling ground?  
 Alas! unconsciously they stand!  
 Horror! the engine's close at hand!  
 A moment and the train they touch;  
 But I knew it wouldn't hurt them much,  
 For it's just as light as a toy can be,  
 And you wind it up, my dear, with a key.

## ELSIE'S TRIALS

BY JULIA F. SNOW.

June 12.—I think I have the worst times any child ever had. Because, in the first place, I am very homely, and then, besides, everybody hates me. It's of no use for anybody to tell me that they don't, for I know better, or rather, worse. Nothing better is ever going to happen to me.

I am so very plain. Such a thick, sallow, unwholesome complexion; such small, deep-set eyes, of no particular color; such straight, heavy eyebrows; such coarse, straight, black hair. And I freckle, too. As if it wasn't bad enough without that. Then my hands are so thin, and dark, and cold, and skinny; and my feet are so long and flat, and one ankle isn't like the other. Besides, I am left handed. Aunt Ginevra says I might be cured of it. But I won't be cured. I have as good a right to be left-handed as she has to be right-handed, and I mean to be so, if I like; I don't care if all the things in the world are made for right hands to use.

They call Aunt Ginevra very beautiful. I'm afraid she is, too. She is only six years older than I, if she is my aunt, and has no right to give herself airs. She is so malicious. She likes to put on her kid button boots, right before me, because she has such nice ankles, and mine are not alike, just to let me see that I am a poor, lop-sided thing. And I can't see why she should curl her yellow hair into such a cloud of ringlets, if not to mortify me, with my thick, greasy, straight, black mop, if it isn't sheer contrariness. And she asks me to hold her blue Berlin-wool, just

to show how black my skinny hands look under it, and to show off her own milky-white fingers, with Dick Burn's diamond ring on her left forefinger. She won't tell that it is an engagement ring—not she. I spied it the next day after she got it, and she would not let me look at it—not she. She wrapped her napkin around it, and would not eat with her left hand at all. It was just to quiz me for being left-handed, I believe. But I took the biggest fried olykoeck I saw on the plate, and I put it on *my* left forefinger, and I tell you, I used *my* left hand, and flourished it right in her face. Uncle Jack saw it. I guess he liked it, for he teased Aunt Ginevra about her lame hand, till she nearly cried. Then Grandpa sent me away from the table, just for having a little fun. They never let me have any fun. They would not let me go to the kitchen where I could have had a first rate time with Thomas Velvet, (I know such a lovely way to plague cats, but I shan't tell,) but set me to mending stockings.

But I squared accounts after all. Dick Burns was sitting on the verandah, with Aunt Genie, and she was just making a "sunset." Of all the foolish things in the world. I just took the stocking that had the biggest hole in it on my fist, and out I walked.

"Aunt Genie," said I, "Bridget says you must have worn this stocking a whole week, to have worn such a hole in it." (She didn't say so; I made it up.) And I sat down, right before them, to mend it. Aunt Genie blushed, and fidgetted. She wanted me to go off somewhere else, but didn't like to send me.

"I supposed you were mending your own stockings," she said, after a moment.

"I suppose you thought so, because I have two different sizes in my lap. It's just like you, to throw it up, because I have different sized feet," I snapped back at her.

The tears came into her eyes. The crocodile.

"It's two things to have eyes to look with, or to see with," I muttered, but loud enough to be heard.

Aunt Genie got up and walked off toward the arbor. She dropped her Shetland wool, and as Dick Burns picked it up, and followed her, to return it, I heard him muttering, too.

"O, how I wish I had the charge of your education, for a while, Miss Elsie."

Now he'll tell grandpa, and won't I get a blessing.

Tuesday.—Grandpa says I must go to live with Aunt Haskins, my old maid great aunt, if I don't mend my ways. How can I, when everybody puts upon me. What if I do make fun of her eyeglass.

Ain't I lame; and isn't that worse than being near-sighted, a great deal. And now they have forbidden me to ride Barby for a week, just because Aunt Genie had red eyes. And Dick Burns tells of me.

4, P. M.—They brought out Barby and Seneca Chief, for Dick and Genie to ride this afternoon. I made up my mind that if I can't ride Barby, *she* shan't. So I went up and spoke to her, and patted her back, and slipped a beech nut under the saddle, as I pretended to fix Genie's skirt. Aunt Genie looked pleased at my care of her dress. That hateful Dick Burns. I put half a thistle head under *his* saddle and limped off. They looked at me, and I believe they were talking of me. O, horror! I never till this minute thought of the stone quarry! It's too late to think of it now!

7, P. M.—What an awful thing to have to wait! I can't even run after them, for I am lame! I can only watch for them. What shall I do if anything really did happen. And there comes a crowd of people, up the avenue! Tom Burns is there, and Dick leans on his shoulder, and has a cane. His arm is in a sling. There is something on a litter, and a veil over one end. They carry it carefully up the steps. I *know* what it is. I dare not go down. I have killed her! I shall be hung. I see the gallows! O, bad, wicked, cruel girl. My poor, pretty, dear, little auntie!

9, P. M.—I have been into her room. She is breathing, and is not going to die. The doctor says so. He set Dick Burns' shoulder. I crept in and out of the room but nobody noticed me. Barby was just brought home. She has a deep cut on her leg, and will be lame a good while. Somebody said Seneca Chief was dead, down in the stone quarry. Nobody spoke to me, and I dare not ask questions. I dare not go to bed. I can see it all in the dark. I can see Chief's eyes roll as he went over the ledge. I seem to hear everybody say I killed my aunt! I mean to put on my plaid shawl and sit outside her door, and watch her all night, if I can't go in.

Wednesday, 7 A. M.—The doctor stepped on my fingers as he came out of her door, for I had fallen asleep; then he started back and exclaimed,

"Is this creature imp, or human?"

I suppose he was startled, for I am so *very* homely, all huddled in a heap with the thick shawl drawn over me, and my black hair standing all ways. But I felt too bad to care for his rough speech. I said,

"It's only Elsie. Is Aunt Genie going to die?"

"No, but small thanks to whoever started up her horse."

O, dear, he knew it too!

"Pretty dear child's play. A valuable horse killed, another lamed, and two persons brought to death's door, for a child's nonsense."

I could not endure this; I burst out,

"O, doctor! what *can* I do? What *shall* I do? Where did it happen?"

"Happen! it didn't happen. A child tried to fly a kite across the road just before the horse's face, near the ledge. Both horses shied, and Chief fell over and was killed. He fell in such a way that Dick's shoulder was put out. Barby didn't fall; she only cut her leg on a sharp stone, and Miss Genevra went over her head, and was taken up for dead. I think she'll get over it in time. We've cut off her hair and put on ice."

Her pretty hair.

"And I shall not go home yet, I'm going to lie down on the library lounge; you can call me at three, for your elfish eyes have had plenty of sleep for one night. If she cries out, or groans, call me sooner."

How I watched that half hour I don't know; it seemed longer than all day Sunday. She did not make any noise but a restless moaning, and I did not call him till the clock struck, but I lived it over every minute, and I wished I was lying where Seneca Chief lay, *for I had murdered Genie in my heart.*

Friday.—Aunt Genie spoke to me to-day. She did not know me before. But I can make lemonade equal to anybody's. I used to steal lemons and sugar to do it, and so I know how. I made lots of it in Kitty Beech's garret last spring. Aunt Genie don't know that I made it. She lets me take care of her, but Dick Burns won't speak to me. I don't blame him. I wouldn't if I was him.

Sunday.—Mr. Carleton, the minister, came to see her. He prayed with her. I listened. I always listen, for I want to know how much she tells of me. When he prayed it was like this.

"O, Heavenly Father! spare this precious life which Thou hadst so nearly taken. And let not her example of patience be lost on this household. And bless the motherless child who is so near and dear to all. Change her wayward heart, and claim her as one of Thy blessed lambs. For our Redeemer's sake."

I near and dear! Did he say that just to try me? What of it? what do I care whether they do or not? If God will only forgive me! If He only can! O, if I ever can be a good girl! If I ever can be one of his lambs! At any rate, I'll be good to Aunt Genie. Poor Aunt Genie, with her pale, scarred face, and broken limbs!

September.—I haven't written in a long time. I haven't had time. I've tried to help take care of Aunt Genie, and I've kept

pretty busy all summer. Genie was brought out on the verandah to-day. It didn't leave a scar after all, and her hair curls prettier than ever. She lets me hold her hand, and look at her ring. I wouldn't tease her about it now for the world. They let me sleep on the lounge and take care of her. I'd like to have anybody else just *offer* to do anything for her. I wish I was gentle and patient like she is. I don't ever want to ride Barby again. Dick don't like me any too well, but I don't blame him. I wouldn't if I were him.

Christmas Eve.—And after all the wedding is to be to-morrow! Everything is ready, and I've helped for two weeks, every day. Nobody teases me now. I wish they did. I think the most of it used to be in fun, after all, but it seems now as if I wasn't even worth teasing. Just before bed time, last night, I confessed it all to her. But she had known it all the time. I looked so wicked that Dick guessed some mischief, and looked after the saddles. And so I had had nothing to do with the dreadful thing, after all. Thank God. I looked in the glass to-day. It almost seems that I am not so *terribly* homely as I used to be. At least, Aunt Genie said I was almost good looking. But somehow, it doesn't seem to make so much difference as I used to think it would. I thank God every day that I was kept from really doing such a dreadful thing, for it is *almost* as bad to want to do a wicked thing, as to really do it.

### THE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

O, what shall we do with the queerest of boys? He looks with disdain on the weakness of toys; While comrades are playing, he never will budge, But he sits in a corner as grim as a judge.

He sighs for a cane, and he wants a high hat; He pines for a vest, and a watch, and all that; He prattled of shaving, when school days began, This dear little, odd little, dry little man!

He promises mother a house and some land, And twenty-five servants, or more, to command; He keeps his own trunk, on his own little shelf, And he writes funny letters, and all to himself.

His age—would you think it?—is only just four; You'd say, by his ways, he was forty, or more; He begs to sit up, when the rest go to bed— Say, what's to be done with this wise, little head?

He has a wee sister, who's just come to town; He came, and he looked at her in her white gown;

Then bade her "good morning"—he made it a point To show that his nose wasn't put out of joint!

He talks of a gun, and a pistol that shoots; His feelings are strong on the subject of boots; They call him "old-fashioned," and so let him stay, As long as he's good, in the old-fashioned way!

One piece of wrong doing is never cured by another.

### A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Nathan and Barbie had just gone to the singing school, and their father and mother were all alone in the big kitchen. Mrs. Phillips was darning stockings, by the little round table, and Mr Phillips had just finished reading a letter. He had laid the letter across his knee, and sat rubbing his glasses with his handkerchief, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. Mrs. Phillips looked up at him once or twice, and at last asked,

"Well, father, what do you think of Lucy's letter?"

"I don't think it will do at all," said Mr. Phillips; "it would just ruin the children to spend two weeks in the city. They'd be discontented with everything at home."

"I'm not sure about that," said Mrs. Phillips; "it would be a great pleasure to them, and I don't wonder they want to see something outside of the farm."

Mrs. Phillips sighed softly as she took up another stocking, thinking of some dreams and wishes of her own.

"I could spare Nathan, well enough," said Mr. Phillips, after a while, "if I thought it was really best, but I don't see how you'll manage about their clothes."

"O, I've got that all planned. There's that blue broadcloth suit that was grandpa's; it'll make over nicely for Nathan—"

"Nathan shall have a new suit," said his father; "Mr. Neal owes me for wheat, and I never shall get the pay unless I take it in work."

"Well, then I can manage nicely for Barbie. I was intending to get her a new calico, anyhow, and she can have my gray poplin for a best dress, and I dare say we can fix over the green merino some way, and make it do."

"There's one thing," said Mr. Phillips, decidedly, "that I shall insist upon. Lucy shan't interfere with their clothes, or make them any presents in the way of dress. If she's ashamed of them she may send them home, but she mustn't make them dissatisfied with what we can do for them."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Phillips; "I'll write and tell her so."

Mr. Phillips picked up his paper again, and his wife went on with her darning, but all the time her thoughts were busy with planning and contriving how she could spare this, and give up that, to help Barbie's outfit for her visit. The moment the old clock struck *nine*, Mr. Phillips put up his paper and began to rake up the fire, and in a short time the children came in, fresh and rosy from their long walk in the frosty air. They were in a great glee over the singing of a young girl, who had tried to



impress them by her affected airs. Nathan, who was a natural mimic, threw back his head, rolled up his eyes, and went over with it for the amusement of his mother, and though his father seemed to take no notice, he went away to bed, laughing.

"We ought not to laugh," said Nathan, gravely; "I'm sure it was kind of her to give us a specimen of city style."

"O, fudge!" said Barbie, indignantly, "people don't sing that way in the city any more than we do, unless they're simpletons. Aunt Lucy don't sing so."

"There's a letter from aunt Lucy you may read if you want to," said her mother nervously; "though perhaps you'd better wait till morning."

Of course Barbie didn't think so, and she read the letter with her heart beating, and her cheeks burning with excitement.

"What does father say about it," she asked, looking anxiously at her mother.

"Father is willing," said her mother, smiling; "we think perhaps it will do you and Nathan good."

"O, mother," said Barbie, and couldn't say another word, for joy.

"When shall we go?" asked Nathan, finishing the letter.

"Sometime in April; father can spare you better than than any later."

"That'll be too early to wear summer clothes, won't it?" asked Nathan, doubtfully.

"Yes, but you are to have a new suit, Nathan," said his mother; "father said so."

Nathan's gray eyes spoke a great deal more pleasure at this news, than at the thought of going to Philadelphia.

"Aunt Lucy offers to pay your fare, and furnish you all the clothes you need, but father and I both think it will be best for you to wear only what we can afford to get you. I am sure you will think so too."

"Of course," said Nathan, whose natural independence was stiffened a good deal by the prospect of a new suit; "we ain't beggars, to want anybody's charity."

"It wouldn't be *charity*, if aunt Lucy chose to give us anything," said Barbie, who was already turning the green merino over in her mind; "you was glad enough when she sent you Bancroft's History."

"Books are very different from clothes," said Nathan; "anybody may give me books and I'll thank 'em."

"That's only because you care for books, and don't care for clothes," replied Barbie; "one is charity just as much as the other."

"Don't dispute, children," said Mrs. Phillips, "and don't be troubled about your clothes, Barbie; I've got it all planned, and I'll tell you about it to-morrow."

There was a cheerful smile on the mother's face as she kissed Barbie good night. Her whole life had been made up

of small sacrifices for those she loved, and to her unselfish heart it was a real delight to give up something for the sake of others. Such mothers there are in thousands of humble homes, where love and heroism smoothe continually the rough places of life for others, and whose praise, although unwritten here, will one day be spoken by Him of whom it is said, "*having loved his own, he loved them unto the end.*"

Barbie and her mother were deep in discussion over the gray dress which was to be made over, when cousin John's great market wagon drove up, and Ellen climbed down over the wheel and ran briskly into the house.

"Mother sent me to see if I couldn't help get Barbie ready for her visit," she said.

"There's not much to do," said Mrs. Phillips, with a secret regret that there was so little, for she would have enjoyed clothing her darling in purple and fine linen.

"I wish you would let me help you, Barbie; we've got all our spring sewing done, and I can't bear to let my machine alone."

"There's only this dress and one calico to make," said Barbie, bravely, "and my poor old merino to turn."

Barbie didn't blush, but Ellen did, for the outfit seemed poorer to her than to Barbie, and she felt sure she had hurt her feelings.

"Bundle them all up then, and take them over to our house; we'll call in an hour, when we come back from the Corners. Do come, Barbie, and stay a few days. Susan goes crazy at the sight of a dress to fit, and we'll fix you up neat as a pin."

Mrs. Phillips made some faint objections, but she was really relieved by the proposition, and Ellen had it all her own way.

"I've got all I want for the dresses, only the gray one really ought to have a trimming, if I could manage it anyway," said Barbie.

"Trim it in blue," said Ellen; "it'll be lovely and only cost a trifle. You can get some nice, alpaca braid, and I'll stitch it on the machine; you've no idea how pretty it is."

Ellen went to the Corners commissioned to buy the blue braid, and in a couple of hours she and Barbie were perched on the high, spring seat of the wagon, with a clothes basket of bundles under their feet, jolting over the stony road toward cousin John's.

"We'll make the calico first, because that's all plain sailing," said Susan, when the bundles were opened in the pleasant chamber.

Good Mrs. Phillips, with all her virtues, had no genius for dressmaking, and Susan certainly had, so it was with a new appre-

ciation of herself that Barbie surveyed her trim, little figure, arrayed in the new calico, with its pretty, ruffled yoke, and neatly fitting waist.

The gray dress, with its blue trimming, was pretty enough to satisfy even the fastidious Ellen, but Barbie took up the green merino with a feeling of real disgust.

"I wish we needn't touch the miserable old thing," she said.

Susan spread it on the bed, and looked at it thoughtfully, like a general surveying the enemy's fortifications. Susan was planning a triumph.

"Here's enough in this skirt for two dresses," she said at last; "and it's just as bright as can be on the wrong side. We can turn it, and gore the skirt so as to get enough for new waist and sleeves, and trim it with that gay plaid that was left of our dresses. It'll be the very handsomest dress you've got, Barbie."

And so it was, and Barbie was so delighted with it she could hardly wait an hour to show it to her mother. By the time she was furnished with a stock of neat linen collars and cuffs, made out of cousin John's old shirt bosoms, she felt a new respect for Susan's gifts. It must be confessed that Susan's literary taste was not remarkable, and she had once horrified Barbie by declaring she could not see why a man who had anything to say couldn't say it right out, without twisting it up into poetry, that nobody could make head or tail of.

Barbie had prided herself a good deal on her mental superiority, but she was forced to feel that there were a great many very valuable gifts that made little show in the world, and that genius, *real genius* might run in various directions.

"You're nice enough to go anywhere, now," said Ellen, as she folded the new dresses carefully, and laid them away in the basket, "and I dare say aunt Lucy will give you something handsome; a silk dress, maybe."

"I don't want her to give me anything," said Barbie; "and, besides, mother has written to her that if we came she must let us wear just what she has provided for us. Father never would hear a word to our going any other way."

"Your father is so queer," said Ellen; "father says he's the proudest man he ever saw, for a poor man."

"I don't know why a poor man hasn't as good a right to be proud as anybody," said Susan, quickly, as she noticed the color rising in Barbie's face, "and your father might have been the smartest lawyer in the State, if he hadn't given it all up to take care of his father and mother."

"Well, I say he was foolish to do it," said Ellen, obstinately; "he might have got some one else to do it, and, anyhow,

if I was old I wouldn't want anybody to lose all their chance of doing something in the world, just for the sake of taking care of me."

"You don't know anything about it," said Susan, "or you'd be ashamed of yourself to talk so. You see your father was nearly ready for the bar, Barbie, when your grandfather had that stroke of paralysis—I dare say you've heard all about it."

"No I haven't," said Barbie; "mother never likes to say anything about it; especially before father."

"Well, he couldn't help himself at all, and didn't know much more'n a baby, and there was nobody to go home and take care of him but your father. He was just going to be married, and he wanted to put it off, because your mother wasn't used to hard work, and never lived in the country, but she said no, she'd go and take care of the old folks, and so she did. She learned to make butter and cheese, and do all kinds of farm work, and she just cheered your father up, and kept him from getting discouraged all the six years that your grandfather lived. Then when he died there was grandma, without any home but the old farm, that nobody wanted to buy, and the twins were little and sickly, and so your father kept on working and trying to get a little money together, till the summer the twins died, and then he got the fever that spoiled his eyes. He gave all up after that, and settled down on the farm for good; but I've heard father say, many a time, that he never's been the same man since."

Barbie listened to this little history with her eyes full of tears. How selfish she had been to think so much of her own little sacrifices and trials, when her father's whole life was one sacrifice of all that seemed most desirable to him. The little princess began to find out that she was not the only king's daughter who was left to tend sheep and do humble work by the cottage hearth.

"Never mind, Barbie," said Ellen, kissing her, impulsively, "I think your father is splendid, and you're smart enough to be a lawyer yourself, if you want to."

Barbie's new dresses produced great astonishment at Riverside, and were admired to her complete satisfaction.

"Well, I do declare," said grandma, "I never see the beat of Roxy's girls for contrivin'. They come by it natural, too, for Roxy would always make a ten cent calico look smarter than some folks's silks."

Nathan's new suit of gray mixed, with large, gilt buttons, gave entire satisfaction. Not one of the family knew that the coat was of a style only suitable for a young man, or that the heavy, gilt buttons had been out of date for five years, if indeed they ever were in. Nathan's head was so

provokingly large that a boy's cap was out of the question, and it only needed the black wool hat, to which they fitted him at the corner store, to make him look like a little, old man. A pair of new, cow-hide boots completed his outfit, and Nathan felt so well satisfied with himself that it mattered very little how odd he looked to others.

It was the very loveliest of April weather when the good byes were said, and Barbie and Nathan climbed into the old-fashioned stage that still made semi-weekly trips from Riverside to Richwood—forty miles over the mountain roads. There was an old woman going three or four miles to visit her daughter, and two girls going down to Dudley to work in a braid factory, but after that the children had the stage to themselves. At first they were two much excited to talk, and then the stage bounced about so that it took a good deal of skill to keep one's seat. But after a while they got used to it, and then Barbie was continually spying out bunches of yellow cowslips in the meadows, and little tufts of violets and wood anemones by the roadside. Ferns nodded from the rocks that hung almost over their heads, and clear, little brooks came leaping down and wandered off into the meadows. The narrow road wound among the hills, and toward noon the driver climbed down from his high perch, and walked up a long hill, carrying the reins in his hand and cracking his long whip about his head till the rocks rang with the echoes."

"I wish he'd let me get out," said Nathan, "I'm tired to death, sitting here."

"Why don't you ask him then," said Barbie.

"I mean to, the very next hill," said Nathan.

So Nathan kept putting his head out at the window to look ahead, and at last he was rewarded by the sight of a long, rocky hill just before them.

"Whoa!" said the driver, and before Nathan could ask any questions, he came to the stage door and said to him,

"If you want to stretch your legs a bit, youngster, here's a chance for you."

"Just what I should like," said Nathan, springing quickly out.

Barbie wanted to follow him, but she did not quite know as it would be proper.

"You'd better come, too," said the driver, "it'll rest you a sight," and Barbie gladly got out, and ran along beside the stage, filling her hands with wild flowers, and breathing the moist, fresh air of the woods.

"This is the last big hill betwixt here and Richwood," said the driver; "it's mostly down hill the rest of the way."

At the top of the hill the horses stopped a few minutes to rest.

"It's curious about them critters," said the driver; "they aint tired drawin' that empty stage up, but they've got the habit of stopping and they always will, in spite of everything. There's that nigh leader; he's the knowinest critter. I've druv him this five year, and he won't stir a peg up this hill, not till I get out and walk."

They stopped at noon at a little village, and drove into the stable yard of an old-fashioned, red tavern. The tired horses were taken out, and while the fresh ones were being harnessed, the driver went in for his dinner. Barbie and Nathan had a nice lunch from home, and they sat down on the great "stoop" to eat. A fat, motherly-looking body came out once or twice and looked at them.

"How far are you going, children?" she asked, at length.

"To Philadelphia," said Barbie, and she couldn't help thinking it sounded rather grand.

"My sakes," said the woman; "you'd best come in then, and eat something hearty; it'll be pitch dark before you get there."

But Barbie had no mind to spend any of her precious money for a dinner, so she ate her seed cakes and buns, and tried to wait patiently for the driver to finish his roast veal.

"I wonder what father's doing now," said Nathan, as he brushed the crumbs from his new clothes.

"Eating dinner, of course," said Barbie, "we ain't so far away but that noon comes the same time it does here."

"I wish that driver'd hurry up; seems to me he means to eat all day; if he don't look out we shall be too late for the train; then what'll you do, Barbie?"

"I know exactly what I shall do. Father told me if any accident happened, so that we missed the train, to go to the tavern right opposite the depot. And if uncle Marston doesn't meet us at Philadelphia, we are to call one of the city hacks and have the driver take us there. The city hacks will have a number on the door or the lamps, so we can tell them from private carriages, and there is a card inside, telling just how much we must pay."

"Father's very particular, seems to me," said Nathan, who was a little mortified that these directions were given to Barbie, rather than to himself. "I dare say I could have taken care of you, and got you to uncle Marston's all right."

"But you know, Nathan, you never remember," said Barbie; "most always you're thinking of something else, and don't hear a word, when people suppose you're listening."

The driver came out wiping his mouth, and cracked his long whip, as a signal to the hostler that he was ready to go. While

they were bringing the horses around, he was laughing and talking with a red-cheeked girl, who wanted to send a small parcel by him, but at last he mounted to his perch, and gathered up his reins, and the hostler shut the stage door after the children. They were getting a little tired of their journey, and did not talk so much, and Barbie fell to thinking of the story Ellen had told her, and wondering how much of it Nathan knew.

"Nathan," she said, at last, "did you know father had been disappointed about a profession?"

"I knew he wanted to be a lawyer once, and had to give it up because his eyes got so bad."

"It wasn't all his eyes; it was because he thought it was his duty to take care of grandfather. Ellen told me all about it, and I've felt so sorry for father ever since."

"Well, you needn't," said Nathan; "I don't think father cares, and I'd rather be a farmer than a lawyer like Squire Winter."

"Father never would have been like Squire Winter," said Barbie, indignantly; "he'd have been a grand lawyer, like Webster, and Henry Clay, and Patrick Henry, and we should all have been rich."

"Webster was as poor as anybody, and he wasn't half so good as father, either," persisted Nathan, and Barbie concluded not to say any more about it.

They reached Richwood in time for the train, and were soon dashing away toward the Quaker city. No one who noticed the lady-like little girl, and her rather uncouth companion, would have guessed that they were on the cars for the first time in their lives. The glare of the lamps, the shouting of the hack drivers, and all the bustle and confusion of a city depot, gave Barbie's nerves a pretty hard trial. She felt hopelessly lost and bewildered, and as she vainly looked through the crowd for her uncle Marston, she was almost ready to cry, when a neat-looking mulatto stepped up to her and said, as he touched his hat politely, "Is this Miss Barbara Phillips?"

"Yes sir," faltered Barbie, in a tremble.

"Mr. Marston's carriage is out here," said the man; "he sent me to fetch you."

"Come, Nathan," said Barbie, with a sigh of relief, and they were soon handed into an elegant, family carriage.

"Give me your checks, Miss, and I'll go for your trunks," said the man; and Barbie gave him the check for the one little, half-filled trunk, which, in her fright, she had entirely forgotten.

A few minutes more and they were rolling over the paved streets, between rows of splendid buildings, whose whole fronts seemed in a blaze of light to their unaccustomed eyes. At the steps of a handsome residence, they were helped from the

carriage, and at the ringing of the bell, another servant admitted them to a hall floored with what looked to Barbie like marble, and then led them to a parlor whose beautiful furniture, rich carpet, splendid mirrors, and exquisite pictures made the little princess wonder if she had not all at once reached the king's house.

"Presently their uncle Marston sauntered into the room; a handsome man, in dressing gown and slippers. He kissed Barbie on the cheek, approvingly, shook hands with Nathan, and glanced at his clothes with a smile of amusement in his eyes, though he tried to suppress it, and then called to a boy who was putting coal on the grate,

"John, say to Mrs. Marston that her niece is here."

"He doesn't even mention me," thought Nathan, and an indignant feeling sprung up in his heart. But it melted away in a minute, when aunt Lucy came running in, and welcomed them both in her loving, warm-hearted way.

She carried them up stairs with her, and uncle Marston sat down to his evening paper thinking,

"The girl is a nice little thing enough, but that boy looks as if he came out of the ark; but a tailor will soon set him right."

[To be continued.]

### NAMING THE BABY.

BY MRS. M. E. C. BATES.

What shall we name the darling,  
Who came to us one day?  
Shall we call her our little Mary,  
Estella, or Ida, or May?  
Mabel, or Saxon Edith;  
Or Margaret, fairest pearl.  
Will Isabella, tall and stately,  
Be fitting our little girl?  
Shall we call her gentle Alice,  
Or Madge, for her dark, brown hair?  
Is she like a June Rose just op'ning,  
Or a Lily, pure and fair?  
Shall we name her Helen, or Laura,  
Sweet Hope, or darling Grace?  
Will Belle, Louise, or Anna,  
Match best with the baby's face?  
Lottie, or Hattie, or Jennie,  
Winnie, or romping Kate?  
Josephine, proud and stately,  
Or Bertha, grave and sedate?  
No name that just fits you, dearie?  
Then what shall the little one do?  
Must she wander, forlorn and nameless,  
The years of her life all through?  
We will call you all sweet names, Darling,  
That are found in household lore;  
Should they be too small a number,  
We will study to make them more.  
We will call you our brown snow-birdie,  
Fairy, and Daisy, and Elf,  
Darling, and Dottie, and Dimple,  
Names fitting your own sweet self.  
Some propitious morn or even,  
Shall bring you a name to bear;  
Some name with a musical cadence,  
Shall our little baby wear.

### GEMS, OR PRECIOUS STONES.

BY MARY LORIMER.

Gems, or Precious Stones are charming to look upon, and have been admired from the earliest ages. I have, however, heard persons speak with contempt, and even disapprobation of jewels, as if they ministered only to pride and vanity, because some weak women are so vain of these sparkling ornaments.

But jewels are not to blame for the folly of their wearers. They are made to be admired, and are formed by the same Almighty power that moulds the graceful curve of the lily bell and flushes the heart of the rose, and fringes and tints with unnumbered dyes the stately flowers of the garden, and the wild blossoms of the forest. Let us read, also, from an "old writer," this description of a certain glorious city, that we hope some day to see; "the light of which was like unto a stone most precious, even a Jasper stone, clear as crystal. And the foundations of the wall were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was of Jasper, the second Sapphire, the third Chalcedony, the fourth Emerald, the fifth Sardonyx, the sixth Sardius, the seventh Chrysolite, the eighth Beryl, the ninth Topaz, the tenth Chrysoprasus, the eleventh Jacinth, the twelfth Amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl." After this we shall hardly presume to say that precious stones are of little account.

I hope my young readers will admire these beautiful substances, and find out all they can about them. It is a delightful branch of study, and many of these stones have such sparkling qualities as to repay research.

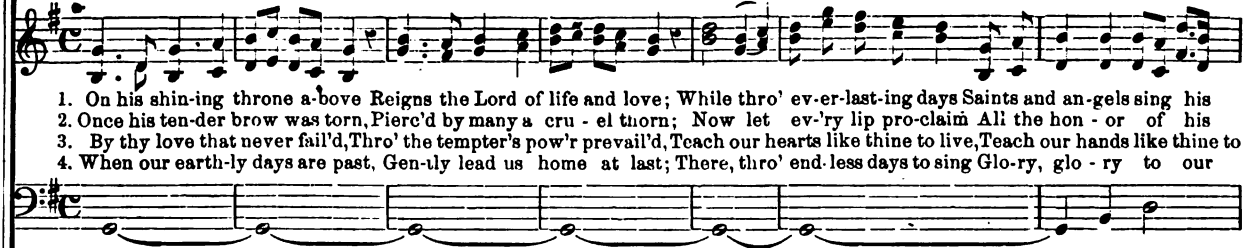
I will give here a list of most of the precious stones, with the colors most prevalent, and at another time will describe more particularly some of the more remarkable varieties.

Agate, soft yellow, white and brown, clouded and variegated. Alabaster, white. Amethyst, purple or violet. Aqua-marina, sea green. Bloodstone, deep green with blood-red spots. Cat's Eye, a beautiful brown, presenting a peculiar appearance resembling the light from a cat's eye; also, in a shaded light, emitting a radiance that disappears in the direct light of the sun. Chrysoberyl, yellowish green. Chrysolite, golden yellow. Chrysoprase, apple green. Chalcedony, various colors. Carnelian, red and white. Crystal, pure, pellucid white. Diamond, white and various colors. Emerald, rich green. Garnet, red. Jacinth or Hyacinth, red and various colors. Jasper, various colors, spotted, banded, varie-

## EASTER HYMN.—Duet and Chorus

DUET.—Soprano and Alto.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Music by Prof. O. MATO.

*Softly, and somewhat slower.*

CHORUS.

praise; While thro' ev-er-last-ing days Saints and an-gels sing his praise. Chil-dren, come and sing Ho-san-na; It is  
 name; Now let ev-ry lip pro-claim All the hon-or of his name. Chil-dren, come, &c.  
 give; Teach our hearts like thine to live, Teach our hands like thine to give. Chil-dren, come, &c.  
 King; There, thro' end-less days to sing Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King. Chil-dren, come, &c.

meet that you should sing; Once on earth he died to save you, Now he reigns your glorious King, Now he reigns your glorious King.

gated. Jet, glittering black. Lapis Lazuli, delightful blue. Moonstone, pearly white. Onyx, light, clear brown and opaque white arranged in layer Opal, white, bluish or yellowish, with beautiful play of colors. Quartz, rock crystal, pure, transparent white. Ruby, brilliant red. Sapphire, deep, sky blue and silver white. Sardonyx, shades of brown mingled with white. Sardius, deep brownish, which, when held to the light, is a blood-red color. Topaz, bright, citron yellow, smoke color, and clove brown. Turquoise, peculiar blue, inclining to green, with waxy lustre. Some of these stones have other colors which I have not room here to specify. Some are quite transparent, like clear or colored drops of water, others clouded or partly transparent, others quite opaque, and beautiful for polish and color rather than for transparency.

**CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.**—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled, notify us, send a duplicate list of all the names you have sent, with their post offices, so that we may compare, and see if all is correct, and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller one. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

**CLUBS FOR THE CORPORAL** may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

## PRAISE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

When the gracious morning light  
 Rises on the realm of night,  
 When the lark, from fields of dew,  
 Singing, cleaves the distant blue;  
 When the hills and vales rejoice,  
 And glad waters lift their voice,  
 Children, praise the Lord of light,  
 Who hath kept you through the night

In the mellow, noontide time,  
 When all nature's voices rhyme,  
 When the meads are gay with flowers,  
 When the blossoming garden bowers  
 Offer incense pure and sweet,  
 Stay, O stay your rambling feet,  
 While you sing a song of praise,  
 Unto Him who crowns our days,  
 Crowns our days with blessings, more  
 Than we e'er could number o'er.

When the shadows, soft and still,  
 Fell on meadow, lake, and hill,  
 When the yellow, evening star,  
 Like a jewel, shines afar,  
 When the daytime noises cease,  
 And you feel the growing peace  
 In your heart, give love and praise  
 Unto Him who crowns your days.

Praise the Giver, who doth give  
 All by which we breathe and live;  
 All that makes our life so blest,  
 Food and friends, and home and rest,  
 Day and night, rain, sun, and air,  
 All that makes the earth so fair.  
 Praise Him morning, noon, and night,  
 Lord of blessings! Lord of light.

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.

## TOBACCO.

**DEAR BOYS:**—I desire to address a short letter to you, from time to time, on the injurious effects of tobacco. I have written and preached against this poison twenty years and more, and, as a sailor might say, "I know every rope in the ship." Great and good men, over the nation, have often written me letters respecting this evil, and all I shall now do is to give you a letter from the Hon. Gerritt Smith, Peterboro, N. Y. This may serve as an entering wedge to what I may say to you hereafter. Mr. Smith is a large man, with a large mind, a large heart, and what is rather extraordinary, he has a large purse. He loves God and his fellow men; he loves young America, and he loves you, and should you see him, you could not but love him, for he is a princely man. Hence I know you will give heed to his kind words.

GEO. TRASK, Fitchburg, Mass.

## LETTER FROM GERRITT SMITH, ESQ., N. Y.

*My Dear George:*—I could have wept, the other day, when I saw you smoking a cigar. Only fourteen years old, and already at work to poison your body and poison your soul with tobacco! O, this is sad, indeed!

My dear boy, you see not what is before you. If you did, you would be appalled; and you would fall upon your knees, and entreat your Heavenly Father to save you from the wasteful, filthy, wicked practice of using tobacco.

Do not excuse yourself by saying that some great and good men use tobacco. The great and good men who do so are in danger of sinking into very little and very wicked men, before they die.

Tobacco and rum! What terrible twin brothers! What mighty agents of Satan! What a large share of the American people they are destroying! I love my children; and because I love them, I would rather bury them, than see them defile themselves with rum or tobacco.

As Paul said to Timothy, so say I to you; "keep thyself pure." Be clean in your person, and be clean in your heart. But, depend upon it, you can be neither if you use tobacco. Your friend, GERRITT SMITH.

## "A HORSE! A HORSE!"

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENGHAW.

I must sing you a song of the wonderful steed  
That hurries along so fast,  
With untiring joints, and furious speed,  
And breath like a fiery blast;  
With boiling blood, and iron bones,  
And neigh 'twixt a screech and a yell;  
As black as night, and as swift as light,  
His name you can surely tell.

No feeble diet of hay, and of grain,  
Suffices his ravenous zeal;  
But trees from the mountain, and stones from  
the plain,  
Must furnish his every meal.  
He hath eaten his fill—he pants to be off—  
His terrible voice is resounding;  
He chafes, and he starts, and he belches forth  
fire,  
And see! away he is bounding!

Away! away! with a screech of delight,  
And a snort, and a puff, and a yell.  
Away! Away! with the speed of light,  
Over mountain, and valley, and dell.  
Faster, and faster; hurrah! hurrah!  
Still forward and onward he rushes,  
And the people stand back, and gaze on him  
with awe,  
For who comes in his pathway he crushes.

He ploughs through the valley with thundering  
tread,  
Ho! ho! how his blood is steaming;  
Past city, and village, anon he has sped,  
Hi! hi! only list to his screaming.  
He enters the mountain; he burrows it through;  
His one fiery eye all glaring;  
Anon with a shriek, he merges to view,  
Racing, and chasing, and tearing.

He crosses the river; he skirts by the main;  
He rattles; he thunders; he crashes;  
He climbs up the hill-side; he scours o'er the  
plain,  
And on, and still onward he dashes.  
He hurries, he scurries, and woe, double woe!  
To any his footsteps impeding.  
Rushing, and crushing, he forward doth go,  
Of friend, and of foe, all unheeding.

Then a screech of delight, as the goal comes in  
sight;  
"Hurrah! I've done it! I've done it!  
Here we are! here we are! hurrah! hurrah!  
Good people, I've won it! I've won it!"  
And, musing, I think of the way we have  
come,  
And, I say in haste at his speed,  
"In haste, or in leisure, in pain or in pleasure,  
Still give me this wonderful steed!"

**BOUND VOLUMES.**—With the December number, *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* completed his seventh volume. We now have the seven volumes (three years and a half) bound in one beautiful book, in stiff boards with embossed cloth sides, and gilt title. This bound volume will be sent by mail to any address for \$5.00, or will be delivered at our office for \$4.50. A full set of all back numbers, not bound, furnished for \$3.50. Money sent for this can count in clubs if desired. We will send this book, bound in boards, as a premium for a club of fourteen subscribers.

It is not necessary to wait until a club is completed before sending subscriptions. Forward the names and money as fast as obtained.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1869.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### GO ON WITH YOUR CLUBS.

This pleasant spring weather is favorable for raising clubs. Now you can call on your friends easier than during the bitter cold weather.

We are receiving many additions to our list. Come along! Come along! There's room enough for all.

### SOME HAVE HAD THREE NUMBERS.

Some have had the January, February, and March Nos. of this year. All these, and as many others as wish to, may subscribe anew, sending one dollar, having their subscriptions begin with April of this year, and end with March of next year.

You may also subscribe now for three-quarters of a year, sending 75 cents for the remaining nine months of 1869, or you may begin with January and receive the back numbers.

### EDITORIAL.

You've heard of castles in the air, little people—those wonderful fairy houses that dreamers love to build. I dare say you have had your share in building them, and a very harmless pleasure it is, if, in dreaming, you do not forget to wake and work. For all the great and grand things that ever were wrought out, took shape first in somebody's brain, and were nothing but castles in the air.

But this afternoon, looking out of my window at the gray sky, and the bare, brown earth, and the driving rain that seems a part of both, I have been building castles—such lovely ones that I wish I could show them to you. It was this little pamphlet that set me to building, and yet it is not a book of architecture, but an "Illustrated Catalogue, and Floral Guide," that came to me through the mail, as it has for many years, growing every year richer in its treasures of possible beauty. I drew my chair to the window and began to plan my castle—no easy task, I can assure you, for here are no less than a thousand lovely things that I want to put in it, and I have only a few yards of ground for a foundation. But when one builds a castle in the air, there is no limit to what may be done with it; so I take my book and begin.

First of all, I shall have a double border of tulips, hyacinths, crocus and snow drops. It will be gay as soon as the snows are fairly gone, and I can use the space, after my bulbs have done blooming, to put in some candy tuft and

sweet alyssum, some mignonette and Drummond phlox, to keep my border fair and sweet till late October. Of course my bulbs must have been set last fall, and well covered with leaves; but that does not matter to my garden in the air.

That ugly board fence that shuts off the alley, I will hide with a screen of Madeira vines and morning glories, and close by I will have a row of double linnias, showing off their splendid globes of red and purple, against the green background of leaves. On the other side I will have a fragrant hedge of sweet peas, and the delicate Cypress vine. I should like to try some of these newer beauties, but as I have no room to spare for experiments, I will keep to my old, tried favorites—snapdragon, blood-red, scarlet, crimson and orange; balsams, of every hue, covering the plants with their clustered roses; asters, such wonderful asters! I will have at least half a dozen varieties, which will ensure every shade and tint, both early and late. In the shade of that rose bush I will have a bed of pansies, and in the brightest sunshine, one of verbenas. Petunias will grow anywhere, and keep their brightness almost into the winter, but if I may have but two of all the list of beauties, I choose asters and Drummond phlox. Some where I must have a place for stocks, and pinas, and double larkspurs, and room to slip in a few gladiolas and Japan lilies, and nobody need laugh if I choose to give a spare corner to an African merigold, with its thousands of tiny, velvety flowers. And when my garden is full I shall go over it again, and wherever I can find a little spot by the side of some plant whose day of beauty will be soon over, I shall slip in a double stock, or pansy, or verberna, a Drummond phlox or a Japan pink, a little bunch of the sweet, white candytuft, or the golden flowered *Bartonia*—hardy things, all of them, that will laugh at frosts, and keep my garden bright far into November.

Ah, how lovely it will be! I can fancy it now, all bloom and beauty in the sunlight, and I can hardly wait for May, to begin the work. To pass away the time, I open my catalogue again, take up my pencil, and mark what I mean to send for. And I hope at least a thousand of my little readers will follow my example. Write to some of the dealers in flower seeds, who advertise in the *LITTLE CORPORAL*, and receive in return a Catalogue and Floral Guide, which will tell how to prepare the ground, sow the seed, and bring out the perfect beauty of these lovely little teachers, the flowers. Then we will open a column of chat in the *CORPORAL*, and hear who has learned any lessons from the flowers.

Emily Huntington Miller.

### THE NEW NEWSPAPER AND MUSIC FILE, OR BINDER.

We give below the sizes and prices. Send for a circular, giving full description and letters of recommendation from many distinguished men.

No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —15c. each.	No. 21—40c. each.
No. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 22—40c. "
No. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —20c. "	No. 23—45c. "
No. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 24—45c. "
No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 25—45c. "
No. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —25c. "	No. 27—45c. "
No. 14—30c. "	No. 29—50c. "
No. 15—35c. "	No. 31—50c. "
No. 16—35c. "	No. 33—50c. "
No. 18—40c. "	No. 35—50c. "

**AGENTS ARE WANTED, to sell** these files all over the Union.

Send for Circular containing all particulars.

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO, ILL.



## BOOKS BY MAIL.

We send by mail, post paid, to any address in the Union, any of the books mentioned in our premium list, on receipt of price mentioned, which are the regular publishers' prices, with nothing added for freight or other charges. We also send in the same way, any other respectable work, in the regular trade, by any publisher. In ordering from us you will receive your books with the corners protected by our own patent corner guards, so that the corners will not be broken down. By the use of this device books reach their destination in as nice condition as though just taken from the book-shelf. No other firm has a right to use this "guard," and this will give us a great advantage, as we can send the finest books with entire safety. When you order books from us send the advertised price, and if it is a book that we do not advertise, state if you know what firm publishes it. See "How to remit," in another place on this page.

## OUR NEW DRAWING BOOK.

Notice on the extra leaf in front of our March No., all that is said about Reed's Drawing Lessons, by prominent artists. These gentlemen all stand high in their profession, and would not recommend a book that they did not know to be in every way worthy.

We here repeat three of those letters, and give two other notices:

CHICAGO, Jan. 8, 1869.

Alfred L. Sewell & Co.—Gentlemen: After a critical examination of "Reed's Drawing Lessons," I am prepared to speak of the book in the highest terms of praise. It fills a place never before occupied in this country, its text being free from technicalities, abounding in a kind of humor that is sure to awaken an interest in the child student of art. The work should be widely disseminated.

Truly yours,  
H. C. FORD,  
Vice-President Chicago Academy of Design.

47 OPERA HOUSE, Chicago, Jan. 18, 1869.

Mr. P. Fiths Reed.—Dear Sir: I have carefully examined your nursery art seedling, *The Little Corporal's* "Drawing Book," and find in it all those qualities most adaptable to juvenile art culture. It fills a place which has been too long undervalued and neglected. In childhood the mind is the most impressionable, and that is the time for the moulder's work.

The merit of your "Drawing Book for Beginners," lies most in the unity of conception with adaptation. The plan aimed at is to garland truths with a system the most simple, attractive, and convincing to the child's mind, and you have succeeded in this to an eminent degree. Your tender art nursing cannot fail to bring forth goodly fruit in due time; its stimulating influence has already been felt in my own family, for which I tender you, *gratefully*, my personal and professional regards.

Yours, respectfully and truly,  
JOHN PHILLIPS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8, 1869.

Mr. Sewell.—Dear Sir: I consider "Reed's Drawing Lessons" the only book of the kind in this country. The principles of this mysterious art are here so well presented, and so simply expressed, that any beginner, young or old, will have no difficulty in understanding them, and whoever studies and practices this book from end to end, will be the better prepared to handle the more abstruse lessons of more advanced works.

D. F. BIGELOW.

The *Michigan University Chronicle*, says: "It begins with the elements of drawing, and proceeds in so clear and plain a manner that the merest child cannot fail to understand it. It encompasses the whole subject of perspective drawing in a few simple lessons; and, although intended for the young, it recommends itself to all wishing a thorough knowledge of the subject. Teachers will find this an excellent work for beginners. Its explanations are so complete that but little assistance will be required by the pupil."

The *Mother's Journal* says: "This book must be an invaluable aid to those commencing in drawing. Every step is clearly marked, and the lessons made so plain and simple that the pupil can but learn and love to learn."

Send us \$1.50 by mail and we will send you a copy of this new book by mail, post paid.

Liberal discounts to the Trade.

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Chicago, Ill.

## PREMIUM LIST

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. The price of this picture is \$1.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Chorus," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of four, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a copy of Shober's elegant engraving of the great reformer, Martin Luther, (which contains in the margin fourteen smaller engravings, illustrating "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family;") the price of which is \$2.50.

4. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted like an oil painting, and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

The same premium will be sent to any who send nine subscribers, at \$1 each, and two dollars in money beside. The price of the Chromo, mounted on canvas, is ten dollars. We do not sell it not mounted.

5. The Pianos, Organs and Melodones as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see articles in Jan. No.

6. REAPER AND MOWER Premium. Write for particulars and descriptive pamphlets.

7. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time), will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

8. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Chorus," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, 1868, or 1869. The six to be sent at onetime.

9. Appleton's Cyclopædia. Write for particulars.

10. The Self-Binder. Send for circular.

11. Books. The following books, published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago, will be sent as premiums: Mrs. HENSHAW'S "OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES," price \$3, for a club of nine. "REED'S DRAWING LESSONS," price \$1.50, for a club of five. See list of books, magazines, &c., in another place.

12. Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See March No.

13. ELGIN WATCHES, made by National Watch Co., will be sent as premiums, every watch to have the finest 3 oz. silver case, and forwarded by express as follows: (The prices given are the lowest regular city retail prices. In many places they are sold at prices considerably higher than those here given.)

Prices of Watches.	Sent as Premium for a club of	Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money will write for terms to the publisher of <i>The Little Corporal</i> .
\$30.00	75 subscribers at \$1.00 each.	
35.00	89 "	
45.00	100 "	
60.00	130 "	
75.00	175 "	

The above are all hunting case Watches.

14. PERCE'S MAGNETIC GLOBES, for schools and families. The most beautiful and useful Globes made. Various styles and sizes. For clubs of from twelve to one hundred, according to the size of the Globe. Write for particulars. We also send these Globes by Express on receipt of price.

Back numbers count in a club, same as current volume, so that in raising large clubs it is worth while to induce new subscribers to begin with July 1865, which was the first No. Back numbers can always be furnished.

## BOOK PREMIUMS,

AND TERMS OF CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.

The following books, from Hurd & Houghton's Catalogue, will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title, or on receipt of price.

	Price.
6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells.....	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys. By Wm D. Howells.....	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins.....	1.75
7—Aesop's Fables. Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
5—Moore's Lalla Rookh. Illustrated.....	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache.....	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks.....	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
3—The Water Lily.....	.85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors.....	.85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue.....	.80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle.....	1.25
7—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated.....	2.50
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories.....	1.25

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS' CATALOGUE.

7—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature.....	\$2.00
5—Dr. Hooker's Natural History.....	1.50
3—Baker's "Cast up by the Sea".....	.75
7—Du Chailu's Wild Life.....	1.75

FROM CLARKE & CO.'S CATALOGUE.

4—Cecil's Book of Beasts.....	\$1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Birds.....	1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Insects.....	1.25

FROM THE CATALOGUE OF JAMES O'KANE & CO.

6—Ivington Stories. By Mrs. M. E. Dodge. Illustrated by Darley.....	\$1.50
7—Hans Brinker; a story of Life in Holland. By author of Ivington Stories.....	1.75
6—Boys of the Bible. Illustrated.....	1.50
6—Girls of the Bible. Illustrated.....	1.50
7—Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated.....	1.75

FROM THE CATALOGUE OF HENRY HOYT.

5—The Family Doctor, or Mrs. Barry's Bourbon. A thrilling temperance story that should be read by every father, mother, and child, and especially by every "family doctor".....	1.50
4—The Model Mother, or the Mother's Mission. A story of uncommon interest and power.....	1.25
4—Opposite the Jail. Illustrated.....	1.25

ALSO, THE FOLLOWING.

7—Tenny's Natural History of Animals, with 500 Engravings. A charming book.....	\$2.00
7—The art of making Phantom Flowers, and Skeleton Leaves.....	2.00

Any Books advertised as premiums will also be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

We shall be constantly adding to this list, and our readers may rest assured that all books here named are such as we can confidently recommend.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select your premium.

IN CLUB WITH THE LARGER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *The Little Corporal* in club with the larger magazines, etc., for one year, as follows:

Harper's Magazine (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	\$4.25
Harper's Weekly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Harper's Bazar (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Atlantic Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Putnam's Monthly (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Hours at Home (\$3) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.25
Phrenological Journal (\$3) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.25
Riverside Magazine (\$2.50) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.75
Galaxy (\$4.00) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.00
Hearth and Home (\$4.00) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Lippincott's Magazine (\$4) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	4.25
Peterson's Magazine (\$2) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.50
New York Weekly Tribune (\$2) and <i>The Corporal</i> .....	2.50
Western Rural (\$2.50) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.00
Prairie Farmer (\$2) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.50
Moore's Rural New-Yorker (\$3) and <i>The Corporal</i> .....	3.50
The Advance (\$2.50) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	3.00
Nasby's Toledo Blade (\$2) and <i>The Little Corporal</i> .....	2.25

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO REMIT.—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums, made payable to the order of ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the *Registry fee*, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the post master, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending only one dollar, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

By Alfred L. Sewell and John E. Miller.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 12 cts.

Office, No. 6 Post-Office Place, Chicago.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—(Select, first class, only)—Will be inserted on the cover, at the rate of \$1.50 a line, counting three columns to a page, and 132 lines in a column, making 396 lines to a page, inside of border rules. For advertisements running several months, a reasonable discount will be allowed. The rates for space in margins outside the border are higher, and can be learned by applying to the publisher.

When more advertisements than will go on the Cover are received for any one number, we will, unless we have orders to the contrary, put them on the extra leaves which will be added for Premium List, at same price. Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.

## HIDE AND SCRAP'S STORY.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

There are two, I said, that do the talking in my boot, talking which most men suppose to be mere skreaking. Shoemakers call the two, "insole and filling," but I call them SCRAP and HIDE, for reasons easily gathered from the following dialogue, the very first one that I perfectly understood, and now translate from the *Skree*.

"It is hard to bear, very hard indeed. I feel pinched and much worn, in this tight and dark place—so useless. A little talk with you is about my only comfort. But still, you *Scraps* can know but little of the larger cares that chafe me so sorely."

"I'm sure we all chafe together," answered the *Scrap* spoken to, "and we all come of one stock. For aught I know we were cut off the same side of the same hide. At any rate, I like you and all my other leathery neighbors, and relations; the moment I touch any of you, I begin to talk."

"Don't speak of hide in that careless way. Perhaps, as you say, we may have come all of one stock, for the old HIDE family is much cut up latterly. The old time will never come again. But though much reduced, I am not yet a mere scrap. I fear I am the sole relic of the HIDES, and I trust never to forget the fame of my fathers, even though I may prove to have been the last of their name."

"Upon my word," said SCRAP, "you are the smallest bit of leather I ever spoke to, that thought it worth while to call itself a HIDE. Good morning, my gloomy Master HIDE; we are proud of such noble company. We SCRAPs were thrown out of good society so long ago, that we have learned to make the best of it. We'd rather be contented than be genteel. I remember that just before I was tucked in here to live, there was a jolly set of us in a barrel, and I heard a man say, 'pick out the biggest, and use 'em up for filling, and we'll send the rest to Boston.' And I was picked out, and a fellow shaved me smooth, dabbed a little paste on this boot, and set me down on it and covered me up, and nailed us all in together with wooden nails—they called it pegging. But what ever became of my shavings, or of my little scrap neighbors in the barrel, I never knew. And I never shall know, unless some of those men tell us. But what's the use of worrying, I say. Here we are, warm and dry, as leathery a set of neighbors as you could ask for. I could talk all day for the fun of talking. I wonder what will happen to us next?"

So SCRAP went rattling on, until I twisted the toe of my boot a trifle toward me, (how I hold my boot when listening to these dialogues, I told in last month's CORPORAL,) which brought a little pinch on to SCRAP, and loosened up the last representative of the HIDES, who thus perceived that I was listening to SCRAP's prattle, and spoke to me.

"Our family, sir, the HIDES, of South America, you must have heard of; and you may easily understand how grievous to me are these, my reduced circumstances.

Childish natures, like SCRAP's, may forget; but we who are cut by a larger pattern, have many thoughts which we cannot share with SCRAP. May I speak with you, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly," I replied; "only speak slowly, for I am but new in your language."

"Some of those SCRAPs, I will own it to you, sir, are very near of kin to me. Can you tell me what becomes of little SCRAPs, when they go to Boston in a barrel?"

"They are ground up quite fine, and then mixed with some sort of paste, or gum, and spread out into thin sheets, which somewhat resemble leather. This leather is used in making parts of cheap shoes, where it can't be seen, and the shoes are sold to people who are not expected to come for any more."

HIDE was silent, and SCRAP said nothing, until I bent the toe of the boot tenderly back and forth, to rouse them from their melancholy.

"Sad end," said HIDE.

"Any end is sad," answered SCRAP.

"We must all of us come to it by and by," said HIDE.

"No, I won't," said SCRAP, "we are shut in here, and have nothing to do but think and talk!"

"Not so fast, Master SCRAP," I now put in. "You may plan what you please, but I shall have something to say about your next great change. In a few weeks, the excellent TAP who now protects you, (he comes of the HIDE family, too,) will be worn through, and then the rub and wear will come on you. I may get you covered up again once or twice; but in the course of a year or so you'll be part of a worn-out boot. Then I shall cut the leg off, and use the shoes for stable shoes; and then some morning you will be missed and gone, lost on or under a dung heap, and then—"

"*Skree, Skree-ee-ee-ee*," sobbed SCRAP, "I won't; you shan't; too bad." And even HIDE ventured to object; "Surely you can bring us to a better end than that?"

"Yes," I replied, "I can have you burned to a coal, and then use you to harden iron—case-hardening, we call it; any gunsmith can use up an old boot; or a blacksmith can harden the heel and toe-calks, on horseshoes, by wrapping old leather, like you, around them, and heating the whole bundle red-hot for an hour. Or I can cut you in scraps, and plant you around my grape vines! Or I can save you up, and some day make a leather hinge for my cow-yard gate! Or I can drive carpet tacks through you, and nail you up behind my horse, to keep him from rubbing off his tail. An old boot sole has many uses. But after all, boot soles, HIDE, SCRAPs and all, like us men, must come to dust sooner or later. We all go to pieces."

"Possibly, sir, if you knew my history, and what I have gone through already, you might change your mind," said HIDE. "I find it hard to believe that we go all to atoms, in the way you tell of. We HIDES are a tough race. We last like leather. I could tell you, sir, of days

when I hardly knew myself; days when I lost my hair, and changed my color; days of wet, and days of heat; dark days, and long weeks of darkness, and yet here I am still, you see!"

"Where did you say you came from?" said I.

"Our family are the well-known HIDES of South America. I set out for myself not far from Monte—"

"Hold on," said I. "You may have time enough to tell a story, but I must take some other time to hear it."

So I set the boot down, and all was still.

[To be continued.]

## HOW BOYS MAY KEEP HENS WITH PROFIT.

BY WM. L. CHAFFIN.

I often used to wonder whether it was really profitable to keep and raise hens and chickens. So when ever I met some one who had kept them, I was sure to ask him about it. But one person would say "yes," and some would say "no," and a great many would tell me they didn't know. Therefore, I began to think, that the only way for me to find out, was to try the experiment myself. And that after all, boys and girls, is the best, and sometimes the only way, to learn anything. So one summer, when I was sick, in the charming little country city of Meadville, Pa., I made the trial. My mother there used to buy chickens of the farmers, and shut them up in a coop, until ready to have them killed and eaten. But the coop was an old one, and they were constantly getting away and running off to the neighbors, where I am sure they would fare no better than with us. So when I came there, early in 1866, there were only four hens. A kind friend over the way gave me a rooster that used to wake her and her husband up at day-break, by crowing from his perch in a tree, just under the chamber window. Besides these, I got a few from some farmers, and among them three brahma pootras. One of my hens made her nest up in a pigeon-box, at the top of the barn, and hatched out a brood there. Two of the poor things fell out on the ground, one of them being killed, but the other not a bit hurt. My brother Fred, who was always interested in the chickens, helped me put up a ladder, and we brought them down in our hats. So by one way and another, at the beginning of September, I had thirty hens and three roosters, one of which, a fine, black, dashing fellow, I named "Joe Hooker."

Now here are my profits:

From these 30 hens, during the succeeding year, i. e., to September 1867, I received 150 dozen eggs, which were on the average selling at 30 cents per doz.	\$45.00
I raised 160 chickens, worth.....	60.00

Whole receipt for 30 hens for one year.....	105.00
Total expense of food for same year.....	55.00

This makes a clean profit of..... \$50.00

from only thirty hens.

All this time I was paying the highest retail price for corn, etc.; it was my first experience, and my hens were not very good ones. Besides this, I did not sell any of my early chickens at the great prices which they will bring in any city. In fact, I must confess here that I got well laughed at by the rest of the family one day, for the price I sold some at. A man came to get a pair, and asked me how much they were worth. Well, when I was only a boy, I knew that a hen was worth about 25 cents. Now, I reasoned, that these were

half as large, and so were worth half as much. But inasmuch as they were more tender than a hen, I thought I would add  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents more, and told him he might have them for 15 cents a piece. But one of my friends who heard of it, found that they were then selling at from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per pair, in Boston.

So I am sure that if I had had a better flock of hens, had made better bargains for their food, and had sold them at current prices, I should have realized even more profit.

I gained fifty dollars in one year by thirty hens; but I am sure that, with good management, each hen will in a year yield you a profit of two dollars, although a person will be more successful, in proportion, with a small than with a large number.

Now any bright boy in the country, or even girl, may, by following the directions I will give him, make each hen he has, or can get, pay him this profit; so that if you begin in April with 25 or 30 hens, you may by April, 1870, have \$50 or \$60 clear gain.

My first directions are concerning your flock. Get as many as you have room for, or can comfortably take care of. Have none but healthy, strong, good-looking fowls. If any are small and stunted, better kill and eat, or sell them at once, or at least separate them from the rest, and use none of their eggs for hatching. Your hens should all be young, none of them being over two years old. Have one rooster for every ten hens, and let him be two years old at least. These should be large and handsome, with bright eyes, and a ringing voice. If possible, have some of the brahma pootra fowls, as they are large and hardy—can be confined in a yard with pickets only three or four feet high, and are excellent layers and first rate eating.

The next thing is to have a good place for them. Have if possible a roomy, clean, dry coop, with large windows (double if convenient) to let in the sunlight—and have it snug and warm for winter. Have large, stout roosts, not over four feet from the ground. Have good, covered nests, easy to get at, and put in the bottom of them a few wood-ashes, and fill up with hay or straw. The nests should be open only on the front side, so that but one hen at a time can get into and occupy them. This is very important when they are sitting. Have also a large, shallow box, with dry sand and ashes in it, in which they may roll; for this is the way they clean themselves, strange as it may seem, and they need their dust-bath as much as we do our water-bath.

Adjoining your hen-house you need a roomy yard for them to go in during pleasant weather.

Now as to food: Give them plenty of fresh, clean water, at least once a day in winter, and twice in summer. Feed them twice a day, once without fail before you eat your own breakfast, and once in the afternoon. But give them no more than they eat with eager relish. You will soon find out how much they need daily. Give them corn, oats, and other grain; also corn meal scalded and mixed with the leavings of the table and kitchen. If you live near a gristmill, you may get what we call "screenings," *i.e.*, broken grain. This is cheap, and when boiled, excellent food. You may buy small potatoes very cheap, and these, when boiled soft, with Indian meal, will be much relished. One of the very best things you can do is to take the fresh bones from the table, and pound them up fine, and give to them. They will leave their corn to get this, and will pay you for your trouble with a greater number of eggs. They must have some green food, and if kept in a yard in the summer, you should throw large sods covered with grass to them. Plantain leaves they are fond of. In the winter you may give them

cabbage leaves, apple parings and cores, and even raw potatoes, cut open, which will in part take the place of the summer green food. Once in a while, buy of your butcher, the liver, heart, and pluck of sheep, which you can get cheap, and which your chickens will eagerly devour, when you have chopped it up fine.

If kept confined in the summer, on account of damage they do the garden, you may let them out just before they are ready to go to roost. They will not stay long then, but will pick up many things they need. For the little time they are then out, you may watch them, and they will soon put off to bed, and leave you to your play.

In the winter, and whenever kept shut up, they will need some coarse plaster, or burnt and pounded bones, or oyster shells.

If you are faithful to these directions you will have healthy, happy fowls, which will lay you a great many eggs, so that your good mothers can have lots of puddings, and other good things; or you can sell them at a good price.

But now, as to the raising of chickens, for this part of the business, well managed, is the most profitable. When your hen is ready to sit, see that you have a clean and soft nest. Never put over thirteen eggs under a hen, unless she is a very large one, and then not more than fifteen. If any one near you has finer fowls, get fresh eggs from him to hatch.

Have fresh water and food near, so that when the sitting hen comes from the nest, she will get her wants quickly supplied. It is not a good plan to set your hens before April, unless you have a heated coop.

For seven days before hatching, whenever the hen is off, sprinkle a little water over the eggs. This you can do as your mother or her servant sprinkles the clothes for ironing. Do not meddle much with the hen while the chickens are coming from the shell—for if she is made to move on the nest, she will be quite likely to tread on the little things, and kill some of them. About the second day, when they loudly demand to see more of the world, remove them to a small coop in the garden, a coop that will confine the hen, but through the slats of which the chickens can freely pass. Put this in a dry place, and not in the grass, and not too much exposed to the sun. Be sure and keep it clean.

Give the little chickens bread crumbs at first, also bits of meat and potato. Most persons mix up Indian meal with water, as this is the most easily prepared. But do not give much of this at first, unless it is first boiled. They must have fresh water every day.

Many persons lose a good many chickens by what is called "the gapes." But out of 180 chickens, I lost only six or seven by disease of any kind. Give them good food three times a day, fresh water, a dry place, and clean coop, and you will have almost no trouble of this kind.

Do not leave any food lying about the coop, as this will attract the rats, which are the worst enemies of young chickens. To avoid them, place your coop at a distance from the barn, woodshed, or woodpile, or any place where rats find a hiding place. And if you lose any by the rats, be sure and move the coop to some other place at once. This I found the best safeguard.

Cats sometimes make sad havoc among chickens; and if they once get a taste of them, they will be pretty sure to catch the whole brood. The only remedy in this case, is to kill the cats; and it is a remedy I highly recommend, for I think it just as cruel in you to allow them to kill your chickens, one by one, as for you to have them put out of the way.

At Meadville, one day, I heard Fred shout,

"William, a cat is running off with a chicken!"

Roy (Port Royal, our dog) and I gave pursuit, caught, and killed her, and after that my chickens were safe.

We had no trouble from the hawks. The only remedy in this case is to shoot the hawks; and any boy fond of shooting, would like no better fun.

If possible, and where she will do no damage, it is well to let the mother run with her little children, for she will be the best protection against all enemies.

But I have written long enough, although I could say a good deal more. When you begin this keeping of chickens, don't get tired and sick of it. But stick to it, feed and water and care for them well, as though they were almost your brothers and sisters. If you do not, they will take their revenge by giving you very few eggs and chickens.

I want to tell you before I close of a curious little rooster.

A friend of mine, at Meadville, brought home a rooster, only about eight or nine weeks old. This friend had a little lonely chicken already at home, which was four weeks old, and was an orphan. But the little rooster took charge of this one, nursed it, brooded over it, and cared for it like a mother.

One day a woman came in from the country and told us that she had a rooster, who a few weeks before, began to cluck, and to sit on a nest, like a sitting hen. She put eggs under him, and he sat on them. The day she saw us was the day for the chickens to come from the eggs, and she said there were signs of their breaking the shells, when she looked at them in the morning.

Now, if any of you have hens, if they are young ones, they can be taught a great deal. I had some that Fred and I taught to catch corn, bread, etc., in their bills. If you will stand outside the coop and toss the grains to them, one by one, they will catch them after a while, and learn to do it almost every time.

But, as I said before, any smart boy, who follows my directions about poultry, and sells his eggs and chickens, will be able, at the end of a year, to show quite a nice little sum of money. Suppose you commence with a dozen, and see whether in April, 1870, you cannot show a profit of twenty-five dollars.

Write to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and tell him about your chickens, how many you have, how much you make, and how you enjoy the work

## "OUR GIPSY."

BY MISS L. A. FISH.

Two brown eyes full of mischief and fun,  
Curls all tangled and snarled into one,  
Sunburned face, merry, dimpled, and sweet,  
Wee, restless, pattering, bare, brown feet,  
Chubby hands grasping her bonnet strings,  
As back and forth on the gate she swings.

With wondering eyes she is trying her best  
To learn how to fashion a pretty nest,  
Like that the robin and busy mate  
Are building, down by the garden gate;  
Her voice full of music, clear and strong,  
Trying to mimic the wild bird's song.

Now she is off for a race with old Pomp!  
Away they go in a scampering romp!  
Her bonnet, forgotten, she flings aside,  
Fighting the shaggy old dog for a ride.  
Careless, mischievous, thoughtless—and yet  
A darling, a sunbeam, our household pet.



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## THE SHEEP AND THE CHAMOIS.

A chamois once came down from its mountain home to graze in a rich valley, and while there met a well-fed and contented sheep. After an exchange of cordial greetings, the sheep, noticing the thinness of his friend, expressed great pity for him, commiserating his hard lot in being compelled to inhabit rough and inhospitable mountains, where food was scarce and the climate severe.

"I have, as you see," said the sheep, "the richest pasturage that the land affords. I have, also, a comfortable house, that affords me shelter from the storm, and a protection against wolves."

"You may spare your pity," said the chamois, in reply. "My lot is not so hard as you deem it. The conditions that you think so unfavorable to my happiness, tend most to secure it. I dwell among icy crags, it is true, but the hunter cannot reach my home. The pasturage afforded by the mountains is indeed meagre, but I eat my food in safety. The rocks are a hard couch at best, but I sleep in peace. I am sometimes hungry and shelterless, but I am always free. Excuse me if I prefer a hard life, with freedom, to an easy life without it, and deem it better to perish of hunger on the mountains, than to grow fat in the rich verdure of the valley, only to die at last by the hand of the butcher."

Just then the shepherd approached, armed with a glittering knife.

"Alas! my poor friend," said the chamois, "you must even now meet your fate. It is the end of all your happiness. As for me, I will breathe once more the mountain air, and find safety among the avalanches, and on the barren rocks."

What appear to be hard conditions in life, oftentimes secure to men the most dearly prized treasures, while ease and luxury weaken, enslave, and destroy their victims.

*Paul Peregrine.*

## No. 16.—CHARADE.

FIRST.—Soft as silence, Pure as pearl; Here and there, I Whisk and whirl.	SECOND.—Swift and bolder I appear; Flitting, floating Far and near.
--	--

BOTH.—Soft and silent, cold and white;  
Bold and swift, and brisk and bright;  
We, when both are put together,  
Name a thing of welcome feather.

*D. D. H.*

## No. 17.—ENIGMA. BY A LITTLE BOY.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 9, 20, 11, is a neuter verb.  
My 1, 4, 10, 18, is what you should never be.  
My 1, 10, 14, is what you should always be when you get hurt.  
My 3, 10, 21, 8, is what hunters carry home after they have been hunting.  
My 4, 20, 6, is a part of the human body.  
My 13, 2, 17, 14, is a metal.  
My 6, 17, 5, 16, is something which belongs to a tree.  
My 7, 10, 6, 21, 8, 14, 16, 11, is what clothing is called.  
My 22, 5, 16, is a cooking utensil.  
My 19, 10, 6, 16, is what some men use.  
My 12, 13, 18, 15, 4, is part of a door.  
My whole is the name of a gentleman.

*Mik.*

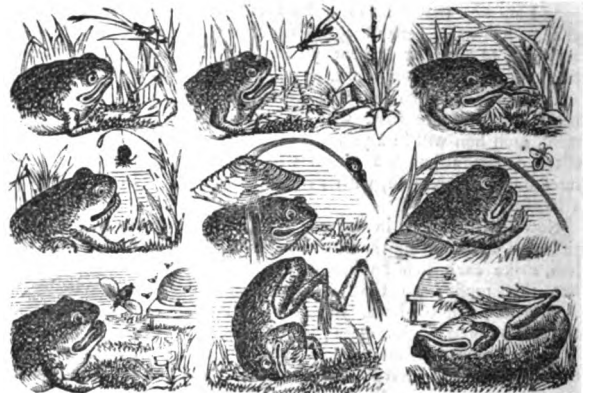
## No. 18.—RIDDLE.

To and fro in the sunshine bright,  
Merrily swinging from morn till night,  
Over the buds and blossoms sweet,  
Over the golden ranks of wheat;  
Bud and blossom and golden grain  
Fall before me on hill and plain.

To and fro by the fireside warm,  
Safely holding a tender form,

Lightly swaying, and keeping time  
To a murmured tune with an idle rhyme;  
Many a royal head was pressed  
To its sweetest sleep on my kindly breast. *Johnny.*

## No. 19.—A PICTURE STORY.



Reading to be given in next number.

*W. O. C.*

## No. 20.—A PICTURE STORY.



Nimble Dick was one day passing quietly across a field, where two men were raking hay. The men proposed having a little fun, and so commenced to pelt the poor monkey with stones, as they said, "to see what the chap would do."

So Dick ran away, and let them alone for that time. But monkeys are apt to remember. So he watched his chance, and soon found it. One hot day, he saw the men asleep in the hayfield, under a tree. He skulked along under the wall, and got over slyly, where the men were. The men had pulled off their boots to cool their feet. Nimble Dick stole up and dropped a few sharp stones in each boot. Then he took the rake and fork and marched away.

He did not get far before he heard "a noise in the camp," and saw one of the men in full chase after him. But the man grew suddenly lame, and began to hobble badly. He flung himself on the ground and examined his boots; then shook out the pebbles, and rubbed his blistered feet. By this time the nimble monkey had got safely off with his spoil, and brought it home to his den in triumph.

So you see, it is better to be civil, even to a monkey.

*W. O. C.*

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 14.—MARCH NUMBER.

Nimble Dick being out of provisions, called at a neighbor's house to ask for a lunch. The "neighbor," forgetting the Golden Rule, took no pity on the needy friend, but seizing a cane, drove him from the door. As Nimble Dick was going along toward the woods, he had his thoughts: "If I can just get me a broadcloth coat, no matter if I steal it, then I'll pass;" (Nimble Dick had never seen the Bible, and did not know.) So the chance soon came. One day, he spied a peddler coming along through the woods. He knew him, and knew that he always rested under an old oak, by the roadside. When the poor peddler had thrown off his pack, and was fast asleep, Dick came down, slyly, "like the wolf on the fold." He opened the pack, and pulled out a few such things as he needed.

Putting on a new coat, and picking up the peddler's hat, which lay upon the grass, he started to try his luck once more. He called again at his neighbor's house, and looked as if he would like to come in. The neighbor seemed glad to see him, bowed him in, and gave him a chair, and seemed ready to be his most humble servant. Dick was a "cute" fellow, though dishonest. He had found out how far a good coat goes with too many people.

*W. O. C.*

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN MARCH NUMBER.

No. 13.—Enigma.—Ho, oh, O; mer; me; omer; home; Homer.





Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

Matronly Clara may take this place,  
Wennie this side, with his roguish face,  
Here on the other bring golden-haired May,  
Sober, young Natie may come this way;  
Frank is an odd one—where shall he go?  
Here in the center, in front of these two;  
Eyes on the Camera, one, two, three,  
Now, Mr. Artist, a picture for me.

Yes, it is perfect in childish grace,  
Copied well is each sweet, young face.  
Why do the mother's tears fall fast,  
As her eyes on the pictured wreath are cast?  
Is she thinking of one with sunny head,  
Who has slumbered long in a daisied bed?  
Does she weep that the angels have power to trace  
In colors immortal her beautiful face?

Ah! no, it is only a moment's pain;  
The mother smiles through her tears again;  
She thinks of the sorrow and sin and strife  
Awaiting the children of earthly life;  
But the little feet that were early led  
Into beautiful paths which the angels tread,  
She knows are free from all earthly stain,  
And she blesses the Father, and smiles again.

VOL. 8. }  
No. 5. }

Chicago, Ill., May, 1869.

## THE DREAM CRADLE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

It was Saturday night, and Susie and Hattie were gone to stay over Sunday with Grandma Higgins. So the baby slept with Kitty; and he must have been very far away in his own, wonderful, little dreamland, or he never could have kept so still, with so many eager kisses all over him, from the crown of his head to his fairy toes. There he was, with his two little, soft hands tucked under Kitty's chin; and his hair lay in little, moist, golden waves upon the pillow; and his cheeks and his lips made you think of some lovely blossom—not a lily, not a pink, not a rose—something ever so much purer and sweeter; and Kitty held him so close, close, she could feel his heart beat against hers, and his pure breath touching her face.

The door of Kitty's little bedroom opened into the wide kitchen. She could see it growing restful and shadowy out there, after the long, hard day's work. The broad, white floor had a bright, pink glow upon it, from the low fire. The plants on the stand threw long shadows over the ceiling, like spreading tree branches, and delicately-luxuriant wild vines. The old cat, dozing on the hearth, had a clean, satisfied, all-ready-for-Sunday look, with her nose tucked between her velvety, white paws, and even the clock seemed to be thoughtfully ticking Kitty's verse, "Blessed are the pure in heart! Blessed are the pure in heart."

The pantry door was open. There was everything good on its ample shelves, and Kitty had done every bit of the baking that day. Even the noble loaves of bread were all her handiwork, and it made her rest happier than ever, thinking how brightly mother smiled when she piled up the biscuits for supper, and said, "Nobody knows, but mother, how many tired steps Kitty saves her."

By and by Kitty thought she'd peep out of the window a while. It was a little

window very close to the bed, and in the clear, winter nights she loved to lie with her cheek on the pillow, looking out at the old apple tree, in its garment of light, crusted, glittering snow; at the tall weeds, hanging their jeweled heads over the garden fence; at the low, broad leaves on the ground close to the garden gate, shrouded in snow till they looked like queer, little, marble images; at the fields, stretching out, pure and white, in the moonlight, and the trees in the woods beyond, reaching their solemn, naked arms up against the clear sky.

Kitty never told anybody how she loved to watch the dreamy loveliness out there. She couldn't put it into words, any more than she could tell how well she loved the baby. She was always mute as a little, hidden, wood violet, about the things she loved best, deep down in her heart.

Presently old Charlie came trotting out of the barn yard, into the garden, and there he stood with his head nodding over the garden fence, close to Kitty, his great eyes shining into hers with a kind of weird intelligence. He seemed fairly quivering all over with his uncouth joy, in that little bit of freedom, and he loomed up, huge and unearthly, in the moonlight, like some uncanny creature of witch-land. But Kitty only said:

"Somebody's left the stable door open, old Charlie, or you wouldn't be having such a merry time out here. But I don't blame you one bit."

So old Charlie dashed away again, as if that were all he wanted to know, and Kitty cuddled baby up closer, and pulled the curtain aside, so she could see more of the apple tree. But she soon forgot all about that, watching the wonderful frost picture that was growing on the pane; tall trees were drooping their radiant foliage over a still, deep lake, out of which rose an old, ruined temple, with strange, ghostly columns, and broken altars in it, and weird forms wandering through; and the moonlight shining through the pane made a faint, golden glow in the sky of the pic-



ture, and great butterflies, with snow-white wings, flecked the trees.

Suddenly Kitty heard a small voice, full of sweet, ringings, wintry music, like the sound of icicles breaking and dropping, or water gurgling under the ice on the brook:

"How do you like my picture, Kitty Clover?" it said, quite near her.

And there, on the old, gray, cracked sill, stood a shining little ladder, made out of frozen moonbeams, with the top against the pane. And upon it sat a little, plump boy, so very little that you could stuff him into a thimble without any trouble. His eyes were clear, blue, laughing eyes, and his hair was straight and short, and yellow as gold, and he wore an old, fur cap, and a green "comforter," and neatly-patched, blue pantaloons and jacket, and copper-toed boots, and he looked as jolly and wholesome as a sound, red, winter apple. His sled rested at the foot of the ladder, and it was nothing but an old piece of a hickorynut shell, with little, glancing runners, hacked out of ice, and fine, silver ropes, to pull it with. In his fingers he held a sharp, slender icicle for a pencil, and he twisted himself around, and made a few careless strokes at the picture on the pane, while he waited for Kitty to answer his question.

"I think it's real lovely," said Kitty, quite earnestly; "are you going to make some more to it?"

The boy looked at his picture a minute, and then he said,

"Well, I don't know. I believe I'll make some little, frozen boats, with little, frozen babies in 'em."

"O no, don't," begged Kitty; "it's lovelier without them. Is your name Jack Frost?"

"Yes, that's it," answered the boy. "Your name's Kitty. I know you. You watch my pictures every night. I'd rather you wouldn't watch while I'm making 'em. It isn't pleasant to have anybody looking over, you know. But I like you because your eyes shine so while you watch me. Some folks just look at the panes in the morning, and shiver, and blow out my pictures with their horrid, hot breath, the coarse, ungrateful creatures! But I know you love every little, shining leaf I make, and I'm thinking of you with every stroke of my pencil."

"Are you?" said Kitty; "I wish you could make pictures for me always, even in summer time."

"But I can't, you know," said Jack, scrambling down from the ladder. And then he told her that his mother wanted her to come and make them a little visit. She wanted the baby, too, he said, and so he had brought two little, bright robes, woven out of yellow-bird feathers, for them both to wear.

"But one of them wouldn't more than cover my thumb," said Kitty.

"Just try it, then," answered Jack; "you'll be little as I am, the minute you touch it, and so will the baby. And we warmed 'em all day by a cinnamon-bark fire, so they won't ever let you get cold. Hurry, Kitty Clover, while I take down my ladder."

So Kitty and the baby were soon tucked into the wee, warm robes. Kitty was the most bewitching, little, fairy girl you could ever think of, stepping out there on the narrow, old window sill; and as for the baby, you could hardly see him at all.

"Just curl yourself up on my sled," said Jack; "it runs easy, and you can hold the baby on your lap. And I guess I'll just hang my ladder out there on the sweet-briar bush, till I come next time."

After Kitty was comfortably seated with the baby, he took hold of the silver ropes in front, and then they started. The window pane opened like a door, to let them through, and closed after them, and away they went, up among the flashing icicles on the eaves, over into the apple tree, among the glorified dead leaves, and sparkling twigs, and down the slanting old trunk.

"Now we'll start for good," said Jack. "That was all for frolic; wasn't it jolly? And look here, if my breath touches you a little too sharp while I'm running so fast, don't be offended, because I can't help it, you know. Some folks are extremely squeamish about it; but my uncle Kriss says it's healthy to breathe my breath. You didn't know Kriss Kringle was my uncle, did you?"

"Is he?" said Kitty, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes," continued Jack, without looking behind him; "and you'd better believe he's a glorious old saint. He brings me all the slates and pencils I want, from the North Pole. I don't care much for any other knickknacks. He knows you; he told me so, when he took dinner at our house last Christmas, and I had a ride on one of his white reindeer. I'll ask him to let you ride on one next time he comes."

At last they came to the deadening. It was silent and solemn out there. The trees seemed to reach their gnarled arms far up among the shining star worlds. The slender weeds looked like tall trees to Kitty. Jack's feet made swift, tinkling music on the snow, while he ran, and she was just wondering how far away they lived, when all at once he stopped by an old stump. Kitty knew very well how it looked in summer time, that rough, splintery, old stump, with the dusty bumblebee's nest in the middle of it, and gray, ragged lichens all over its top and sides.

But it was transfigured now with snow, and ice, and moonlight. There was a roof of crusted snow upon it, with quaintly carved turrets and towers, gemmed with ice stars; chains of jewels hung from its eaves; its sides were covered with fanciful, silvery, carved pictures, and weeds clustered around it like a grove of fairy, sparkling trees.

Kitty fairly held her breath while she looked at it, because it was so beautiful.

"It's my work," said Jack; "mother thought it was 'most too foolish to fix up our old house that way. I'm 'fraid she thinks I'm a good-for-nothing, anyhow. But Uncle Kriss says it's enough for me to be good for—this picture making that I do—for some must do the work in the world, and some must make the beauty. And—well, it's easiest for me to be making beauty."

"It's right, too," said Kitty, eagerly, "because, you know, some of us *must* work, and we couldn't do without the beauty you make."

Just then a queer, glistening, star-shaped door in the stump opened, with a sound like the dainty jingle of ever so many little, golden sleigh bells, and Jack's mother looked out. She wore a robe like Kitty's, and little slippers made out of peony leaves, embroidered with corn silk, and her hair was golden, and bright as the corn silk, braided into a crown on the top of her head. She took baby in her arms and said,

"I'm so very glad you've come, Kitty Clover! Jack, don't you bring your sled into the house. And I want you to hurry and split some cinnamon bark, to kindle a fresh fire. Come, Kitty."

So Kitty followed her into a pleasant, warm room in the old stump, where there was a clear, fragrant, cinnamon-bark fire in a golden fireplace, and some of Jack's most beautiful pictures on the walls, and a crazy robin cutting out cookies on an amber tray, to bake in the little, silver oven that stood before the fire. She was very quiet and busy, but you could know she was crazy, by the sad, wandering look in her eyes, and by the way she kept nodding, nodding, nodding.

A round table stood in the middle of the room, with a spread of gorgeous butterfly wings, and upon it were tea dishes of ice, the most delicate, little, blossom-like things you could think of.

"But I should think they'd melt," said Kitty.

"That can never be," answered Mrs. Frost, "because they were made a great many hundreds of years ago, at the North Pole. My brother Kriss Kringle gave them to me, and of course I prize them highly, both for his sake, and on account of their great age and beauty."

"I know," said Kitty. "*We've* got an old, yellow cake bowl that used to be my great grandmother's, and we're going to keep it and keep it. We bake puddings in it sometimes."

Mrs. Frost looked as if she thought that was quite ridiculous, compared to keeping rare old ice from the North Pole, but she only said,

"There, dear, I'll let you sit here and hold baby, now, while I make the tea. Robin, why don't you look at the biscuits in the oven. You're extremely slow."

The poor, patient robin chirped a little, sad, pleading chirp that said, as plain as could be, "Please forgive me," and nodded, and looked into the oven, and forgot all about the cookies, and then she wandered up and down the room, singing a broken song, that made Kitty think of the sweet, swift, foreboding notes of the robins in the old orchard at home, as they came hurrying back to their nests when a thunder storm was gathering, and night coming on.

"Poor robin; she thinks it's going to rain, and her birdies are alone in their nest," said Kitty.

"She's always imagining something or other," said Mrs. Frost. "Come, Robin, cookies!"

So the robin forgot the song, and remembered her work again, and presently Jack came in with a bundle of cinnamon bark as big as a grain of popcorn, and he built up a huge fire that filled the whole room with its light, and heat, and pleasant perfume. Then he got his ice slates out of the closet, and showed Kitty the pictures he'd left upon them for her to see. There was a white hollyhock, with a big bee diving into it; an old, tattered hat on a fence post; a huge fern wreath; a broken tombstone, half hidden in weeds; and ever so many lovely, little sketches that I can't take time to tell about. Besides, he had made a great many more delightful ones on Kitty's own little, cracked window pane at home.

Tea was ready presently, and his mother brought a little mite of an amber cradle, and put it down upon the hearth, for Kitty to lay the baby in. It had pillows and quilts of soft, shining silk, and whatever baby dreamed while he slept, you could see in pictures on its sides.

And they were all so eagerly watching to see what he dreamed, after Kitty laid him down, that they quite forgot that tea was ready. All at once a queer picture grew on the cradle's side. There was the cat winding the clock, at home, and the great, red coals in the fireplace, all turning into little mice, and a baby playing with the shears, and a rose tree in an old pitcher, blossoming brass thimbles instead

of roses. But it all faded out as suddenly as it came, so then they sat down to tea. After tea they heard baby laugh in his sleep, and there on the cradle was such a beautiful dream, they all clapped their hands with delight when they saw it; for it was a shining rainbow, arching from one side of a pleasant, sunny, old kitchen to the other, and over it walked a long procession of little, dimpled babies, in loose nightgowns, with seed cakes in their hands; and they came up from a radiant, white lily, at one end of the rainbow, and went down into a great, white, radiant lily at the other end. But after that baby didn't dream any more.

"Uncle Kriss gave mother that for me to sleep in, when I was a baby," said Jack. "You'd better believe I dreamed wonderful dreams!"

"You never dreamed anything sweeter than my baby did," said Kitty.

And Jack's mother smiled at her, and said,

"No, he never could. But you'll have to take your precious baby into your lap now, dear, because if he should wake and cry, the cradle would immediately fall to pieces."

So Kitty bent over him to lift him out, but just as she touched him, baby cried, and the dream cradle melted away, and the poor, crazy robin gave one wild chirp, and—

There was Kitty, snug in bed, at home, with the moonlight shining through the familiar, little window, and baby nestling uneasily on her arm, because she wasn't holding him close enough. And she felt glad, and contented to be there instead of away among such weird, little folks as Jack Frost and his mother.

#### SMILES.

BY H. E. B.

Smiles! what are they for? I will tell you—  
All hatred they melt into love;  
They chase away sorrow and trouble,  
With a gleam from the heaven above.  
They make us all cheerful and happy,  
Ah! whether we will or no;  
Can a sunbeam be ever resisted,  
When it falls on a bank of snow?

We should wearily grope through the shadows  
That compass this earthly life,  
Were it not for these flashes of brightness  
That fall on us through the strife,  
To reveal the fond spirits around us,  
The blossoms that spring in our way;  
For the world is not all so dreary  
As some people choose to say.

The innocent laughter of childhood  
Makes the heart of the aged to thrill;  
At the sweet, merry song of the maiden,  
The mourner looks up and is still.  
O the bright, sunny smiles of contentment,  
That fleck with light our dull way,  
They will change every hardship to pleasure,  
And the darkest night turn into day.

#### MAGGIE RENOLDS' FIRST VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY JULIA F. SNOW.

Poor Maggie had never been away from home at all in her life; had never ridden in a railway car, nor stage, nor steamboat; had never visited the city, and last, and hardest of all, had never been in the country. Just think of it! Never had she gone a-berrying, never hunted eggs, never watched a milking, never rode in a hay cart, nor drank warm, new milk, nor petted the calves, nor fed the chickens, nor ran away from the big turkey gobbler. It was downright hard, now, wasn't it?

To be sure, the place in which she lived was not a great, closely-built town, with houses from six to a dozen stories high, without trees, grass, or a glimpse of rural life, except the fashionable, prettily-behaved sort, exhibited in the parks. Each house set up for itself, in an independent sort of fashion. There were very few closely-built blocks of dwellings. Everybody had shade trees, and a pretty strip of grass and flowers in front, and often at the sides of the dwellings, which were uniformly detached from each other; and frequently, at the backs of these pretty homes, was a good-sized fruit or flower garden, with choice pears and grapes, giving golden promise for autumn. So, after all, her health did not suffer, for she had the range of one of the best of these gardens.

But still there was a certain primness about this way of life. Everybody had the same kinds of flowers and fruit. It was just one of those sort of towns that I, for one, plead guilty to disliking heartily. Just enough of the town to spoil it for the country, just rural enough to be countrified in the eyes of its city visitors; neither the freedom of the country, nor the independent privilege of a real city.

But to the eyes of Maggie's parents, and, in fact, the eyes of most sensible people, Somerville was thought to combine all that was worth having of both; and having passed a rather staid, hard-working youth, they were content to settle down into a staid and hard-working middle age, and having raised a large family, all but Maggie felt that peace, and quiet, and home rest, were, of all things, most to be desired.

Not so Maggie. A born Bohemian, she never came in doors when she could help it. She performed her "hemming" and "knitting" with incredible celerity, and rushed off into the garden, where, if she had not been so entirely healthy, she might have grown sentimental. That the garden was neglected, was her delight—the wilder the better. The prim rides of

an afternoon, in the family carriage, which always went one way, and never stopped for bird, moss, or wild flower, were her only glimpses of the outside country, and from their utter monotony grew at last perfectly insupportable.

Maggie Renolds went to the same prim, little school where our friend, Nellie Bright, went, and found her a great relief; but for some reason or other, she wasn't in that "set" exactly. However, all her friends believed in that particular school, and no other, and thither Maggie went, day by day, hating it, and longing, with her whole soul, for green fields.

Sommerville put on city airs towards its country cousins, but grew exceedingly meek towards its city visitors, who sent the iron into its very soul, by talking of its "rural charms." If the Renolds family had been a bit different from what they were, I should have said that they put on "city airs." But they did not. They had had enough of country life, and were tired of it, and forgot that Maggie had had no opportunity to become so, too.

Other girls traveled in the summer; some of her schoolmates did. But her father was busy on 'Change, and her mother at home; and Sommerville was pretty small to run from in summer; and the garden needed them. And so, year after year, through budding spring, through sultry summer, through the golden-brown and scarlet autumn, and the gay winter, Maggie staid at home, and, good little girl, fretted just as little as she could.

One summer morning, just before vacation, a little before school began, Maggie, and Grace Nelson, and her country cousin, Milly Crackenbush, were sitting on the doorstep, talking about vacation. Grace Nelson was not one of Maggie's favorites. She was in the habit of "getting mad," and refusing to "play," and though both poor and vulgar, had a most torturing faculty of teasing poor Mag, if her cloaks, hoods and shoes, were not of the newest style; at the same time "shabby genteel" being written all over her, from the soiled ribbon in her hair, down to the trodden-down slippers, and far from immaculate stockings.

Grace Nelson, upon the strength of rich friends and relations, maintained a certain position in the school, which her own pretensions were far from sustaining. Still, Maggie had no dislike toward her, and as she was in the best of humors, she rather enjoyed hearing her talk this morning.

"What are *you* going to do this vacation, Mag?" asked Grace, with unusual amiability.

"O, I don't know," replied Maggie, looking vacantly about; "read and sew, I suppose, and go walking with sister Jennie."

"Is that all you are going to do in vacation?" sheered Grace. "Why, it isn't a bit better than going to school. Now, *I'm* going into the country."

"Into the country?" Maggie's heart gave one great, hot throb, and the tears came into her eyes. She just dropped her head, and swung her feet disconsolately.

"I wish I was going," she murmured, half to herself.

"So do I," said Grace, with unwonted graciousness. "Why can't you? We're all going out to Uncle Crackenbush's, and are going to have perfectly splendid times! Milly, why can't she go with us?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Milly, indifferently, as was her habit. "I don't know as pa and ma have any objection. I'd like it well enough."

"There, now, cried Grace, "you see it's all settled. You can just ask your father. I don't believe there'll be room for you in the carriage. You can just get your father to drive you out there."

"Just drive me out there? why, it's thirty miles out to Coldwater!" cried Maggie, who saw her visit begin to fade in the dim distance. "Papa won't take two days from his business, just for that, I know."

"O well, maybe there'll be room. I'll ask Aunt Crackenbush about it. There's the bell."

"All right! all right!" shouted the unsophisticated child, and danced off into the school room.

What odd mistakes she did make, that morning. Crim Tartary was said by her to be situated in "Coldwater," and the Chinese lived mostly upon spring chickens and bread and milk; and she was turned down in her class, because she said that "vacations prevailed to an alarming extent in Hindostan."

After school it was settled, that, permission being obtained, she was to bring her satchel over to Mr. Nelson's, and go with them, provided there was room in the carriage.

O, never cork or feather was so light as Maggie's heart that noon. Never wave of sea foam floated home so swiftly as poor Maggie's little feet to her mother's room.

"O mamma!" she cried, swinging her sunbonnet by its strings, "Grace and Milly are going into the country, and they've asked me to go with them, and can I go?" fairly out of breath!

"How came they to ask you?" asked Mrs. Renolds, who knew the family, and much of the ways of the young people, from Maggie's frequent accounts of their sayings and doings.

"O, they got talking about going into the country, and I said I wished I could go, too, and Grace said she wished I could go, too, and—

"And what did Milly say?"

"O, she said she didn't care, and O dear, *can't* I go, after all?"

Mrs. Renolds saw at once the foundation of Maggie's castle in Spain, but reflected that though informal and unofficial, it *might* be sincere, and might not be repudiated by the old people. So she told Maggie she'd "think of it;" and Maggie danced off to dinner on one foot, with the other in her hand.

After school that afternoon, Mrs. Renolds took her little daughter with her down street, to do some errands. While in a milliner's shop, they met Mrs. Crackenbush and her daughter, and Grace Nelson.

"O, Milly!" cried Maggie, "They say that I can go with you if there's room!"

"Oh, do they?" replied that young lady, with the utmost coolness, and said not a word more.

"Well!" said Maggie, a good deal abashed, but too much in earnest to be utterly discouraged, "*will* there be room?"

"Well, really, I can't say. I haven't said anything to pa and ma about it;" and that model young lady turned away to examine a wreath of rosebuds which she contemplated buying. Maggie returned to her mother's side.

Mrs. Renolds observed the girls talking together, and when Maggie came back discomfited, said little. Maggie quietly repeated all that had passed.

Mrs. Renolds looked very grave—almost as much so as Maggie herself.

"If they have any idea of being in earnest about taking you with them," she remarked, as they walked home, "they will probably stop in on their way home. But I am sorry you seem to have set your mind upon it so very much."

Maggie flattened her face against the window, watching for them to come in. Just at tea time they went home, passing by on the other side, with averted faces. Then she turned and threw herself into her mother's arms, in a perfect tempest of sobs and tears. She could eat no supper that night. She cried herself to sleep, and next morning, when the Crackenbush's carriage drove past with Grace's little trunk strapped on behind, there was a fresh burst of agony.

Thus the heavy day wore on till tea time. Mr. Renolds remarked her sad, little face, and demure ways, and while washing his hands and brushing his hair, just before tea time, had a long conference with his wife, in his dressing room.

There at the tea table sat Maggie, quiet and tear-stained. After his third muffin, Mr. Renolds spoke to his wife.

"Jane," said he, "I've got to go off tomorrow, on a collecting trip. Fuller &

Whitem owe me that old bill yet, and all I'll ever get is store pay. I believe I'll take the buggy, and see if I can get heavy flannel enough to settle up on. Maggie, how'd you like to go along? I shall be gone several days, and—

"O, papa! You don't really mean that I shall go with you—*really* with you, in the buggy! O dear! And am I going into the country, after all?"

And Maggie began to cry for pure joy.

It wasn't exactly the thing she had anticipated, to be sure, but what of that! It was a surprise, and that was far better. And to ride with papa, alone, his chosen companion, and with full liberty "to chatter and talk, without stopping;" to ask questions, to start new ideas, and perhaps, even, to be allowed to gather wild flowers! Who knows! Altogether, the bright picture was too much for Maggie, and as I said, she cried for pure joy.

So next day Mrs. Renolds dressed Maggie in a neat, plain dress, and straw bonnet, and putting a shawl into the buggy, in case of rain, the travelers started off.

Poor little Maggie felt like Columbus when he saw the Spanish shores sink behind him. She felt like Franklin, or Parry, for was not the world all before her, and was not she, to all intents and purposes, a *discoverer*?

The warm, soft, delicious June morning, the odor of the earth, and of growing herb and grass, the sweet song of birds, and the soft, cool, lake breeze, blowing among her curls, seemed to the child like a foretaste of heaven. No hard lessons, no schoolmates teasing her about her strict "bringing up," her clothes, not of the newest fashion, but "good enough to wear to school." No insincere friends, giving invitations one moment, which they were mean enough to repudiate the next. And best of all, she was "going into the country" with her dear, busy, over-worked father, who, for the first time, felt as if he had time to make the acquaintance of his bright, little daughter.

And how they did enjoy it, the tired, care-worn man, and the irrepressible child. Mr. Renolds hadn't the least idea how much there was of Maggie, and began to realize something of her true character, as she felt the importance of her position, (for hitherto her rides had been taken, seated upon a supplementary footstool, squeezed in between her parents' feet).

They dined at a little, country tavern, upon boiled ham, snow-white, mealy potatoes, and leathery, apple pie; but they were kingly viands to Maggie, being genuine country fare. And while it was cooking, she had made the acquaintance of all the pigs and chickens, ducks and calves, cows and horses, on the premises;

had fed the chickens, hunted eggs, and been frightened by the turkey gobbler. She had breathed her fill of clover breath, and when her father called her to resume her seat in the buggy, she had really seen more of the country than some people ever see. In short, as Mr. R. remarked to his wife, "Maggie had fully lived up to her privileges."

Everything delighted her; the witchery of novelty was over everything, and Maggie had nearly forgotten the Crackenbushes and her late disappointment, in admiration of the landscape around her.

They were slowly ascending a steep hill, around whose sides the road was etched, as if with a needle. On one side, high, bleak, and barren, sheep were grazing. Below, a pretty stream wound around among rich intervals dotted with comfortable-looking cattle; and rising again in a leisurely slope, upon the summit of which a grove of maple hid all but a pretty spire of a neat little village church.

"And, papa, what is that village, behind those trees?" asked Maggie.

"That is the village of Coldwater," remarked Mr. Renolds, keeping one eye on her face.

"Coldwater? Why, that's where Milly Crackenbush lives. Shall we go past it?"

"We go right through the village," replied Mr. Renolds, "and as my business will take me about three miles further on, to the woolen factory, I will leave you, if you like, at Mr. Crackenbush's, to call, while I attend to my own affairs."

Maggie reflected a moment.

"Papa, shall I be in your way at the woollen mill?"

"No, darling; not in the least."

"Then, papa, I'd a good deal rather go with you. I wanted to go with them, *awfully*, but they acted so funny that I don't believe they will care about seeing me at all. But I know somebody who *does* like to have me with him," she went on, giving her father a look that went to his very heart, "and I guess I'll go with him to the woolen mill. And when I go back to school," she added, with a complacent little smirk, most edifying to see, "I'll mention that we went through Coldwater, and didn't stop, because I was having such a good time riding with you."

And Maggie nestled up to her father with such a loving, little cuddle, that he inwardly vowed that hereafter she should go wherever he went, rain or shine. And after that she almost always did so.

And so, after all, Maggie went to the country, and even went over the woolen mill, with all its wonderful machinery, and though the heat and smell were anything but agreeable, she remarked, as her small

feet rested upon a roll of heavy flannel, (you see Mr. Renolds got his pay, after all,) "that everybody didn't go over woolen mills every day."

So Maggie went home with her stock of ideas greatly enlarged and improved, with additions and commendations. And though I don't generally approve of "airs," I never could blame her for the cunning little smirk of complacency with which she would treat her companion to some of her experience, when she was "in the country in vacation."

There are several morals in this "over-true tale," for old and young, and if you can't find them out, probably the cap don't fit you, and you needn't wear it. If it does, put it on bravely and wear it.

## ALICE AFTON.

BY EMER BIRDSEY.

In the doorway, in the twilight,  
Alice Afton sat and listened  
To the sweet, Judean story,  
While her blue eyes glistened  
As she raised them, gazing upward  
From her mother's face in shadow,  
To the stars that hung in beauty,  
O'er the brook and meadow.

"Mother dear," she whispered, gently,  
Drawing to her mother nearer,  
Lest some star thro' twilight roaming,  
Chance to overhear her,  
"See there! in the east 'tis rising,  
Many times I've seen it going  
Up the sky, and growing larger,  
Like a flower blowing.

"O, it seems so pure and loving,  
And I often watch and wonder  
If it is the same that Mary  
And the babe slept under?  
When the winds come softly blowing  
Thro' the lilac's scented flowers,  
Voices seem to whisper lowly  
All the twilight hours,

"Saying, 'Alice, when your spirit  
Floats away so calm and quiet,  
Yon bright star will smile and watch you  
Up to heaven—or nigh it.'  
Then I fear no more, in thinking  
Of the cold, and dark, and danger,  
Since the star will shine around me,  
As above the manger."

Yesternight sweet Alice Afton  
In the twilight lay and listened,  
While a silvery star in heaven  
O'er her hung and glistened.  
Through the lattice came sweet voices—  
So she said—as lightly blowing,  
'Mong the lilac's scented blossoms,  
Murmuring sounds were going.

"Mother mine," she whispered fondly,  
"I am dying, come and kiss me;  
Do not sorrow, nor forget me,  
Love me while you miss me."  
Long the mother clasped sweet Alice  
To her breast, while softly glowing  
In the silver mists, to heaven  
Her pure soul was going.

## THE KING'S HOME.

BY J. T. H.

Down toward the river bank, sloped velvety lawns, carefully trimmed and rolled, and dotted with clumps of shade trees. Here and there, winding and turning in graceful curves, were carriage paths and foot paths, hard and smooth, without a weed to be seen in all their length. If you followed them you would be led, now near the water, now up again to the turf, where a deer or a fawn might spring away before you; then round a turn, past a rock-mound, where ferns were growing, kept always cool and fresh by a fountain spray. Then through a garden, where the rarest flowers made the air rich with their perfume; great beds of roses, trellises loaded with fuschias, heliotrope and mignonette mingling their fragrance and sending it to you on every breath of wind; tuberose and jasmynes, violets and pansies, everything, almost, with the name of flower, that could delight the eye or the heart; they were all there. Then, if you still went on, there were the stables where jetty horses pawed the floor, in impatience to be away, and before the doors of which great, stately dogs stood, watching the gambols of spaniels. Then, beyond the green house and the grapery, through an avenue of trees, past garden seats and dripping fountains, and you would reach at last the house where the owner of all these delights must have his home; a beautiful house, with lofty white pillars supporting the front, and broad, marble steps, guarded on each side by lions, cut from the same stone. But you would find the blinds and the doors closed; no children playing on the steps, no sound of music or pleasant words, no open book or bit of half-finished work upon the piazza seats, looking as if there had been some one there a few minutes ago. No, the gentleman to whom all this beautiful place belonged, did not care to live in it; he had two or three others equally fine, and thought them all dull; he had spent a few months in each, and now had crossed the ocean, to see if he could find, on the other side, something to amuse and make him happy.

But he liked to give pleasure to others, and knew this was often easy, although he so many times tried in vain to find it for himself; so he had left directions with the head gardener and the housekeeper, that they should never refuse any one who wished to see the grounds, or the house, but that every one should be welcome to pass freely among all the pleasant things upon which he did not care to look; that flowers should always be cut when they were asked for sick persons, or for church,

and that all the fruit from the grapery should be sold, and the money given to the poor.

Perhaps he was not quite disinterested in all this; perhaps he had half a feeling that it was a wickedness to keep so much beauty, constantly nurtured by the hand of God, shut away from sight; and perhaps he thought the servants would be more faithful to their charge, if they knew everything was to be observed by those who came; but however that may have been, the gates stood always open, and every day some one was sure to come. Sometimes they were poor people, who had but a humble cottage of their own, without a pretty thing anywhere near; to them it all seemed like a world of enchantment, and they could not even think how it could seem to possess it; but after they went home, they almost always put a little green turf before their door, or planted a shrub by the gate, or made a little shelf to hold one or two flowerpots in the window. Sometimes they were people who had much to enjoy in their own homes, but who, for very love of beautiful things, wished to see them wherever they could. Or, sometimes, an invalid, who had not even a pleasant window from which to get a breath of all the loveliness God has made, was, as a great treat, brought and wheeled through the shady avenues, and among the flower-beds, or left to rest beside the cool basin of the fountain. Afterward, the little chamber of sickness and pain no longer seemed the whole world; memories of the fragrant garden, and whispers of what lay beyond in the land where it is always summer, stole in, and brought comfort and joy.

One day a carriage stopped at the gate, and three children were lifted out; Cyril, and Lily, and little Paul. They had been promised the pleasure a long time, and their enjoyment had received a double zest from the patient waiting and anticipation. Too full of delight and wonder for many words, they had wandered up and down, hand in hand, seeing everything, as children will; they had sat in the grotto, and held their hands under the spray of the fountain, and admired the horses as the groom was exercising them upon the carriage drive; they had longed to bury themselves in the rainbow-colored verbena bed, and counted the oranges growing in immense flower boxes, and at last, they came to the house. That was reserved as the final treat, and wonders untold they expected to find hidden there.

The housekeeper had observed how quiet and careful they had been among the flowers, and she let them go everywhere. They saw the drawing-rooms, furnished in crimson and gold, the little breakfast-

room all in blue, the dining-room with fruit and flowers carved upon the furniture, and the china closet filled with such beautiful services of glass and china that they seemed a feast in themselves, without anything laid upon the plates or poured into the glasses. And everywhere their feet sank into the soft carpets, and mirrors reflected their forms, and pictures looked down upon them from the walls, or statues from some niche in the room.

Lily and Cyril had many expressions of admiration and delight, but little Paul was very silent, keeping his mother's hand and walking by her side without saying a word. At last, when there was a moment's pause, he looked at the rest with his great, blue eyes and asked,

"Does a king live here?"

"You little goose," said Cyril, "don't you know there is not a king in all this country, and if there were, he would have a great deal finer house than this?"

Little Paul hung his head, and thought he had said something very wrong; but his mother stooped and kissed him, and then they all went out to the carriage and drove away.

That night the children, tired out with happiness, fell asleep as soon as they touched their pillows.

Cyril was busy dreaming that, crowned with flowers, he was leaping a cascade in a golden chariot, lined with crimson, and drawn by horses black as coal, when suddenly a most beautiful form stood before him; a form such as he had never seen before, with a glory shining about it, and a face so gentle and kind that he felt no fear.

"It must be an angel," he said, and gladly left his chariot and horses to come closer to it.

The form beckoned to him as he approached, and said, gently, "Cyril, what did you say to your brother to-day, when he asked if a king lived in that beautiful home?"

"I asked him," replied Cyril, if he did not know there was no king in all this country, and told him, that if there were, he would want a great deal finer house than that."

"And are you quite sure you were right?" asked the spirit.

"O yes! I know I was right; does not every one, but a foolish child, like Paul, know it?"

"Ah, no!" said the spirit; "you were wrong, and I am sent to show you the truth. Not only does a good and glorious king live near you, but he has many homes just here, and homes that although beautiful in his sight, you might pass by without noticing."

Cyril was so filled with surprise, that he could not answer a word.



"Come," said the spirit, "come with me and see;" and floating away, Cyril, drawn by some mysterious influence, followed at its side.

They passed on until they came to a little cottage, which they entered. There sat a blind man, weaving baskets, and there was also a little girl in the room, who sometimes handed him the osiers, sometimes brought him a glass of fresh water, or a plate of fruit from the garden, and sometimes read from a book that lay upon the table. If he wanted nothing, she fed her canary, or sewed, or tended her flowers, always speaking cheerily, or singing a merry song. Cyril looked inquiringly at the spirit.

"Why do we come here?" he asked. "This is only Susie Mackay and her blind father, and they live in a very poor cottage. The king's home cannot be near."

"Remember what you see here," replied the spirit, and they floated away again.

Soon they came to a large house, where people could not even afford cottages of their own, but rented rooms and made such homes as they could; they entered one of these rooms; it had only one occupant, who sat by a table, cutting strips of cloth to be woven into rough carpets. Her face showed plainly that she had seen many years and many troubles, but it was calm and peaceful, and almost had a smile upon it, as she sat there solitary, in her old age. Cyril looked at the angel, again.

"This is old Aunty Truman," he said. "I bring her dinner every Christmas and Thanksgiving. Every one comes to see her because she is so good and so poor, and all alone."

"Are you sure she is all alone?" asked his guide.

"I did think so," said Cyril, thoughtfully, "but I asked her once if she was not very lonely, and she said, 'sometimes, it seems a little hard not to have chick or child near me, but still I am not alone; there is always One with me, and the day is not far off when He will take me to live with Him.' But are you not going to show me the king's home?"

"Yes," said the spirit, and they found themselves in a bright, sunny nursery, where toys were strewn over the floor, and a little boy and girl were playing together.

"Here, darling sister," said the little boy, "take the one you like best. I love you so much, that I would rather you had them all if you wished."

"Ah! but I was so unkind to you, this morning," said his sister, "I should not think you would give me any."

"Hush," said her little brother; "did I not just tell you, I love you so! When one loves, one does not remember little

things. I love the whole world; I believe, but hardly even mamma is as dear as you." And throwing his arms around her, he covered her with kisses, and then went merrily to his play again.

"Dear angel," said Cyril, turning to him with tears in his eyes, "I cannot tell what you mean. Did you not promise to show me the king's home? This is only our own nursery; these children are my sister Lily and my little brother Paul; and we have seen nothing else but Susie Mackay's cottage and Aunty Truman's room. Will you not tell me where the king's home is?"

"You have already seen," replied the spirit. "Neither in the cottage, nor the lonely room, nor the pleasant nursery, does the king make his home; but in the heart of the gentle child, always ready and cheerful in her service to others; in the patient soul of Aunty Truman, who smiles through all her old age and poverty, waiting the time of Him who dwells with her; and, last of all, here in the sweet heart of your little Paul, flowing over with love to all the world, and reaching up to heaven as well."

"Then the king must be God," said Cyril. "But how could I have known?"

The angel pointed to an open book, from which Cyril had that morning learned this verse: "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode with him."

"It is He," said the angel, "the Lord Jesus, the king of Glory; it is He who has many homes near here, one even in this very room; and although they have never been even noticed by you, to Him they are more beautiful than palaces of ivory, or gardens of spices and flowers."

And once more the angel floated away, but this time Cyril was left in the nursery; and when he opened his eyes again, the summer sun was just rising, and little Paul lay asleep on the pillow at his side.

## MAY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

The grass on the hillside is springing,  
The cowslips are shining like gold;  
The robins are merrily singing  
A gladness that cannot be told.  
Come out where the sunshine is flooding  
The valleys with glory to-day,  
And sing with the birds and the breezes,  
To welcome the beautiful May.

The wind from the blossoming orchards  
Brings up the low hum of the bees,  
And the shouts of the barefooted children  
At play in the shade of the trees.  
Sing, birds, for the winter is over!  
Sing, birds, for the summer is sweet!  
And laugh at your play, little children,  
For childhood and summer are fleet.

## THE DIAMOND.

BY MARY LORIMER

The diamond is the most valuable of all the precious stones, for two reasons: its extreme hardness and its wonderful beauty.

It is so hard that it can be scratched, cut, or polished by no other substance than itself. All other gems can be cut by the diamond, but in its own case, as there is nothing harder to be found, it is truly "diamond cut diamond." The name, in both Greek and Latin, signifies "invincible hardness." This quality of invincible hardness renders it invaluable in the matter of cutting and polishing all precious stones. Had this enchanting gem been undiscovered many others would have been of little value, since they owe their worth to the brilliancy that is given by this process. We must also have been deprived of opera glasses, spectacle glasses, and other optical instruments, as it is the diamond only that can divide into leaves the transparent rock crystals from Brazil, which, after being ground and polished with diamond dust, are made into these instruments.

The "point of a diamond" is employed to cut window and plate glass, and diamond powder is used for cutting, engraving, and polishing hard stones. The wheels of watches often revolve on pivots passing through diamonds; a delicate wire, coated with diamond dust is used for sawing precious stones, and diamond etching points are of great importance to engravers, for the purpose of drawing lines on copper.

It is remarkable that it is the point of the *natural* or *uncut* diamond only, that can be used in cutting gems, or plates of glass. The cut diamond will make a *scratch*, but the glass will not divide along the line, as it will when the uncut diamond is used.

Though diamonds are of the greatest antiquity, and were admired and valued in the earliest ages, the ancients were content with the form and polish given them by nature, as the art of cutting or polishing them was unknown until the fifteenth century, when it is said to have been invented by one Louis de Berquen, of Bruges.

Diamond cutting is now a most elaborate and remarkable art. The gems are cut in three forms, known as brilliant, rose, and table diamonds; the brilliant is a diamond cut into angles; the rose diamond is flat beneath and has the upper surface, which is dome-shaped, cut into twenty-four regular planes or faces; the table diamond is flat upon the upper surface. Great skill in diamond cutting is possessed by the artisans of Holland, and in an account of some of the most celebrated establishments of this kind, mention is made of some dia-

monds which are cut into twenty-four perfectly even and regular faces, making the regular rose diamond, when not exceeding a pin's head in size; and some of the stones are so small that it takes hundreds of them to make a carat, or weight of four grains, yet these are cut and polished for various uses.

As a gem for ornamental purposes, the dazzling brilliancy of the diamond makes it highly prized. Its sparkle is like the sunbeam, and nothing can be more enchanting than the play of color and light, and the blazing splendor that flashes from its clear depths. The diamonds with which we are most familiar, and which are most prized by jewelers, are the snow white; these are colorless and transparent as a drop of water, yet in certain lights showing exquisite flashes of rose, green, or yellow. Pale blue diamonds are also rare and valued, and deep blue still more so, and clear yellow ones are beautiful and costly. There are also shades of pink and dark brown, and the diamond sometimes emits a light in the dark, especially after being exposed to the rays of the sun. Many romantic and wonderful stories have been told, and novels have been written about diamonds, and the adventures and escapes of those who have owned or stolen these precious gems, and the prices which have been paid for large or rare ones, are beyond belief.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars and two large ships of war were offered and refused for a diamond in Borneo, and the empress of Russia paid more than this for a diamond that had been one of the eyes of an Indian idol.

Large diamonds are rare, but there are some that are historical, and that we are about as well acquainted with as with other historical characters. To mention a few: One owned by an East Indian nabob, weighing two ounces; another possessed by the great mogul of Hindostan, weighing more than four ounces. The "Star of the South," and the "Mountain of Light" of modern days, the famous Koh-i-noor, which has been so whittled down by diamond cutters; and at its last re-cutting lost eighty carats, or more than half an ounce of its weight, which is said to be caused by the different degrees of hardness in different parts of the stone.

My young friends will often read about the jewels of kings and queens—crown jewels, as they are called; crowns and diamonds sparkling with these precious stones; the hilts of daggers and swords glittering with jewels; and necklaces, bracelets, and rings flashing in velvet cases:

Here is the description of a circlet, or bracelet of queen Anne's: "having in the midst eight fair diamonds, eight fair rubies,

eight emeralds, and eight sapphires; garnished with thirty-two smaller diamonds, thirty-two rubies, and sixty-four pearls, and on each border thirty-two diamonds and rubies."

The most remarkable thing, I think, about the diamond is, that sparkling, clear, and resplendent as it looks, the very type and essence of unalterable purity, it is made of the same material that the black and soiling charcoal is; the characteristic ingredient of all kinds of charcoal being carbon, and the diamond being carbon crystallized and in a state of absolute perfection, there seems to be no difference between a piece of black charcoal and a diamond of the purest water, except in the arrangement of the particles composing them. Many interesting experiments have been made to discover the true nature of the diamond. Lavoisier, a celebrated French chemist, inclosed diamonds in jars filled with atmospheric air, and, after causing them to disappear by the aid of burning glasses, examined the air in the vessels and found it to exhibit the same properties as the air which results from the combustion of charcoal. But a prettier experiment was made by Morveau, another French chemist. He inclosed a diamond in a cavity made in pure, soft iron, driving a stopper of pure iron into the cavity. The mass was then placed in a small crucible and this in a larger crucible, the space between being filled with pure sand. The whole was then exposed to intense heat, and on being examined after a suitable time, the diamond had disappeared utterly, and the iron in which it had been enclosed had been converted into *steel*. Steel being a compound of carbon and iron, and the diamond having departed, and there being no other source from which carbon could have reached the iron, the conclusion was unavoidable that the diamond was pure carbon. Numerous and most delicate experiments by Sir Humphrey Davy and other distinguished chemists all tend to the same conclusion, that the diamond and charcoal are identically of the same nature.

Diamonds are found in Brazil, Borneo, and India, the mines of Brazil now furnishing more diamonds than those of India. The demand for these gems has greatly increased of late years, while the supply grows continually less, many of the once famed diamond mines being now utterly unproductive.

The bright spots of a man's life are few enough, without blotting any out. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless, but for the sunshine of smiles.

## THE LITTLE SAILOR

BY GEORGE COOPER

Baby is a sailor boy,  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Sailing is the sailor's joy,  
Swing, cradle, swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight,  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Baby's captain, mother's mate,  
Swing, cradle, swing.

Never fear; the watch is set,  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Stormy gales are never met,  
Swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep,  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Anchor in the cove of Sleep,  
Swing, cradle, swing.

## A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### CHAPTER V.

A day's journey in an old-fashioned stage coach is about as thorough exercise for every bone and muscle as can well be contrived; and Nathan felt, as he threw himself into a chair in his elegantly-furnished chamber, that he was a great deal more tired than after a day's work at hoeing corn, or drawing logs. He looked stupidly around at the costly furniture and ornaments, and half wished himself back in the bare, little room at Riverside, where he could see the stars through the uncurtained windows, and hear the spring rain patter through the long night. He felt thoroughly out of place among the fine things, very much as a homely wooden bowl might do, if it should stray away from the kitchen and find itself among the dainty china ornaments in the parlor. He hardly dared to stir for fear of breaking something. The new suit, that had seemed so nice at home, looked coarse and clumsy here, and he looked at it with a feeling of dissatisfaction. But Nathan had a great deal of good, sound, common sense, and it very soon came to his aid.

"I ain't going to make a dunce of myself about my clothes," he said, aloud, throwing them across a chair; "they were good enough for me at Riverside, and they're just as good now, and I like 'em, and I'm going to keep on liking 'em."

In five minutes Nathan was sound asleep, and when he awoke in the morning, and heard the clatter of hoofs and the rattle of wheels on the paved streets below, he threw open his blinds and looked out upon the busy scene with a thrill of pleasure in his heart. At last he was in the great city that had been the fairy land of his dreams ever since he was a little child.

Barbie came to the breakfast table look-

ing neat and pretty in her simple calico, with its bright, coral buttons; and, with the natural grace that seemed a part of her, was as thoroughly ladylike and as much at her ease as Aunt Lucy herself.

Uncle Marston meant to be specially gracious to Nathan, but the poor boy shocked him out of measure by pouring his coffee into the saucer to drink it, and putting his knife into his mouth. It was as much as he could do to invite him to go down to the store with him after breakfast, but he did it. Nathan was going to accept the invitation at once, but Aunt Lucy interfered.

"O leave them both to me, to-day," she said. "I'm going out, and I want his company; it'll be so nice for Barbie and me to have a beau to take care of us."

Uncle Marston gave a sigh of relief, and hurried away.

"Now, children," said Aunt Lucy, "we'll take a whole day for sight seeing. Your uncle takes a lunch at a restaurant, and only comes home at evening, so we'll take our dinner down town, too."

It was a day of unmixed delight to both Nathan and Barbie, and it was wonderful to see how unconsciously Nathan's uncouthness seemed to wear off, and how quickly he comprehended what was expected of him. He was not a green, country boy, staring at the sights of the city, but a gentleman, escorting his aunt and sister. More than one of Aunt Lucy's acquaintances smiled at his homely clothes, and at Barbie's odd, little hat, but Aunt Lucy was so thoroughly a lady herself, and had so much real love for the children, that she had not a thought for anything but making them happy.

At noon they went into what looked to Barbie and Nathan like an enchanted palace, glittering everywhere with crystal and silver, and sat down at a little marble table for their dinner. The saloon was full of ladies and gentlemen, chatting and eating, and neat-looking waiters were hurrying in every direction.

"Now then," said Aunt Lucy, drawing off her gloves, "you and Nathan shall order the dinner. What will you have, Barbie?"

Barbie looked at the bill of fare in perfect bewilderment. What a multitude of things; and she had not the faintest idea what half of them might be. At last she found one familiar thing, and decided to have chicken.

"Let me see," said Nathan; "I'm hungry as a bear."

"Then you'd better call for half of a raw waiter," said Aunt Lucy, smiling; "a bear would be pretty sure to begin his meal with one of us."

Nathan blushed, and though he did not

say a word, he determined not to say that again.

"Here's oysters, Barbie—let's have oysters, I never ate any; or, we might have ice cream and plum pudding; or else—"

"I'm afraid I shall have to choose for you, or I shall never get my dinner," said Aunt Lucy. And she selected such a dinner as neither of the children had ever tasted before.

When the waiter had taken the order, she said, quietly, to the children,

"I wouldn't say 'yes sir' and 'no sir' to the waiters. It is better to say 'yes, if you please,' and 'no, thank you.'"

Barbie accepted the correction at once; but Nathan said,

"Why, Aunt Lucy? Those gentlemen over there just say 'yes' and 'no.'"

"They are older than you; but I have always found it best to be polite to every one. 'Why do you treat that fellow as if he was a gentleman?' asked one friend of another. 'Because I wish to show him that I am a gentleman myself,' was the answer. There are a great many little things that are not at all important in themselves, which it is best for us to observe just because other people do. Now I don't see any reason why I shouldn't drink my tea and coffee out of my saucer, if I want to; but as long as people generally think it isn't the nicest way to do, I'm perfectly willing to give up the point."

Nathan studied the table, and wondered if his aunt meant him.

"It's just so about eating with your knife, and doing a great many other things that don't seem to be of any special importance; if I can just as well do as other people do, why, I think it is pleasanter to do so."

"But seems to me, Aunt Lucy," said Nathan, "it's foolish to care what other people think about us, at any rate for such little things."

"No, indeed, my dear," said Aunt Lucy, "it makes a great deal of difference what other people think of us; and it is by just these little things that most of those we meet will have to judge us, because they haven't time to see any more. If I had only five minutes to decide whether I wanted you for my dentist, I should be a great deal more likely to see how neat your finger nails were, than to find out whether you knew who was the seventh President."

Barbie heard all this with inward rejoicing, for Nathan prided himself greatly on his knowledge of history, and met all her objections to any outlandish habit by saying, "Who cares. Nobody but a ninny would take so much trouble about what people think."

Evening found them at home, fairly tired

of sight seeing, and Nathan quite won his Uncle Marston's heart by his intelligent questions about the architecture of a building they had seen.

"He's a remarkably smart boy," he said to his wife, "and I should feel proud of him if he was dressed decently. I wish you'd get him some clothes, to-morrow."

"You know I promised not to interfere with their dress; and I don't think Nathan looks badly—his clothes are nice and new."

"Such a ridiculous cut, though; well, if you promised, I did nothing of the kind, and I shall get him a suit, to-morrow."

Aunt Lucy smiled, for she knew Nathan better than her husband did, and fancied he would not find him so easy to manage. He went about it very adroitly, however.

"Nathan," said he, "I don't believe you will care to spend two whole weeks in sight seeing; what do you say to helping me half of each day?"

"I should like it very much, sir," said Nathan, promptly.

"I thought so; well, then you may begin to-morrow, and I can find out what kind of a business man you'll make."

"Yes, sir," said Nathan, much pleased.

"I'll pay you a dollar a day, and you'll earn a good deal—enough to get a new suit of clothes."

Nathan looked down at his gray clothes. He didn't need a new suit in the least, but how shabby his father's best coat was, and how many things his mother needed. It would be so delightful to be able to take something home to them.

"I'd as soon pay you now," said Uncle Marston, "and then you can get the clothes at once, so as to be sure of them. Your aunt will go with you to-morrow, I dare say."

"Uncle," said Nathan, "I don't care about any more clothes; these will do two or three years; but I should like the money to get something for father, only I don't want it till I earn it. It would be giving it to me, if I take it now."

Nathan pushed back the hair from his forehead, and looked up at his uncle with such a bright, manly expression, that he could not feel vexed with him. He laughed a little, and said,

"That's father, all over. Well, I don't like you any the worse for your independence. The fact is, Nathan, I meant to cheat you into having a new suit. I wish you would let me give you one. I haven't any boys to buy for, and I always wanted to see how it would seem."

"Father wouldn't like it," said Nathan, "and, besides, I would rather not have it myself."

"But you shall come to the store, all the same," said Uncle Marston, "and I'll see that you earn your dollar a day."

"Thank you, sir," said Nathan, heartily; and in his heart he determined that his uncle should neither be disappointed in him nor ashamed of him.

So Uncle Marston's scheme failed; but Aunt Lucy sent the gray coat to a tailor, who exchanged the showy, gilt buttons for some plain ones to match the suit, and altered the style of the collar, so that it was an unobjectionable garment. And a dextrous barber, whom Nathan visited on one of his morning rambles, brought the bushy, brown hair into such trim that Nathan looked at himself two or three times before he was satisfied it really was he.

"He looks as nice as anybody, don't he, Aunt Lucy?" whispered Barbie, with an admiring look at her brother.

When Nathan first accompanied his uncle to the store, some of the foppish young clerks rolled up their eyes, and winked slyly at each other, though they dared not say anything before their employer. Uncle Marston took Nathan to a pleasant-looking man with gray hair and spectacles.

"Mr. Evans," said he, "this is my nephew, Nathan Phillips. I want you should find him some work in your department;" and he gave Mr. Evans private instructions not to let any of the boys impose upon him.

Mr. Evans was at the head of the silk department, and he immediately set Nathan at work as a "cash boy." Whenever one of the clerks made a sale, he called out "cash!" and the boys must run to the little office with the money, and a card marked with the amount of the sale, and bring back the change. Now Uncle Marston put Nathan there for two reasons. In the first place, because he was apt to be absent minded, and he thought it would teach him to keep his thoughts upon his work; and in the second place, because he was naturally very slow, and this was the very best place to learn quickness. On busy days it was "cash!" here and "cash!" there, till it seemed as if the cash boys needed to be in twenty places at once. At first Nathan blundered and stumbled, and got around so slowly that the clerks scolded and ridiculed him; but he was not a boy to give up, when he had undertaken anything, and in a few days he could take orders faster than any boy of them all.

"Do you like the store?" asked Barbie, when they were walking through Uncle Marston's beautiful greenhouse, and enjoying the rare plants with which it was filled.

"Not first rate," said Nathan; "but you see it will be so nice to have some money to get mother a present; and then Uncle Marston says it's just the training I needed. I know one thing, though. I used to think it was nothing but fun to

keep store; but I've had enough of it. It's just as hard work as plowing, and then you don't have the birds to sing to you, and everything fresh and green around you while you're working."

"And I've found out I don't care so much about living in the city," said Barbie. "I believe people have hard work to do most everywhere, and even Aunt Lucy has lots of things to trouble her. She don't care half as much about all these splendid roses and verbenas as we do about the wild flowers that just grow of themselves. She said, yesterday, when I put a rose in her hair, 'I was just thinking, Barbie, how the buds must be swelling on that lilac by the south door at Riverside. I never saw anything so sweet as those lilacs. I used to string the flowers for a necklace, when I was a little girl.'"

"I'm real glad we're going back next week," said Nathan; "I know father needs me to help him plow up for corn."

The ten dollars which Uncle Marston gave Nathan was spent over and over in imagination, but it could not be made to get half the articles which Nathan wanted, by any amount of calculation. The very best thing seemed to be to buy his mother a nice dress in place of the gray one she had given up to Barbie. Aunt Lucy advised to get a black alpaca, as the most serviceable thing that could be selected, and so it was purchased.

"O dear, how pleased she will be," said Barbie; "it looks just as nice as silk. I only wish it was for me to give to her, because I had the other."

"You may give it to her," said Nathan, generously; "it don't make any difference who it comes from."

"O, but I couldn't, because you earned the money. I wouldn't do it for anything, but I wish girls could earn money as easy as boys."

"Never mind, Barbie," said Uncle Marston, "one of these days you shall be my book keeper, and earn two thousand dollars a year."

A few days after that, two little travelers left the cars at Richwood and took seats in the lumbering old stage for Riverside.

"So you're bound for home ag'in, be ye," said the driver, as he looked in at the door; "well, there's a sight of things to see in the city, but I never had no hankering after it myself."

The little, hair trunk was strapped on behind, the driver flourished his whip, and away they went over the hills and through the green valleys, wondering at every step to see how much two weeks of spring time had done to robe everything in freshness.

The honeysuckles were budded over the stoop of the red tavern, where they stopped again for dinner, and the little garden had

bunches of yellow daffies, and rows of purple iris in bloom. The bluebirds were building in an old box on top of the tall wooden pump, and the bobolinks singing in the meadow across the road.

"It's a wonderful for'ard spring," said the landlady; "seems as if it might be the middle of May instead of *Aprile*. My peas and onions is coming on right smart."

"I can see the house," said Nathan, leaning out at the window as they came to the top of the last hill.

"The cherry trees are in blossom," said Barbie, "and the peach trees are as pink as they can be. Oh dear, I never can wait to get there."

"How long you been gone?" asked a man in the further corner of the stage.

"About two weeks," said Nathan, taking his head in at the window.

"Sakes alive!" chuckled the man; "I reckoned you'd been to Europe."

"There's Davy on top of the bars down by the barn," said Barbie, too much excited to care about the remark, and she waved her handkerchief to the little fellow, who couldn't wave anything in return because his handkerchief was always lost, and he was bareheaded. He jumped down as the stage came lumbering by, and shouted,

"Say, Nathan, we're got two new calves!"

[To be continued.]

## SIGNS OF SPRING.

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

Do you feel the west wind  
Coming o'er the hill?  
Can you hear the singing  
Of the unbound rill?  
In the sunlight glancing,  
See the bluebird's wing;  
At your feet the violet,  
Telling it is spring.

All around is music,  
In the earth and air;  
Bloom and beauty stealing  
Round us everywhere.

Soon the lilac's perfume,  
And the apple bloom,  
Will be sweetly filling  
All your open room.

And the wild wood flowers,  
'Mong the mosses green,  
By the old, brown rootlets,  
Peeping will be seen.  
Come, ye little children,  
Nature calls to you;  
Softest airs are wooing,  
And the sky is blue.

Wander forth in gladness,  
Through the woodland ways;  
Gather all the glory  
Of your childhood Mays.

Let Dame Nature take you  
To her kindly arms,  
Shedding o'er your spirit  
All her wondrous charms.

For the years are coming,  
When the wakening spring,  
Less of bounding freedom,  
To your steps will bring.

## THE LOCUSTS.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

"Bless me! I am thankful that wearisome journey is over, at last," said Primo, a seventeen year locust, as he came up out of the ground. "I believe I am the first, this time."

"I hope I am not tardy," said a voice near by, and Secondo came up by his side.

"The journey seemed longer than ever," said Primo, throwing off his traveling suit, and spreading his wings.

"It did indeed," said Secondo. "I suppose the roll will not be called till to-morrow, as it is so late in the day. I should be sorry to have to begin work to-night. Though our comrades are coming up all around. Let me see. Eight and a half years going to Africa, and eight and a half coming back. That makes it, exactly."

"What a strange provision of nature," said Primo, "that we should be obliged, first, to make that long, perilous journey, and then to devour every green thing, (those are our orders, you know,) and for nothing in the world, as far as I can learn, but to starve out the caterpillars."

"I should think these idle birds—so many as there are of them—might thin them out sufficiently, from year to year. Or the inhabitants might attend to it themselves, if they would make the caterpillar an article of food, as the people of some countries do."

"Yes," said Secondo, "and I have heard that our remedy is worse than the disease, though I never stayed to see. They say that the country looks as though a fire had swept over it."

"Speaking of fire," said Primo, "that is the worst thing I have had to contend with in coming through. It seems to me the internal fires were never so lively. I came near being scorched. There was quite a hubbub on the extreme right. There must have been an earthquake somewhere."

"Yes, I noticed the jar," said Secondo, "but my great trouble was with the oil. Our old charts are worse than useless. The oil streams have all been diverted from their channels in some way. In fact the current seemed to be upward. I can't account for it. But I came near getting into trouble there. That halt at the center was refreshing, though. How little these outsiders dream of the delights of that enchanted region. Concentrated, double-distilled essence of all good."

"I have thought perhaps they are getting an inkling of it," said Primo; "they are digging so much deeper of late."

"It may be so," said Secondo.

"I shall resign next time," said Primo, "I have traveled enough."

"Yes," said Secondo, "you have done your part, certainly. I believe the general opinion among the learned is that we only come up to the surface once in our lives. It shows how mistaken even the wisest may be. For example, I am sixty-eight. I have made the trip four times. How old are you, comrade?"

"One hundred and two, and as good as new," said Primo.

"Ah! a poet, I see," said Secondo. "I hope I shall live till the underground railroad is completed. That will shorten the journey by half. We shall be seven year, instead of seventeen year locusts, then."

"Hark!" said Primo. "There's the signal. No more time for gossip."

"Fall in there! Forward! March!"

## HIDE AND SCRAP'S STORY.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

A succession of rainy days kept my boots inside of rubber over-shoes, or "gums," as they are called in Philadelphia.

("Where is your sister?" asked a lady of a young Philadelphian, who called upon her. "O, I left her in the entry, cleaning her gums on the mat," said he.)

Of course I heard nothing from my little friends HIDE and SCRAP during all those damp and dark days, and should have quite forgotten them, but that my eye fell upon these words in the CORPORAL, "I set out for myself not far from Monte—" and at once I remembered my little gentleman HIDE, whose story I had cut short a month ago. So I took my right boot out of its smothering shoe, and dried it by the stove, and then took it on my knee and said, good naturedly,

"Good morning, little ones."

But they answered not a word. They were sulky because they thought I had treated them rudely last month, and had been trying to keep them down and tread them under foot.

Now when people are sulky without reason, the more you try to please them the crosser they get. The best way is to go on cheerfully, and by and by they forget their sulks and come into sunlight again. So I made believe that I did not notice their silence, and went on talking to HIDE.

"You set out for yourself not far from Monte Video. A very curious city it is, too. No wonder they call it Monte Video, for I saw nothing but that one mountain for forty miles away. Long, low, treeless, houseless, fenceless flats, in every direction! But that one hump of a mountain sticks up all alone; never yet went a ship up the Plata, but some one on board of her said, 'I see the mountain,' or Monte Video."

Not a word answered HIDE, though I thought I heard SCRAP whisper, "He's been there—ask him." So I went on.

"Yes, I always thought you and SCRAP must have come from near that mountain,

just across the harbor from the city. For one morning I took a sail boat and went across and visited one of the Saladeros, or slaughter yards, where thousands of hides set out for themselves every day. I saw miles of fences built of bullocks' horns and skulls. I saw acres of salted meat hung out in the sun to dry. I ran away from clouds of great, shiny flies that tried to get into my nose and ears. And for aught I know, I saw you, my friends, for I saw piles on piles of salt hides, and other piles of dry hides hard as flint, and—"

"Hard, did you say, sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "hard, tough, and stiff hides, so hard and stiff that they could be handled like boards and piled up!"

"Did you see any red hides with white spots—"

"Yes," put in SCRAP, unable to keep still any longer, "with white spots on the hind legs? I was white. I grew on a hind leg. Did you see any?"

"Sh-h-h-e," said HIDE, "don't disgrace yourself. The HIDES have no legs. When will you learn not to bring up those old days when we were ox skin and had not got free. Keep still and let me talk."

"Yes, I saw red cattle, with smooth horns and white faces, and white spots on their hind legs. And the men drove them down hill toward the sea into a round pen with thick, high walls; and the scared cattle piled up one on another; and men ran along the wall and dropped nooses (lassoes) over their heads, and they were dragged toward a gate where sat a man with a broad and heavy knife, and with one easy stroke just back of the horns he cut the spinal cord, and the cattle dropped down, at the rate of two each minute—"

"I am not interested in those cattle, sir!" said HIDE. "I asked you whether you saw any red hides with white spots. I don't care for the red cattle. What would they be worth were it not for us HIDES!"

"Don't be too hard on the cattle, my friend," said I. "I like SCRAP's talk better than yours. He remembers that he was a white spot on a hind leg, and he is not ashamed of his origin. Up here in this country you HIDES are not worth nearly as much as your friends, BEEF and TALLOW. And down there in South America, where you came from, I found that the jerked beef was worth more than the hide, and the tallow was worth more than the beef. All the slaves and Indians in Brazil live on that dried, rancid beef, boiled with black beans. And the tallow goes to England and France, by the ship load. You HIDES are worth something, but BEEF and TALLOW are worth more."

"Good, good, good," giggled SCRAP. "Many's the time I can remember when dear old STEER would twist around almost double, and hoist up a hind leg to scratch his ear. I remember the white spot on his face, for I was a white spot myself; and it was real fun when he kicked up and down, up and down, up and down, trying to hit a fly bite, I suppose. And when he ran down—"

"Hold on a minute, SCRAP, and listen to me," said I. "You and HIDE have seen your best days, and I want you to keep good ends, and not get apart. You must try to sober some of the time, and



not tease him by your giggling nonsense. He has thoughts and memories."

"Has he?" said SCRAP. "What are they good for?"

"Listen," said I, "while we talk."

And so, bending my boot toe smartly forward, I aroused HIDE once more, and said to him, "You were asking about the hard, dry hides—flint hides—whether I had seen any red ones, with white spots on them? Why do you ask?"

"Because those were the hardest times of my life, sir. I shrunk away so that I hardly knew myself. Of course I felt greatly relieved when I was set free from the bullock, whom SCRAP calls dear old STEER. He was only an ox, sir. We protected him as best we could. But he never seemed at all thankful. He kept us out night and day, rain or shine, and it was all we could do to keep him covered, he grew so big and fat. I was glad to let him go, and take care of myself. But still at first it was very painful. I seemed to shrink away and dry up in the sun. I lost more than half my weight. Indeed, I almost lost my senses and my life. My memory fails me as to what did happen to me just then, and that is the reason why I asked you whether you happened to see any red hides with white spots."

"What is the next thing you remember?" asked I.

"The next thing that I can clearly remember is that I found myself lying in a pleasant bath of clean water, and felt much refreshed!"

"O ho! ho!" said I, "you did have a long sleep! You slept like a mummy; you were a sort of mummy, a dried-up HIDE, like the dried up men and women of the Peruvian mountains, thousands of them that last for years, dry and hard. You were a 'flint hide.' You were piled up over there at the Saladero for weeks, then you were boated across to Monte Video and lay in a warehouse, then you were put upon a brig and brought to New York, and there you were sold to—"

Go-ling, go-ling, go-ling, gling-a-ling, gling—I declare there's the dinner bell, and after dinner I must go to the city. But there is much yet to hear from HIDE and SCRAP after they got to New York. Their travels and tribulation were but just begun.

[To be continued.]

**CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.**—As soon as you have even a few subscribers, send them along, so that we may keep our lists filled up. Keep account of all you send, and as soon as your club is filled, notify us, send a duplicate list of all the names you have sent, with their post offices, so that we may compare, and see if all is correct, and designate what premium you desire, and we will send it at once. If you begin to work for a large premium, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller one. We send no premiums until you notify us exactly what you want, and that the required club is full.

**CLUBS FOR THE CORPORAL** may be made up from as many different Post Offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

In working for premiums, if you will send one-third of the required number, you may have six months, if necessary, to complete the list.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1869.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### SEND IN THE CLUBS.

We are still sending out many beautiful premiums. Work on your clubs. We can always send back numbers from the first of the volume, or from the beginning of *any* volume. Send in the clubs, they are always in order.

### THE VELOCIPEDE PRIZE.

So few have notified us that they desire to compete for the Velocipede Prize, that we conclude it best to change the arrangement, so as to excite a greater interest, and extend it to a wider circle. The offer was made so late in the season, also, that it will be much better to extend the time, that it may embrace the Fall campaign. We have therefore revised this extra prize arrangement, so that the successful one may choose between a VELOCIPEDE and an ORGAN. Of course a lady or girl would be likely to prefer the Organ, while a boy or young man might choose the Velocipede. With this change, we extend the time for competition to the last day of December. All who desire to compete for this special prize, will state the fact in *every* letter which encloses names for the list. Those who compete will receive all the usual prizes, as announced in our Premium List, and *besides* these, the one sending the largest club may have a Parlor Organ or a Velocipede, whichever he or she may prefer. The next to the largest club will secure either a Hunting Case American Silver Watch or a Melodeon, in addition to the usual premiums.

Begin *now* to work for these Prizes. Only seven or eight have yet begun to compete for them, and none have yet done more than a good canvasser could do in one good day's work. So you will start nearly even.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

An experience of many years, in both the offices of Superintendent and Librarian, in the Sunday School work, has taught us that it is no easy task to *properly* select a Sunday School library. We have learned, we think, the difference between a case full of books and a *good* library—between a pile of startling, exciting novelettes and a selection of books that, while they interest the children, and encourage them to love to read, will also aid the teachers in their work, or, at least, not hinder or root out the good seed sown.

Situated as we now are, in the publishing business, we are in the best possible position to aid

Sunday School officers and committees all over the Union, from Maine to California, in selecting libraries. We are in direct connection with all the best publishers, and having arrangements for securing the largest discounts given, we can guarantee the best books issued, at the lowest published rates. We shall be glad to answer promptly any letters relating to orders, and can send, by express or mail, libraries, mottoes, tickets, singing books, record books, and all other things required in the Sunday School work. In sending for libraries, send us a list of your old books, so that duplicates may not be sent, and if you have any preference for, or wish to avoid books with any special sectarian bias, please inform us, and we shall be glad to do all we can to suit you.

Address ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

### EDITORIAL.

About ten years ago, on a lovely day in the last of April, I was wandering through some pine woods in eastern Connecticut, in search of early spring flowers. The day was as warm and sunny as June, and we found flowers in abundance—violets, blue and white; anemones; the beautiful dog-tooth violet, with its yellow bell and curious, spotted leaves, that some people out west call a lily; and, chiefest of all, the lovely trailing arbutus, with its waxen flowers and delicious breath—

"Tinged with color faintly

Like the eastern sky,

Or, more pale and saintly,

Wrapped in leaves they lie;

Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity."

Sitting on a bank all carpeted with the fallen leaves of the pines, and talking over the Aprils that we had seen, it all at once occurred to me that I had *never been Maying*. I mean never in the regular fashion, which I hope you know is to start before sunrise on the very first day of May. Now it happens that May day, as a general thing, does not bring the lovely weather to New England that it always used to do in stories, but the hills are apt to be bare and brown, and the wind cold and chilling, and only a few dog-wood blossoms to find in the woods. But this particular May day promised better things; and so we three, sitting there in the woods, planned an excursion to celebrate it. The next day the thermometer began to fall, and the barometer, if there was one, promised storms; but we were not to be frightened by trifles, and so we roasted our chicken and baked our cake, and laughed at the weather prophets. The baskets of lunch were packed over night, and everything made ready, for we were to meet at sunrise.

"Much you'll know about sunrise," said one of the croakers. "You won't see the sun again for three days; the wind is northeast, and every sign good for a long storm."

But the croaker didn't always know, for we remembered he had said it would rain on Thanksgiving day, and it didn't; and that the sleighing wouldn't last a week, when it lasted four; and that the old speckled hen wouldn't hatch one of her fourteen eggs, when she did hatch two. So we went to bed and dreamed of Maying—dreamed until breakfast was ready; and there was the rain pelting and driving and pattering against the pane, and there was the croaker, ready to say "I told you so!" as if he knew any more about it than other people.

That was the only time I ever tried to go Maying; and so, when somebody said "*write to the little people about May day*," I had to own that in all my life I had never been Maying!

Emily Huntington Miller.

## BOOKS BY MAIL

We send by mail, post paid, to any address in the Union, any of the books mentioned in our premium list, on receipt of price mentioned, which are the regular publishers' prices, with nothing added for freight or other charges. We also send in the same way, any other respectable work, in the regular trade, by any publisher. In ordering from us you will receive your books with the corners protected by our own patent corner guards, so that the corners will not be broken down. By the use of this device books reach their destination in as nice condition as though just taken from the book-shelf. No other firm has a right to use this "guard," and this will give us a great advantage, as we can send the finest books with entire safety.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**ANALYSIS OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT**, including a topical and tabular arrangement of the Constitution of the United States, designed as a Class Book for the use of Grammar, High, and Normal Schools, Academies, and other institutions of learning. By *Calvin Townsend*, Counselor at Law. New York: Published by Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co. Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.

An invaluable work; so systematic, clear, concise, and comprehensible as effectually to conceal from the uninitiated the great amount of historical research and the thorough acquaintance with constitutional law, of which it is the embodiment. Commencing with the earliest settlement of the colonies, it traces up the Government of the United States from its rudimentary beginnings, and brings it, with all its complications, within the grasp of an ordinary intelligence. In its masterly analysis of the Constitution, it is as if each portion of an immense and intricate machine was taken from its connections and dependencies, and held up to the inspection and instruction of the student. We hope to see this book introduced into all the high schools of our country, that it may aid in educating our boys, and our girls, too, if so it should be, to exercise the prerogatives of voters with a clear comprehension of their duties, privileges, and responsibilities.

**THE WESTERN MONTHLY**, published by Reed, Browne & Co., Chicago. The fourth number is on our table, containing a number of good articles, and a steel portrait. There is certainly an opportunity for a first class magazine in the west. What is required is ability and energy. The managers of "The Western Monthly" possess a good share of both, and we shall be most happy to see them achieve a grand success and live long to enjoy it. Price, \$2.00 a year; single copy, 25 cents.

**ALPHABET OF GEOLOGY, AND ELEMENTS OF MINERALOGY**; a Treatise for Students at school or at home, and especially adapted to the advanced classes of the common schools. Accompanied by mineral specimens of most of the great masses of rock that compose the globe. Published by SAMUEL BOWLES & CO., Springfield, Mass.

Something that will greatly interest any thoughtful child, or any older person who is not already versed in the sciences of Geology and Mineralogy. Simple and simply delightful. Thousands of questions that children ask are here answered. We wish all the Corporal's children could have the book and the specimens, and have the opportunity to become interested in them.

## THE NEW NEWSPAPER AND MUSIC FILE, OR BINDER.

We give below the sizes and prices. Send for a circular, giving full description and letters of recommendation from many distinguished men.

No. 7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> —15c. each.	No. 21—40c. each.
No. 8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> —20c. "	No. 22—40c. "
No. 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> —20c. "	No. 23—45c. "
No. 10 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> —25c. "	No. 24—45c. "
No. 11 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> —25c. "	No. 25—45c. "
No. 12 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> —25c. "	No. 27—45c. "
No. 14—30c. "	No. 29—50c. "
No. 15—35c. "	No. 31—50c. "
No. 16—35c. "	No. 33—50c. "
No. 18—40c. "	No. 35—50c. "

**AGENTS ARE WANTED**, to sell these files all over the Union.

Send for Circular containing all particulars.

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO, ILL.

## PREMIUM LIST

1. For a club of two names, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a colored lithograph copy of Paul Revere's picture of "One Hundred Years Ago," showing the British troops landing in Boston harbor. The price of this picture is \$1.

2. For a club of three, at \$1 each, we send, post paid, on a strong roller, the beautiful, pure line steel engraving, "The Heavenly Cherubs," the price of which is two dollars; or *The Little Corporal* free for six months.

3. For a club of four, at \$1 each, we send by mail, on a strong roller, a copy of Shober's elegant engraving of the great reformer, Martin Luther, (which contains in the margin fourteen smaller engravings, illustrating "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family;") the price of which is \$2.50.

4. For a club of fourteen, at \$1 each, we send by express, a Chromo (mounted like an oil painting, and varnished and ready for framing) of Beard's great Painting of "RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF." The Chromo is a beautiful copy, in Oil colors, and is the same size (18 x 24 inches) as the original painting, for which we paid Mr. Beard, the artist, one thousand dollars.

The same premium will be sent to any who send nine subscribers, at \$1 each, and two dollars in money beside. The price of the Chromo, mounted on canvas, is ten dollars. We do not sell it not mounted.

5. The Pianos, Organs and Melodeons as Premiums. Send for circulars about these; see articles in Jan. No.

6. REAPER AND MOWER Premium. Write for particulars and descriptive pamphlets.

7. All who send five names, with five dollars, (they need not all be sent at one time,) will receive *The Little Corporal* free for one year.

8. All who send six names, with six dollars, will receive the premium picture, "The Heavenly Cherubs," and *The Little Corporal* free for one year, either 1866, 1867, 1868, or 1869. The six to be sent at onetime.

9. Appleton's Cyclopædia. Write for particulars.

10. The Self-Binder. Send for circular.

11. Books. The following books, published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago, will be sent as premiums: Mrs. HENSHAW'S "OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES," price \$3, for a club of nine. "REED'S DRAWING LESSONS," price \$1.50, for a club of five. See list of books, magazines, &c., in another place.

12. Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks. See March No.

13. ELGIN WATCHES, made by National Watch Co., will be sent as premiums, every watch to have the finest 3 oz. silver case, and forwarded by express as follows: (The prices given are the lowest regular city retail prices. In many places they are sold at prices considerably higher than those here given.)

Prices of Watches.	Sent as Premium for a club of	Any person desiring to send a partial club, and pay a part in money will write for terms to the publisher of <i>The Little Corporal</i> .
\$30.00	75 subscribers at \$1.00 each.	
35.00	85 "	
45.00	100 "	
60.00	130 "	
75.00	175 "	

The above are all hunting case Watches.

14. PERCE'S MAGNETIC GLOBES, for schools and families. The most beautiful and useful Globes made. Various styles and sizes. For clubs of from twelve to one hundred, according to the size of the Globe. Write for particulars. We also send these Globes by Express on receipt of price.

Back numbers count in a club, same as current volume, so that in raising large clubs it is worth while to induce new subscribers to begin with July 1865, which was the first No. Back numbers can always be furnished.

## BOOK PREMIUMS,

AND TERMS OF CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.

The following books, from Hurd & Houghton's Catalogue, will be sent by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *The Little Corporal* named before each title, or on receipt of price.

	Price.
6—Venetian Life. By Wm D. Howells	\$2.00
6—Italian Journeys. By Wm D. Howells	2.00
5—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago	1.75
5—Paul and Virginia. Illustrated by Hopkins	1.75
7—Æsop's Fables. Cloth, gilt	2.25
5—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt	1.75
5—Moore's Lalla Rookh. Illustrated	1.75
5—That Good old Time. By Vieux Moustache	1.50
5—Grandpapa's House. By Helen C. Weeks	1.50
5—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated	1.50
3—The Water Lily	.85
3—Little Blue Hood. Illustrations in colors	.85
3—Little Bird Red, and Little Bird Blue	.80
4—The Snow Image; a Childish Miracle	1.25
8—The Treasury of Fairy Stories. Illustrated	2.50
4—A Treasury of Scripture Stories	1.25

FROM HARPER & BROTHER'S CATALOGUE.

7—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature	\$2.00
5—Dr. Hooker's Natural History	1.50
3—Baker's "Cast up by the Sea."	.75
7—Du Chaillu's Wild Life	1.75

FROM CLARKE & CO.'S CATALOGUE.

4—Cecil's Book of Beasts	\$1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Birds	1.25
4—Cecil's Book of Insects	1.25

FROM THE CATALOGUE OF JAMES O'KANE & CO.

6—Irrington Stories. By Mrs. M. E. Dodge. Illustrated by Darley	\$1.50
7—Hans Brinker; a story of Life in Holland. By author of Irrington Stories. Illustrated	1.75
6—Boys of the Bible. Illustrated	1.50
6—Girls of the Bible. Illustrated	1.50
7—Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated	1.75

FROM THE CATALOGUE OF HENRY HOYT.

5—The Family Doctor, or Mrs. Barry's Bourbon. A thrilling temperance story that should be read by every father, mother, and child, and especially by every "family doctor."	1.50
4—The Model Mother, or the Mother's Mission. A story of uncommon interest and power.	1.25
4—Opposite the Jail. Illustrated	1.25

ALSO, THE FOLLOWING.

7—Tenny's Natural History of Animals, with 500 Engravings. A charming book	\$2.00
7—The art of making Phantom Flowers, and Skeleton Leaves	2.00

Any Books advertised as premiums will also be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

We shall be constantly adding to this list, and our readers may rest assured that all books here named are such as we can confidently recommend.

Begin your clubs at once, send names and money as fast as taken, and afterwards select your premium.

IN CLUB WITH THE LARGER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *The Little Corporal* in club with the larger magazines, etc., for one year, as follows:

Harper's Magazine (\$4) and The Little Corporal	\$4.25
Harper's Weekly (\$4) and The Little Corporal	4.25
Harper's Bazar (\$4) and The Little Corporal	4.25
Atlantic Monthly (\$4) and The Little Corporal	4.25
Putnam's Monthly (\$4) and The Little Corporal	4.25
Hours at Home (\$3) and The Little Corporal	3.25
Phrenological Journal (\$3) and The Little Corporal	3.25
Riverside Magazine (\$2.50) and The Little Corporal	2.75
Galaxy (\$4.00) and The Little Corporal	4.00
Hearth and Home (\$4.00) and Little Corporal	4.25
Lippincott's Magazine (\$4) and Little Corporal	4.25
Peterson's Magazine (\$2) and Little Corporal	2.50
New York Weekly Tribune (\$2) and The Corporal	2.50
Western Rural (\$2.50) and The Little Corporal	3.00
Prairie Farmer (\$2) and The Little Corporal	2.50
Moore's Rural New-Yorker (\$3) and The Corporal	3.00
The Advance (\$2.50) and The Little Corporal	3.00
Nasby's Toledo Blade (\$2) and The Little Corporal	2.25

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers of *The Little Corporal*, Chicago, Ill.

**HOW TO REMIT.**—Checks on Chicago or New York banks or bankers are best for large sums, made payable to the order of ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the Registry fee, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the post master, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending only one dollar, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL, PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

By Alfred L. Sewell and John E. Miller.

Terms, one dollar a year; single copy, 12 cts.

Office, No. 6 Post-Office Place, Chicago.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**—(Select, first class, only)—Will be inserted on the cover, at the rate of \$1.50 a line, counting three columns to a page, and 132 lines in a column, making 3960 lines to a page, inside of border rules. For advertisements running several months, a reasonable discount will be allowed. The rates for space in margins outside the border are higher, and can be learned by applying to the publisher.

When more advertisements than will go on the Cover are received for any one number, we will, unless we have orders to the contrary, put them on the extra leaves which will be added for Premium List, at same price. Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers of *The Little Corporal*, CHICAGO, ILL.

## FROM CLAY TO CUPS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

More than one hundred and sixty years ago, there lived in Germany an alchemist named Bottischer. He was what we call "a man of one idea," and it was this:

"If I could only find the right materials, and put them together in a certain way, I could make gold—and if I could make gold I should be the richest man in the world, and the most powerful."

But Bottischer was poor and could not carry on his experiments unaided, so the king gave him large sums of money, hoping to profit by his future success. Years passed on. The alchemist worked constantly with his mysterious tools, mingling strange minerals, shaking together curious liquids, dissolving unknown substances, and spending vast amounts of kingly coin.

At last he solved the problem—he learned how to make gold.

That sounds romantic, but a paragraph of explanation will prick the brilliant bubble.

From remote antiquity the art of manufacturing the finest porcelain had been a secret jealously guarded by the Chinese, and, at great cost, the Europeans had supplied their elegant tables from this distant market. In the course of his experiments, our alchemist, always mingling new materials and looking for one glittering result, put together a certain kind of clay and two powdered stones, familiar to us under the names of quartz and feldspar. Under the influence of heat these became fused, and behold! "china"—the favorite porcelain was the result. Gold flowed into his coffers, long waiting for its appearance by a quite different channel. His royal patron—the king of Saxony—established a manufactory in his ancient capital of Meissen, and here, at this long distance from the times of the studious chemist of 1710, we watched the process of changing clay to cups, plates, vases, statues, which we will now describe.

First we go down into a sort of basement story, where are great heaps of a peculiar white clay, found near by, but mixed, as it comes from its native bed, with two kinds of decayed stone, from which it must be separated by washing. So it is put into large boxes, like mortar beds, and water is poured upon it which runs off through openings in the ends of the boxes, carrying with it the lightest, finest portions of the clay, and leaving behind the heavier particles of stone with which it was originally mingled. Through long sloping troughs it descends, fresh water being constantly applied, and small cross-pieces of wood intercepting the passage of coarser particles, and when it reaches the reservoirs prepared for its reception, it is free from all impurities.

Meanwhile, in a great, dim room adjoining, between two sets of mill stones, put in motion by a huge water wheel, the quartz and feldspar, (found in large quantities in Norway and brought from there to Meissen) were being ground fine. The mill stones that perform this task, slowly revolve twelve thousand times before one little grist of quartz and feldspar is powdered properly. A little, clock-faced machine shows just the number of revolutions made in a given time. Then follows a washing process similar to that through which the clay has passed, and then the three materials are mingled, in something like the following proportions:

Clay, (or Kaolin,) 70 parts in 100; Feldspar, 20 parts in 100; Quartz, 10 parts in 100.

These are now beaten together as one "stirs up" a "hasty pudding," only it takes twelve hours to mix this pudding of stone, and the work is done with a great spoon moved by the stout-armed water wheel, which, shut up in its dark, noisy pen, revolves vigorously, "without haste,

without rest," (like all the forces that are most helpful in the world,) and quietly does the work of hundreds of strong men.

When this mixing process is ended, the porcelain material is as thin as the batter which heat turns into buckwheat cakes—but its cooking time has not yet come. It is now put into thick linen bags—like those in which "fine salt" is sold, with us—and these bags are packed by hundreds under a huge press, where the water is squeezed out of this dough, that is to be worked into dinner sets after a while. Then the bags are stripped off like so many pillow cases, and the tough little wads of stone are heaped together in reservoirs or bins, where they lie for six months in a sort of fermentation state. The Chinese, having carried the process thus far left the materials to lie for sixty years—that length of time being required for them to form a homogeneous mass, (the dictionary will lend its aid, just here,) but at Meissen they shorten the operation by stirring in wheat flour, which helps the stony particles unite.

Our porcelain dough is now ready for moulding. A piece as large as a breakfast roll is twisted off from the tray full just brought from the fermentation reservoir. The skillful potter takes it on his wheel, set in swift motion by a blow, and as it revolves horizontally before him, he moulds and fashions, with his nimble fingers, a coffee cup. It is not, as yet, the graceful bit of perfection out of which the king delights to sip his morning mocha, for the potter has done little more than sketch the outline, which more cunning workmanship will fill.

The cup sets a little unsteadily upon its new foundations for a moment and is then transferred to a mould made of plaster of Paris, whence, when it has had a little while to harden, it is taken with proportions more clearly defined, which are still further improved by the scraping, shaping process of sharp-edged tools. Three days are now allotted for the cup to become completely dry. It is then placed in a box made of baked clay, (called "fire proof,") carefully covered so that ashes and flame cannot come in contact with it, and, with a hundred others, it is placed in a huge oven, heated, not by one but by five red-hot furnaces, where the fire has been long preparing, and where, for twenty-four fierce hours, the greatest of magicians works its will upon the little cup, which, if not of sterner stuff than many of its comrades, comes from the ordeal cracked or broken. It is now quite presentable, though reduced one third in size by the contracting power of heat, and so brittle that a strong hand could easily break it in halves. After three days, spent in getting cool, it is dipped into a liquid glazing, made of feldspar, limestone, and pounded porcelain, and placed again in the furnace, this time hotter than before, the thermometer (centigrade,) indicating 2,500 degrees. From this fire it comes out crisp, white and brilliant; fit for queen Mab to use as a nectar bowl, or dainty nymphs to carry, instead of the rose-tinted shell, which its texture already resembles and its color soon rivals, for the fine arts now take it in hand. At the top of the great building is a score of airy, cheerful rooms, where we find the skillful china painters, each seated at his own window and table, his palette glowing with colors rich and delicate, and in his hand the wonder-working pencil of camel's hair. A boy of sixteen takes our cup, traces lightly the outline of leaves and flowers in graceful clusters, with black paint, and afterwards, in vivid colors completes the picture. One more day in the furnace to set the colors—which are of metallic origin and contain a fusible matter which takes firm hold upon the porcelain—and the work is finished—the progress from clay to cups is traced. Seven months and at least seventy men have

been employed in making what, if we like, we may purchase as a souvenir, for seven shillings.

If you have any china with crossed swords stamped on the under side, you may be sure it came from Meissen—the oldest manufactory in Europe—for this mark is on all the work done here. And if, under the swords, there are the figures "28," your specimen was made by the man who conducted us through the establishment and explained, in excellent English, its various operations. He has learned, within five years, our language, besides the French and the Italian, to qualify himself to act as exhibitor, to foreigners, of the china works, with which he has been for twenty years connected. He has carried on his studies, unaided, in connection with his regular duties as No. 28 in the statuette department. At our request he wrote a long account, in correct English, of the china-making process, closing it thus:

"Allow me to explain the origin of the word 'porcelain,' so often used in this description. The Portuguese applied this name to cowrie shells because their shape in some degree resembled the outline of a pig's back, and 'porcella' means 'little pig.' Now they were the first who brought the china to Europe, (1518,) and as they had the strange persuasion that it was made of cowrie shells, they called it 'porcellana.'

"Now, madame, you may bestow some forbearance, reading this letter so full of blunders, and written in so bad a style. Do think that I am only a German workman who had no other teacher than himself."

In America, where brains go a great way in deciding one's position in society, this "German workman" with his quick wits and cultivated manners, would be called a gentleman. Indeed, there are few who bear that name among us, who might not get some valuable ideas from almost any of his class here, whose native courtesy is to us a constant and agreeable surprise. As he goes with us from one department to another, our guide takes off his hat whenever he enters a room, and says good morning to the men, who look up from their work and respond with their hearty "morgen," while they bow, politely, to the visitors.

In one of the painting rooms is a white-haired old man, whose busy brush is decorating dinner plates with complicated landscapes. He has bent thus over the glistening porcelain, and laid on the brilliant colors for more than fifty years. One thinks a little sadly of a life spent in so much monotony, but the old man's face is kind and quiet. That he has no quarrel with destiny is quite evident, and, while he might, perhaps, have turned his half century to better account, he could easily have put it to a use much worse than that of multiplying forms and tints of beauty, which have doubtless gone to many lands, and pleased innumerable eyes.

There is a "School of Drawing and Painting" here, in which are trained the artists who ornament the china, painting thereon the finest pictures of the famous Dresden gallery—not fearing to attempt even the Madonna de San Sisto, the most impressive and most celebrated picture in the world. There are vases as tall as a man, beautiful as a dream, and costly as a diamond by reason of the time and skill employed in painting them. There are table tops, mantel-piece ornaments, cups on which are painted likenesses of the king and royal family of Saxony and of Prussia, for the use of their admiring subjects; brooches delicately finished, and bon bon boxes elegant enough to contain, instead of candies, the jewels of a queen.

But no department is more interesting than that of sculpture, in which our guide is engaged, and where he was putting the "finishing touches" to a pretty group when we arrived. The work

done here becomes, after being in the furnace, unglazed porcelain, called "biscuit," (a French word which means *twice baked*). The group referred to represented a mounted warrior of the romantic days. Quite unromantic was the putting together of this imitation. A lump of soft porcelain, as large as a marble, was pressed into a little mould hollowed out nicely in a flat piece of plaster of Paris. A moment after it was turned out like a "patty cake" from its little pan, and behold, an arm, with the sinewy muscles of the warrior very well imitated—except that the hand lacks an important appendage, the thumb! A lump of the paste as large as a pea is pressed into another little mould, and comes out the neatest little thumb imaginable, with nail and creases at the joint complete. It is fastened to the arm in an eye-twinkle, and the arm adjusted to the warrior's shoulder by skillful pressure of the soft material. Thus, piece by piece, is the statue put together, and then consigned to the furnace for a baking, then cooled, then baked again. We forget, when looking at these charming groups, that they have been thus laboriously manufactured. Each button, even, requiring a separate mould to give it the shape desired. But we must visit one more room to get at the root of this interesting matter. Here we find men in white caps and aprons, seated before lumps of moist clay, which they slowly, carefully change into whatever form they will—animal, human, or angelic. They have nothing from which to copy; previous instruction, inventive brains, and skillful fingers are their only helpers. We were amused to see one man carefully modelling dog's legs—a branch of art in which he was said to excel all his fellow workers.

When a piece of modeling is finished—a horse for example—it is cut in pieces, and from each fragment a mould is made, by pressing the hardened clay into a block of soft plaster of Paris, which, when dry, preserves the precise form of the clay fragment, which is carefully removed.

Thus a great number of copies can be obtained from a single statue, by the method before described.

Here, as in all departments of life, educated brains and fingers are the only "capital" worth talking of, and is he not wise and fortunate who has put his own early to school.

In the last room we visit, women are at work with tiny, pointed brushes, making the lace that is to cover the breast of a court beauty portrayed in porcelain, or the veil that is to fall over the face of nun or a vestal. Real lace, costly and delicate, is, in this last case, covered with the paste almost in a liquid state, which is laid on drop by drop—a process the most wearisome and slow we have anywhere seen except at the Gobelin tapestry works.

These women receive about sixty cents a day, and are only employed on work that requires endless patience—a fact that speaks well for their dispositions as well as for their skill. Under this close application their eyes soon become so weary that they are obliged to give it up altogether. Poor things! they look forlorn enough, with their little hair pencils, ever adding tiny drops to the fairy, fragile form that will grace stately homes far from that silent room where they bend to their tasks.

We have now made the circuit of the celebrated China Works of Meissen, and gained some idea of their attractive industries.

Perhaps the details we have given may cause some of our young readers to try their hands at modeling, which occupation might worthily amuse their leisure hours and lead to valuable results in future years.

Every new luxury put into the mouth of mankind opens the way for scores of doctors.

## LULU.

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

Where is little Lulu gone?  
Once she came to cheer me,  
But the months fly on apace,  
And I never see her face,  
Never find her near me  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

At my table when I sat  
Thinking, reading, writing,  
She would steal into the house—  
She would creep up like a mouse,  
Kisses still inviting.  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

When I rested on the porch,  
Weariess beguiling,  
Then came Lulu, soft and fair,  
Earnest eyes and gentle air,  
Kisses still inviting.  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

Ere I knew it, there she stood  
In the sunset splendor;  
Then she nestled to my side,  
Into mine her hand would glide  
With caresses tender.  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

Where has Lulu gone? I say,  
Wherefore, how, and whither?  
Flew she with the birds away?  
Went she with some fairy fay,  
That she comes not hither?  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

Sped she south with humming birds,  
Searching summer flowers?  
Sleeps she with the honey bee?  
With the squirrel hideth she,  
All these lagging hours?  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

I shall look for her again  
With the summer weather;  
Look for her with April showers,  
Or with June's sweet-scented flowers,  
Or with both together.  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

When the zephyrs come this way  
I shall ask about her.  
"Where is Lulu?" I shall say,  
"Have you seen her in your play?  
I cannot do without her."  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

I shall question all the birds—  
Make them stop their cooing—  
Answer, Robin, from the leaves;  
Tell me, Swallow, from the eaves,  
What is Lulu doing?  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

Hasten hither, lovely child,  
Little heart love laden!  
Know you not how we must miss you?  
Know you not we long to kiss you?  
Come, sweet little maiden!  
Lulu, Lulu,  
Where are you!

Discouragements are given us to bear and to surmount—not to talk about and yield to. It is pluck and endurance that win.

## THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

BY RALPH G. LEONARD

Perhaps you never heard of the man without a country. There was such a man; he died not many years since. His name was Philip Nolan; he had been, when a young man, a lieutenant in the United States army—a gay, dashing young fellow he was, and had got some way involved in Aaron Burr's treason, and was court-martialed and found guilty, and when the presiding officer asked him if he had anything to say to prove that he had always been true to the United States, this hot-headed young Kentuckian cried out, in a fit of frenzy,

"Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again."

And—here is the strange part—he never did hear of the United States again. From that moment, September 23d, 1807, till the day he died, May 11th, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more, he was a man without a country.

I cannot tell you the story. Mr. Hale has told it as no other living man could tell it. How the court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled; how the sentence was approved by President Jefferson and executed by the Navy Department; how poor Nolan spent the rest of his life aboard one and another of the government vessels—always at sea—almost never on land, and during the whole time, fifty-six years, never heard or read a word of his country, or home, or friends. But, as I said, I cannot tell you the story—I only want to quote one passage, and boys, I wish I could burn the words upon your hearts so that they would grow there forever.

"Youngster," said the man without a country, "youngster, let this show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word, or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant, home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do every thing for them. Think of your home, boy; write, and read, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it the moment you are free. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you, or who abuses you, never look at another flag; never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those savages there had got hold of her to-day."



## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## THE DISCONTENTED CAMEL.

A camel, which had spent many years traveling over the great deserts of Africa, grew weary of the dullness of his life, and longed for a change of scene.

"Woe is me!" he cried, bitterly, "that I should be compelled to drag out a miserable existence in these burning sands, and to associate with beasts of burden unhappy as myself. Of what avail are strength, fleetness, and hardihood, to one whose life is to be passed in the midst of lonely deserts?"

So saying, the discontented camel left the caravan to which he belonged, and traveled a great way, till he reached a range of lofty mountains.

"Here," said he, "will I abide; here will I find use for my strength, and rare ability to endure heat, thirst, and hunger, and here will I enjoy the companionship of a higher race of beings than the tedious, humdrum creatures that I left upon the plains."

Thus congratulating himself on his good fortune, he commenced the ascent of the mountains, but soon found to his grief, that activity and precision of movement would have served him better than strength; that while he could endure heat, he was not able to withstand the cold, and that in the abundance of mountain torrents that crossed his path, his power to endure thirst gave him no advantage. His broad feet, which bore him so safely and rapidly over the level sands, were bruised and torn by the rocks of his mountain path. Wearied with climbing, chilled by the winds, trembling with fear lest he might fall over the dizzy precipices and be dashed to pieces, his thoughts turned again to the desert, but too late, for he had not strength to return.

"Foolish and clumsy beast!" said a sure-footed mule, "you were fitted by nature and education for a life on the desert. You have deserted your true sphere, and changed your lot only to meet with death upon the mountains."

And the camel, the glory of the desert, perished in the mountains and became food for vultures.

Paul Peregrine.

## No. 21.—CHARADE.

At my first a sparkling cup  
Tempts too oft the idler's lip;  
In its depths a serpent lurks  
With a sting for those who sip.

For my second men have dared  
Over sea and land to roam;  
Mocked at danger, smiled at toil,  
Left the sacred joys of home.

Those that buy and those that sell  
Make my whole and like it well.

Johnny.

## No. 22.—CHARADE.

My last doth oft my first contain,  
Yet by it springs from hill to plain.  
My first and last are water, and  
My whole is hilly, rocky land,  
On Massachusetts' southern strand.

Find first and last, and 'tis a pity,  
If then you do not see a city,  
Where troops of Little Corporals come  
To find a welcome and a home.

M. B. C. Slade.

## No. 23.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 7, 9, 6, 11, is the soldier's house.

My 24, 15, 22, 27, 16, 21, is what many people desire.

My 21, 5, 26, 27, 17, 29; is what many desire and many enjoy.

My 19, 22, 28, is an animal who is never welcome.

My 3, 25, 4, is an instrument used by fishermen.

My 20, 18, 23, is a figure upon which many measures are based.

My 1, 2, 8, 14, is an instrument used in the toilet.

My 13, 12, 10, is an evil of which there is much in the world.

My whole is an English proverb.

M. S.

## No. 24.—TRANSPPOSITION

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

Rof twan of a lain the hose saw solt;  
For nawn of a heso het shore aw's tols;  
Orf tawn fo a roshe the drier swa slot;  
Dan lal for twan of a shore-hose lain.

## No. 25.—A PICTURE STORY.

NIMBLE DICK SEES A GHOST.



Reading to be given in next number.

W. O. C.

## No. 26.—A PICTURE STORY.



Years ago an Indian jumped into his birch canoe and paddled across the great river Niagara. He wanted to drink of the burning "fire water" of the white man. The white man loved the Indian's money, and was glad enough to sell him the fiery beverage. So the Indian came, and drank; and the rum seller jingled his money, and smiled, as the poor Indian reeled back to his boat.

The Indian drank, then filled up his bottle to carry with him, across the river. He had tasted the burning drink, and now he wanted more, *more*. Laying down his paddle, he took the bottle and drank again, and then sank down in a stupid sleep. His canoe floated down the river, nearer and nearer to the great plunge of the waters. For a long time he lay senseless. When he awoke he was whirling amid the foaming eddies of the rapids, just above the falls. There was no hope for him now; it was too late; he could not turn back. He resolved to have one more and a last drink, of the white man's cup of ruin. So he raised the bottle to his lips, and then was swept, in a moment, down, down into the fearful abyss. That is what RUM will do. It is just as bad for you, as it was for the Indian.

W. O. C.

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 19.—APRIL NUMBER.

An old toad sat waiting, out in the garden, for his supper. A big, fat grasshopper made a jump right at him, and he opened his mouth just in time to take him in. Then he caught a spider, as it came spinning down on its shiny thread.

Once, he was sitting in the shade of a toadstool, and saw a beetle bug, walking out on the end of a burlish. He made a spring for it, with his mouth wide open, but missed it. "Next time I'll do better," thought he to himself.

So there came a honey bee, buzzing along, looking for honeysuckles. Old Mr. Toad opened his mouth wide, and took the poor bee all in at one bite. Then he found out his mistake pretty quick, and wished he had looked a little sharper. Toad rolled over and over, and fell on his back as if he were dead. I *guess* it killed him, but I don't know.

Anyhow, you had better not jump at *everything* that comes along, without knowing what you are doing, or you may be stung.

W. O. C.

## ANSWER TO CHARADE, ETC., IN APRIL NUMBER.

No. 16.—Charade.—First, Snow; Second, Bird; Both, Snow-bird. No. 17.—Enigma.—Was; Mean; Man; Game; Ear; Ore; Root; Garment; Pot; Cart; Hinge. Mr. George Washington Camp. No. 18.—Riddle.—Cradle.





Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "The Little Corporal" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to "The Little Corporal." This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The dust is flying here and there  
In funny little whirls;  
The leaves are turning upside down—  
The breeze among them swirls.  
The cows are lowing in the lane,  
And window shutters creak;  
Rumble, rumble, rumble,  
The clouds begin to speak.  
A shiver runs along the brook,  
And leaden grows the sky;  
The sunshine falls a mile away,  
Then shuts up like an eye.  
You couldn't find a bird or bee  
In upland, vale, or plain;  
Patter, patter, patter,  
The bulging drops of rain.  
The chickens hide beneath the shed,  
And wear their ruffled capes;  
The very weather this, for ducks  
To show their waddling shapes.  
From yonder farm a rooster gives  
A dull, despairing crow;  
It's raining, raining, raining,  
Over there, we know.  
The grass has grown a deeper green,  
The sky a darker blue;  
And, O, we little know the good  
A summer shower can do!  
The birds are singing loud and clear,  
And this is what they say:  
"Come out, come out, come out again!  
The clouds are gone away!"

VOL. 8. }  
No. 6. }

Chicago, Ill., June, 1869.

## TWO FAMILIES IN ONE HOUSE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.

Tommy Jones had once a birthday. Not a remarkable fact in itself, for most people have birthdays, sooner or later. Mostly sooner, for, as one grows older, one does not say so much about one's birthdays.

But upon this especial birthday, being nine years old, Tommy had a variety of small presents, his heart being especially bound up in the gift of his Uncle John, which was no less than his first dollar bill. A crisp, fresh, greenback dollar, with Mr. Chase's handsome face in one corner, and Mr. Spinner's queer signature in the other, all as regular as if a big man was going to spend it, instead of a small boy of nine years. It is a great thing to have one's first dollar bill.

So he asked his mother if he might have a party.

"A party! I guess not."

"O, not a big party, only can't Charley Thompson come over and play with me, and stay to tea?"

"O, well, I don't know that I object to Charley. I think it would be rather a good plan, and I'll make you some roundhearts for tea, too."

So Tommy kissed his good mother and ran off to invite Charley. Presently the two boys came back; Charley in the very highest condition of scrub and polish attainable by mere soap, water, and brisk towel-ing, and his hair fairly flying out of his head with excessive brushing, that he might do full justice to Tommy's "party."

They at once adjourned to the unfurnished room over the dining room, where Tommy held his headquarters. The walls of this apartment were covered with wood cuts in every style of art, and here Tommy had collected all that he could call his own in the way of toys, picture books, and all the rattletaps in general, pertaining to boys of his age.

Their games were perfectly harmonious, for Tommy planned them all, and as Charley knew perfectly well, that if he did not play Tommy's way he would get "pounded," he had sense enough to see that discretion was by far the better part of valor, and gave in at once to all of Tommy's suggestions. So they had a "splendid time," and Tommy showed Charley all of his things, and at last he brought out the famous dollar bill.

Charley looked at it all over and upside down, and wished he had an Uncle John—or at least a dollar bill of his own—but added, with a sigh, that he never expected to have so much money till he was big enough to sell newspapers. Tommy was just feeling very grand indeed, that he could get dollar bills without working for them, when the tea-bell rang.

Off started both boys.

"Ain't you going to put your dollar away?" asked Charley.

"O, I guess it'll be safe enough till after tea. Then mother'll make me fix up the play room, and I'll put it away then."

Wholesome discipline of the Jones family. So Tommy ran down stairs, calling to Charley to hurry up, or the slapjacks would get cold.

They had hot slapjacks with sugar and nutmeg on them, in honor of Tommy's birthday, and stewed dried peaches, and roundhearts. Mr. Jones, who was a very quiet, round-faced little man, served the stewed peaches and the slapjacks, and Mrs. Jones, who was brisk and lively, and wore a good many ribbons, poured the tea, and nobody talked at all, and everybody ate all he could, very rapidly, indeed.

Then Charley wanted to go home, for it was growing dark, but Tommy insisted that he should help fix up the play room. Charley said that his mother would get anxious about him. Then Tommy "stumped" him to stay, and Charley, who was a bit of a coward, and dared not "stand a stump," consented, and they went up stairs and began to regulate things a little.

In a few minutes Tommy gave a howl!

Then he gave another, and sprang on Charley like a panther.

"You stole it! you stole my dollar! That's what you wanted to sneak home for! I'll give it to you!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"I didn't! murder!"

Mrs. Jones ran up to the scene of action, (Mr. Jones had gone back to the grocery store, which kept open till eight o'clock,) but all she could hear was,

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"Murder!"

Mrs. Jones separated the combatants, tried to make Tommy stop his outcries, washed Charley's bloody face, and sent him home, saying that she would try and find out the rights of the case in the morning. Meanwhile Tommy plunged about, roaring like a wild beast, and nearly threw the play room out of its own windows.

Mrs. Jones, with the help of Bridget, undressed and put Tom to bed by main force, declining to hear a word from him till morning. There was a rod about, which she felt strongly inclined to use, but as long as she hadn't an idea as to the merits of the case, and never whipped on general principles, she wisely decided to wait till morning before calling the case.

Then she took a small lamp and searched carefully over the play room. But she could find no trace of the dollar bill, and had to go sorrowfully to bed. Sorry for the loss of the money, and very sorry indeed that her little boy had got into such an ungovernable rage, and very sorry that she was obliged to suspect poor Charley of having taken the money. She pitied Charley's mother, for she had but little comfort except in him, and had to work hard at her needle for a very plain living. It would nearly break Mrs. Thompson's heart to hear that her boy was not honest.

As for Charley, he went home vowing that if he ever got big enough he'd thrash Tom Jones out of his boots for saying he took his dollar, and as it was, he'd never speak to him, nor lend him his india rubber again, *as long as he lived*.

Perhaps you think it wasn't genteel to live in the same house with another family. Well, generally it isn't a good way. I shouldn't like it. But you see in this case, the one family couldn't very well help it, if the other chose to stay.

And they took up *such* a little room; only a little space between the sleepers, under the play room floor.

It was only Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and their babies. They were a very quiet family; ate little, and made very little disturbance. On the afternoon in question, the

boys had made such a noise on the uncarpeted floor that the mice had quaked for their very lives. But now that the little feet had raced away to their suppers, Mr. Mouse began to think of their own, for they had had nothing to eat for hours. So he peeped out of the grand Moorish arch over the entrance to his dwelling. In other words, he looked cautiously out of the half of a knot hole, near his nest.

There were some crumbs of a doughnut scattered around. Mr. Mouse relished them exceedingly, and carried one large morsel home to his wife. Then he came back and pursued his investigations. Presently back he came at a full run!

"My dear!" said he, "here is just the thing! You complained of being chilly last night, and here is a nice blanket. The nights *are* frosty for the season! And, my dear, as Nibbler is delicate, see that she is well wrapped up in it. I'm anxious for her lungs this chilly spring."

So saying, he thrust into the nest a scrap of green paper, crisp and new, with Mr. Chase's handsome face in one corner, and Mr. Spinner's queer signature in the other. Mrs. Mouse had little to say, but she gave a grateful little squeak, and divided it up, and the whole family made themselves exceedingly comfortable among its crumpled folds.

So you and I know that Charley Thompson never took that dollar bill at all!

"My dear," said Mr. Jones to his wife, (a year after this affair of the dollar,) "Tommy is getting quite too big for his crib. Wouldn't it be a good thing to furnish the back chamber for him, and fix it up comfortable?"

Mrs. Jones looked pleased, and the ribbons trembled.

"I've been thinking of it too," she replied. "And we could put *our* bedroom carpet upon it, and take the spare room carpet for ourselves, and put the dining room carpet on the spare room, and put the parlor carpet on that, and get a nice, new, English double back Brussels for the parlor. And O, wouldn't that be nice! and then we could save our parlor nice for company."

Mr. Jones stroked his smooth face. He felt as if he had pulled the string of a shower bath. He foresaw new walnut and rep furniture, lace curtains, and frail gimcracks of all sorts, in everybody's way, and expatriation of himself and his evening paper. Mr. Jones reflected before he spoke.

"I don't know of any better company than ourselves," he remarked, after a long pause. "And I don't know anybody who has a better right to sit here of an evening. And I don't want any better looking company for myself than I've got now."

Mrs. Jones simpered a little, not much.

"I shall put the gas and water into the room, and fit up a clothes press, and paper and paint it nicely, and matting will do for this year."

Mrs. Jones pouted a little.

"I only thought it would be good management."

"So it will another year, my dear, excellent."

Mr. Jones, though a small, smooth-faced man, was captain of his own ship, and Mrs. Jones was a wise woman, so she cheerfully submitted to matting, and the next day the plumbers came. Up came the board next the base, and down went the pipes for gas and water.

Mrs. Jones superintended it, for she liked to see things properly done.

The iron gas pipe went down flat into Mrs. Mouse's former residence, right among the bits of green paper that had made their nest.

Mrs. Jones pounced upon it like a hawk—or a housekeeper. There lay the remains of Tommy's famous dollar bill!

You and I knew, long ago, that Charley did not take the money, but Tom and his mother didn't, and Charley had been snubbed at school and out of school, till his life was a burden, and his mother had cried herself to sleep many and many a night about it, though she never doubted the truth of Charley's story, yet the bare suspicion made her miserable.

And the first thing Mrs. Jones did was to take the bits over to Mrs. Thompson and tell her all about it. Then Mrs. Thompson cried, and was very angry that Charley should have suffered so unreasonably. But they finally made it all up, and Mrs. Jones bought a new dress on purpose to have Mrs. Thompson make it, and paid her well for doing it. Then they pasted the bits of paper neatly on a piece of tissue paper, trimmed it nicely off, and put a little more money to it, and Tommy bought a copy of one of those stories of a bad boy, who reformed, and saved somebody's life, and had a boat presented him for doing it. I forget what they called the story that year, but you all know it.

And Tommy isn't mad at Charley any more, and they borrow knives, and pencils, and india rubbers, just as if nothing had happened, and Tom gives him ever so many doughnuts, and Mrs. Jones sends all her friends to Mrs. Thompson's dress maker's shop.

And all this came about because Mr. Jones persisted in bringing gas and water into Tommy's room, instead of spending the money in buying an elegant parlor carpet, and shoving all the old ones backwards.

And here's the moral, which you needn't read if you don't like to:

1st. It isn't best to pound a boy for doing

something till you find out if he did it or not, nor then either.

2d. Don't live in the same house with another family if you can help it, if it is ever so small a family, and takes up ever so little room.

3d. When you furnish a room, consult real comfort and common sense, and don't pass sentence of outlawry upon yourselves, because you want a parlor kept nice, and neat, and still, and dark, for strangers who don't care a fig for you, after your trouble.

### HORTICULTURE.

BY CHARLIE KANE.

I wonder if any of the "Little Corporals" ever played at "horticulture?" Well, its *real* fun. One evening the girls and I were sitting out on the verandah, and some of the boys too, and as the twilight deepened, nobody wanted to go in, and sit in the gas-heated parlor, and be genteel, so we just sat there, and trusted to the neighboring street lamps for illumination. That's the way we "receive," in Centreville, in dog days. After tea we establish ourselves on the verandah—and nearly every house has one. We bring out chairs, and when the verandah is full, and the door step, we hand out chairs, and fill up the yard. As everybody does so, the street is as gay as a festival, and the girls and boys trip about from house to house and make calls, and it isn't a bit improper, and mamma and grandma and all sit there, and there is never any evening fog in Centreville, and not often heavy dews, (it rains when it feels like it, but the dews don't amount to much,) the girls look as sweet as possible in muslins and *pique*, and mammas and aunties don't worry about the gowns.

I think Bess began it by asking,  
"If you should plant a philosopher, what would come up?"

Some genius of course suggested "sage."

Nannie, who is the stoutest of Republicans, propounded,

"If General McLellan were planted, what would come up?"

Nobody guessed, so she had to tell us,  
"A Virginia creeper!"

This was so well received that Barbara was seized with a spasm of wit.

"If you should plant a ticket to a 'Dickens' reading,' what would come up?"

"A rush! a rush!" shouted Ray.

Uncle Roland, who owns Erie stock, wanted to know the result if Vanderbilt were planted?

There was a difference of opinion on this.

Bess decided "a plum," of course, but Ray insisted, "sour grapes."

"You mistake the person," cried the Col., "Gen. Bragg is the one if you want to raise 'a little more grape.'"

Mr. O. planted a cradle and boldly announced a crop of "babies' brush."

"An awful convulsion of nature buried the Ocean house, at Nahant, and there came up—" said Barbie.

"Coxcombs?" asked the Col.

"Yes, and hops without end."

"A young lady's lover was once buried," said Bessie, very demurely. "His sweetheart was inconsolable, and tended the grave with the greatest affection and assiduity. Finally she was rewarded. He came up—"

Bessie paused, overcome by her feelings.

"What? what did he come up?" cried all the merry group.

"Why you see he was only buried in his business, and he just came up and asked her. (*An aster.*)"

The shouts with which this sally was received awoke the Bumble bees, who lived next door, and were quietly buzzing to themselves, when they called over the fence to know the cause of the merriment. But we didn't tell them, and just then the wretched old church clock chimed out ten o'clock, and the young folks went home. The children were waked up with some difficulty, and put to bed, and I heard the next day, that the young folks thought that Horticulture in Centreville was most as good as dancing in a heated ball room at Saratoga. At least, some of them thought so.

### ROBIN REDBREAST AND THE CHERRIES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"You are a little thief," I said,  
To Robin Redbreast, blithe and fat;  
"You stole my cherries ripe and red,  
Now, what have you to say to that?"

In songful speech he sweetly said,  
His bosom glowing like the morn,  
"I take my pay in cherries red  
For working in your vines and corn."

"My sweetest strains I sing for you,"  
He said, in music low and soft;  
And then his brown wings shook the dew  
In showers from his green organ loft.

Like tears the dew fell, and I said,  
Between the pauses of his strain,  
"Sweet robin, eat my cherries red,  
I will not call you thief, again."

Now every year, when spring returns,  
He perches on the topmost bough,  
And there his tinted bosom burns  
With songs of cheer that speed the plow.

He toils amid the fruit and corn,  
And saves the crops from wasteful blight;  
He calls me up with songs at morn,  
He soothes me with his songs at night.

The robin is my prince of pets,  
I wish him joy and length of days,  
He more than pays for all he gets,  
In honest toil and hymns of praise.

Under the porch above the door,  
Unharm'd he builds his cabin nest  
And there his callow nestlings four  
Are sheltered under his red breast.

### A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"I shall have to go down to Dudley, to-day, to see about getting a man to shingle the barn," said Mr. Phillips, one lovely June morning; "suppose you leave Barbie to keep house, and go with me. I'm sure the ride would do you good."

"Mrs. Phillips looked up with a sudden smile of pleasure on her face. It was such a rare thing for her to leave the farm for a day. But there was the cream in the churn, and a dozen things waiting to be done, and she almost as quickly decided she couldn't go away."

"Never mind the cream, mother," said Nathan, "I'll churn, and Barbie can fix up the butter first rate."

"You'd better go, Mary," said grandma, "so's to take down the rest of them carpet rags."

Everybody urged her, and Mrs. Phillips at last concluded to go, stopping every five minutes in her preparations to give Barbie some new charge.

"Be sure you sift the salt, Barbie, and put in the measure just three times full; and, Barbie, you may skim the milk on the lower shelf, and turn the cheeses on the shelf next the window."

"If I thought Barbie could manage without me," said grandma, "I'd just go along as far as Liddy Martin's, and spend the day. She's been at me to come down all the spring."

"O do go," said Barbie, in delight at the idea of being sole mistress for a day.

So grandma put on her best cap and her black bombazine dress, and came out to the door with her knitting work and spectacles in a great, black silk bag on her arm. Just as they were starting, Mrs. Phillips remembered having heard that there was an encampment of Gypsies in the woods below the mill. She did not want to frighten Barbie, but she stopped to warn her to be careful about letting strangers into the house.

Barbie laughed, for her mother always gave her that charge, and it seemed so funny, when no one ever came near the house, except perhaps a wandering peddler once in six months.

Barbie watched them driving down the hill and around the turn in the road; then she came running in from the gate, scattering a flock of hens right and left from her path.

"Now then, Master Davy, you hurry off to school, and then I'll begin operations in style."

"I don't want to go to school," pleaded Davy; "I want to go fishin'."

"O no, Davy, you go to school, like a good boy."

"Let me go fishin', Barbie. I'll catch much as forty fishes for dinner. I guess there ain't any school. I guess it's vacation, and the schoolma'am's sick, too—her head ached like anyfing, oncet."

"You go to school, Davy," said Barbie, "and I'll give you a great piece of gingerbread and a cooky, for lunch."

"Well," said Davy, giving up to the temptation, "I'll go."

Barbie washed his face and started him on his journey, and then went busily about her morning work, while Nathan churned the cream. When the dishes were half washed, she had to run to the milk room to put down the cream that would work up over the top of the old-fashioned churn.

"Dear me," she said, "there are the cheeses to turn—mother always does that early in the morning; and I haven't skimmed the milk or done half the work, yet; I don't see how mother *does* manage."

By the time she got back to the kitchen, she remembered that she must make yeast for the baking next day; and while she was doing that her dish water got cold, and Nathan called out that the butter had come.

"I should think mother would go distracted," she said, to herself, as she washed her hands once more, and went to attend to the butter.

Barbie knew how to do almost any kind of housework, but she had always had her mother to say, "Barbie, do this," and "Barbie, do that;" she had no idea what a difficult thing it was to keep all the different wheels in motion, and attend to one without neglecting another. To add to her perplexity, Davy came home near the middle of the forenoon.

"Why, Davy Phillips!" she said, "what brought you home at this time of day?"

"I'm 'most sick," whined Davy; "my stomach aches awful."

"I don't believe you're sick a bit," said Barbie. "You just came home to bother me; I mean to shut you up in the garret."

Davy began to cry, and Barbie was glad to silence him with a big piece of pie, and sent him out to play in the orchard.

The butter was finally coaxed and patted into dainty shape and set away upon the cool, brick floor, in a big, golden loaf, to be made into rolls the next day. Matters slowly worked around into their accustomed shape, and the old farmhouse was as neat and tidy as need be.

"Now then," said Barbie, going up to her chamber, "I ain't going to sew a stitch to-day. I'm going to finish my library book, and then take a long walk over by the spring, and see if the laurel is budded."

She soon forgot everything in the interest of her book, when, in the midst of the most exciting chapter, Davy called from the foot of the stairs,

"Barbie! where be you? Somebody's come vis'tin—a woman and a baby."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Barbie, impatiently; "it's sure to be that tedious, old

"Do you s'pose so?" said Barbie, eagerly; "I always did want to see a Gypsy."

"They're a lazy, thieving set," said Nathan; "you'd better watch her pretty close."

"They tell fortunes," said Barbie.

"Pooh! so can I. Of course they don't know anything about what's going to happen more 'n other folks."

"I know it," said Barbie, "but sometimes it does come true; anyhow, I should like to hear my fortune, just for fun."

"Mother wouldn't like it," said Nathan, "and I wouldn't be so silly."

"You always think other folks are silly," retorted Barbie, going back to the kitchen.

"Will little miss hear her fortune?" said the Gypsy, coaxingly. "I can tell her of something grand that's in store for her."

Barbie hesitated; she didn't really believe the woman could tell, but she wanted to know what she would say. The woman was shrewd enough to see how the case lay, and she flattered Barbie so adroitly that it ended in her bringing out an old silver coin, the only money in her possession, and giving her hand rather timidly to the Gypsy.

Certainly the woman earned her money, for there was no limit to the wonderful things she promised, and though Barbie kept saying to herself that she didn't believe it, her face was flushed with excitement at the thought that perhaps it *might* come true.

"Try your luck, my young gentleman?" said the Gypsy, in a wheedling tone, to Nathan, who stood, frowning, in the door.

"I ain't a fool," said Nathan, bluntly, going back to his axe and saw.

The baby began to scream, lustily, and the woman made it an excuse for lingering.

"*How she swears!*" said Davy, solemnly, squatting himself down, and watching the baby intently.

Davy's ideas of swearing were not very clear, but he connected it very closely with being angry.

Barbie suggested the propriety of giving it some peppermint, which seemed to have a very good effect, and the woman soon left.

Barbie concluded not to go to the woods, but sit down and sew awhile, and think over the good fortune which the Gypsy assured her was coming to her very soon.

"I don't see where my thimble is," she said to herself, after searching her pocket



Mrs. Lawton, and her cross young one." But when she came down, instead of Mrs. Lawton's familiar face, she saw a tawny-looking woman, with a dingy, red shawl thrown over her head, and a puny baby in her arms.

"Good day to you, my pretty miss," said the woman, with a low courtesy; "would you give a poor woman a sup of tea, and a bit of something to eat?"

Barbie knew well that her mother never refused food to anyone who asked for it, and so she brought some bread and meat and a bowl of milk, and placed them before her. The baby fretted, and Davy stood and looked at it in silent wonder.

"She must be a Gypsy," said Nathan, coming in from the woodpile, and following Barbie into the pantry.

and her work basket in vain. "O, I remember, I left it on the kitchen table when I sewed that button on Davy's jacket, to-day."

But the thimble was not to be found, and she was obliged to use a clumsy brass one.

"Have you seen my thimble, Davy?" she asked, when the youngster came in, with his hands full of wriggling worms, which he had dug up for bait.

"Course not," said Davy. "I'm goin' fishin'."

Nathan suggested, very provokingly, that probably the Gypsy had taken it, and Barbie made no more inquiries of him.

"I don't see why Davy don't come back," said Barbie, looking anxiously down the road, when supper was nearly ready. She went to the gate every few minutes to watch for her father and mother, and every minute she grew more uneasy about Davy. She had read strange stories of little children being carried off by Gypsies, and she thought it very natural that they should covet such a bright, little fellow as Davy.

Nathan went very contentedly about his milking. He thought it very likely that the Gypsy had stolen Barbie's thimble, but it didn't seem at all probable to him that they should want Davy, when they had babies enough of their own.

"There comes father," said Barbie, at length; and she drew a long breath of relief, as he came up the hill and drove in at the big gate, so that grandma might get out close by the door.

"Where's Davy?" were almost the first words her mother spoke.

"He went fishing," said Barbie, ready to cry with excitement and fear.

"Strange he should stay so late," said grandma. "Where did he go, Barbie?"

"Down by the lower meadow. I told him not to go below the bridge, and he never does. O mother, do you s'pose the Gypsies would carry him off?"

"The Gypsies!" said Mrs. Phillips, with a sudden terror. "No, I don't suppose they would. They're gone off, though—we met them this evening, just this side of Dudley."

In spite of all she could do, Mrs. Phillips could not help thinking, what if Davy really was in one of those covered wagons, among those strange-looking men and women that had looked out at them?

"You haven't seen any of them go by, to-day, have you, Barbie?" she asked.

"There was one here," confessed Barbie, in a perfect agony of terror; "a woman and a baby."

Even Mr. Phillips began to look grave about the affair, and called Nathan to go down with him to the brook. Before they

reached the gate, they saw the doctor's gig coming around the turn of the road, the doctor leaning forward, with his hands resting on his knees, as if studying over some obstinate case, and beside him a little figure crowned with a torn straw hat, sitting up very straight and stiff, and driving the sober, old, white horse as if he had been a fiery charger, ready to run away at the smallest opportunity.

"There's Davy," said Nathan, laughing. "I knew he'd come home all right."

It was strange how quickly everybody discovered that they had not been frightened at all, now that the lost boy was brought home.

"Here's a brave fisherman for you," said the doctor, taking Davy by his arm and swinging him down over the wheel.

"Why, Davy Phillips, where have you been?" said Barbie, grasping his dirty, little hand.

"I've been to take tea to the minister's," said Davy, grandly; "and I had frosted cake with raisins in it, and two spoonfuls of jelly."

"I took him there," said the doctor, seeing Barbie's look of dismay, as she examined Davy's muddy clothes, and little, bare, brown feet. "I came along by the brook, and just above the bridge, under the big elm, I found this youngster fast asleep, with his pole lying in the water. I was just going up to the minister's to see old Miss Betsey—she's had another stroke—and so I took him along."

Davy was taken into the house, washed, and petted, and made much of, in a way that he could not quite understand, seeing he had no idea what a commotion he had caused.

"It beats all what has become of my gold specs," said grandma. "I made sure I had 'em when I started, for I remember laying 'em on the stand here with my best handkerchief, when I went to get my work bag; but when I got to Liddy's they wasn't in, and I've been clean lost without 'em."

Barbie got up quickly and went to the little, round stand. She remembered well enough seeing the spectacles in the precious, old, silver case, lying with the handkerchief, after grandma had gone. But no such articles were there now.

"The Gypsy! the Gypsy!" she said to herself, her heart getting heavier every moment.

"You'd better bring in those new shirts of father's," said her mother, after supper. "I noticed, yesterday, they're nicely bleached."

Barbie was glad of an excuse to go away by herself; and she went out to the strip of green turf by the garden fence, where the shirts had been put to whiten. She

could hardly believe her eyes, but certainly there was nothing on the green grass but the hoe, which Davy had dropped there after digging his worms. This was too much for Barbie; she sat down on the grass and began to cry, passionately. But it did not last long. She got up and wiped her eyes, and started for the house, saying, bravely,

"I shall have to tell all about it some time, and I mean to do it now and have it over with."

"The shirts are gone, too," she said, trying to steady her voice, as she came into the kitchen, "and I know that old Gypsy has stolen them, and my thimble, and grandma's glasses."

She told the whole story through, confessing her own foolishness in letting the woman tell her fortune.

"She must have slipped the thimble and glasses in her pocket while I went up stairs for the money; but I don't see when she got the shirts, for she went right away down the hill."

"She stopped down by the but'nut trees ever so long," said Davy. "I seen her sittin' there, and a man Injun, too."

There was no need to say anything more. Grandma went to bed mourning over her glasses, and Barbie sat penitent and sorrowful by the window, trying to contrive some way by which she could repair the loss. Every stitch in those shirts had been her own needlework, and very proud she had felt of them. If it was only the *stitches*, she could soon make them good; but where was the money for the material to come from? Perhaps grandma could have another pair of glasses, or she could use her old, steel-bowed ones, as she always did except on grand occasions; but the precious silver case—that had belonged to grandpa, and there could not be another like it in all the world, even if Barbie were rich enough to buy it.

"If my good fortune, which she promised me, would only come," thought Barbie; "I'm sure I need it bad enough now."

It really was very generous of Nathan, that he did not once say "I told you so," but Barbie was frank enough to own that he had warned her against the Gypsy, and advised her not to have her fortune told.

The rest all went to bed, and still Barbie sat by the window looking out at the moonlight, while her mother was getting things ready for the baking next day. When everything was done, Mrs. Phillips came to the window and put her arm around Barbie, saying, gently,

"I wouldn't fret any more over it, dears; you have had a hard lesson, but it perhaps it will be worth all it has cost to you."

"I don't know what foolish," said Barbie; "I made me so didn't really



believe she could tell what was going to happen, but I wanted to see what she would say. Ellen said she knew of a girl that had her fortune told, and it all came true, every word."

"It would be very strange if they could not guess right once in a while," said her mother. "They are very shrewd, and often find out a great deal from the persons themselves, without their ever suspecting it. Then they will tell things in such a vague way that it may mean almost anything."

"She said some great good fortune was coming to me shortly, unless I did something to break the charm, and turn it to evil."

"Of course," said Mrs. Phillips; "so you see that prophecy would hold true for good fortune or bad. But, Barbie, dear, I don't want to know what my future is going to be. Whether it is joy or sorrow, I shall know my Father sends it; and as long as He has not chosen to tell me what He has appointed for me, I have no wish to know. I think it would be very dreadful, if we could look forward and see all the trouble of our lives, and know just when it was coming upon us."

"It wasn't the trouble I thought about," said Barbie; "I wanted to hear of something good."

"I can tell you your fortune," said her mother. "It will come true, every word: '*They that wait on the Lord shall not want any good thing.*'"

Barbie kissed her mother, and went away to bed

[To be continued.]

## PLAY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Play you were a princess,  
And this was your diamond throne;  
Play I was a fairy—

"That is the truth, my own!"

Play you were a giant,  
And I was a poor lost girl;  
Play this was your castle:  
"Think I could harm one curl?"

Play this was my carriage,  
And I was a lady grand;  
Play that was a ball room:  
"Lady, I kiss your hand!"

Play the sun was a kite,  
And this was the yellow string;  
Play I was a robin:  
"Sing, little birdie, sing!"

Play you were a shepherd,  
And searching with weary feet;  
Play I was your lambkin:  
"Come to your fold, my sweet!"

Soon eyelids are drooping,  
And that was a sigh, so deep;  
Play this was the night, ma;  
And play I had gone to sleep!

## THE BEGGAR IN SILKEN GOWN.

A STORY ON MOTHER GOOSE.

BY REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"What started these things?" said Sunbeam to me, the other night, as she was looking at a copy of Mother Goose.

"I guess they just started themselves," said Chicken Little.

"No they didn't," said Fairy; "they must a had some meaning once, but people forgot it."

And so I thought a body might make up a story by supposing a way in which they may have started. The children liked the idea and wished me to begin with,

"Hark! hark!  
The dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town!  
Some in rags,  
Some in jags,  
And some in silken gowns!"

In an old town in England, a great many years ago, how many I cannot just say, lived dame Sawdon, a widow lady of nearly sixty years of age, if the parish register might be believed. Her wit was not so strong as the tea she drank, for she was more remarkable for her good nature than her good sense. But if her mind was weak, her faith was strong, for the good dame had a singular capacity for believing the most absurd things; it really seemed that nothing was too extravagant for her credulity, especially if the relator of the story took good care to season it highly with flattery of herself.

Dame Sawdon's husband had been a thrifty linen draper, who made his shillings honestly, though folks did say that he was over careful of his pence. By dint of hard work and penurious saving he had managed to leave his widow quite a handsome competence, though he had begun life a poor apprentice. Now the dame never quite approved of her husband's extreme economy, and after his death, finding herself without children, and possessed of £800 a year, she could not resist the temptation to live in a style becoming her means, and so the little cottage was enlarged somewhat, and rendered a little more stylish in appearance. And, to the great amusement of the townfolk, she insisted on calling the place by the pompous title of "Sawdon Terrace." The dame's neighbors, who remembered her humble beginning as a servant maid, would insist, with little wit and a good deal of envy, on calling the place "Sodden Terrace," and "Saw-down Terrace," and even "Sawdust Terrace."

What aggravated the case, in the minds of dame Sawdon's acquaintances, was her vanity on three points, concerning which she had less right to be proud than on any others. She persisted in supposing herself young, beautiful, and of good family.

For the first she was, as I said before, pretty well along toward three score. And as for beauty, there surely was not a woman in the United Kingdom who had less of it; for if ugliness were a sure indication of goodness, as some people think, then the old lady must have been a perfect saint. And as for family pride, always ridiculous, it was never more so than in the case of good dame Sawdon. Her father was a traveling tinker; her mother a farm servant. This was all that she or anybody else knew of her family, and her husband's was quite as obscure. Her neighbors would have been content to let these facts be forgotten if the widow had not kept them in perpetual remembrance by her incessant boasting that the Sawdons, her husband's family, were descended from a family of barons, and that her own family, the Sandersons, "came over," as she expressed it, "with William the Conquest, from Germany."

Mrs. Sawdon had a waiting maid—"maid of honor," the old lady called her—named Jane Smith. Jane was somewhat eccentric in her ideas of beauty, for she would say, a dozen times a day,

"It is my opinion that the han'sumest woman in this country is dame Sawdon, of Sawdon Terrace; she is, truly."

And if squint eyes of no color in particular, bristly, drab hair, a nose on one side, a good-natured, but one-sided mouth, other features to match, and a figure that was no figure at all—if these things constitute beauty, then Jane Smith's remark was remarkably true.

"Mrs. Sawdon," she would say, when she was dressing her hair, "you get younger and younger; you do, truly. You look as fresh as a girl of nineteen; you do, truly. I wish I was half as purty as you; I do, truly. You must have reg'lar high blood in your veins. I can see it in the taper of your fingers and the set of your nose; I can, truly."

"Law! Smith, you are a great comfort to a body," the old lady would reply. "You are so appreciating. You've got such good sense about things."

If Jane fed the old lady's vanity, the latter did not fail to keep Jane's admiration alive by liberal presents of various kinds. Indeed, it was hinted by shrewd observers that the "maid of honor" had very little honor, and was accustomed to help herself in ways that the good dame little suspected.

There was one other member of the family at "Sawdon Terrace" that must be noticed. This was William Sawdon, an orphan boy, nephew of dame Sawdon's deceased husband. Honest and sensible, William could not help but see the absurdity of his aunt's vanity; and he could never be cajoled by the good woman into joining in the maid's praises of her beauty, and

her illustrious ancestry. For this reason he found little favor in the eyes of his aunt, though her good nature inclined her to treat him kindly.

But the keen eyes of William saw through the flattery of the hypocritical Jane, and his eyes did not need to be very keen to see through some other transactions of hers, more dishonorable than her flattery. The nephew ventured to inform the good dame of these things, but Jane's hold upon her affections was too strong, and the maid succeeded in making the mistress believe that she was persecuted. She would state the case in her usual whine, strengthening each sentence by a repetition of the assertion in her own peculiar way.

"I really think," she would begin, "that master William is jealous of your affection for me; I do, truly. It is a shame for him to treat his aunt in the way he does; it is, truly. You have been very kind to him, you have, truly. But he doesn't appreciate your kindness; he doesn't appreciate your character, nor even your beauty; he doesn't, truly. He is not fit to be the nephew of dame Sawdon, of Sawdon Terrace; he is not, truly."

About this time there called, one day, a young man in a student's gown. He apologised for calling without introduction, but, he said, he had heard of her as descended from the Sanderson family, that came from across the channel at the time of the conquest.

"Yes," said the old lady, eagerly, "they came over from Germany with William the Conquest, under Julius Caesar."

Mrs. Sawdon's knowledge of history was rather limited.

The student assured her that he had studied those subjects, and that he had seen portraits of the great Sanderson, who was a distinguished *quartermaster* in the army of King William, and that the dame looked very much like that personage; she had the real Sanderson face.

"The Sandersons," he said, "were all remarkably handsome, and there is no mistaking the face of dame Sawdon, of Sawdon Terrace. She has the family beauty."

Mrs. Sawdon was in raptures at hearing her loftiest claims confirmed on such good authority. For the student assured her that there were two dukes and one orderly sergeant among his own ancestors. And to know that her ancestor was a *quartermaster*! She could not exactly make out what a *quartermaster* was, but she felt sure it could be little less than royalty itself. She seriously thought of petitioning the king for the privilege of adopting a coat of arms that should indicate the fact that her illustrious ancestor was a *quartermaster*.

The student, who called himself Fenton, was soon taken into high favor and domi-

ciled in the best room that "Sawdon Terrace" afforded. Dame Sawdon insisted that his gown was not fine enough for a man who had for ancestors two dukes and an orderly sergeant. To satisfy her scruples she made him a present of a silk one.

It was in vain that William tried to open his aunt's eyes. He was not long in satisfying himself that the student and the "maid of honor" were old acquaintances, acting together for a common purpose. But dame Sawdon would not hear a word of it.

"A man who was descended from two dukes and an orderly sergeant, could not do a mean thing," she said. And in a few weeks after the arrival of the student, William Sawdon was sent away from "Sawdon Terrace," charged with attempting to rob his aunt. The witnesses against him were, of course, Fenton, the student, and Jane Smith, the "maid of honor."

Poor William, disgraced and disheartened, left the town and soon sank into abject poverty. In a few weeks he had disposed of his decent clothes, and was so changed by want and rags that he could not have been recognized. Secure in his sorry disguise, he concluded to return to the place in which "Sawdon Terrace" was, in company with several other vagrants that were going that way. On approaching the place he was surprised to recognize, in a young man who joined the party in the dress of a beggar, the student, Fenton, himself. Pulling his cap over his eyes to avoid recognition, William watched the student closely, and soon discovered that the latter wore his silk gown beneath his beggar's rags. Satisfied that these rags were a disguise to be dropped quickly when occasion required, he felt sure that this new turn meant some mischief to his aunt. The party entered the town amid the barking of dogs and the flinging of stones by boys whom William recognized as old companions. When the vagrants separated, scattering themselves through the town, William kept his eye on Fenton, who went directly toward "Sawdon Terrace." He saw the knowing look that passed between Fenton and the maid, as the former asked for something to eat. He saw the student invited into the kitchen by order of the good natured and unsuspecting dame Sawdon.

When once the student beggar was out of sight, William, satisfied that some villainy was in the wind, suddenly bethought him of a plan. His aunt had a faithful dog. Of course he was named Tray, for all well-behaved dogs were called Tray, in that day, you know, just as all steady old horses were called Dobbin. Now this dog Tray was one of that sort that know the smell of a rogue, whether he be in student's gown or beggar's rags, and he had con-

ceived a great dislike to Fenton, from the first day of his arrival. For the sake of her friend, dame Sawdon had ordered Tray tied up. Young Sawdon now ran to the kennel and loosed him. Tray was so delighted at meeting his old master that he could scarcely find means of expressing himself. There is something touching in a dog's lack of words under such circumstances. William quieted him and then concealed both himself and Tray in the garden shrubbery, for a quarter of an hour, until the false beggar reappeared.

"Catch him, Tray," said William, in a whisper.

The dog did not need a second injunction, but made a fierce dash at Fenton. The student, frightened almost out of his wits, climbed a small tree. Unfortunately for him, his feet were still so low that, at every bound, Tray's teeth grazed his shoes. Tray now barked more savagely than ever. The widow Sawdon and her maid ran out and shrieked at Tray to begone. But William, from his hiding place, kept saying in an undertone,

"Catch him, Tray."

Poor Fenton screamed whenever the dog's teeth touched his shoes, the maid screamed whenever Fenton did, and dame Sawdon swelled the chorus. A party of rude boys gathered. It was fun to them, to see a beggar in such a plight, and so they only shouted their enjoyment. At last Tray managed to scrape Fenton's ankle with his teeth, which so alarmed him that he tried to climb higher, but only succeeded in breaking down the tree. William now leaped from his hiding place, and, as Fenton ran away, shouted,

"Catch him, Tray!"

Which the dog did not fail to do, for, just as Fenton was climbing the garden wall, Tray caught his flimsy beggar-clothes and tore them off him, letting the new silk gown flutter out in the wind.

At sight of this dame Sawdon shrieked; the maid shrieked; but William shouted, "Hurrah, well done, Tray."

And at the moment that Tray caught him, the impostor let fall from beneath his clothes a large part of the old lady's plate.

The constable took charge of Fenton, and, at William's suggestion, searched Jane Smith's chest likewise, finding the rest of the plate there. They had the pleasure of each other's society in the penal colony.

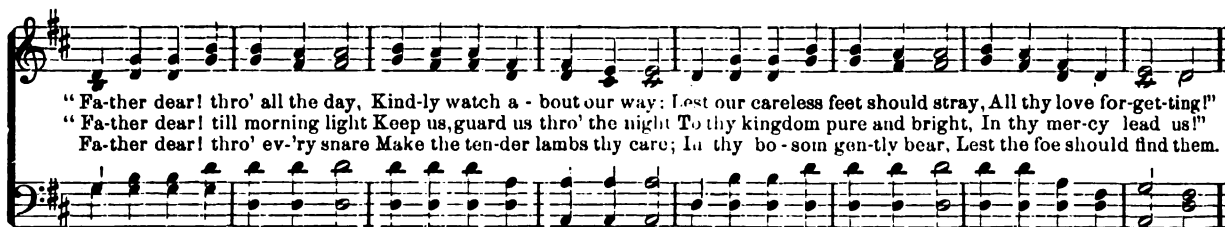
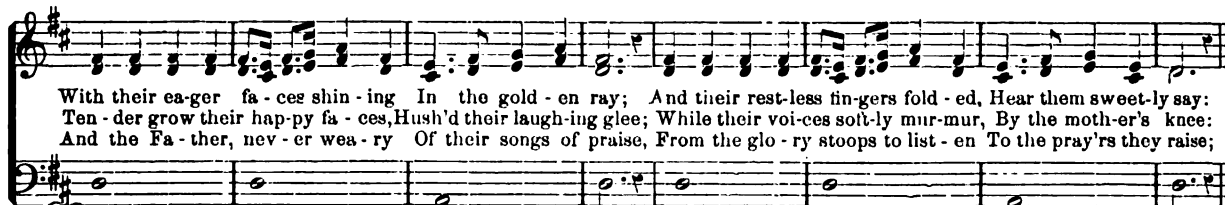
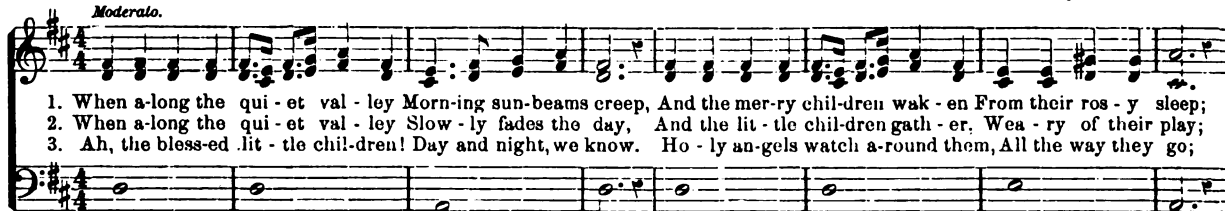
William was reinstated at Sawdon Terrace. Dame Sawdon never ceased to wonder that "a man that had two dukes and an orderly sergeant for ancestors, could act so meanly."

To the day of her death she talked of her ancestor, the *quartermaster*, that came over from Germany with William the Conquest. And years later, when Wil-

## THE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by GEO. F. ROOR.

*Moderato.*

liam Sawdon was the prosperous owner of "Sawdon Terrace," the nurses would point him out and tell the story, always concluding by singing, for the amusement of the children, the rhymes that celebrated the event:

"Hark! hark!  
The dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town!  
Some in rags,  
Some in jags,  
And some in silken gowns!"

**"STRIKE FOR THE ROCK."**

BY UNCLE EDWARD.

Billy and Tom lived by the sea side, and were perfect little water dogs of boys. Their father was an old fisherman, so he had fitted up a little skiff for them, and they could step their own mast, and trim their sail equal to any boys along shore.

"Them boys o' mine 'll sail nigh onto as close to the wind as any on us," the old man would say, while a gleam of pride would come into his eyes, and sometimes a little moisture that was as real as the salt spray itself.

So nobody was surprised when one day the boys trimmed their little sail, and began to skim over the water, down the bay, only one old tar, who leaned on the fluke of a bower, cocked his eye at the sky, and said:

"Them mackerels up aloft 'll fetch a stiff breeze afore night; but old Cowles' boys mought be as up to't as me."

"Let's make Misery, Tom," said Billy, "and see if there's a chowder party there."

"Haul in on that sheet, Tom, and fetch her a p'int t' starb'd," said Billy, who stood in the bows, while Tom held the tiller.

"Misery" was a rocky island down the bay, where very often chowder parties went ashore and had a good dinner. Sometimes the boys could turn an honest penny by lending them a hand about getting floatwood for the fire, and one thing and another.

That day there were no chowder parties, and they kept on beyond Misery, when all at once Tom, who had given up the tiller to Billy, said:

"Look off there to wind'ard, Billy; what's that creeping along the water? Hadn't ye better haul in a bit?"

Billy looked, and he could see the squall coming, showing itself in the changed color of the water and atmosphere, making the one darker, and the other more hazy.

"Bear a hand here, Tom, quick! This sheet's got foul!" cried Billy, as, with one hand on the tiller, he tried to use the other on the rope that had tangled about the belaying pin.

Tom sprang to his aid, but he was too late. The squall struck their sail, and over she went, to leeward. The mast came out, and there lay their little boat, bottom up, while both boys were in the water.

But I said they were little water dogs. They were good swimmers, and their

light, duck clothes were but slight impediments to their striking out freely.

Billy clung to the boat, and tried to climb up on it, but it was round, and wet, and slippery, (may be that was what made it so fast a boat when it was right side up) and he couldn't get on it.

All at once he heard Tom's voice, away off, crying out:

"Strike for the rock, Billy! Strike for the rock."

So Billy left the boat, and swam to the rock that Tom had just reached. The squall went by almost as soon as it had come, and the boys stood safely on the firm rock that reared its head above the waters.

"Don't ye mind, Billy," said Tom; "this old rock don't shake and tip over with the wind, and we're safe here. Let's take off our breeches, and swing 'em; some pilot 'll see us."

But sharp eyes had been on that trim little sail, and, when the squall went down, more than one pilot who was cruising round, waiting for a ship to heave in sight, looked to see if it was still there, and missing it, trimmed his sail so as to bear on that spot, saying to himself:

"Them's Cowles' boys; they mustn't go down to Davy Jones's."

So the boys were all right again, and with their boat righted up, and their sail reset, could go home to relieve the anxious mother's heart.

There is a great ocean on which we are

sailing. Temptations come like squalls, and as suddenly, sometimes; and habits are like heavy gales. Either may wreck us, and there's danger of being lost and ruined. Under them, many a little skiff that carries all a boy's hopes of life, may capsize.

There's a blessed refuge for us, then, the "Rock Christ Jesus." When you are in danger of doing wrong, "*Strike for the Rock, boys! Strike for the Rock!*" Ask your dear mother, and she will tell you how.

### TO THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FROM PAUL PYNE.

Little Charley's older brother D. takes THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Santa Claus hung a dollar on the Christmas tree, and, in a little note appended, advised him to send it to Mr. Sewell, and ask for THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Charley knew what a good friend Santa Claus was to children, and he did not for one moment question the wisdom of the advice, or of his brother D.'s obedience to it, when, the next day, Santa Claus' dollar was on its way to Chicago. And now Charley thinks if his brother D. is always as successful in his business transactions, he will soon be a very rich boy.

Though Charley and his brothers and sisters had so recently made the acquaintance of the gallant little officer, they are already very fond of him, and are proud and happy on his every new appearance, in his beautiful, green uniform. They think him very entertaining, and he tells them a great many things no one ever told them before, and his visits seem too far between for their eager anticipations.

Charley's little sister Nellie is a bright-eyed, fun-loving little girl. This morning she asked D.,

"How is THE LITTLE CORPORAL like the moon?"

D. not being ready with reply, she informed him, "It is new every month, shines over half the earth, and enlightens us."

D. declared that was as good as Nellie said to papa, the other day, when the axle of the well broke and fell in. She asked him if the water would not keep us more *humble* if he would get the *crank* out?

These young brothers and sisters believe THE LITTLE CORPORAL is indefatigable in his efforts to please and instruct them—they are very grateful, and not knowing how to express it, they have asked me to send him the following, because it has given them pleasure. The first, I extract from a letter written from Wirtemberg, Germany, by Charley's aunt, Miss C. R. C. She says:

"I saw from my window a funeral procession, and noticing that from all the houses of the little village, people fell into

the procession, I joined them, also. It was for a child about four years of age. The casket, which was white and nearly oval, was covered with a cloth of snowy purity, on which was wrought a long, red cross. A beautiful wreath of flowers encircled the head of the casket—not, as with us, laid on the top. The coffin was borne on a bier, preceded by about twenty boys and girls, very sweetly chanting a hymn. After it walked two little boys, followed by a dozen or more men, two abreast. Among these last, I noticed three wore large, cocked hats. The Lutheran clergyman now followed, alone, and after him fifty or more females.

"As they stopped before the kirk, still chanting, a woman took up the little casket, raised it to rest on her head, and so carrying it, the procession passed up the cemetery, the sweet, dirge-like chant not ceasing till the little child was lowered into its grave. After a rather long prayer, another hymn was chanted; and then, many stepping to the grave and looking tearfully in, all left except an old man, who remained to cover the child in his little, white casket."

The following is copied from a letter written by Charley's Uncle W., from Switzerland. He writes:

"The Canton of Lucerne is one of the Roman Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, as one will see by the number of crosses and crucifixes in the fields and by the road sides. Some are small, others of nearly or quite life size. Not less frequently are seen, in niches in the walls of houses, or in little structures three or four feet square, built by the roadside for the purpose, pictures of the crucifixion, of martyrs, or of some patron saint—the side next the road being left open. Then a miniature altar, on which lie offerings of fruit and flowers. Sometimes carved images of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus are seen, and these not unfrequently are richly gilded. I often saw persons, in passing, pause, cross themselves, or kneel before the little shrine.

"The city of Lucerne has about 12,000 inhabitants, is at the northwestern extremity of the lake of the same name, and is divided into two parts by the River Reuss, which issues from the lake at this point. The old wall of stone masonry, with its tall watch towers nearly one hundred feet high, still surrounds the old town on one side. The river is crossed by three very old bridges, two of them being foot bridges only, covered by a high, very steep roof, but open on the sides. On these foot bridges, at regular intervals of about ten feet, and under the roof, are large paintings on board, very old, and some of them are not without much artistic merit. On one of the bridges are some one hundred and forty such pictures, all of a historic character, placed back to back, so that in crossing the bridge either way, the eye meets them. Some of the paintings represent scenes from 'The Dance of Death.' The foot bridges cross the river zigzag, making them, as you perceive, much longer.

"Just at one side of the town, in a secluded and shady spot, is the famed 'Lion of Lucerne'—a monument to the memory

of the officers and soldiers of the *Old Swiss Guard*, who fell defending Louis and the royal family of France, after the French troops had deserted them, in 1792. The monument is formed by a beautiful combination of art with nature. A perpendicular wall of light-brown rock, some sixty or seventy feet high, furnishes and forms the material into which and out of which the genius of a true artist has formed a magnificent monument.

"On the solid face of this rock, about midway of its height, is cut a colossal lion, pierced by a spear, and fallen, wounded unto death, yet protecting, with one paw and his teeth, a shield bearing the Bourbon *Fleur de lis*. The figure is twenty-eight feet long and eighteen feet high. Standing as it does in a dusky shaded nook, it is a truly grand monument to the memory of the dead brave.

"The scenery about Lucerne is truly magnificent. Its beautiful, deep-blue lake, bordered with undulating or high, rolling hills, these again backed by mountains reaching into the clouds, many of them crowned with snows, present a phase of beauty never seen out of Switzerland.

### THE FOREST TEMPLE.

BY ALTA GLANT.

One evening, when the setting sun

To all the land its glory lent,  
Across the fields of clover sweet,  
Where woods and fields in shadow meet,  
With slow and weary step I went.

In restless mood I wandered on

Far down the arching aisles of green;  
Wide bent the leafy boughs above,  
And tender as the eye of love  
The glowing sky looked through between.

The birds sang low their nesting songs,

The tree tops caught the sunset rays;  
"O earth," I said, "how fair thou art!"  
And yet no joy was in my heart,  
And on my thankless lips no praise.

But suddenly my steps were staid,

As one who with irreverent feet  
Treading some old cathedral dim  
Is startled by a chanted hymn,  
Through the soft silence falling sweet.

For 'neath the forest arches old

A gentle voice thrilled all the air,  
And kneeling in a shadowy nook,  
With folded hands and heavenward look,  
A maiden poured her childish prayer.

In stillest awe I bowed my head,

And hushed my beating heart to hear;  
For, sweeter than the song of birds,  
The maiden's tender, trustful words  
Stole through the summer twilight clear.

The very leaves seemed touched with awe!

The sunset sky new glory shed!  
And while I listened, like a spell,  
Peace on my weary spirit fell,  
And all my care and trouble fled.

The maiden rose and went her way,

Nor guessed the lesson she had taught.  
Nor how to one poor, doubting heart,  
That in the shadows stood apart,  
New faith and hope her prayer had brought.

For in that gentle, loving child,

God's angel met and blessed me there;  
And holiest memories fill the place  
Where first I saw her happy face  
Within that forest temple fair.

## HOW BESS AND BERTIE FED THEIR KITTENS.

A STORY FOR THE WEE ONES.

Bess and Bertie are two dear, little twin girls of mine. I think them very cunning, of course, and I know of at least one other person who thinks so too. They can just toddle about, and what mischief one can't think of and get into, the other can. There are no stairs too steep for them to climb, and no holes too dark for them to poke their little noses into.

One day I chanced to leave the sink cupboard door ajar, and soon I found Bertie seated in calm content among the pots and kettles, inside, while Bess was doing her best to squeeze her wee, little self into the remaining space. Of course, it was just after I had washed and dressed them up as nicely as possible.

One sunny day I put them out in the front yard to play about on the green grass, and as the gate was shut fast, I imagined they could come to no harm. I was busy about the house, when I heard a sound between a cry, a whine, and a squeal of vexation, and going to the door I found Bess sitting in the middle of the road, putting sand on her blessed, little, sunshiny head, with both her fat, dimpled hands, while Bertie was just under the gate, caught by the sash about her waist, and held fast, "in durance vile," as she evidently considered it, for her little face was red with the vigorous efforts she was making to overcome the invisible obstacle to her progress.

Next I put them into the back yard, first making sure that there were no gaps large enough for them to crawl through, and taking my knitting, sat down in the great, open, barn door, where I could watch them. They ran up and down on the grass, and in and out of the door, and for awhile I had peace and security. But one can never feel quite secure when there are wee ones about. Especially if they become *very still indeed*. Then mothers may look out sharply, for there is mischief brewing somewhere.

There was a portentous stillness, and my thoughts were away off among the Alps, or somewhere, when I was aroused by a faint mewing from the barrel where I had hidden the two kittens, after enduring as long as I could to see them carried about by their heads, "poored" the wrong way, drawn backward by their tails, and otherwise maltreated and abused.

But what could the babies do to the kittens, in the barrel? Surely, they could not get at them there! I soon found out. There was a box of lime, half air slaked, in an obscure corner of the barn, and the little, sharp eyes had found it, and, standing on tiptoe, the little hands could just reach

over the edge of the barrel. So they proceeded to "peed kitty." Patter, patter, went the small feet across the barn floor, and again and again handfuls of the lime were scattered in upon the poor kittens. Their poor little eyes were filled, and they were mewing piteously.

I caught them up, and tried to blow the lime away. But no, it stuck fast. Then I ran for some milk, to wash it out, pondering as I ran,

"Could I kill the little creatures?"

There was no one about to do it but I, and, no doubt, it was the most merciful thing that could be done for them, for very likely their eyesight would be entirely destroyed. But my blood curdled and my knees grew weak at the thought of becoming their executioner. The innocent things that had always trusted me so! I dismissed the thought and ran on, determined to doctor them up as best I could.

By the time I got back, Bertie had got her limey fingers into her mouth, and was crying with the smart, and Bess had got hers into my knitting work, which she was unraveling at a great rate. When I had given each a good bath, I took one on each knee, and sitting down in the low rocking chair, I sang the old, German lullaby.

"Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Thy father is watching his sheep,  
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,  
And down falls a little dream on thee,  
Sleep, baby, sleep."

I think that is a sweet, little, baby song, don't you? By the time it was finished, both babies had gone to dreamland; and I put them into their crib, and went to take a look at the kittens.

The poor, little eyes were closed, and it was many days before they could open them, but now they are quite well, and as merry as ever. There they go, heels over head, one rolling over the other, and both babies after them. *Lettie Pease.*

## DAME DIMPLE.

BY PRUDY.

Little dame Dimple, so merry and wise,  
Shaking your tangled locks over your eyes;  
What are you plotting this sunshiny day,  
Under the apple trees over the way?

All the birds know you, you queer little elf,  
Sometimes I think you're a birdie yourself;  
Chasing the honey bees home as they pass,  
Watching the crickets that chirp in the grass.

Where is your sunbonnet, dainty and neat?  
Where are the shoes for your bare little feet?  
Little brown fingers that hid them so well,  
What will you do if your secret I tell?

One chubby hand holds the frock at your knee,  
Filled full of treasures most wondrous to see;  
Beetles that crawled in the dust at your feet,  
Grasshoppers, pebbles, and clover-heads sweet.

See! there's a butterfly gleaming like gold,  
Down goes the frock with its riches untold!  
Dear little Dimple, we older folks too,  
Drop our old treasures to reach for the new.

## HIDE AND SCRAP'S STORY.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

By steady wearing of my boots inside of rubbers, two great-toe holes made their appearance; and when May was fully come and the roads were dry, these boots seemed no longer fit to wear. All day long they lay, like an old cat, by the fire. Worse than a cat, for they wouldn't get out of my way; they wouldn't run off when I said "s-s-cat!" But for my friends HIDE and SCRAP, who had no other home than my old boot, I should have cut off the feet at once and buried them, and sent the legs to the shoemakers to be "footed."

But, like some cheerful old people, the older they grow the more they talk, so it is with HIDE and SCRAP in my boot. They think they own it. They have become thin and dry and hard, but they talk louder than ever. And whenever I take up the boot for a little talk, the *skreek* comes so fast and so easy, that I have need to say, again and again, "talk slower! slower!"

"What are you thinking about all the time?" said SCRAP, one day, to HIDE.

"I'm thinking that we are very warm and dry, and yet I am not hard and stiff, the way I was when I was a HIDE of Montevideo. And I keep my senses, too. I am not all shrunk away to nothing. And now I think of it, we are not the same color we used to be. We had red hair on us, you know, and—"

"I didn't have red hair. I was a white spot on STEER's hind leg. I hate red hair, and always did," said SCRAP, rudely.

Of course I reproved SCRAP at once. I told him how foolish it is to dispute about hair, or be proud or ashamed, when both of them had lost all they ever had, and never had been able "to make one hair white or black."

"I thank you, sir," said HIDE to me. "I did not know you were listening to us. I often tell SCRAP that red is as good as white, and that black is the only really mean color for a HIDE. Anything but black, I tell him."

"O well," said I, "you talk as men talk, and so I can't scold you. But then, as soon as you rub off the outside, all you HIDES are of one color, and that's what I tell the men."

"And we were all white when we lost our hair, weren't we?" asked SCRAP.

"Yes. When that brig brought you from South America, you were sold by the pound—flint hides—dry and hard and hair all on. A man on 'Leather Lane' bought you. By and by you were sold again, and carried away out into Alleghany county, New York, where hemlock trees grow on all the hills. And when you got there, they put you to soak in a great, square vat, full of clean water—"

"That's what I remember; I remember it well, how I grew soft and limber, and felt like floating up to the top of the water, and letting the HIDES out that were under me. We were a large family, sir," said HIDE.

"That was a long sleep you had, dried up and hard as flint," I replied.

"What was the matter? I ain't hard now," said SCRAP; "leastwise not so hard."



"Don't say *ain't* and *leastwise*, such words are not respectable," said HIDE, reprovingly.

"Why, you said *don't*, and *ain't* is as good as *don't*, any day," replied SCRAP, saucily.

"No," said I; "*don't* and *aren't* are short ways of saying *do not* and *are not*; but *ain't* is not a short way of saying any words. But don't quarrel about words. Words are like carts; if they carry their load without breaking down, and dump it at your door without waste, they are good words."

"What does he mean?" whispered SCRAP.

"You'll know when you are older," answered HIDE; "I understand him. And [to me] I would like to know, as SCRAP asks, what was the matter with us then, that made us so dry and stiff and hard and shrunk up and dead. Can you tell us?"

"Yes," said I. "Here is a piece of glue. All your pores were full of dried glue. You were a glued-up HIDE. And when that Alleghany man soaked you, your glue softened and became limber. Glue and water make jelly. Green hides are full of jelly. Dry hides are full of glue."

"But you said we were all white, once, when we had lost our outside. Now we are red. When were we white?" asked HIDE.

"Do you remember," said I, "what happened to you next after your bath that soaked you and woke you up?"

"They hooked us up and carried us a little way, and then all was dark. I could see nothing, but I was very wet and uncomfortable," said HIDE.

"So was I," put in SCRAP; "and such a smell, too!"

"You were in what we men call the sweat vault. That Alleghany tanner kept you hanging up there in the wet, and close together, for several days, until the root-hold of your hair rotted, and when he found that the hair would scrape off easily, he took you out, and his men laid you over half-round slabs of wood, and scraped you clean and white, just as farmers and butchers do scalded pigs."

"How much I have gone through," said HIDE, thoughtfully. "What did become of my old, red hair?"

"The tanner sold it by the barrelful to plasterers to mix with their plaster for the walls of rooms. And it spoils good plaster."

"And the tail—what became of the tail? TAIL and I used to play *swish swash* all day long. Every time STEER walked, TAIL would try and hit me, and I would dodge forward out of his way, and let him swing by," said SCRAP.

"TAIL was left behind at the Saladero in South America, eaten up by dogs and worms," said I, sadly.

"I always said that TAIL could come to no good end, he was so unsteady," said HIDE. "But he used to laugh, and go swinging round, saying that he had no end to come to, for he began at the end. But how did we lose our white? How did we get so cut up? Shall we ever get through? Can't we begin at the end, as TAIL did?"

[To be continued.]

## BIRD SONGS.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

When the rosy light of day  
O'er the hillside flushes,  
Then begins the roundelay  
Of the happy thrushes.  
Soon as misty shades of night  
From the valleys clear up,  
Robin sings with all his might,  
Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!

Chris-chris-cradle's silver song  
Rings among the sedges;  
Chipping sparrows chip along  
All the dewy hedges.  
Phebe, by the tinkling rills,  
Sings with wrens and swallows;  
Merry bob-o-lincoln trills,  
O'er the grassy hollows.

Mellow lays, so clear and rare,  
Sweet chewink is ringing;  
From his castle in the air,  
Oriole is singing.  
Down the hill the cuckoo calls,  
And the ring dove's cooing,  
Soft as summer zephyr falls  
In its notes of wooing.

From the wood the quail is heard,  
Prating of the weather;  
While the gleeful mocking bird  
Sings all songs together.  
Lovely songsters of the air,  
Sound your notes of gladness;  
Drive away our thoughts of care,  
Sing away our sadness.

## A MOTHER'S GOOD BYE.

The following article from GRACE GREENWOOD, will touch the heart of many an Eastern Mother, who, like her, has sent out the boys who have helped to make the great and growing West what it is. GRACE GREENWOOD has been a tender and loving mother to *The Little Pilgrim*, during all the fifteen years of his Pilgrim life. Under her care he has learned to live his pure, good, noble life, loving and beloved. In our Editorial page you will see how he has, following the example of so many of his Eastern friends, come to the West and enlisted in THE CORPORAL'S ARMY. Here, followed by his good mother's prayers and counsels, let us bid him God speed and a grand success.

### TO LITTLE PILGRIM ON HIS EMIGRATION.

*My dear Little Pilgrim:*

It is with sorrow, though with hope, that I let you go out of your old home, and from parental care, to your newer and grander field of duty, at the west. But the best and fondest of parents must expect to have their sons go forth to seek their fortunes, sometime, and you, I suppose, are about old enough to take a plunge into the great world of business enterprise, which lies where lay the new world of Columbus, to the westward.

We comfort ourselves, your father and I, with the assurance that an honorable career is before you, as the *Aide* of that victorious young General of Juveniles, still known, like the great Napoleon, under his first familiar title of "THE LITTLE CORPORAL."

You are now fifteen years old, and for a mother's darling, a fine, sturdy, gallant, honorable young fellow—though I say it, that shouldn't say it.

You had, my dear, great sponsors, and have had noble helpers through all your happy, useful little pilgrimage. In England, Mary Russell Mitford, William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Julie Pardoe, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, Mr. Francis Bennoch, Mr.

Charles Mackay, and Mrs. Camilla Crossland, all sent beautiful stories or poems for your budget. Will you call it knapsack now? In our own country, also, you have had very distinguished friends and aids. Mr. Whittier, you will remember, wrote for you his famous "Barefoot Boy." Mr. Longfellow sent you for a Christmas present, his charming "Ropewalk." Bayard Taylor gave you a delightful story about "Lions." Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Anne C. Lynch, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Gage, Julia Gill, Lucy Larcom, Mr. James T. Fields, have written beautiful poems for you; Mrs. Mowatt, Gail Hamilton, Sophie May and others of the very best living writers for young folks, have furnished you stories; and, simple child as you have been, some of the greatest men of your native land, Scholars, Statesmen, and Generals—Major Generals as well as Brigadiers—have encouraged you with generous, loving words. Your father and mother have always stood faithfully by you, doing what they have believed the best for you. The stories furnished by them, for your little friends, have, from time to time, been put into separate books, and make some half dozen volumes, mostly tales of Foreign Travel, and History. Your own travels have been very extensive for a lad of your size. You have been called to every State and Territory in the Union, to the Pacific coast, to the South Sea Isles, to Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and India, as well as to Canada, to Nova Scotia, and to Halifax, my dear!

It has been our effort and your joy to make your monthly visit to the homes to which you were invited, productive only of happiness and good. While we have desired to have you always pleasant and genial, we have not crammed your budget with jokes, light sketches, and anecdotes, meant only to amuse. With your funniest stories you have always carried with you something serious, or at least earnest and thoughtful. We believed that you could be a good boy, without being a dull boy—that you could be honest, hearty, merry, and, at the same time, courteous, cultivated, refined—a thorough little gentleman. We have never sought to make you a preacher of creeds and ologies, but we have sought to have you embody in your teachings, the "golden rule" of our Lord, and the divine precepts of His Sermon on the Mount.

Dear boy, it is hard for me to part with you! The sweetest and, I truly believe, the noblest work of the last fifteen years of a toilsome literary life, has been in your service. Through you I have visited so many, many homes—have seen much sacred joy, and more sacred sorrow. Through you, my heart has flowed out constantly in love, toward thousands of happy children—in sympathy, toward thousands of tender, anxious mothers. So many generous friends we have made, dear! Our labor has, in truth, been richly rewarded, though it has brought us little gold. Pilgrim Scrip does not usually stand for much, in the money market. Pilgrims are generally pious and poetic personages, sometimes careless and jovial, but seldom well-to-do, in a worldly sense.

But, my dear boy, don't think I give you up entirely, though other hands than mine will help to fit you out for your grand tours, and make you neat and comfortable. I shall keep an eye on you, and a heart with you, in your new field of operation. So, I doubt not, will many of your old friends, while you will make, in the great glorious west, hosts of new allies.

Under your gallant young chief, I trust you will do bravely, and bear yourself like the Chevalier Bayard, "without fear, and without reproach," through a long, prosperous life, blessing and blessed.

Your affectionate mother,

Grace Greenwood.

Philadelphia, April 23d, 1869.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1869.

THE POSTAGE on *The Little Corporal* is three cents a quarter, or twelve cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the post office where the paper is received.

### NEW VOLUME.

ONE MONTH FREE!

Now is the time to raise a Club.

This number closes volume eight of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. (There are two volumes a year, of six months each.)

The July number begins Volume Nine. This is a good time to raise a club, and secure some one of our beautiful premiums. All new subscribers sent after June first, and before the fourth of July will receive the June number *free*, if they ask for it at the time of subscribing. This will give thirteen numbers for one dollar, and will help you in raising a club.

See our premium list on third page of cover and go to work *now* with a will.

### YOUR TIME HAS EXPIRED.

A good many subscriptions expire with this number. You will know by the printed direction slip. If just after your name is printed *June 9* or *June 69*, you will know that your time, as paid for, expires with this number.

Renew at once, by sending your dollar for the next year. Write plainly your name, post office, county and State. If during the past year, any numbers have failed to reach you, tell us what numbers they were, and we will re-mail them. We are very careful to send all papers regularly, but sometimes the mails fail to deliver.

### THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

A DISTINGUISHED RECRUIT.

Our readers will be interested in reading GRACE GREENWOOD's article, on another page.

The meaning of this *mother's good-bye* is that THE LITTLE PILGRIM has enlisted in THE LITTLE CORPORAL's army. Everybody knows that for fifteen years THE LITTLE PILGRIM, edited by GRACE GREENWOOD, has been published, in Philadelphia, as a children's Magazine. For a long time it was the only juvenile of any note in this country, aside from the regular Sunday School papers. It has had an extensive circulation, and we all know what a good, pure, noble life it has led. Its editor's name is known by all good people in the land, and loved wherever known. She is

known and loved, we doubt not, as much for what she has given us through the pages of THE LITTLE PILGRIM, as for any other work of her brilliant and useful life.

But though THE LITTLE PILGRIM's home has always been in such a delightful city, surrounded by so much refinement and so many hallowed associations of historic interest, he has determined to leave all these, and seek a new home and wider field of usefulness, in the great and growing west. In this he has but followed the example of thousands of others in his own city and state. Indeed, the reason why the West has become so great is because millions from among the bravest and best and most enterprising from the older states, and other lands, have swarmed here to develop and cultivate our magnificent prairies, and to conquer and subdue our forests, causing the wilderness and the solitary places to bloom like beautiful gardens. At their bidding the coal and the iron, the lead, the copper, the silver and the gold have been dragged from their long resting places; the yellow grain has been poured eastward and southward like golden showers, through the great elevators, and over the railroads, and rivers, and lakes, feeding the nations, and bringing back streams of wealth, and blessings in return. But, more than all, the faces of happy children have blessed the homes of these adventurers, and a brave and mighty people are growing up to carry on the work begun by their fathers, so that it is becoming fashionable now, when the nation wants a President, or a General for its armies, to select them from among the poor boys who have grown up on western soil.

When General Grant was called to the head of the army, other Generals nearly old enough to have been his father did not hesitate to doff their hats to him as their superior in command, and would most cheerfully have accepted places on his staff; and so THE LITTLE PILGRIM in coming to his western home readily joins THE LITTLE CORPORAL's army, and becomes an Aid. Private Queer resigns the position he has so honorably filled, and in the July No. The Little Pilgrim will take his place and thereafter bear the knapsack. The CORPORAL honors the PILGRIM for his years, his wisdom and his blameless life. Our whole army will honor and bless him, while all will be delighted that his beloved mother, GRACE GREENWOOD, has a place among our contributors. Three cheers for "The Little Pilgrim's Knapsack," and three times three for THE LITTLE PILGRIM himself.

Subscribers to *The Little Pilgrim* will be supplied with numbers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL instead of *The Pilgrim* until the end of the time for which they have paid. Some families may be subscribers to both magazines. All such may write to us and have the numbers yet due them *added* to the time for which they have paid for THE CORPORAL. Thus, if, after the delivery of this, June, number, there may still be coming to them six numbers of THE CORPORAL and six of *The Pilgrim*, they may, if they prefer, receive *twelve* numbers of THE CORPORAL, which will carry the subscription to June, 1870.

### WHO COMES NEXT?

What one among the Juvenile Magazines will be first to follow "The Little Pilgrim's" example in enlisting under THE CORPORAL's banner?

There are more than two or three of the Juvenile Magazines that are bringing small gain to their publishers, and some are causing heavy loss. The field of literature is, to many, an inviting one. Many have been tempted to begin literary, and especially juvenile periodicals, and have learned, when too late, that it was not all

plain sailing, and that to finally succeed requires a great deal of hard work and a great deal of money, and many other things besides work and money. To all these we say: Come in out of the storm. THE CORPORAL's tent is high and wide. We can make room for you. Don't wait for another invitation. Come join our conquering army. It was never so large or prosperous as now. We have room for all, and a place for all to work. All who come shall have a cordial welcome. In plain English, we are ready to receive proposals to buy out other Juvenile Magazines and supply their outstanding circulation with numbers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

### MY NEW HOME.

When I was a little girl, and began to study geography, sitting on the benches at the old red schoolhouse, I used to read with a vague wonder about the great western lakes, and the vast prairie lands of Illinois. I don't think I ever dreamed of living to see them, or had any idea that they were really a part of the same old world I lived in. It was pretty much the same as if it had been a story of the moon. I remember the picture—there was always a picture in the geography for every state, and we used to paint them with little bits of indigo, and red chalk, and pokeberry juice. That was away in dear, old Connecticut; the red schoolhouse was banished long ago, and a fine new one built in its place—at least we used to think it was fine, for it was painted a lovely cream color, with bright green blinds; and even that has been turned into a dwelling house. The idea of living in an old schoolhouse! I wonder if the people are ever haunted by the visions of the poor little wretches who have been tormented there! Don't I remember the man who used to make bad boys swallow his big ruler, and stand unlucky little girls up on the narrow ledge of his desk! and haven't I worn "leather spectacles" there my very self, and been led around the room by my ear! O, dear, I would sooner live in a wigwam than in that schoolhouse! But that isn't at all what I was going to say. I was going to tell you that here in my new home, I can look from my window and see the vessels go by, across the waters of that same lake Michigan I read about in the old red school house, a thousand miles away. Between me and the lake stretches a belt of grand old oaks, and right over their tops I see the blue water, and the sunshine flashing on the sails that continually pass to and fro. A few minutes' walk brings us to the sandy beach where the waters roll up to our very feet. At night we see to the southeast a light in the sky and a glow upon the water, that marks the place, twelve miles away, where the great city of Chicago lies. And all over this quiet little country town of Evanston, are hundreds of pleasant homes, where busy men come every night, away from all the noise and confusion of the city, to breathe the sweet air and forget the work and worry of the day.

This is my *new home*, and here I hope to finish the work of my life. It can never be quite what I used to picture it, for in my dreams of it, but a few weeks ago, there was one dear face that I shall never see on earth again. The sorrow which I told you would some day come to each one of you, has come at last to me—the old home is desolate—the father and mother are gone—gone to the new home above, where I hope one day to meet them.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

NEW TYPE.—We have just bought new type for THE LITTLE CORPORAL's pages. He will be dressed in this new suit in the July number.

## RIDING INTO SUMMERLAND.

What shall I say about my trip to the Gulf of Mexico?—for I have just enjoyed such a trip, and in very pleasant company. Besides the pleasure of having with me my little, blue-eyed wife, and black-eyed Fred, who is nearly four years old, it was a good way to go in company with the Illinois Editorial Association, on their grand excursion, and to be entertained by such good people wherever we went.

When we, in this northern clime, watch, week after week, and even month after month, for birds and swelling buds and opening leaves, and when, instead of the expected warm south winds, we are bitten by frosts and chilled by the cold "nor-westers"—when April passes away

"And winter, lingering, chills the lap of May,"

We have sometimes felt almost discouraged, and forgetting what a blessed fruitful land is ours, have wished for a sunnier clime and warmer skies.

Thus we waited nearly through the first two spring months of this year with yet few signs of green leaves or flowers, when word came that our annual convention would be held in the city of Cairo, Ill., that all the railroads and steamboats were to "chalk the hats" of the members of the association, and accompanying ladies, that the good people of Cairo and Mound City, in Illinois, and Mobile, Alabama, had sent us invitations to be their guests.

How could it be possible for a company of hard worked editors to decline such kind invitations? To rest for two weeks from hard work in our dingy offices seemed pleasant enough, but to cease waiting for a very tardy spring, and ride directly through the spring into the glowing summer, was truly a very nice thing to think about.

And so, when we counted up at Cairo, editors, editor's wives, children, sisters, and sweethearts, there were about two hundred and forty of us, all ready to go through the duties of the Convention, and after enjoying the bountiful and delightful hospitality of our kind friends in Cairo and Mound City, (both of which cities must receive particular attention when we can have more time and room,) to be off for Dixie.

The steamer Gen. Anderson carried us from Cairo to Columbus, Ky., where we took the Mobile & Ohio Railroad for the Gulf. At Chicago, April 19th, we had left the forest trees all barren and black, with the buds only swelling, and the grass beginning to be green. At Cairo the woods wore a suit of young, pale-green, half-grown leaves, except where hung huge clusters of the evergreen mistletoe bough, and here and there between the larger trees peeped out the white blossoms of the dogwood, and the pink ones of the "red-bud," while up through last year's leaves were peeping all the earlier spring flowers.

As we were whirled through Kentucky and Tennessee, the summer seemed almost as far away, but when we hurried on into Mississippi, the leaves were larger, and the wild flowers were more plentiful, and new kinds of trees and vines and foliage, which we were unused to, began more and more to attract our attention. Here were shining out the old-fashioned elms and maples and beeches; there were poplars and pines and many other trees whose names we did not know. Here were masses of flowers familiar in the North; there many others, brilliant and beautiful, which grow only at the South. When the train stopped occasionally in a wild place for wood or water, troops of excursionists swarmed into the woods and fields, and when the whistle warned them back, they came with their hands filled with curious-looking foliage and gorgeous

wild flowers of every hue. We found seven kinds of wild azalias, delightful specimens of pitcher flowers, and so many curious, unnamed leaves and blossoms, that we all heartily wished ourselves botanists. Here were a company of young men trying to capture some of the active little lizards that glided along the old fences; yonder another company paying a little southern boy a dime each for admittance to a garden of beautiful roses of every hue, from which each emerged with a handsome bouquet, so that when our cars moved on again, they were filled with sweet odors and bloom.

Aside from the glories of opening leaves and flowers, the parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, and northern Mississippi through which the railroad passed looked miserable enough; but as we neared the Gulf, the appearance of the country improved rapidly. In southern Mississippi and Alabama we passed through magnificent plantations, spread out like great gardens, where we thought we could catch some glimpse of what this delightful country was before the war's desolations, and what it may all in time become under the blessed reign of peace and industry and freedom.

In Mobile we found a clean and beautiful city of fifty thousand inhabitants. At the Battle House, we enjoyed the hospitalities of the city authorities and of the Board of Trade, both of which organizations did all in their power, and with eminent success, to make our stay pleasant and long to be remembered.

Much time was passed happily in driving over shell roads, through groves where the magnificent magnolia trees spread out their gorgeous, dark-green foliage and monstrous white buds and blossoms, filling the whole air with fragrance. In some instances, the magnolia blooms when fully open seemed to be about as large as an ordinary-sized breakfast plate; in shape and color they are more nearly like our white water lilies than anything we have seen in the north. And some trees bore hundreds of buds and blooms. We saw some fine flowers of the cucumber tree, which had three great, white petals, each petal a foot long and five inches wide, so that an open flower measured about two feet across. The leaves of the same tree were from two to three feet long. In other places, we saw banana plants with their great leaves six and eight and ten feet long. During our drive, we passed blackberries hanging ripe upon the bushes by the roadside, while there were orange trees, and roses, and many other pretty things in great profusion. One of the most beautiful things in all that region is the live oak tree, which grows in great abundance. It is in the parks, and in the woods, and by the roadside. Its leaf is about as long and wide as a lady's thumb, is shaped a *very little* like the leaf of our northern oak, is of a most beautiful dark green color, and remains fresh and bright all through the year. From the branches of nearly all the trees in the groves and woods hang huge masses of gray moss, two and four and six feet long, like great bunches of hair. From some trees we should judge there might be gathered nearly a ton of this moss; and when the wind sways it to and fro, the effect is very fine.

Our excursion down Mobile bay, under the auspices of the Board of Trade; the delightful reception given by Mayor Price at his house; the delicate and polite attention shown us by many of the best citizens, who had lived all their lives near the Gulf coast; our conversations with the people, both white and black; our walks through the markets filled with summer fruits and vegetables; our visits to the city schools and to the schools of the freedmen; our trip on the waters of the Gulf from Mobile to New Orleans; our short stay in that old and important city, especially our visit to the New Orleans Ice Factory, where they were making nineteen tons of

ice per day, when the days were very uncomfortably warm; our trip home, passing through the Louisiana swamps with their millions of mosquitoes and concerts from tens of millions of frogs, with illuminations from countless fire-flies; each of these points might be made the text for a long article, if we had time and space, but they must be deferred for the present. Accounts of some of them may at another time be made interesting.

It is enough now to say that our company returned with the most delightful remembrances of their visit. Our southern friends received us with their proverbial hospitality, and no outside witness would have dreamed that the two sections of the country represented had so lately been at war with each other. We went there to do our part towards healing the wounds caused by the war, and with the stars and stripes floating over us, with the band echoing "The Star Spangled Banner" out over the waters of Mobile bay, with hearty kindness and good will beaming from every eye, it was certainly not hard for us all to feel that we were among our friends. We had many reasons for gladness and few for sorrow. A short holiday trip like ours of course afforded little opportunity to judge of the South, except as to what lay on the surface. I do not deem it to be the mission of THE LITTLE CORPORAL to make a report of the political condition of the country. If I did, I should consider it necessary to stay longer and look deeper than it was possible for us to do under the circumstances. My impressions of both country and people were very favorable. The country seemed magnificent, and the people generous, hospitable, and anxious for a speedy, permanent, and complete restoration of harmony, good will, and a genuine peace and prosperity.

One of the saddest things to me, in our visit, was that wine flowed so freely everywhere. Of course our entertainers intended, in furnishing it, to promote good feeling and to please their visitors; but to a few of us, at least, it was a sad sight to see so many good and noble men, and women, too, who we felt sure were unused to wine at home, learning to drink—some even drinking to silliness and intoxication, and sowing seeds which can only bring a crop of pain. Many of us, in all our lives, had never seen so much wine drunk before, and we hope never to see so much again. As our little Fred said at the hotel dinner table in Mobile, "Papa, that wine makes people drunk, and drunkards can never see God." *Alfred L. Sewell.*

## NEW BOOK BY MRS. MILLER.

We will briefly state that Mrs. Miller is now finishing a sequel to Jimmy Marvin, or "The Royal Road to Fortune." Both the original story, which so interested the readers of THE CORPORAL last year, and the Sequel, will be published by us in one handsome book, about next September.

## BOOK NOTICES.

W. B. Keene & Cooke, 113 & 115 State street, send us the second volume of Miss Alcott's "Little Women." This second volume is so much better than the first, the Little Women growing up so charmingly, and improving so much, that we justify Miss Alcott in having taken an interest in them—a thing we rather wondered at before. \$1.50. Roberts Bros., Publishers, Boston.

We have also from Keene & Cooke, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," a reprint of an English story; so funny you forget to think how absurd it all is. There is not the remotest attempt at either meaning or moral, from beginning to end. "Tut, tut, child!" says the horrible old duchess, "everything's got a moral, if you can only find it." We can't find the moral, but the story is irresistibly funny. \$2.50. Lee & Shepherd, Publishers, Boston.

We have several other books, which we have not room to notice. They will receive attention in our next.

## OF DAKOTA AMUSEMENTS.\*

Plays and games, and various kinds of amusements, are common among the Aborigines of this country, as among other nations. On a people low in civilization, time often hangs heavily, and there is therefore in them the greater desire to engage in various kinds of amusements.

Among the Dakotas, childhood and youth are emphatically vanity. When food is scarce in a village, the wan and sad faces of the children give little indication of glee and sunshine. But when the corn has grown, or the camp has been suddenly supplied with meat, the sadness of want is soon forgotten in the joyfulness of present abundance. Thus, the little girls, who, in early summer, were engaged much of the time, from daylight until dark, in hunting and digging *teepsinna* on the prairies, have leisure, in the seeming abundance of a small harvest of corn and wild fruits, to gambol and frolic about, or to ornament with beads and paint, the doll, which the world over, is the great plaything of little girls.

It is perhaps fortunate that the amusements of childhood among every people, should be found mainly on the line of the after life work. So the great lessons of life are learned partly through life's pleasures. The little girl, for instance, in choosing the form of her play, is directed by the mother's work. The mother dresses down a skin with her bone or iron tool, and rubs it until she has made it pliable, for moccasins or other purposes; and the little girl must play dressing skins also. The mother ties up a great bundle of wood and carries it home to make a fire; or, when the camp is to be moved, she takes down the tent and rolls it up, with dishes, and spoons, and mats, and tying her strap around it, places the great burden on her back and marches on to the next camping place. The little girl must also have her *packing strap*, and, in her play, roll up her little bundle and carry it. Thus the girl is mother of the woman. Play is the A, B, C, of life's work.

So also the Dakota boy finds his play running much in the line of a hunter's life. During the long summer days he amuses himself with his bow and arrow. The grandfather, it may be, makes them for him, and teaches him how to place the arrow and to draw the bow. The little fellow takes his weapons and sallies forth to kill his first bird or squirrel. Many an arrow he shoots and gathers up, without any other result than that he is learning to use the hunter's instruments, while he is playing. But by and by his first bird is shot, which he brings home with great joy. The father, too, and all the household, make it an occasion of rejoicing. A great feast is made, and the men of the village are called to eat, for *Chas-key*, the eldest born, has killed his first bird. Some old man takes the bird and eats it up without cooking, bones, flesh, feathers and all, and the glad father makes the old man a present of a blanket. The boy, too, must be painted and dressed up in new clothes, for has he not killed his first bird?

Fishing, too, is an amusement for the Dakota boys, in the line of their life work. Then comes along the learning to use a gun, and the killing of ducks and geese, and larger game. In the mean time, they have learned to swim and paddle a canoe, and found, in each, amusement.

Winter comes, and the land of the Dakotas is covered with snow. Then comes coasting on the hillsides. No nicely painted and costly sled is needed by the Dakota boy. If he can obtain the stave of an old barrel his want is satisfied. To one end of this he attaches a leather string.

The bend in the stave is just right for running swiftly. Then, with the string in one hand, standing on the board, he guides it as he flies down to the bottom of the hill.

Another form of winter amusement is playing with the *hoo-te-na-choo-tay*. These are sticks shaved out after various patterns, but always with the forward end larger, and somewhat egg-shaped, so that, when projected with force, they glide over the snow or ice to quite a distance. Here, perhaps, the Dakotas first learn to gamble, the sticks themselves being won and lost by the respective players.

But there are long winter evenings and stormy days, when the smoky wigwam is more comfortable than the out doors. Then the flute and the drum are unfailing sources of amusement. The former is sometimes made from the long bone of a swan's wing. But more commonly it is of wood, and perhaps was so in the beginning of things, as the name, *Cho-tan-ka*, literally, *large pith*, would seem to indicate.

The Dakota drum, or *chan-chay-ga*, literally, *wooden kettle*, is very simple, consisting of a hoop with a skin drawn tightly over one end. It is usually from a foot to eighteen inches across, and the hoop is from three to eight or ten inches deep. Many long hours are worn away by drum, drum, drum, and toot, toot, toot, in the Indian *teepee*.

Games of chance and skill are played by the Dakotas, generation after generation. They are few and simple. The first to be mentioned is the *Kan-soo-hoo-tay-pe*, or *shooting plum stones*. This game is so called because plum stones are used in playing it. The stones, or pits, have first been prepared by painting and graving on them figures, which make them in some sense *wa-kan*, or place them under the *mysterious influence* of the spirits. The stones are placed in a small wooden bowl or dish and thrown up, as one would toss coppers and cry "heads or tails." But to bring in the *wakan*, or mysterious influence, the players *hiss* and *she-e-e*, and wave their hands while the stones are falling.

Very much akin to this is the game of *Hamp-a-pay-pe*, literally, *waiting on the moccasin*. Several moccasins are placed before the players, and one puts his hand under each, leaving under one of them a plum stone, or some little thing. The others guess which one it is under. And thus the game goes on, and the articles of property staked are won and lost, by the skill of the players and the aid they obtain from their gods. By these means the propensity to gamble is greatly fostered, especially in the Dakota young men. From playing these simple games, the Dakotas easily and naturally took to playing cards, when they came in contact with the card-playing class of white men.

But the great national game of the Dakotas is the *Ball Play*. The *Ta-pa* is a small, hard-covered ball, about the size used in our Base Ball play. It is not thrown with the hand nor kicked with the foot, but taken up and thrown by means of a ball club, or *Ta-ke-cha-pse-cha*. This is a stick about thirty-two inches long, with a small hoop bent around at the lower end, which is interlaced so as to take up, hold, and carry the ball in readiness to be thrown.

Each player has his ball club, and comes on the ground stripped to his breech cloth and moccasins, and his face and body daubed over with paint, according to his own fancy or the teachings of the gods. The company are divided into two parties with their respective leaders, or the men of one village are pitted against the men of another village, or band against band. The boundaries are then fixed, towards and over which the two parties are to drive the ball. Then, after the stakes or articles put up at hazard have been tied to a pole, the game commences by a public

crier making the announcement. The ball, being thrown up in the middle of the field, the contestants fight for it with their ball clubs as it comes down. When one succeeds, in the scramble, in getting the ball fairly in the pocket of his club, he waves it aloft and throws it toward the goal to which his party are now working, taking care, if possible, to send it where some one of his own people will take it up. Thus it is thrown, very much as a foot ball is driven, until one side takes it over the bounds. The conflict of ball clubs very legitimately makes bruised shins, and sometimes causes more serious injuries. The gambling at ball playing often runs very high. Guns, blankets, coats, knives, hatchets, pipes, moccasins, and trinkets of all kinds, are tied to the pole or stake. Not unfrequently horses are staked, and sometimes even women. On these occasions of ball playing, the old men and women are among the spectators, praising their swift-footed and expert sons; while the young wives and maidens are there to stimulate their husbands and lovers.

## DANCES.

Some of the *Dances* of the Dakotas are almost purely religious in their character; such as the *Circle Dance*, or dance of the *War Prophet*, the *Sacred* or *Wakan* Dance, which is the public exhibition of a secret religious society, and the *Sun Dance*, an example of *self-sacrifice*. It is true, besides being manifestations of their religious life, there are great occasions of public amusement. They are gatherings of the people. But their religious character overshadows their secular. Passing by these we have,

1. *The Begging Dance*. This name includes a variety of fashionable dances, all of which are made for the purpose of begging. Dressed in their best clothes, and painted in the most fashionable styles, with all their eagle's feathers properly arranged in their heads, the men gather around and dance in a circle. Their bodies are somewhat bent forward and their knees bent to correspond, and thus, with a motion up and down, keeping time to the drum and the rattle, they dance and sing their almost monotone song, concluding with a shout and a clapping of the mouth with the hand.

Then some warrior steps out into the middle of the circle, and with an abundance of gesture, recites some war exploit. This is received with a shout, and the dance again goes on. Presently, at one of these intervals, an old man, sitting outside, commences a speech in praise of the man or the people who are expected to make the presents. If the dance is made to a trader, he loses no time in sending out tobacco, or powder and lead, or provisions, or it may be all together. If one village is dancing to another village, the women are seen bringing their presents of food or clothing from the different *teepees*. Another dance of thanks is made, the presents are distributed, and the party breaks up, or goes to another village.

2. *No Flight Dance*. Sometimes in a village a man takes upon himself the responsibilities of recruiting officer, or drill master, and gets up what is called the *No Flight Dance*. This gathers in the boys and young men who have not yet made their mark on the war path, and has drill especially for its object, that in concert of action, and by hearing the recital of brave deeds, they may have their hearts made firm for the day of battle. The instructions given on such an occasion are lessons in Indian warfare.

3. *The Scalp Dance*, though treated of last, is not the least in its influence in forming character, and the place it occupies as a public amusement. Under the leadership of some brave, a party has been on the war path to the enemy's country, and they are coming home in triumph, bringing

\* This article forms a chapter in "The Gospel among the Dakotas," by Rev. S. R. Riggs; a book that will soon be published. It may not be copied.

scalps with them. Here a curious custom prevails. The warriors have painted themselves black. Their hair is combed out and hangs around their heads. They sit down on some elevation and sing their war dirge. They are met by persons from the village who strip them of their clothing. And their blankets may afterwards be taken from them, on each occasion of painting the scalps red, which ceremony is commonly performed four times. This is part of the Dakota war honors.

The Scalp Dance then commences. It is a dance of self-glorification, as their word, *E-wa-ke-che-pe*, appears to mean. A hoop of the proper size, ordinarily as large as a small barrel hoop, with a handle several feet long, is prepared, on which the scalp is stretched. The young men arrange themselves in a semi-circle; those who participated in taking the scalp are painted black, and the others daubed with red or yellow paint, according to their fancy, and all dance to the beat of the drum. On the other side of the circle stand the young women arranged in line, one of whom bears the scalp of the enemy. The men sing their war chants, and praise the bravery and success of those who have returned from the war path; and the women, at intervals, join in a species of answering chorus.

Night after night is this dance kept up by the young men and women, until the leaves fall, if commenced in the summer; or, if the scalp was brought home in the winter, until the leaves grow again. On each occasion of painting the scalp, a whole day is spent in dancing around it. And those days are high days—days of giving gifts, feasting, and general rejoicing.

The compliments paid to the successful warriors, in their songs, might seem, to a stranger, of doubtful character; as for instance this:

"Friend, you are a fool,  
You let the enemy strike you."

But the meaning is said to be on the principle "of contrariness."

"Friend, thou art very wise,  
Thou didst smite the enemy."

The influence of the scalp dance on the morality of the people is quite apparent. These are occasions for young men to woo maidens; and in so loose a state of society as that of the Dakotas, it is not difficult to understand, that such frequent and long continued night meetings would tend to licentiousness. In this respect, it would be hard, however, to say that they were more demoralizing than much of the promiscuous dancing practiced by white people.

But the great wrong of the scalp dance consists in its being a crime against our common humanity. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, and if he thirst give him drink," is a platform of morality too high for a pagan to occupy. But, having killed the enemy, to continue to rejoice over and around his scalp, week after week and month after month, is "a crime to be punished by the judges."

### CORNUCOPIA.

This word, applied to the little, hollow cones, filled with candies, nuts, raisins, or pop corn, which the children often find in their stockings, or on Christmas trees, has a long history. It is composed of two Latin words, which mean *horn of plenty*. Long ago, when the poetic Greeks believed that all nature was peopled with deities, that every tree contained a Dryad, every mountain and grotto, a Nymph, and every brook and fountain, a Naiad, they used to tell this little story:

Jupiter, or Iove, though called the father of gods and men, had a beginning. When

very young, his mother committed him to the care of the two daughters of a Cretan king. They fed the infant deity with the milk of a goat. Jupiter broke off one of the horns of this goat, and gave it to his nurses, endowing it with the wonderful power of becoming filled with whatever the possessor might wish. They took it, consecrated it, filled it with fragrant flowers, and called it "*Cornucopia*," the *Horn of Plenty*. T.

### SONG.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Over the meadows come creeping  
Wind from the beautiful west!  
Shaking out sweets from the roses,  
Rocking the bird to its rest.  
Blossoms are wearily drooping  
Faint for the dew and the rain;  
Breath of the evening come softly,  
Bring them their freshness again!

Over the meadows come softly  
Wind of the evening to me;  
Bring me the balm of the lilies,  
Lift the light leaves on the tree:  
Bring me the breath of the greenwood,  
Where thou hast wandered to-day;  
Bring me the song of the water,  
Under the willows at play!

### MUD PIES.

BY M. H. K.

Four little sunbonnets, ruffled and neat,  
Covering tangles of sunshiny hair;  
Chubby, pink fingers, that busily work;  
What have you found that is beautiful there?  
Toiling like elves in their shadow-wrap caves,  
Lying so far down from sound and from sight,  
That no remembrance of daylight can break  
O'er the dark calm of their morningless night.

Find you the diamond, red garnets, and pearls,  
Emeralds, topazes, rubies, and gold;  
Find you the key at whose magical touch,  
Gem-laden chambers of earth will unfold?  
What do your merry eyes see that is fair?  
Is it the sky that drifts soft, amber light?  
Is it the blossom of lily and rose?  
Is it the lark that sings on her flight?

Is it the brown thrush whose musical strains  
From the green hedges and thicket-nooks  
thrill?

Is it the field, blossom-dotted and fresh?  
Sparkling river or diademed hill?  
No, your wise heads bending thoughtfully down,  
O'er the soiled hand that so busily flies,  
Holds not a thought of earth's beauty and joy—  
Making and caring for only mud pies.

Queer little pies, sprinkled over with stones,  
Crimson, and yellow, and speckled, and blue;  
Trace-worked with broken twigs, powdered with  
sand; [dew.]

Soiled leaves and blossoms, yet wet with the  
Crimped, pinched, and scalloped, indented with  
holes,

Where little fingers pressed heavily down;  
Bits of green mosses and delicate ferns,  
Over these homely pies daintily strown.

Ah! little children, not you alone  
Gather the grime, while the good and the true  
Bids souls come up into heavenly light;  
Tells of grand deeds that they grandly may do.  
Others than you till the earth day by day,  
Working unconscious of glorified skies;  
Blind to the beautiful, blind to the true,  
That all-transfiguring over them lies.

### CONTENTS OF VOLUME VIII.

	Page.
A Happy New Year .....	Editorial. 13
Amber .....	Mary Lorimer. 28
Another Corporal .....	A. J. F. 11
A Very Curious Thing .....	Thos. K. Beecher. 47
A Year at Riverside Farm .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 1, 20, 40, 55, 72, 83
Billy Murdoch's Nugget .....	Julia F. Snow. 17
Bonnie .....	Bella W. Cooke. 9
Cornucopia .....	T. 95
Curious Things in Kalgan .....	Isabella R. Williams. 27
Dakota Life .....	Rev. S. R. Riggs. 52
Editorial .....	14, 30, 44, 60, 76, 92
Elsie's Trials .....	Julia F. Snow. 54
Frank Kingston's Resolve .....	Alta Grant. 11
From Clay to Cups .....	Frances E. Willard. 78
From Shore to Shore .....	J. A. Bellows. 12
Gems, or Precious Stones .....	Mary Lorimer. 58
Going to School in the Old Time .....	Emily J. Bugbee. 39
Hide and Scrap's Story .....	Thos. K. Beecher. 62, 75, 90
Horticulture .....	Charlie Kane. 83
How Boys may Keep Hens with Profit .....	Wm. L. Chaffin. 62
Julian Reed's Punishment .....	Emer Birdsey. 7
Kitty's Christmas Gifts .....	Lucia Chase Bell. 36
Maggie Renold's Visit to the Country .....	Julia F. Snow. 67
My Velocipede .....	H. I. S. Rider. 46
Of Dakota Amusements .....	Rev. S. R. Riggs. 94
Only in Fun .....	Patience Walis. 33
Our New Home .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 92
Private Queer's Knapsack .....	16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96
Reed's Drawing Lessons .....	13
Sea Anemones .....	Mary Lorimer. 6
Strike for the Rock .....	Uncle Edward. 88
Thanksgiving in Cricket Country .....	Lucia Chase Bell. 23
The Beggar in Silken Gown, Rev. Edmard Eggleston. 86	
The Dakota Indians .....	Rev. S. R. Riggs. 28
The Diamond .....	Mary Lorimer. 71
The Dream Cradle .....	Lucia Chase Bell. 65
The First Step .....	Julia M. Thayer. 49
The King's Home .....	J. T. H. 70
The Legend of the Willow .....	Alta Grant. 12
The Little Corporal's New Drawing Book .....	29
The Locusts .....	Annie Moore. 75
The Man on the Crocodile's Back .....	January Searle. 3
The Man Without a Country .....	Ralph G. Leonard. 79
The Parrot and the Nightingale .....	January Searle. 24
The Ship Carpenter's Son .....	Frances E. Willard. 8
The Yellow Giant .....	Frank Church. 43
Tobacco .....	Geo. Traik. 59
To Little Pilgrim on his emigration .....	Grace Greenwood. 91
To The Little Corporal .....	Paul Pyne. 89
Two Families in one House and what came of it .....	Mrs. Julia F. Snow. 81
Unruly Members .....	Josephine Pollard. 10

### Poetry—

"A Horse! A Horse!" .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 60
Alice Aston .....	Emer Birdsey. 69
A Summer Shower .....	George Cooper. 61
A Talk with the Baby .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 40
Baby Belle .....	Mrs. M. E. C. Bates. 42
Bird Songs .....	Mary B. C. Slade. 91
Dame Dimple .....	Prudy. 90
Evangelia's Prayer .....	Julia M. Thayer. 51
Faith .....	Alta Grant. 23
Lulu .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 79
May .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 71
Mud Pies .....	M. H. K. 95
Naming the Baby .....	Mrs. M. E. C. Bates. 58
No Grave—translated from Uhland .....	Luella Clark. 20
On the Track .....	George Cooper. 54
"Our Gipsy" .....	S. A. Fish. 63
Play .....	George Cooper. 86
Praise .....	Luella Clark. 59
Robin Redbreast and the Cherries .....	George W. Bungay. 83
Shadows .....	Oliver C. Ferriss. 22
Signs of Spring .....	Emily J. Bugbee. 73
Smiles .....	H. E. B. 67
Smoke .....	Luella Clark. 46
Snow .....	Luella Clark. 6
Song .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 95
The Book of the New Year .....	Emily J. Bugbee. 5
The Children's Picture .....	Kate Woodland. 66
The Cricket .....	George Cooper. 20
The Forest Temple .....	Alta Grant. 89
The Little Sailor .....	George Cooper. 72
The Little Sisters .....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 39
The Morning March .....	Ellen M. H. Gates. 8
The Old-fashioned Boy .....	George Cooper. 55
Two Pictures .....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 28
Under the Shakers .....	Mrs. S. F. Keene. 10
Winds of the Winter .....	Prudy. 3
Wishes .....	Mary A. P. Humphrey. 36

### Music—

The Song of Labor—Words by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller; Music by Prof. James Harrison. 24	
Easter Hymn—Words by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller; Music by Prof. O. Mays .....	59
The Children's Prayers—Words by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller; Music by Geo. F. Root .....	88





## PRIVATE QUEER'S KNAPSACK.

## THE DOG AND THE CHURN.

A certain dog, having grown tired of idling about his master's house, asked permission to work awhile, that he might relieve the tediousness of life.

"The horse," said he, "carries burdens, the ox draws heavy loads, even the sheep furnishes his master with wool; I alone, am idle and good for nothing."

"Very well," said the master; "what can you do?"

"With your leave," replied the dog, "I will turn the wheel attached to the churn yonder."

The master assented, and for a while the dog was delighted with the easy motion of the wheel.

"This is capital, this is glorious, this is living to some purpose," said he, as he heard the merry clatter of the churn. After a while, growing weary of his task he asked leave to go and play.

"Certainly not," said his master, "till your task is accomplished. I have found out your ability and would be foolish not to profit by it."

An ox that had long borne the yoke of the master, observed, dryly:

"It is an easier thing to assume a responsibility than it is to cast it aside. The knowledge of duty is most certainly followed by an obligation for its performance. Ability is the measure of service."

From that time forth the dog was kept at the task he had so thoughtlessly assumed.

*Paul Peregrine.*

## No. 27.—CHARADE.

My first half halves her queenly name,  
Who once in pomp from Austria came,  
To share an Emperor's throne and fame.  
Half of me is her name, whose stay,  
Ne'er from God's temple turned away,  
Four score and four years, night and day.  
My whole, on sunny southern strand,  
Needs an old Butler's good, strong hand  
Her house in order now to stand.  
But Law shall go, next glorious Spring,  
And wed her, with a Union ring;  
And Grant of better days shall bring.  
Then this, now shrewish dame, shall be  
Sweet smiling by the Southern sea,  
A sister, dear, to you and me.

*M. B. C. S.*

## No. 28.—CHARADE.

My first is nothing but a cheat,  
Though fair enough to see;  
An empty thing that tries to pass  
For what it cannot be.  
The loftiest palace in the land  
Upon my next may firmly stand,  
Yet many a ship has crossed the sea  
To find a deadly foe in me.  
My whole its simple emblem shows  
Beside the thistle and the rose.

*Gerty.*

## No. 29.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 4, 5, 13, is part of the face.

My 10, 16, 15, 12, 5, 9, is a girl's name.

My 2, 3, 8, 13, is what we ought to do at home.

My 12, 11, 4, 8, is a kind of bread.

My 1, 3, 16, 10, 2, 9, 15, is always seen at a school.

My 13, 14, 11, 15, is a class found in every state.

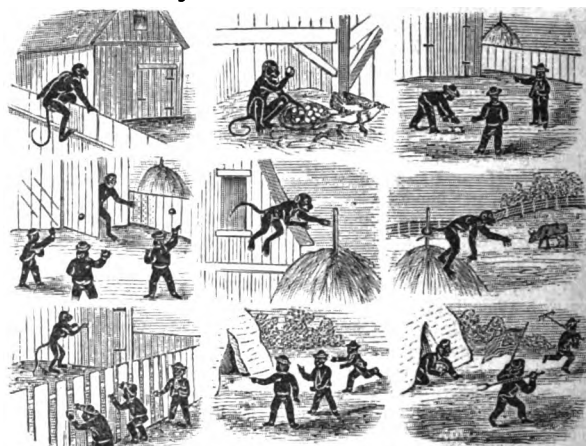
My 17, 14, 1, is an enclosure of ground.

My 2, 16, 12, 13, is a musical instrument.

My whole is well known to you all.

*Sophie Battee.*

## No. 30.—A PICTURE STORY.



Reading to be given in next number.

*W. O. C.*

## No. 31.—A PICTURE STORY.

THE THIEF'S TRACK.



Nero was a pretty smart dog, though he had some faults, as you will see. His master and mistress went away one afternoon, and left him to take care of the house. They had no lock on the door, because, as they said, a good dog was better than a hundred locks. When they had gone out of sight, Nero began to think of the nice things he had seen in the pantry, when he had peeped in. There was a large box in one corner, full of cakes and pies. Nero wished he had a piece of nice cake or mince pie. So he opened the outside door with his paw and went in. He spied the box in the pantry, and smelled the nice things in it. He squeezed his nose under the cover, and then put his head over into the box. He felt a guilty feeling in his heart, because he knew he was stealing. But he concluded to take a cake and run away off and eat it up. It was a nice, frosted cake, and had been made for a wedding. So he ate up the cake and then ran back to meet his master. When he saw him coming he ran, and capered, and barked, just as a little, innocent, happy dog would do. And he thought to himself, "they'll never know who did it." But when his mistress came in, she saw the tracks of his muddy feet in her pantry, and soon found that her cake was gone. So Nero was found out, and lost his good name; and he felt very "mean," when his master pulled him into the pantry and showed him his guilty tracks.

*W. O. C.*

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 25.—MAY NUMBER.

Nimble Dick, going along home rather late one evening, saw a strange sight. Two white objects sprang up out of the grass, close by his path, and looked like ghosts. So he ran, as people always do for ghosts. The ghosts ran too. By and by the ghosts pulled off their hats and gave three hearty cheers for the brave old hero. Two boys had seen Dick coming over the hill, and had lain in wait for him, to play him a trick. The white sheets over their heads made them look rather frightful. So they thought they had won a "brilliant victory."

But mean tricks can always be played both ways. So one night, not long after, when the boys were spending the evening at home, they heard a strange noise. It seemed to come down the chimney. Pretty soon they saw a strange looking creature scrambling down into the fireplace, that looked to them as large as a bear. So they sprang out of the door and ran, leaping the fences, and scared nearly out of their wits. Dick stood in the door and swung an old hat that he had picked up for the occasion. Sure enough, he had mounted the roof, and crept down the chimney. Dick served them right.

*W. O. C.*

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN MAY NUMBER.

No. 21.—Charade.—Bar-gain. No. 22.—Charade.—Fall River. No. 23.—Enigma.—Tent; Wealth; Health; Rat; Met; Ten; Comb; Sin; Contentment is better than wealth. No. 24.—Transposition.—"A stitch in time saves nine."

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;  
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;  
For want of a horse the rider was lost;  
And all for want of a horse-shoe nail."



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## ASK MOTHER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Where is the sweetest pet,  
The brightest birdie yet?  
Whose are the prettiest eyes,  
Most loving and most wise?  
What form of fairest mould  
Is worth its weight in gold?  
You can't imagine? well,  
Ask mother—she can tell!

Where is the sunniest gleam  
That makes her life a dream?  
Whose are the rosy toes,  
And blessed little nose,  
And dimpled hands and feet,  
The models all complete,  
Which Nature can't excel?  
Ask mother—she can tell!

Who is the grandest king,  
Or queen, or anything  
That may be great and high?  
Who wandered from the sky  
The best of girls or boys,  
To be her joy of joys?  
You guess—the Baby! well,  
Ask mother—she can tell!

A lady was telling her little boy the story of the Wise Men who came to seek Jesus. When she narrated that they went home another way, and didn't let Herod know, the little fellow exclaimed, "Why! didn't the locomotive go by Herod's house?"

VOL. 9. }  
No. 1. }

Chicago, Ill., July, 1869.

## THE ORPHAN OF THE NILE.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

My story is a true one, of a boy who lived in a town called Khartoum, on the river Nile, several hundred miles south from the Mediterranean sea. If you will open your atlas, and turn to the map of Africa, you can readily see its position. This boy had a singular name. You might guess a thousand times and not come near it. It was not John, nor Frederick, nor William, nor Charles, nor any of the names such as belong to English or American boys. It had four letters in it—two of the letters alike, and was spelled *Saat*. How would you pronounce it—*Sat*, *Sate*, or *Sa-at*? It is always called as if spelled *Sawit*. Like his neighbors, *Saat's* father was poor, and had much hard work to live. His boy helped as he had strength and years.

When but six years of age, his father moved to a country called Kordofan, and put *Saat* to tending goats. One day, when a long way from home with his flock, *Saat* saw coming toward him a company of Arabs, on camels. He was not frightened, though quite surprised at observing them approach close to him. Suddenly one of the men sprang from his camel, and caught the little fellow. Tying his hands behind him and his feet together, two of the men put *Saat* into a great, coarse bag, and then slung him on a camel's back. He began to cry, as almost any boy so served would, when the leader of the gang came to him, and opening the mouth of the bag, told him if he made any more noise he would cut him with a big knife he had in his hand. Thus quieted, *Saat* was carried through a long and dreadful journey of hundreds of miles from Kordofan to Dongola, on the Nile, at which place his Arab captors sold him to slave dealers, who sent him to Cairo to be sold again to the Egyptian government as a drummer boy. Being too young, he was rejected. While in the hands of the slave dealers he heard of a boy from the same region of country as his own, who was connected with a missionary station in the outskirts of the city, who, he thought, would protect him, if he could only reach the asylum. One night, when all the people about the house were asleep, and it was so dark that he could not see his hand before him, little *Saat* slipped noiselessly out, and after wandering about most of the night, came upon the mission, and with the first dawn crept into the yard. He was well and kindly received. Staying in the mission some years, he was

afterward sent to a branch of the mission at Khartoum, where were gathered a large number of other boys, nearly all of them orphans. In a visit of fever to the city, nearly every one of the missionaries died, and the boys became scattered. *Saat* fared no better than the others.

Just about this time, a traveler by the name of S. W. Baker, from England, reached Khartoum. He had his wife with him; and both together had made up their minds to penetrate to the interior of Africa, to discover, if possible, the source of the river Nile. On the second day of their stopping at Khartoum, *Saat* strayed into the yard where Mr. and Mrs. Baker were at supper. Without uttering a word, he dropped on his knees in the sand, in front of the table, and after a moment or two, lifting his eyes to Mrs. Baker, he asked if she would not take him as her boy.

"I am willing," said he, "to do anything you will tell me. I am poor; I have no father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or even a friend."

But he was told that they had all the help they wished, and so, rising, he walked slowly and sorrowfully away.

Next day he came and dropped on the sand in the same manner, and repeated his imploration. Out of pity, Mr. Baker made inquiries concerning his character, and finding him well spoken of, concluded to take him, though he really had no use for his services.

*Saat's* joy knew no bounds. He was ready to do anything or practice any self-denial. Mrs. Baker cut out and made for him a pair of pantaloons, then a jacket and blouse, and when fully attired, his appearance was novel and attractive. He himself learned the use of the needle, and became skilled in sewing patches on his knees and elbows.

"Two things I wish of you, *Saat*," said Mr. Baker, one morning; "the first is to be faithful, and the second is to be obedient."

He explained the meaning of both words, and *Saat* said he understood, and "would always be there." It required a large number of men in the expedition which the travelers desired to make, in the far distant south. Much time was consumed in making bargains, and at last everything was supposed to be in readiness. Next morning all moved off to the southwest. In the course of several weeks, and after almost numberless delays, they reached a town called Gondokoro. Tarrying here some days, Mr. Baker discovered symptoms of unrest and revolt among his men. Still he did not think it serious,

and concluded shortly to resume his southward march. How strange that Saat was now to save his master's life! He slept in the camp with the men, and the evening before the journey was to be resumed, he heard several say in a low voice that they would shoot Mr. Baker in the morning, then steal all his goods and guns, and carry his wife away, captive. Listening a second time, to make sure of their words, he heard them state how every part of all the work of murder was to be done. When all was still in the tents, he crept out on his hands and knees, to where Mr. and Mrs. Baker were asleep, and touching Mrs. Baker by the sleeve, he revealed to her the plan. Before daybreak, her husband had, with Saat's help, secured all the guns in the possession of the men. When they fully came to a knowledge of their situation, Mr. Baker compelled them to fall into line, while he, and his wife, and Saat, each with two loaded rifles in their hands, confronted them, and proved, by Saat's testimony, their conspiracy and determination to murder.

"Now," said he, "you can have your choice, each one of you—a bullet through your head, or the privilege to return, without camels or horses, to Khartoum."

It was a long and toilsome journey, on foot, but it was better to go back than to die, and so they slunk away to commence their disgraceful retreat. It was, of course, a long time before other men could be obtained.

Months afterward, when the little company were stopping among a people called the La-tookas, an attempt was made to poison Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and the camels, but Saat, who mingled with the natives without exciting their suspicion, overheard the conversation which led to the detection and execution of the ringleader.

But not only was Saat thus serviceable and true to his new-found master and mistress, but through over two years of the most fatiguing and dangerous travel, he seldom uttered a word of complaint. Many a time would he work half the night, in caring for the camels, and horses, and luggage, but never did he exhibit anything except of a hopeful, happy, almost hilarious spirit. Boyish and buoyant, he kept the spirits of many of the older members of the party from sinking, and was a perpetual source of comfort to Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

Saat had a gun of his own, a present from Mr. Baker. It was a short, double-barreled affair; one of the smallest of the twenty rifles that belonged to the expedition. Saat called it "Baby." It could carry a bullet several hundred yards, and bring down an antelope, or a lion even, though it was not heavy enough to kill an elephant or a rhinoceros. One day, the travelers came into a new and strange country, among a new and strange people. They had never before seen a white woman, or even a white man, and they thought their faces had been painted to look pale. They gathered around Mrs. Baker in particular, and looked at her hard and long. The guns were also objects of wonderment, and the leading man wanted to know what they were for, and whether they could talk.

"Talk?" said Saat, "yes, they can talk very loud."

"Let them hear the Baby speak," said Mr. Baker to the boy; "but before it speaks, all these people must form into line."

So, with their chief close to Saat, they arranged themselves, and when everything was ready he took his Baby, and pointing the muzzle upward, drew the trigger, and Baby spoke. With almost the quickness of lightning the chief dropped on his knees, and then made a somersault, nearly all of his men following his example. Before they had time to complete their antics, Saat let the second barrel also speak. As suddenly as before, the whole company of men gave a bound in the air, and started off as though they were next to be killed. Putting the gun down, and laughing with all his might, the boy called to the running crowd, and after much delay and hesitation, they came back. They were very anxious to know how such a thing as a gun could talk so loud; it had no feet nor hands, no face nor eyes, only a big, long, black mouth, but its voice was like the thunder in the mountains—very terrible.

When within about a hundred miles of the equator, and a little while before they came upon the great objects of their search—the lakes that fed the Nile—Mrs. Baker was prostrated with sun stroke. It was in vain that her heart and feet were rubbed. She was quite unconscious, and seemed, for the time, dead. She was placed on a traveling bed, called an angarep, and so carried along, but constant halts had to be made, as a painful rattling in the throat betokened suffocation. At length a village was reached and the halt made for the night. Mr. Baker laid her carefully down in a miserable hut. He opened her clenched teeth with a small, wooden wedge, and inserted a wet rag, upon which he dropped water to moisten her tongue, which was dry as fur. The unfeeling men that made up the company paid no attention to Mrs. Baker's condition or Mr. Baker's distress. They yelled and danced as though all were well. There was nothing to eat in the village where the stop was made, so the sick woman was placed on a litter, and the march resumed. Through swamps and across rivers, through fields covered with high and thorny grass, or struggling over decayed and fallen trees and underbrush, they kept their sorrowful way. On the third day, just as the first red streak told of the rising sun, Mr. Baker was startled by the words, "thank God," from the lips of his wife. He went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness. She spoke, but her brain was gone. For seven days the fever burned and the rain fell, but through all they were compelled to move, as there was no place to stop and nothing to eat.

Late one evening, on the eighth day of the fever, a village was reached, and Mrs. Baker was laid down on her litter to die. The men had put a new handle to the pickaxe, and were hunting for a spot in which to dig her grave. But all this while Saat, true as Mr. Baker, was by the side of the sick woman. He would not yield to the thought of her dying. When well she had taught him to say the Lord's prayer, and some other petitions. Now he prayed with all the faith of his little heart, that the Great Being in the sky would save her. The night wore away. Saat was at the foot and Mr. Baker at the side of the litter. As the morning broke, Mrs. Baker lay pale as marble, and asleep. Death seemed to have come unknown to all; but she was only in a deep sleep; for at a sudden noise her eyes opened. They were clear and

calm, and in tones of tenderness she called for both her husband and the boy. When not a ray of hope remained, God sent help and saved her. Saat was beside himself for joy. He whirled on one foot, then on the other; stood on his head, cried, hallooed, ran like a deer, and gave the longest and wildest exclamations of delight.

I cannot take you through other wanderings of the travelers, nor narrate other instances of the faithfulness of this untutored African boy. Enough that Mr. Baker discovered the lake, which was the object of all his wanderings, and which was the true source of the Nile. Enough that he sounded its great depths, and sailed for days and nights upon its vast stretch of waters. Fully satisfied with the results of the expedition, preparation was made to return. Home fell upon the ears of the worn travelers like a voice speaking from the skies. Yet much of peril was to be encountered, and who knew but that some one would fall a prey to fever, or a savage foe?

Some distance above Khartoum they embarked in boats and proceeded slowly down the river. For some time all went well, but at length a plague broke out, and several of the crew died. Mr. and Mrs. Baker and Saat kept well until within a hundred miles of the town. Early in the morning Saat came shivering into the presence of Mrs. Baker, and said, "I am sick—very sick." Poor, dear child! he was sick indeed. Toward noon a delirium set in, and as the boat stopped to collect firewood, he plunged into the stream to cool the fever that was on him. In the evening he stretched himself helplessly on his mat, and cast wistful glances at the face of Mrs. Baker, who gave him a cup of cold water, mixed with a few lumps of sugar. But nothing would relieve him. Day after day he grew worse. Sleep would not come, morning or evening, day or night. On the morning of the third day a change occurred; the fever had left him, and he was quiet and appeared better. Mrs. Baker sat by his side and talked to him, but he could not reply. After a little he was dressed and laid to rest upon a clean mat, Mrs. Baker moistening his lips and tongue by placing a piece of sugar in his mouth.

"Poor Saat!" whispered Mrs. Baker.

"No, not poor," returned the child, in a fainter tone.

For an hour he slept a troubled sleep, once or twice opening his eyes, and twitching his fingers, then waking almost fully, he said,

"Mrs. Baker—mother," and was still.

Gently composing him, and straightening his limbs, and placing his arms parallel with his sides, the colored woman who was in attendance bent over his face and kissed him. Once more Saat's lips moved and the word "mother" was half uttered. It was his last.

"Does he sleep?" asked Mrs. Baker of the good-hearted servant.

The tears were thick in the woman's eyes, as she sobbed, "He is dead!"

The boat stopped. It was a sandy shore; the banks were high, and a clump of mimosas grew above high water mark. There Mr. Baker and his men dug Saat's grave.

"My men," says Mr. Baker, "worked silently and sadly, for they all loved the dear boy; he had been so good and true, so faithful, and obedient, and honest."

There tenderly they laid him in his grave on the desert shore, and then the voyage was resumed.

I have told you this story not to make you sad, but to show you how a little boy, with only a few advantages, could make himself useful, and endear himself to all who knew him. I do not know your condition. It may be you are an orphan; if you are, my heart goes out to you and loves you. I could take you to my bosom, and press your lips and cheek with the warmest of kisses. But think of Saat, and learn how he won the hearts of others, and had his own filled at the same time. Be true, be faithful, be honest, though at times it may seem difficult to be so. There is One who will heed when no earthly friend can, and God will protect and bring you at last to his own blessed dwelling place.

### BIRDS' PROVERBS.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

Lazy-bird sat in the butternut tree,  
Singing or resting or feasting was she.  
Robin bore mud to his nest 'neath the leaves;  
Swallows worked busily under the eaves;  
Oriole hung up his castle-in-air;  
Sparrows their linings were weaving of hair;  
Yellow bird, sitting till even's calm hush,  
Built her neat house in the barberry bush.  
Lazy-bird sat in the butternut tree;  
Not an hour's work all the season did she.

Robin and swallows, and each of the rest,  
Soon had completed a beautiful nest;  
Made on the plan of their fathers before—  
Just as the birds built in Eden, of yore.  
Ah! then how proudly and gaily they sang!  
How "Home, Sweet Home," in the bird music rang!

Then, each nice house and the house warming done,  
Soon the housekeeping in earnest begun.  
Lazy-bird sat in the butternut tree;  
Naught in the world for a dwelling had she.

Yellow bird's nest was of daintiest make,  
Lined with buff down from the stems of the brake.

Lazy-bird eyed it with stealthiest gaze;  
Thought, "I shall visit you, one of these days!"

So, one fine morning, when yellow bird flew  
Down to the meadow to bathe in the dew,  
Lazy-bird, spying the nest all alone,  
Laid an egg in it, as if 'twere her own!  
Singing, "Excuse the thing, ma'am, that I did, for

'The lame and the lazy are always provided for.'

Yellow bird saw, with a musical groan,  
The striped, dotted egg, twice as big as her own.

Out of the nest in the barberry bush,  
Tried, but in vain, the intruder to push.  
Then, all her wits at the outrage awake,  
Off she flew, bringing more down from the brake;

Covered the egg over, buried it tight,  
Hid it forever from sunshine and light.  
This seemed the proverb she sang, as she sat:  
"There's more than one way, ma'am, to kill—  
kill a cat!"

NOTE.—A private note from Mrs. Slade to the editor says:

"Except that I am not *sure* that the birds expressed their feelings in just these proverbs, the story is a true one. We have the nest, with the lazy bird's egg therein. We had read of such a thing, but did not quite believe it until we saw it for ourselves."

### SMUGGLED FINERY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

Home looked so pleasant that evening. The clouds, which had long hung low and sullen over the gray, November prairie, had, as Fred said, "made up their minds, at last, to do something." So they poured down a mixture of rain, snow, and hail, which pattered against the windows, and made the warmth and comfort within seem warmer and more comfortable.

The bright blaze of the fire in the open grate danced over floor and ceiling, as well as across the faces of the family in the large, pleasant parlor. This parlor was used in winter as both sitting room and dining room, and now the urn and toast on the table showed the truth of Biddie's announcement that "tay" was ready. Thereupon Cousin Will took Kiss in his arms and raised her aloft, while she, with a match already in her hand, lighted the gas, and at once hid her eyes against his shoulder, to avoid the sudden glare. Then they all sat down to the pleasant tea table.

There was "mother," whom I suppose we must call Mrs. Boylston, if we would treat her with due respect. But it was very difficult, if you were in the family a little while, to avoid applying to her that other dearest of titles, whether you had a right to do so or not. She was so kind, and thoughtful, and wise, and loving. She was a widow whom people called either "comfortable" or "rich" in purse, according to their own ideas, and her home lay in one of those many beautiful towns which are fast making the environs of Chicago so delightful as a residence.

Cousin Will himself called Mrs. Boylston "mother," although he was not a son, nor even a cousin, but the orphaned and only child of her earliest and most intimate friend, and therefore not any relation at all. But Cousin Will Hudson—that was his name—although his parents had left him money enough for his reasonable wants, had learned that there are many needful things that no amount of money can purchase or pay for, and that one of these is kindness. He had but a few very distant relatives, whom he had scarcely ever seen, and who, therefore, could not be expected to care much about him. So, when he graduated at Yale College and came to Illinois to see the west, and found himself welcomed in Mrs. Boylston's family not only with the warmth of western hospitality, but with the friendliness of a personal regard, it is not strange that he liked the west and concluded to stay there. Therefore the result of his journey westward was that he took rooms in Chicago, commenced the study of law with a prominent firm in that city, and ran up to Mrs. Boylston's home in Lakewater as often as he had opportunity.

But if Cousin Will was not precisely a member of the family, Grandmother Boylston was, and everybody said of her, "what a delightful old lady." Her dark eyes were ever so bright, and her smile was ever so pleasant. She read everything and had a wonderful memory; and what a treat it was to hear her talk of old times! The children would leave their play any minute and sit down still as mice, if she began, "When I

was a little girl." She was born in Philadelphia, where her parents were Quakers, or "Friends," as they call themselves. After her marriage she lived in Boston. "And," said Kiss to a little friend, "only think! she is more than seventy years old! and she was once a little girl just like me—only not exactly."

"No, not exactly, I should think," said grandmother, laughing; "my hair wasn't curled, nor did I wear hoops, nor take lessons on the piano, and I always said thee, and thou, and called everybody by their first names."

But I must not stop to tell too much about the family. There was blue-eyed Ella, tall, and sixteen, and very gentle. There was laughing Louise, two years younger, much smaller of her age, very gay, and a mite thoughtless sometimes, when mother had not reproved her for quite a little while; and there was Master Fred, a bright, handsome boy of twelve, who was fond of teasing, as boys are apt to be, and was growing particular about his neckties; and there was little, seven-year-old Kiss. Her real name was Dora, but when she began to talk she was so inquisitive that Fred called her Question, and Question was after a while changed into Kiss, by a process which Fred sometimes explained thus:

"First we called her Question, then Quess, then Quiss, and then Kiss, and now she is Kiss all the time."

As Mrs. Boylston busied herself with the tea cups, the sleet pattered louder on the windows.

"I am glad to think," she exclaimed, "that my winter vegetables are all in, and that my coal house is filled. The last of our potatoes were brought in this very afternoon, so now I am ready for the storms."

"Coaled, and potatoed, and appled for the winter," said Cousin Will, gaily, as he helped everyone to preserves.

"Ella," said Mrs. Boylston, thinking of the winter clothing yet to be made, "did you see Miss Ford, to-day?"

"Yes, mother; but she says she has so much sewing promised that she cannot come to us for two weeks."

"How provoking," exclaimed Louise; "our new suits won't be made until winter is half over. O mother," she continued, "why don't you send to Paris for our things, as Maria Chatfield's mother does for theirs? They get their clothes all ready made, and all they have to do is to put them on."

"I should think they must have one other thing to do," said Mrs. Boylston, "and that is, to pay the bills."

"I should think so, too," said grandmother. "Send to Paris, indeed! well! well!"

"But," urged Louise, "Maria says it does not cost as much as it does to get the things in this country, and then they are a great deal handsomer, besides! She told me her mother had a beautiful silk dress, which cost only fifty dollars over there, and here it would have been at least a hundred."

"But how can that be?" said Cousin Will. "We know that very heavy duties are charged on these foreign goods, on purpose to make articles that come from abroad cost more than those made at home. How then can they cost less? What do your friends do with the tariff, Louise?"

"Tariff," interposed Kiss, "what sort of a thing is that, Cousin Will?"

"A tariff is a duty, Kissie," said Cousin Will, with a comic look.

"O!" said Kiss.

"Kiss thinks she knows all about it now," laughed Fred. "She has settled it in her mind that the tariff means trying to be good. I remember when I thought it was something to eat."

"And do you know now what it is?"

"Yes, mother."

"No you don't," said Louise, saucily; "not exactly; not so that you could tell anyone else."

"Yes I could," said Fred.

"Well then, tell us."

Thus challenged, Fred thought a moment, and the more he thought, the more he hesitated. He really had quite a clear idea of the subject, but a good definition, as he soon found, is a difficult thing.

"Well," said he, at last, very slowly, "the tariff—is a lot of duties."

Louise laughed. "Clear as mud, Master Fred. Why do you not add that a lot of duties is a lot of imposts, and a lot of imposts a lot of taxes. Then you might state in conclusion that tariffs, and duties, and imposts, and taxes, are tariffs, and duties, and imposts, and taxes."

"I know what tariff means," said Fred, stoutly, "but I haven't the words to express it."

"The word tariff," said Mrs. Boylston, taking up the conversation, "comes from a small town called Tarifa, in the south of Spain, just at the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar. When the Moors held that part of Spain, they made all vessels that wanted to pass through those straits, stop at Tarifa and pay for the privilege, as we pay money at a toll gate. Such vessels had to pay more or less according to the value of what they carried."

"Thus it is that the word tariff is to be found in English, Italian, French, and various European languages. It means, a list of goods with the duties which must be paid on them. The *duty* is the money, the tariff is the list. Sometimes, however, the word tariff is so used as to make it mean the duty, or money itself."

"I will try always to remember that," exclaimed Fred, with animation. "I had no idea our word tariff came from the Moors. I will put it away in my memory with the Arabian Nights, which my teacher told me they brought into Europe—and for which I am very much obliged to them," he added, making a mock bow.

"If you do that," said Mrs. Boylston, "you may as well stow away, also, the fact that Tarifa itself was named from a Moorish chief, *Tarif Ibn Malik*, who first landed in Spain, from Africa, about seven hundred years after Christ, to reconnoiter the country."

"And now, my dear little girl," continued Mrs. Boylston, turning to Kiss, "the word duties, does not, when used in this way, mean what it means in Sunday School. It means *money*. It means the money which has to be paid for the privilege of taking into any country, goods which have been made or grown in some other country, such as silks, and woollens, and tobacco, and brandy. The money thus paid for the privilege of bringing any article into a country is called 'the duty' on that article. Another name for

duties is 'customs,' and so we have 'custom houses,' where this money is collected, and 'custom house officers,' whose business it is to collect it."

"What do they do with it?" asked Kiss.

"It goes to pay the expenses of our government."

"What expenses?" urged Kiss.

"O, plenty of them. There are the salaries of our president, and vice president, and our sixty or seventy senators, and our two or three hundred members of congress, and of our judges, and of our ministers sent to foreign countries, and of our army and navy officers, and of our custom-house officers, and of our agents to the Indians, and our postmasters; and there are pensions, and the pay of sailors and soldiers, and of a great many clerks at Washington. Then we need money to build ships, and forts, and lighthouses, and mints, and custom houses, and to keep them in order, and to improve our rivers and harbors, and to print public documents, and to pay to the Indians. These are only a few of the expenses of keeping up our government."

"They are enough to show that we need a tariff, I think," said Fred, "if that is what gives us money for it all."

"The difficulty is," said Cousin Will, "to decide how high or how low the duties ought to be."

"O, they should be as high as possible," cried Fred; "the more money the better."

"Not so fast, my young high-tariff-man," replied Cousin Will. "Sometimes the higher the tariff, the less the money."

"How is that?" asked Fred, incredulously.

"Do you not see," said Cousin Will, "that if a merchant has to pay fifty cents a yard duty, on a piece of silk, he has to charge fifty cents more a yard for it? So that, after all, the duties are paid by the people who buy the goods. Now, if a law is made putting the duty on any article *very* high, people won't buy that article, because they cannot afford it. And so the government will lose instead of gaining."

"Maria Chatfield says," said Louise, going back to her subject, "that her mother does not pay any duties at all, and that is why they get everything so cheap. They sent their measures to their aunt, when she was traveling in Europe, and she bought their clothes in Paris, and had them made up there. When she arrived in New York, and the custom-house officer came on board the steamer to examine the trunks, she slipped a twenty-dollar gold piece into his hand and pointed out which were hers, and he at once put the mark on them, that said they were all right, without looking into them at all. But, for fear she might not get off so easily, she had taken the trouble to hide the most expensive of the things beforehand. The Chatfields went on to New York to meet her, and Maria said they had such fun ripping their new watches from her inside wrapper, and taking apart the skirts between which she had folded and carefully sewed their lace shawls. Maria said her aunt was dressed in Brussels, and Cluny, and Honiton lace from head to foot, if people could only have seen it, and was covered with *ticks*—by which she meant watches, you know, Fred."

"A—h!" drawled Fred.

"And Maria said," concluded Louise, "that her aunt had been to Europe several times, and knew all about managing such

things. And she has left their measures in Paris, and she has a friend in the custom house at New York, and they are going to have everything sent over, and this friend will pass them free of duty. And Maria said if we would send our measures, too, our clothes could come over in the same way. Won't you, mother?"

"And Maria said, and Maria said," mocked Fred. "Did Maria say anything else?"

But no one else spoke, and as Louise glanced around the table, she was astonished to see a bright, intense, burning light in Cousin Will's eye, and a look of deep disapproval on the face of her mother.

"And so," said grandmother, "young people now-a-days steal, and cheat, and are not ashamed of it, either."

"Ella," said Cousin Will, gently, "do you, too, want to cheat the government by smuggling finery from Paris?"

"No, indeed!" said Ella, earnestly.

"But," urged Louise, driven to self-defence, "everybody does it. No one thinks it wrong. Maria Chatfield says her mother knows ladies in the east who go to Paris every two or three years, and get clothes for their families and their friends, too, and never pay any duty on anything. What they save in duties pays their expenses in going. Sometimes they are acquainted with one of the custom-house officers, who lets them and their trunks leave the steamer without examination."

Fred interrupted here. "Do they examine people as well as trunks?" he asked.

Cousin Will answered. "Sometimes they do, but not generally. A vessel which approaches New York is announced by telegraph, while coming up the bay. The custom-house officers put off in a boat, meet it and board it. They examine its cargo, talk with its passengers, and look at the baggage or luggage. If they suspect anyone of an intent to evade the law, when the vessel reaches the dock, they subject, or *can* subject, that person himself, as well as his friends, to a rigid examination; and should the suspected person be a woman, there are women to do that part of the work. So you can see that in the case of our lady smugglers, their success depends on the air of innocence they assume, or what Louise calls their 'management.'"

Said Louise, "Maria's mother knows some ladies in Chicago, who even outwitted their own husband and father in this way. He was very particular not to let them bring home anything besides what the law allows. But they hid away quantities of things that he knew nothing about, and then had such fun among themselves when he would assure the officers that *their* trunks held no such articles—his family would not do such a thing. A New York lady that came over with Maria's aunt, hid six watches in her bosom, and a quantity of jewelry in her traveling bag, under her combs and brushes; and she took several splendid silk dresses, which she had brought over in the piece, and made them into a sort of skirt, that was so stiff she could hardly walk in it, and she made up some costly lace into a great waterfall, and wore it under her hair. Now it is not low people who do this, but real ladies; ladies who are rich and admired. Some of them belong to churches, and teach in Sunday Schools, and I do not believe *they* would do it if it was wrong—do you mother?"



"Louise," said Mrs. Boylston, earnestly, "if all the ladies in the east and west-together were to do as you say, it would not be anything but smuggling, and bribing, and cheating, and stealing."

"Yes, and lying, too," said grandmother.

"And compounding a felony," added Cousin Will.

"Louise," laughed Fred, "lucky you are not a boy. They would tell you that you would yet come to the gallows."

But Louise was almost crying, and could not laugh back, as she usually did, at her brother's jokes. Kiss slipped out of her seat, stole around by her sister's side, and whispered, "I love you, Weeza," while Ella said softly, "Louise did not *mean* anything wrong, I am sure."

"No, I am sure she did not," cried Cousin Will, touched at Louise's distress, and at Ella's affectionate defense of her. "She only did not understand that to avoid paying duties is to cheat, and to give such 'presents' to custom-house officers is to bribe, and to profess not to have dutiable articles when one has, is to lie, and to defraud the government, is to steal."

"And I hope," added Ella, "that the ladies she tells of do not understand what they are doing."

"I hope not, indeed," said Mrs. Boylston. "Anyone who will try to avoid paying his just dues to the government, must be either ignorant or dishonest. Many do it, I can well believe, without much thought. They will cheat the whole community, and at the same time believe they never cheated anyone in their lives. They would be angry enough, if a neighbor suspected them of stealing silver spoons, and yet they steal from a thousand neighbors, in stealing from their government. They think they would not take money from anyone's purse, and yet they take it from the purse of the nation."

"And," continued Mrs. Boylston, "apart from the wickedness of it, I do think the *meanness* of cheating one's own government is beyond words to express. Our country is, in a sense, our father. What! live in our father-land, enjoy its protection, and then do our best to destroy and break it down! Why," said Mrs. Boylston, warning, "I would rather that my daughters dressed in homespun all their days, than to do such a thing!"

"Alas! for the Paris dresses," began Fred, theatrically; but Louise shot a look of entreaty at him and he was silent.

"The truth is," said Cousin Will, gallantly, "ladies are so unacquainted with the laws of their country, that they cannot be judged by the same rules as men. Now if I undertook to get a Parisian suit over, free of duty, I should know that I was smuggling, but Louise and Ella might do such a thing without comprehending what they were about."

"Nice work women will make going to the polls," said grandmother, who had no faith in the new gospel of the ballot box, and suspected her daughter of a little leaning towards the same.

"But perhaps," said Mrs. Boylston, "voting is just what will make them study into these things."

"No, it won't," said grandmother, decidedly; "they will vote just as they smuggle and cheat—without knowing what they are about."

"Well, my daughters may never help to make the laws," said Mrs. Boylston, "but I should like them to understand enough to know whether they are breaking them. Whether they go to the polls or not, they need the same knowledge."

"Poles—what poles?" said Kiss.

"The north and south poles," said Fred, mischievously.

"O," said Kiss, who had just commenced the primary geography, "where it's so cold."

"No, no, Dora," said her mother, "to go to the polls means to vote, and to vote means to say what laws one wants made, and who the president shall be."

"Come, Cousin Will," said Ella, "you are studying law; why cannot you teach a little of it to us benighted damsels?"

"Yes," said Master Fred, "do, Cousin Will, enlighten these female girls on the subject of their own government. Perhaps even I might attend your lectures."

"O! ah! yes! um!" said Cousin Will, a little flattered, and anxious to disguise the fact; "de-lightful; but, really, modesty overcomes me, and I fear that I am not quite advanced enough to set up as a professor."

"Then," said Louise, her gaiety recovered, "I suppose we must wait until we can find the professor whom Ella is determined to marry."

"O Louise!" exclaimed Ella, "how can you?"

"What is that?" asked Cousin Will, quickly. "What professor?"

"O, none in particular; only Ella said she meant to marry a professor, and I think it would be convenient to have one in the family, because he would tell me everything I do not know, and keep me from the dreadful disgrace of getting myself called a smuggler."

"And a cheat, and a thief, and a liar, and a compound felon," added Fred, laughing.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Boylston, "I really wish we could have some plain teaching that a child could understand, on the subject of our own government, and I wish all the young people in Lakewater could hear it."

"Puss, puss, puss," called Dora, "here puss!"

Puss came forward for her evening milk, and Caesar just then entered to replenish the fire. This reminded everybody how late they were sitting at table, and all arose and went to the parlor across the hall. Ella was soon seated at the piano, singing a duet with Cousin Will; Louise and Fred made themselves merry over a game of backgammon; Kiss took puss in her lap and coaxed grandmother for a story of when she was a little girl, while Mrs. Boylston busied herself with some fancy knitting, and the sleet pattered on the windows.

## MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. M. E. OLMSTED.

### MORNING.

Across the vales, across the meads,  
My happy darlings go  
Stringing buttercups for beads—  
Their golden hearts aglow.

### NIGHT.

Across the vales, across the meads,  
My weary children come,  
Leaning on their broken reeds,  
Glad to rest at home.

## THE SNAKE IN LEE SWAMP.

BY EMER BIRDSEY.

The whortleberries were full ripe, when one pleasant morning Philip Allen harnessed up the strong young horse, Prince, and invited his sisters, Annie and Bessie, his cousin Shelly, and a young neighbor, Alice Neal, to seat themselves in the large, light buggy, and take a ride out to Lee Swamp. They were all delighted at the prospect, and gathered up twice as many baskets and buckets as they could possibly fill in one day. Prince was as gay as the rest, and looked around uneasily every few minutes, as if he wished they wouldn't be so long getting ready to start, but at last, to his satisfaction, Philip sprang in and gave the word "go," and he trotted off, with his glossy mane and tail flying merrily in the wind.

The young people laughed and talked constantly for the length of two or three miles, then the broken country they were riding over gave a new direction to their thoughts. The road grew lonely looking, and presently Bessie remarked, playfully,

"What if a big Indian should jump from behind a tree and throw his tomahawk at us?"

"What an idea!" returned Shelly, laughing. "But girls are always afraid of the woods—and of being alone after dark!"

"No, I'm no coward," said Bessie, "but the idea is not so wild as you suppose, for there have been Indians in these very woods!"

"Well, if there are any here now, let them come out if they dare," said Shelly, in a louder tone, as if he intended to be heard by any such stray character that *might* possibly be prowling around.

There was a brief silence among the little party as they ascended a hill, then passed down through a deep ravine, where stood the remains of a log cabin by the road.

"There was a wild cat killed here several years ago, they say," remarked Alice Neal, as she gazed round at the cabin. "The man that killed it lived there, and his name was Jackson Jones. He said it kept him awake nights by its crying, and one night he got up and went out and shot it."

"But," said Philip, smiling mischievously, "he forgot to say that when the neighbors scoured the woods to find the animal, it proved to be a beautiful spotted *tame* cat, belonging to one of them, who took it home and nursed the leg that was broken by the shot till it got well!"

Alice blushed considerably at the *tame* sequel to her *wild* statement, and admitted she had not heard this before. Shelly was thinking of Jackson Jones and laughing at his mistake, and said,

"I should have found out what it was before raising the neighborhood, I think," and after so many bold expressions, the girls began to rather look to him as a brave boy, who would certainly be their protector if anything happened that they should need one.

The overhanging trees of the dense wood through which they now passed almost obscured the sky from view, and under pretense of needing help to hold the baskets, Alice and Bessie proposed that Shelly should sit on the back seat with them, while Annie moved forward and sat with Philip. They

now felt a little safer, and Philip smilingly whispered to Annie that Shelly no doubt felt *he* was safe, at least, for he was nearly in the center, and if a wild cat or an Indian sprang out, it would take some one else before it would him.

Annie replied by remarking the cool silence of the forest, and how plainly each faint twitter of a bird sounded; and when a squirrel peeped out from behind a log, with his funny black eyes all in a twinkle, she laid her hand on the reins and softly said "ho" to Prince, who immediately stopped.

"What is it? O, what is the matter?" cried Alice and Bessie, in terror, and the squirrel popped out of sight at the noise.

"You foolish children," replied Annie, good-naturedly, "you've frightened away the cunningest little squirrel I ever laid eyes on. Go on, Prince."

Shelly raised up his head from among the baskets and exclaimed,

"'Fraid of a squirrel! ha! ha!"

Philip felt called upon to defend the girls, who had not noticed Shelly's action, and, turning, he looked him steadily in the face, saying,

"Who? You?"

Shelly's face grew very red, but he made no reply.

They now rode out of the forest, and soon came to a large gate which opened into Lee Swamp. The girls had forgotten their fright, and gathering up the baskets they rushed in among the bushes, where the berries hung in tempting clusters over their heads. In order that Prince should not get lonesome during their absence, Philip poured out some oats for him to amuse himself with, and then sought the rest of the party among the bushes.

But they were out of sight and hearing, and he resolved not to hunt for them, for he felt sure they would all know the way out, if they became tired of picking berries and wished to go and sit in the buggy. It takes a good deal of time to pick but a small quantity of these berries, and before he had a quart he heard a piercing cry a little way from where he stood. Philip listened and soon he heard it again, and he was sure it was Bessie's voice; so he ran through the bushes as fast as he could in the direction the voice seemed to be. The cries grew fainter and fainter, and even the brave Philip felt his heart beat fast at the fear of some serious danger to his loved sister.

"Phil! Phil! don't go that way any further—you'll be bit or eaten up if you do!"

This voice seemed to be over his head, and looking up he saw Shelly safely ensconced in a tree, while at the foot of it was his basket, overturned, and all the berries rolling on the wet ground and leaves.

"What's the matter—and where are the girls?" asked Philip, angrily. "If there was danger why didn't you stay and protect them, you coward?" and without waiting for a reply, he hurried forward, where he found Bessie fallen in a ditch, covered with mud, and now nearly dead from fright. He lifted her out, and dipping some water up in his hat poured it over her face. Just as soon as she could speak she exclaimed, catching his arm,

"We must go from here, quick! There's a snake—the awfulest big snake you ever saw!"

"Where?" said Philip, looking quickly around.

"There, on that log. O, dear! O, dear!"

He went a little nearer, and there, peacefully reclining on a log was—a harmless branch of a tree, grown black with age, and certainly, a little way off, looking not very unlike a reptile; but a brave boy would not have been *very* much afraid of a black snake taking his noon nap on a log, and a few steps nearer would have shown him what it really was.

Alice now came from behind a stump, and Annie, hearing the noise, had just reached the scene as Shelly slowly descended the tree, looking very much ashamed of himself. He was the one that raised the alarm, but they didn't say much to him, and finally resolved they had all better go home, and next time take some boy who had more courage.

## SAPPHIRE.

BY MARY LORIMER.

In scientific descriptions of precious stones we frequently find the terms *oriental* and *occidental* prefixed to them. Formerly these terms signified specimens found either in the east (as India,) or west, (as European countries,) and as it was supposed that the finest gems came from the "lands of the Orient," such were called *oriental* gems, in distinction from less valuable ones found in European countries, and called *occidental*.

But in these days, many of the choicest stones belonging to that class called *oriental*, are found in other countries than India. The term, however, is still retained, and is used to designate degrees of *perfection*, with no reference to locality.

We shall find that the sapphire can lay claim to great degrees of perfection, as six of the eight varieties we shall mention, have the prefix "*oriental*," and the minerals which belong to this species include some of the most valuable known.

In thinking of the sapphire, we can recall many a line of poetry in praise of the celestial blue; "her eyes, blue as the sapphire gem," etc., and we usually think of it as a precious stone of a beautiful blue color, but there are several varieties and all of different colors, and a sapphire may be blue, violet, red, yellow, green, or gray, and sometimes the same stone shows a union of two or three colors. First. Blue sapphire (*oriental sapphire*), has various shades of fine blue, from delicate azure to the most intense depths of indigo blue. Red sapphire (*oriental ruby*), is of an intense, deep red, also the most exquisite rose or aurora-red, very highly esteemed as a gem. Yellow sapphire (*oriental topaz*), a clear, brilliant yellow. Green sapphire (*oriental emerald*), a deep green color, extremely rare. Chatoyant sapphire (*oriental girasole*), showing tints of blue, red, and pearly light. White sapphire, colorless or with shades of gray. Asteriated sapphire, often of a reddish violet shade, and when cut and held in certain lights, exhibiting a brightly-tinted star of changing colors. The red sapphire is considered the most valuable, and some of the specimens are almost as precious as diamonds of equal size; the blue ranks second in value, and the yellow third. Sapphires are used chiefly as ornaments of jewelry, as rings, pins, bracelets, and neck-

laces. Sometimes they are employed for watch jewels. The finest sapphires come from Ava, Pegu, and Ceylon. They have been found also in France and Bohemia, and the Alps of Savoy. The sapphire ranks next the diamond in hardness, and has always been held in high estimation.

## A "GOOD-NIGHT" STORY.

BY CLARA W. T. FRY.

Bedtime was coming with the twilight, and there were four little faces pressed against the window panes, watching the bright, sunset clouds fade away, and four little children were almost ready to bid the world "good night."

Four little children. The Prince and Periwinkle were two little boys. Stella and Bell were two little girls. The Prince's hair was curly and golden, and Periwinkle's was straight and brown. Bell's cheeks were rosy and plump, and Stella's eyes were sparkling and dancing.

And these were the four little children that gathered around Cousin Pen, like bees around a flower, and asked for the "good-night story"—for they had one every night.

"What shall it be?" said Cousin Pen.

"A fairy story," said Stella.

"I'm tired of fairy stories," said Periwinkle; "they are all just alike."

"O no!" cried Stella, "I never knew two alike in my life!"

"Well," insisted Periwinkle, "something always turns into something else, and they all *end good*, anyway."

"Tell about sailing," said the Prince.

"O yes! some *real* body who went sailing," said Bell.

"Don't you think you are rather particular, little people?" asked Cousin Pen.

Four "O noes" came all at once from the children, and four hearty kisses lit on Cousin Pen's cheeks, and the children dropped down like four little bundles on the floor, and sat very still.

"I am thinking of one," said Cousin Pen,

"and it is about sailing."

"Good!" said the Prince.

"It isn't a fairy story," continued Cousin Pen.

"Gooder!" shouted Periwinkle.

"It is about a *real* body."

"That's *my* story," said Bell.

"And it all happened, O, ever so long ago; will that do, Stella?"

"Just as well as a fairy story," said Stella, who was so good natured she was pretty sure to be happy.

"Well, here it is. There was a Spanish sailor, a long, long time ago, and he sailed the seas over and over again, and always came safely home. And he fought in some fearful battles, and always came safely home. And still he kept sailing and traveling over the whole wide world, and always came safely home to Spain.

"By and by he began to grow old; and he was sorry for that, for he thought he must soon stay at home, and never sail the great seas any more. Then he heard of a wonderful Magic Fountain of Youth. 'I must find that fountain,' said he, 'and then I will send the waters all over the world, and people can drink them, and be young and strong and brave and beautiful always. They need

never grow old or feel weary and worn any more. Their hair will not grow white, nor their faces wrinkled, nor their steps feeble—but their eyes will keep bright, and their cheeks fair and rosy, and they will be young and strong as long as they live."

"So he gathered up his money, and called his men, and fitted out three little ships, to sail away in search of the Fountain of Youth. He had heard that it was in the island of Bimini, far away in the New World."

"Why! where is the New World?" said Periwinkle.

"I never heard of it," said Stella.

"We all live in it," said Cousin Pen. "These things happened more than three hundred years ago; and the people who lived on the other side of the ocean, called America the New World, then; it *was* new, too, for it had only just been discovered, and there were such wonderful stories told about it, that it did not seem strange to the people who lived so long ago, that there should even be a Magic Fountain of Youth in it."

"What was the sailor's name?" asked the Prince.

"His name was Leon—Juan Ponce de Leon. He had been in the New World before, for he came over with Columbus, when he discovered it; and he lived awhile on the island that we call Hayti. They called it Hispaniola—that means Little Spain—because it was shaped like Spain, the old home they had never before left so long."

"So Leon went first to Hispaniola, and then sailed away to a cluster of small islands—the Bahamas, we call them; and we should never think of such a thing as a Fountain of Youth being there—but Leon thought that one of these islands must be Bimini. So every day he and his sailors left the ships, and went all over the Beautiful Islands. They found thick, green grass, and richly-colored flowers, great trees and forests, and bright-winged birds. And they drank the waters of many beautiful, sparkling springs, and little, bubbling, dancing streams, and quiet, shining lakes; but it was all just like any other water, and the Fountain of Youth was nowhere in the cluster of Beautiful Islands."

"But they had seen so much that was wonderful and sweet and pleasant, that they were glad they had searched through them."

"Then they sailed away again, between the blue sky and the blue water, away to the north and west, and by and by Sunday morning came—it was Easter Sunday—"

"Why, *we* have Easter Sunday," said the Prince.

"Yes! and we always have flowers in church—O so many!" said Bell.

"Well, it was Easter Sunday then, to the sailors on the shore of the New World. And that morning, when they looked to the west, they saw land—a beautiful land, all blooming with Easter flowers, and so they called it Florida."

"And was it *our* Florida?" said Periwinkle.

"Yes, to be sure it was—*our* Florida. Leon said it should belong to the King of Spain, so he took possession of it in the king's name, and then he began again to look for the Fountain of Youth. He was more anxious than ever to find it now, for he had been growing older all this time; so he sailed among the little islands around the shore, and searched them through, and then he

searched all through the plains and forests and valleys of Florida, and drank of all its clear, cool waters."

"But the Easter flowers faded away, and the hot summer came, and Leon's hair was grayer, and his eyes dimmer, and his step slower; for he had grown old in search of the Fountain of Youth. But the busy, earnest life, and the patient search, had kept his heart young while his body grew old; and so, when he died and was buried in the New World he discovered with Columbus, it did not seem as if he was any older in spirit than when he left the shores of Spain."

"Then he never found the fountain?" said Stella.

"No. Leon never found what he expected. But in his search for the fountain, he had found and had done a great deal more than he ever knew. He thought that the Florida he found was only a beautiful, flowery island, while it was really a part of the great continent where so many millions of people live now."

"It is *we*, who live so long after Leon, in this beautiful land he found—it is *we* who see the real Fountain of Youth, and we see it every day."

"O, where is it?" and four little children started up like butterflies ready to fly.

"It is right here now," said Cousin Pen. "We see it shining in the happy, bright, young faces, and busy, glad, young lives all over the land. The old story about the Fountain of Youth has come true now; for the New World is full of children, who live and grow up and are glad and good, here. And as fast as some grow up, others fill their places, and so the Fountain of Youth is full forever."

"But," said Periwinkle, "Leon always thought it was a real fountain, didn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose he did. But that was so very long ago; and the story of the fountain was only one of many wonderful stories that people over the sea told of the great New World they could never hope to see."

"And now we think of all the children in the north and south and east and west, and smile to think of the old and beautiful story."

"Good night," said the Prince.

"Good night," said Bell and Stella.

"Good night," said Periwinkle.

#### SHREWD.

A gentleman was chatting with a little girl on a railway train, when she suddenly looked up in his face and said,

"You look like Abraham Lincoln."

"Do I!" said the gentleman; "how do you know I'm not?"

"He's dead," said the child, with an astonished look at the questioner; "they *killed* him."

"Well," said the gentleman, "but didn't Abraham Lincoln have a brother?"

The child looked puzzled for a minute, and then quietly remarked,

"My father saw Abraham Lincoln."

"Did he?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes; after he was dead he saw him. Did you ever see him?"

"No," said the gentleman, "I never saw him."

"Then," said the child, triumphantly, "*course you ain't his brother!*" H.

#### A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

##### CHAPTER VII.

The first faint light of a July morning came down from the mountains, and began to brighten up the valleys of Riverside. The white fog lifted from the meadows, and the robins sang in all the orchards as if fairly wild with delight. Barbie opened her sleepy eyes at Davy's noisy shout, and lay half awake watching the little barefooted fellow, so eager to begin another day.

"You ought to see the morning glories, Barbie!" he said, with his head far out at the window; "there's more 'n a thousand of 'em! and I can smell your roses as plain as anything. O my! there comes Abs'lom Parks—he's goin' to mow the lower meadow to-day."

Davy turned from the window and tugged away at his buttons with his clumsy little fingers.

"Cling, clang!" came up a sharp ring from the yard below—the mowers were whetting their scythes; and Barbie hurried down to help about breakfast. Everything was full of stir and animation, but Nathan stayed a long time at the trough by the great wooden pump, dashing the cool water over his head and face, and at last came in, looking tired and heavy.

"Nice hay day," said Absalom, blowing his hot coffee, and nodding to Nathan. "I'm bound to put some tall licks into that grass, to-day."

"I'll try a race with you," said Mr. Phillips. "I'm a pretty good hand at a scythe. I wish you were a boy, Barbie, so you could help Nathan shake up the grass."

"I wish I was," said Barbie, quickly; "it would be enough pleasanter than working in this hot kitchen, and easier, too."

"If you think it's any fun, I wish you'd try it one day," said Nathan. "You always think you have the hardest of everything."

"Don't you feel well, Nathan?" said Mrs. Phillips, as she noticed that he scarcely tasted his breakfast.

"Not very," said Nathan; "my head aches some."

"He needn't be so cross about it, if he is sick," said Barbie. "My head aches half the time."

"And you're cross more 'n half the time," retorted Nathan, picking up his straw hat and going out.

"What ails you, Barbie?" asked her mother, in surprise.

"Nothing," said Barbie; "only Nathan always snaps me up so."

Somehow the song of the robins had not gone very deep into Barbie's heart that morning, and she had begun her day uncomfortably. So when her father stopped at the kitchen door to say that he wanted Barbie to bring the lunch down to the meadow, because they would not spend time to come up, she really felt as if she was imposed upon.

"A mile to walk in this blazing sun," she said, fretfully, tying her sunbonnet with a jerk that broke the string.

"I thought you would like it, for a change," said her mother, turning half around from the red-hot stove, where she was frying doughnuts; "you can go through

the old orchard and along by the brook, and I should think it would be real pleasant."

Something in her mother's patient face spoke like a reproach to Barbie, but she was not quite ready to give up her ugly feelings. It seems a strange thing, but it is a fact, that we sometimes really enjoy being miserable; and Barbie was determined not to be cheated out of her pleasure. She took the basket, at ten o'clock, and climbed over the low, stone wall into the orchard. It was cool and pleasant under the shadow of the trees, and beyond the orchard her path lay by the little brook that went merrily along its rocky course. The brook always had something to say to Barbie, and now, in spite of her ugly mood, she could not help listening. A bobolink was swinging upon a slender weed that bent over the water, and singing with all the music of his merry heart, and before Barbie well knew it, she was singing, too. There was Davy, wading in the shallow water, trying to catch the nimble water spiders that darted about in the little pools.

"Hullo! Barbie," he shouted, lifting his battered, little hat from the water and peering into it, while the water ran in little streams over his clothes; "I thought I'd caught that feller for sure, but he's got away."

Barbie's basket promised better things than fishing for spiders, so Davy came out of the brook and trotted along by her side.

"We're got doughnuts, I know," he said; "I can smell 'em. O my! I wish't you'd give me a taste now, Barbie."

"Where's Nathan?" asked Barbie, as they came into the meadow.

"He's lied down," said Davy. "Say, Barbie, just give me one doughnut."

Barbie's heart sunk, as she saw Nathan lying under a tree, his straw hat covering his face—Nathan, who was always the first and foremost when there was work to be done.

"Are you sick, Nathan?" she asked, setting down the basket and uncovering his face.

"I don't know—I don't remember," said Nathan, looking at her, stupidly. "I believe it's down by the brook, or else in the pump."

"Nathan!" said Barbie, in alarm.

He sat up and drew his hand across his forehead.

"I must go to work," he said, taking up his fork, but stopping to lean against the tree.

"He's sun struck, he is," said Absalom, looking at Nathan, as he helped himself to lunch.

"I'm afraid it's fever," said Mr. Phillips, anxiously. "You'd better go up to the house, Nathan."

Nathan cast one despairing look at the meadow with its uncut grass, and then turned away. Back again along the noisy little brook, that had talked so merrily to Barbie as she came down.

"Wait a minute, Barbie, and let me wet my head," said Nathan; and Barbie steadied her brother while he dipped his head in one of the little, rippling shallows. How cross

she had been—and what was it all about? She really couldn't remember, and she felt so sorry and ashamed of it now.

"Nathan," she said, with a sudden resolution, "I'm sorry I was so cross this morning."

"I don't remember," said Nathan, absently; "I thought it was me that was cross; my head ached so—it ached all night."

All day long, Nathan lay upon the lounge in grandma's room, the coolest and quietest place in the house, and the dear old lady forgot all the sharp reproofs she had bestowed upon the heedless boy, and patiently bathed his head with cool water, and fanned him with her great fan of turkey feathers, that was as good as a west wind.



"Don't you worry a mite about him," she said to his mother. "I ha'n't nothing in the world to do but to tend him, and I always seem to feel at home with sick folks, since father was laid up so long."

Poor Barbie went about her work with a sorrowful heart, peeping now and then into the darkened room, and wondering if she ever, ever should be cross again. Up in her own room, late in the afternoon, she took up the little, green-covered journal, and sighed as she turned the leaves. It was not a very pleasant record she had to make of that summer day; and if Nathan should die, as Aunt Lucy's brother Julius did, what a miserable memory it would make of their last day together.

Barbie thought over the last few months of her life; she had gone through some pretty hard struggles, and had conquered more than once or twice. She thought she was getting

the victory over herself, and growing very strong, but here was the whole work to do over, just for one weak, miserable day. Barbie felt discouraged. When her mother told her it would be a life-long fight, she did not half believe her; but it began to look like it now. It took a good deal of bravery to write out the whole story of the morning, and when it was written it looked so foolish, and made Barbie Phillips seem like such a cross, silly, little simpleton—not at all like the little princess who was waiting contentedly till the king sent to bring her to his palace—Barbie had half a mind to tear it out of the book.

"No I won't," she said, at last; "it shall stay there, like the ink spot Miss Marshall used to make on my finger, to make me remember not to tear my book while I was studying."

"Barbie," called her mother, "I think you had better go for the doctor."

Barbie closed her book with a thrill of fear at her heart, and hurried along the narrow road, growing shady already with the sunset.

The doctor was not at home. He had been away all day among the fever patients down at Dudley; and the girl told Barbie there was a "sight of fever around."

So Barbie went home alone, and it was late in the evening before the old-fashioned gig drove up the road to Riverside, and the doctor, tired and dusty, bent anxiously over Nathan. He did not know any of them now, but only moved his head uneasily from side to side. The doctor sat down and watched him silently for a few moments, and then began to prepare some powders. He gave brief directions, and then went hastily out. At the door Barbie was waiting for him, her face as white as the moonlight.

"Is he going to die, doctor?" she asked, anxiously.

"Of course not," said the doctor, stopping to look at her. "What put such a notion into your silly, little head?"

"I don't know," said Barbie, with a sob of relief. "I thought he was very sick, and I was real cross to him this morning."

The good, old doctor looked at Barbie in astonishment, and began to count her pulse without really knowing what he was about; but it was a great relief to her to think she had told her trouble, and she half laughed through her tears.

"Don't you worry about Nathan," he said, rushing toward his gig again. "I dare say he'll do well enough. Boys need a good deal of scolding; it seems to agree with 'em."

"I'm glad I told him, anyway," said Barbie, wiping her eyes and going up stairs.

Davy was asleep, with his cheeks as red as two roses, but the pearly drops on his temples, and the moist rings of hair about his forehead, took away every suspicion of fever. The brown night-moths came fluttering in and flitted around the candle, so she put it out, and sat for a long time by the open window, thinking her own strange thoughts, and building such beautiful castles in the air

as she loved best to build for her future. By and by she knelt by the bed and said her evening prayer, as she had always done ever since she was a little child. There was a good deal of penitient remembrance of the day, but a good deal more of promise for the future, and strong confidence, after all, that Barbie herself was going to conquer. She had not learned yet not to trust in her own strength, or try to walk in her own wisdom.

It was plain enough, in the morning, that Nathan was likely to have a long fever, and amid all the anxiety for his recovery, Barbie could see that her father thought, with a discouraged heart, of the necessity of having help in his place, and of the doctor's bill that would have to be paid out of the small profits of the farm. Cousin Roxy, with her accustomed thoughtfulness, sent Susan over to stay a couple of weeks, and her helpful fingers seemed to lift half the burden from them all.

One afternoon, as Barbie was watching her cousin, busy with a pretty bit of crocheting, she said, regretfully,

"I wish I could do such things, but there's always so much other work to be done."

"You might earn money by it," said Susan. "There's one thing Dell Ayres showed me how to do, that she says is all the rage, and you might make lots of money by it."

Barbie's eyes sparkled at the very thought.

"They call it *skeletonizing* plants," said Susan, "because they look just like skeletons when they're done—just like the skeletons of the leaves, with all the green pulp out, and white as snow. You can't think how pretty they are, like the nicest wax work; and they pay ever so much for them at the picture shops."

"Is it easy to do?" asked Barbie, eagerly.

"I should think so. She gave me a book of directions; but I don't care for flowers, and I never should have patience to fuss with 'em."

Barbie *did* like flowers; but the great charm to her was the prospect of earning money. She would send them to Aunt Lucy to sell for her; and she quite forgot to make any arrangements for getting the fragile things to the city, but began at once to think what she would do with the money. She got no farther than to decide to pay the doctor's bill, and then left it to give Nathan a glass of lemonade.

The book of directions proved very explicit, and after a few failures, Barbie hit upon a class of tough-fibered plants that made admirable specimens, and her little scheme prospered finely. She prepared some that were really very beautiful, and the doctor good-naturedly offered to carry them to the city for her, when he went to attend a medical convention. So the delicate things were carefully prepared for the journey, and Barbie walked down to the Corners and gave them with her own hands into the doctor's keeping.

"They'll break very easily," she ventured to say, as she gave up the precious box.

"Yes, yes, I know," said the doctor. "I'll carry 'em as careful as if they were babies."

And then Barbie had done all she could, and so she went home to dream about it.

Nathan was sitting in grandma's armchair, enjoying the cool air, after the long, sultry

day. His big hands looked white enough now, and it did Barbie's heart good every day to see what a comfort his slippers were to him.

She sat down by him and told him about her walk, and what the doctor had said.

"He's a real kind-hearted man," said Nathan; "but sometimes I 'most hate the sight of him, thinking what an awful bill father'll have to pay for me."

Barbie smiled a little to herself, but she didn't mean to tell anybody of her plans yet.

"I've been sick a long time," said Nathan.

"I was thinking about it while you was gone. I remember just how I felt that first day, and all about it."

Barbie blushed, but she said, quickly,

"I remember, too. I was real cross to you that morning, Nathan, but it'll never happen again. I've promised myself that."

Barbie spoke confidently and proudly; but Nathan seemed uneasy, and kept turning over the leaves of a little book he held in his hand. At last he spoke suddenly:

"Barbie, I've thought a good deal, since I've been sick, about my getting mad, and about some other things. I've tried real hard, sometimes, to be good, but it never seemed to amount to anything; first I'd know, I'd go and spoil it all."

Nathan waited a minute, but Barbie didn't say anything, so he went on.

"I told mother all about it, one day, and she said a great many things—I can't remember all, but it seemed to help me right along. One thing was what you said just now, about promising *myself* to do better. She said it didn't do much good to promise *ourselves*, unless we promised God, too, and got Him to help us about it. I believe that's so, myself, and, Barbie, I made up my mind to try it. I did it that very day, Barbie; I promised Jesus."

Nathan's voice trembled a little, but he said this very firmly, and with a smile on his thin, pale face. Barbie did not say a word. She sat there in the door, with her face half turned away, and the tears dropping silently upon the hands that were folded in her lap.

"And she told me," said Nathan, presently, "that she didn't suppose God got discouraged about us, because we made some mistakes, and didn't grow quite so fast as we ought to. I've been wanting to tell you about it ever since, Barbie, but I didn't know how to do it, because you're a great deal smarter 'n I am."

Barbie didn't know how to answer Nathan. She felt in her heart that he was right, and that her trouble was the same as his. She had only *promised herself*, and neither sought nor wanted any other help. She got up from her seat, at last, kissed her brother, and whispered, softly,

"I'll try, Nathan; I'll promise Jesus, too."

It was nearly a week before the doctor made his appearance at Riverside again. How Barbie's heart beat, as he slowly dismounted from his gig and came limping into the house.

"What's happened to you, doctor?" asked grandma, anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing," said the doctor, "only I sprained my ankle, like an old simpleton, getting out of an omnibus."

Then he sat and gave grandma a long account of his trip, to the old lady's great delight.

"Then you didn't go to see Lucy, at all," said Mrs. Phillips, at last.

The doctor shook his head. "Fact is, I'm 'most too stiff in the joints to get around very brisk, and I missed my gig amazingly."

Barbie had been waiting as patiently as possible to hear some news of her precious flowers, but her heart sunk terribly when she heard he had not even seen Aunt Lucy. What *had* he done with them? By and by, when her patience was nearly exhausted, the doctor took out his great leather wallet and opened it. He took out several bills and smoothed them over his knee. Barbie fairly trembled with excitement.

"Well, Barbie," he began, very deliberately, "about what you reckon those skeletons was worth?"

"I didn't quite know," said Barbie. "I thought as much as ten dollars, perhaps," but the sum seemed so large, after she had named it, that she was prepared for disappointment.

"Well," said the doctor, "I'll tell you the whole story. The cars were pretty well crammed, and just after we started a fidgety kind of a female came and flopped down into the seat beside me. I'd just laid the box on the seat to read my paper, and I made sure she'd mashed it, and I spoke up pretty sharp, 'You're sitting on my box, ma'am!' She jumped up, but the box was all safe. Those women spread out so, now-a-days, there's no calculating where they'll strike. She looked at the box mighty sharp, and I laid it across my lap and went on reading. Pretty soon she jumped up again, and down went the box. I caught it up, and said, 'I wish you'd sit still, ma'am; you'll ruin me if you break those skeletons.'"

"What! says she, with her eyes as big as saucers; 'what did you say was in the box?'"

"Skeletons, ma'am," I said; and it did me good to see how scared she was. 'I'm going down to the medical convention.'

"She went out of that seat quicker 'n a wink."

"O dear!" she said; 'some poor, little baby's bones; I wouldn't sit near that box if I had to stand up all the way to Philadelphia.'

"She made such a row that the conductor came along; and some of the women declared they'd *smelt something ever since I got in*. When I could speak for laughing, I told the conductor what was in the box, and undid the cover to show him. One lady fairly went into raptures over them—said she never saw anything so lovely in her life. I told her a little girl up among the mountains made them, and that she wanted to sell them. Just before we got to the city, the gentleman who was with her came and wanted to buy the whole lot. He offered me twenty-five dollars—five dollars apiece for the specimens—and I didn't s'pose I should do any better, so I took it."

The doctor got up and laid the bills on Barbie's lap. She sat looking at him a moment, like one in a dream, trying to make it seem possible that such wonderful fortune had really come to her.

"I don't know what you'll do with Barbie," he said to grandma; "money'll turn her head completely. She'll be wanting to teach school, next thing."

The doctor limped away to his gig, and



Barbie gathered up the money and ran to tell Nathan.

"It does seem too good to be true," she said, over and over; "and O, Nathan, I do believe there's enough to pay all the doctor's bill."  
[To be continued.]

### TO LIVE.

BY EMER BIRDSEY.

"What joy to live!" the young leaves say,  
In light breeze swinging merrily,  
Through sunshine and through rain;  
"What joy to see the winter pass  
With chilly step from off the grass,  
And shield the birds again."

"What joy to live!" the free brooks say,  
While wandering on their silvery way  
With naught but pebbly bars;  
"What joy to kiss the moss again,  
And see from rock and crevice green  
The wee flowers peep like stars."

"What joy to live!" the wild bird sings  
In clear blue air, while on his wings  
The glancing sunbeams rest;  
A moment, then 'neath covert green  
He glides, with eye alert and keen,  
To wee ones in the nest.

"What joy to live!" all creatures sing,  
From harmless worm to sprays that swing  
On lithe, glad maple tree;  
"What joy to live!" we join the song,  
Pray such sweet life be good and long,  
And pure in ministry.

### SONG OF THE SWALLOW.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The robin may warble his merriest tune,  
The leaves may be green on the tree;  
But the blithe little swallow will wait for the June,  
For the bird of the summer is he.

As swift as the light he is flashing along  
High up in the glimmering blue,  
Then low at my feet, where the blossoms are sweet,  
And the meadows are sparkling with dew.

Oh! gay little rover, no shadow of fear,  
No care for the morrow have you;  
You pass from our skies ere the autumn is here,  
To the land where the summer is new.

Say, how do you know when the skies are aglow,  
And the wind blowing soft through the leaves?  
Who shows you the way through the night and the day  
To your home by the sheltering eaves?

The robin may warble his merriest tune,  
The leaves may be green on the tree;  
But the blithe little swallow will wait for the June,  
For the bird of the summer is he.

One of *THE CORPORAL'S* little four-year-olds came in from his play, and found his mother crying over a telegram she had received.

"What makes you cry, mamma?" he asked.  
"Because Mamma's mamma is very sick, and they think she'll die."

The little face was sad for a moment, but it quickly brightened, as the child said, "Don't cry, mamma; I'll ask God to make her well." And dropping his playthings, he went into the bedroom and offered his simple prayer. Coming out with most perfect satisfaction, he said, "Now she'll get well, mamma: I asked God to please to make her well, and He said, 'Yes, I will.'"

There was not a doubt in his mind; and, to the astonishment of everyone else, the lady was raised from the very gates of death.

"Course I knew she'd get well," said Freddie, "cause He said so when I asked Him." M.

### ABOUT SOME LITTLE FRIENDS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Many years ago, when my parents lived in old Connecticut, my mother had a pet cat, a pretty, graceful creature, frisky, and arch, and gay, though clad in sober gray. She was a favorite with all the large household, but especially attached herself to my mother, following her about everywhere, up stairs and down; accompanying her in her walks, hiding behind every bush, and prancing out upon her in a surprising, not to say startling, manner.

At last, she grew out of kittenhood, laid aside, in a measure, kittenish things, and became the happiest, fondest, proudest feline mamma ever beheld. She caressed and gloated over her little, blind, toddling, mewling, miniature tigers, in a perfect ecstasy of maternal delight. Just at this interesting period of pussy's life, our family moved from the old place, to a house in the country, about a mile away. My mother was ill, and was carried very carefully on a bed, from one sick room to another. In the hurry, trouble, and confusion of that time, poor pussy, who lodged, with her family, in an attic, was quite forgotten. But early on the morning of the first day in the new house—a pleasant summer morning, when all the doors and windows were open—as my mother lay on her bed, in a parlor, on the first floor, she saw her cat walk into the hall and look eagerly around. The moment the faithful creature caught sight of her beloved mistress, she came bounding into the room, across it, and on to the bed, where she purred and mewled in a delighted, yet reproachful way, quite hysterical—licking my mother's hand and rubbing up against her cheek, in a manner that said, more plainly than words,

"Ah! my dear madame, didst thou think to leave thy faithful Grimalkin behind? Where thou goest, I will go."

She was taken into the kitchen and treated to a cup of new milk; but after a few moments given to rest and refreshment, she disappeared. Yet she went only to come again, in the course of an hour, lugging one of her kittens, which she deposited on the bed, commended to my mother's care, and straightway departed. In an almost incredibly short time, she came bounding in with a second kitten. She continued her journeys till the whole litter had been safely transported, over hill and dale, ditches and stone walls, through perils of unfriendly dogs and mischievous boys, and the family flitting was complete.

After this, our noble puss was loved and respected more than ever. She dwelt long in the land, and her kits grew up, I believe, to be worthy of such a mother.

This city of Washington is a place where the wits of people are sharpened, if anywhere, and perhaps even cats and dogs become uncommonly clever and knowing here. Only yesterday, I was told of a Washington cat, which had just been found out in a wonderful trick. Observing that when the door bell rang, the one servant of the household was obliged to leave the kitchen, she managed to slyly ring the bell, by jumping up against the wire, and invariably, when her enemy, the cook, went to the door, she would slip into the kitchen, and help herself to

whatever tempting article of food was within reach. At last, some one watched, and caught her at her secret "wire pulling." Poor puss retired, with a drooping tail and a most dejected aspect, evidently realizing that the game was up.

Another cat I know of, was of so amiable and benevolent a disposition, that she actually adopted into her own circle of infant kits, a poor, forlorn, little foundling of a rat. As her nursing, he grew and thrived, seeming quite as tame as the others, and when a mischievous boy set a rat terrier on him, and so finished him, cat and kittens really seemed to mourn for their foster son and brother.

Another friend in this city has a lovely pair of turtle doves, that are constantly making love to each other, these soft, spring days, in that delicious, drowsy, honey-moon coo, "most musical, most melancholy."

A while ago the disastrous experiment was tried, of putting these doves into the cage with a parrot. Miss Polly did not fancy her dainty visitors in the least. She glared at them as they cuddled together in a corner, eyeing her askance, and murmuring in the sweet dove dialect—Madame Columbia very timidly, and Monsieur in a tender, reassuring tone. Miss Polly abominated such soft, love-sick voices, and such a parade of matrimonial bliss and affection just exasperated her; so she pitched into them, scolding fearfully at first, but soon coming to blows, with her wings, then to scratching and pecking with her steel-like claws, and fearful, hooked bill. When the hapless pair were rescued, it was found that the husband, who had fought gallantly to protect his wife, had met with a serious loss, in the upper part of his bill, which had been quite bitten off by that inhospitable old termagant, who had doubtless thought thus to put an end to his billing and cooing.

The poor fellow lost some glossy feathers in this encounter. They have been replaced, but the broken beak has never been restored. Thus maimed, he is only able to drink from a perfectly full cup, and his loving mate invariably stands back, till his thirst is satisfied. She also feeds him, when he has difficulty in eating, and always carefully plumes him, as he can no longer perform that service for himself. Indeed, she attends to his toilet before her own. No fond wife of a disabled soldier could surpass her, in watchful care and devotion. What a touching little lesson is this, of tender, faithful love! I wonder if he would have done as much for her? Let us hope so.

Several years ago, there was to be seen and heard, in a private house, in Philadelphia, a singular natural curiosity, the story of which was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:

A lady owned a very fine canary bird, whose cage hung in a parlor, adjoining her bed chamber. Near the mantel, in this room, there was a small hole in the wood work, from which there was occasionally seen to emerge upon the carpet, a delicate, little, brown mouse. At last, it was observed that this small stranger came only when the canary was singing, and that she actually seemed to listen to his song, keeping perfectly still, except that she seemed to palpitate with a fine delight. When the gay warbling ceased, she was seen to retreat at once into her little hole in the wall.

The canary suddenly seemed to take a

strange fancy for singing in the night time, disturbing and annoying his nervous mistress not a little; but when the canary died, and the night singing did not cease, the annoyance grew into a mystery. Almost it was feared, that the spirit of the canary was haunting his old cage, and chanting his own requiem.

At length, after many a wondering search for this mysterious midnight warbler, which seemed now here, now there, and to which might have been addressed Wordsworth's lines to the cuckoo,

"Shall I call thee *bird*,  
Or but a wandering voice?"

It was discovered to be—the mouse!

She was finally caught and securely caged, and after a little interval, she resumed her vocal exercises, in her new quarters. She gave marvelous imitations of the canary, but almost always in the night, when all was still. Many people went to the house and waited patiently, for hours, to hear the little musical, or rather *musical* phenomenon. She was, however, as capricious as a *prima donna*, and sometimes gave only a few faint, chirping notes, till the crowd was gone, when she would do her best to keep the house awake, with her serenades.

There is mention made in natural history, of musical mice, but they are very rare. This one was the nine days' wonder of the town. She appeared in the newspapers every day, as sure as the "Oak Hall" advertisement. Then there was a city election, or a riot, which is about the same thing, or a murder happened, a startling, mysterious, horrible, regular Philadelphia murder, and mousy was forgotten. She may have sung for her bread and cheese, all her little life. She may have sung in dying, like a swan, for all I know; for, of her career after her first musical season, I know nothing.

## A GLIMPSE AND A HINT AT A MUSEUM.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

You and I do not believe in palaces. We contrast with pride, those simple words, "the White House," with high sounding "Windsor Castle," and "Palais des Tuileries." We know that to support one family in the luxury and pomp of a court life, a thousand families, by nature just as worthy, must spend their days in miserable cottages. Our social creed is this: that the only real difference in rank, the only one that it is right to recognize, consists in what one man gains by being diligent, wise, and good, and another loses by being idle, ignorant, and bad.

There is, however, just one advantage about these palaces; they keep good company. In all Europe, there is not a single exception to the rule, that in sight of every palace there is a library, a picture gallery, or a museum. All these have the charmed word, "royal," prefixed to their names, and it is to the sovereign's influence that most of them are due. In these magnificent collections of antiquities, and in the great cathedrals, that are also found near every palace, a perfect equality of rank is recognized; one that is found nowhere else in these king-gov-

erned lands. Beneath the image of the virgin, the workman's blouse brushes against the lady's velvet, and before the Madonnas of Raphael, and the Venuses of Titian, the peasant and the princess stand side by side. It is the same in the great galleries of St. Petersburg, and Moscow, as in the Louvre and the Luxembourg, at Paris—the dull-faced serfs and the intelligent French artisans alike throng the historical and art collections, where all that wealth and taste can gather, of beautiful and curious objects, are thrown open, without charge, to whoever choose to come.

Let me tell you of an hour spent in one of Europe's choicest museums—that of Berlin, just across the great square from one of the king's palaces; (King William, of Prussia, has at least a dozen, in and about his capital.) Passing by the hundreds of rooms where pictures, sculptures, and historical collections are arranged, we went to those containing antiquities from Greece.

In ancient times, it was the custom, in that country, to offer gifts in the temples of the gods, and to place in the graves of departed friends, the garments they had worn, and the articles they had used in life. It was also the custom, then, as it is now, in many Catholic churches that we have visited, to pray before the altar of a favorite deity, (as now—a-days before that of a favorite saint,) to be healed of one's diseases, and, if a cure followed, to hang up near that altar a representation of the part affected, as a sign of gratitude. So here are numerous hearts, hands, arms, and feet, cut out of metal, and offered by devout worshippers of mythologic deities.

For, in making excavations among the ruins of Grecian and Italian cities, a great variety of objects, from the temples and the graves of ancient times, have been discovered, and they shed a clearer light than even that of history, upon these classic nations, before and after the advent of our Saviour.

Learned men have studied these relics carefully, and from them a great deal of curious information has been gained.

But for you and me, who are not antiquarians, there is still a lesson in these rusted relics of two thousand years ago.

It is the lesson of beauty and of grace. In our beloved young America we have so much hard work before us, so many railroads to build, and prairies to subdue, that the useful, rather than the beautiful, is our divinity. That worship will come later, when the last territory has been made a state; when all the fields are fenced, and every neighborhood has its school house and its church.

But with the Greeks, the first thought was not of use, but beauty. The fine arts—poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture—were their *business*. Their beggars, even, were musicians, and, instead of worrying money from the passers-by, through their importunities, they sang sweet songs beneath the windows of the rich, and, far too delicate to ask for alms directly, they resorted to various devices, full of ingenuity as of poetry. For example, in the spring they brought a swallow, and sang:

"He has come back, the pretty bird, with tidings from the south. It is the time of joy and gratitude. Open your window to the twittering swallow, lady fair."

All of which, being translated into the language of our prosaic days, means: "I've

asked you, in a polite way, for ten cents. Throw me that amount and I'll be gone."

Thus the Greeks literally made everything bend to their love of the beautiful. Carry this idea into the department of pots and kettles. Examine this soup ladle. At the end of the handle is a swan's head, tastefully carved, and the handle itself is the neck of the swan. Look at this series of dinner pots, graceful and delicate in outline, the "ball" fastened on by stag's heads, in bronze; the useful utensil known in familiar language as a "spider," has a lion's body for its handle. The "steel-yards," with which Greek kitchens were provided, are of bronze, carefully moulded, and adorned with bas-reliefs, and the weights are beautiful heads in bronze, filled with lead. Here is a candelabra, about as long as an umbrella, supported by three lions' feet, connected with its graceful central column, from which extend branches for six candles, which seemed to proceed from cups of flowers. Here are the frames of chairs, the ornaments being sculptured faces of women, and axles of carriages, having, at each end, a horse's head, in bronze.

All of the kitchen utensils were found in graves of women, and the candelabras were standing beside the dead, in their tombs—symbols of the light their friends would find shed on the mysterious path beyond.

Notice this large collection of mosaic floors, on which walked light and careless feet, two thousand years ago. The colors and designs are still fresh and distinct. One of them tells a story of the merry vintage season. A large skin bottle, filled with wine, is oiled, and the young grape gatherers dance on its slippery sides. An old man directs the game, and assigns forfeits in case of failure. One youth has fallen to the ground, a group of girls are laughing at his awkwardness, and Bacchus, god of wine, with his wife, Ariadne, by his side, looks from the clouds above, and smiles upon the revelers. Thus, a bit of pictured floor reflects a national custom.

"If, in America, with all our gettings, we could but get a museum like this of Berlin!" we say to Dr. Freldrichs, the director of the department we are visiting, a gentleman liberal and kind, as wise men are apt to be.

"Ah! but you Americans can do just as you please," he answered, with generous enthusiasm; "you have taught Europe that a hundred times. We have the advantage in age, but you in vigor, and in wealth, and money will buy anything—even a collection of antiquities;" and he proceeded to say, in sober earnest, something that I wish you, boys and girls, who, in 1900 will be the masters and the mistresses of our Republic, to read with care and to remember with resolve.

"Send over your ships, your smooth-tongued diplomats, your California gold," said the professor, "and negotiate for Mount Olympus, excavate it and carry home the spoils. So rich in offerings was this mountain, that from it could be gathered a finer collection, illustrating the history of Greece in classic times, than any of our museums can show. You have mines of gold; we, ruined cities, whose unexplored foundations entomb a thousand histories, written in metal and in stone. We can exchange on terms honorable and advantageous to the new nation and the old."

Paris, May 7th, 1869.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE, No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1869.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the P. O. where the paper is received.

### NOW IS THE TIME.

Now is the time to work for clubs. Give us ten thousand *new* names before the close of July, and all the old ones. You can do it. Do it!

See Premium List, on third page of cover.

### NEW VOLUME.

This number begins Volume Nine. You remember we have two volumes a year, one beginning with July and one with January.

NOW begin a club, or add to your old one. Many clubs are made up during the summer. See our Premium List on third page of cover, and roll in your club lists during the next two or three months; send as many as possible immediately. NOW is the best time to work, during the summer vacation.

Jan 9, OR Jan 69.

If any of our subscribers whose time of payment expired with June, and who have not yet renewed, should see this number, we hope they will send on their dollars *at once*. THE CORPORAL does not want to lose one of his army, and we are sure you do not want to lose him, nor can you afford to.

Renew at once, and send in a club. Two names will secure a premium; larger list, larger premiums.

If you fail to receive THE CORPORAL for any month, let us know. The mails sometimes fail, and we want to make good all such losses. Besides this, among so many thousands, it would be strange if we did not sometimes make mistakes. Write and tell us about any errors, and we will do all that is right. THE CORPORAL's motto is the rule of his life and practice.

### NEW BOOK BY MRS. MILLER.

Mrs. Miller is now finishing a sequel to Jimmy Marvin, or "The Royal Road to Fortune." Both the original story, which so interested the readers of THE CORPORAL last year, and the Sequel, will be published by us in one handsome book, about next September.

If you wear out your number in canvassing with it, write and tell us what number it is, and we will send a new one in its place, free of charge.

### TRANSFERRED.

There comes to us, from time to time, the news, which always makes us sad, that some of our dear, little soldiers have been removed from the ranks here below, to the shining army above. We want to keep some record of these changes, and we did not know just what to call it. "*Promoted*" would not do, for it is just as grand and honorable to do God's work here on earth, as to do his will in heaven.

"*Discharged*" would be no better, for, though they are freed from conflict here, we believe there is real work in heaven for all to do—we do not know just what it will be, but we all feel sure the hymn is right that says:

There'll be something in heaven for children to do;  
None are idle in that blessed land."

And then we thought of "*Transferred*"—only changed from one regiment to another. One great Leader over all, who appoints his soldiers to every duty, and stations them just where He sees best, and to whose love and wisdom, we can trust our dear ones and ourselves.

We have names of only three on our table, at present, but, in future, all that are sent us, who were, in life, readers and lovers of THE CORPORAL, will be noticed under this head.

CORA M. PUTNAM, Albany, Wisconsin;  
CHARLIE TIMMONS, Springfield, Missouri;  
ISABEL HEROT, Fort Jones, California.

Little Belle was less than eleven years old, and was one of THE CORPORAL's best friends, having added, by her own efforts, seventy-five subscribers to our list, in California. She was one whose letters attracted our particular attention.

A letter from her loving father, all blistered by tears, and which brought other tears to our own eyes, told us how she had given her young heart to Christ. Just before her death, she distributed all her little keepsakes among her friends, and sent many kind messages to loved ones, including the editor of THE CORPORAL, who she knew only through the magazine and the letters we had written her.

When she was through the list, she said, "And now, papa, I give my heart and soul to the Saviour;" and shortly afterward, peacefully and sweetly, her pure spirit passed to the other side of the stream. We have her picture in THE CORPORAL's album, where it will remain among our other keepsakes.

O, dear children, let us be careful to live so that when we go away, it will be really true of us, as it was of little Belle, that we are only *transferred*.

### AT THE WRONG DOOR.

One dreary winter, a poor widow, who lived up three flights of stairs in a cold, little garret, was astonished by seeing a load of coal brought to the house. She could hardly believe it could be for her, but the man who brought it assured her there could be no mistake, so he dumped it on the sidewalk, and the poor woman *carried it all up to her garret in her apron*, for fear it might be stolen before morning. Only think how she felt the next day, when the man came back and told her he had made a mistake, and the coal was not for her, after all! She sat down and reported the case to a kind gentleman, who paid for the coal.

Somebody has brought something nice to my door, and, though he was very sure it belonged there, *I know better*, and am not going to carry it up to my garret. I hope everybody who reads THE CORPORAL remembers "*FAITH*," a sweet little poem that was published without any signature, in the February number.

A good friend of THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

who lives away down east, in saying some very pleasant things of the paper, was kind enough to credit this poem to the associate editor. The editor would be proud to own it, but, with thanks for the compliment, must bestow the honor where it rightfully belongs, upon one of THE CORPORAL's favorite contributors, ALTA GRANT. E. H. M.

### OUR AMERICA.

Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw is, at our request, writing a series of articles for THE CORPORAL, the first one of which appears in this number, the aim of which will be to make all who read our magazine better American citizens. They will be sparkling and attractive as stories, and yet will be eminently instructive. The first has to do with those nice, fashionable people, who smuggle finery from Europe without paying tariff duties, thus swindling their government. This will lead to other chapters, intended to make us understand the whole theory of our American government, its constitution and laws; giving us to see their wisdom and the reasonableness of our doing all in our power to sustain, uphold, and keep pure and true, so good a government as ours. From the chapters already in our hands, we can promise that these articles from Mrs. Henshaw's pen will be read with very great interest by both young and old, and we believe that they will be productive of great good.

### FAIRY AND GOBLIN STORIES.

We enjoy, occasionally, a *first class* fairy or goblin story, but there are few writers who are competent to write such as are worth printing. We are obliged to decline a great many stories of this kind, and would suggest to our friends that they do not send many such Mss. to us. We will give, in an early number, a splendid Goblin Story of the Hartz Mountains, by Fische Reed. While we have enjoyed very much this story of Kob, we prefer not to print *many* stories of fairies or goblins, as we have a decided preference for *practical articles*, and stories illustrating *real life*. Such matter is more useful and more in harmony with THE CORPORAL's mission in the world.

**SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD.**—A very large business is done in this country, in sending books to buyers by mail; but as they are *generally* sent, the corners are nearly always badly broken and spoiled. We have to mail a great many books, both as premiums and to customers, and have felt so sorry to have them ruined in the mails that we have devised a remedy, or rather a prevention. We have invented a patent metal "*Protector*," or "*Corner Guard*," which fastens over the corner of the book in such a way that it is almost impossible for the corners of even the finest books to be damaged in the mails. This invention, though so simple, is of very great advantage, for it is so light that it *very seldom* adds to the postage, and yet so strong that the book is effectually protected.

We can now mail, *post paid*, to any Post Office in the United States, any respectable book in the trade, on receipt of the published price. When you order, state, if you know, what firm publishes the book ordered.

## PRUDY'S POCKET.

Did you ever see an *old-fashioned pocket*, little folks? Not one of the dainty, little affairs that mamma stitches on the outside of your pretty, ruffled aprons, but such an one as our dear grandmothers used to wear, twenty-five or thirty years ago; made out of black silk, big and square, and fastened securely on the right side. They needed to be fastened securely, for they always held, besides the knitting work and spectacle case, a few seed cakes and russet apples, some sprigs of caraway, and now and then such wonderful red and white peppermint drops! At least I know of *one* pocket that was always furnished in that way, and the very thought of it now makes my mouth water.

We're going to make such a pocket for Prudy—you all know Prudy—and put all the letters we get from the children, and all the nice little things we hear about them, into it. Almost every day, when the great baskets of letters are opened, we shall say—"Here, Prudy; here's something for your pocket from a little boy up in Iowa, or a little girl down in Georgia." And Prudy will keep them safely; and if you want to know what becomes of them, look every month for "PRUDY'S POCKET."

I don't really know where to begin, for here are letters that have been waiting, nobody knows how long, because everybody was so busy. Let me see.

Somebody has sent us a "Puzzle" of thirteen lines, containing six misspelled words. The answer is a puzzle in itself—who can guess it? "*a Ruster.*"

Here's a letter very carefully written by somebody's Edith, ten years old—"Little Puss," her mamma calls her. She loves THE CORPORAL, and makes friends of all the little folks he tells her of, and fancies she knows just how Chicken Little, and Davy Phillips, and all the rest look. I dare say she does, and I think I know just how *she* looks.

"A Happy New Year from Willie C." Dear me, it's rather late to return the greeting, Willie. I shall have to follow the example of a little boy who crept softly into his mother's room and awakened her by shouting, "Hurrah! mamma, wis' you Forf of July!"

"Koloa, island of Kauai, Hawaiian Islands." Get your maps, and see what a long way this letter came. It is from a missionary, acknowledging the receipt of THE CORPORAL, and promising some letters from his school of twenty little Hawaiian girls, "all of whom read English very well, and many of whom have sufficient intelligence to understand and profit by THE LITTLE CORPORAL." Let us hear again from Hawaii.

And here are pleasant words of praise and encouragement from the editor of one of the leading rural papers of the country. It hardly belongs among the children's letters, but Prudy pocketed it, because in that very paper she published her *first* article, and afterwards received from it her *first* dollar for contributions.

"This life is all war, little children. That sounds strange, but there are always two armies. One fights under your motto—for

the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and Jesus is its Captain. The other battles for the Wrong, and against the good, the true, and the beautiful, and the leader of this host is Satan. In whose ranks will you enlist, children?" Prudy thinks that that letter is good and true, at least.

W. R. Moore makes a "suggestion" in regard to a matter which has been in preparation for some time. Mrs. Henshaw's articles are intended to give the children just the information they need, and we feel sure will be both interesting and instructive.

Freddie is a farmer's boy, up in Michigan. He tells us they have had a misfortune—their house burned up with all its contents; among the rest "all my LITTLE CORPORALS and other treasures." That was bad, Freddie; but let me tell you what a little girl three years old said, when her papa was away: "P'raps somefn might happen 'fore my papa gets back; p'raps our house might burn down, and then, when he comes and looks at the hole, he'll say, 'Where's my p'ecious little Winnie?' An' I'll come right back from Aunt Tacy's, an' he'll squeeze me tight in his arms, an' say, 'well, it *don't* do any matter 'bout the rest of the fings!'"

Here is another Michigan letter, from a little girl twelve years old, whose dear father was killed in the army. She wants to *earn* THE CORPORAL for her two little brothers and herself, and says, "I should be almost ashamed to send you this badly-written letter, but I believe you are a kind friend to little girls who are trying to do right." We are glad to add Jennie to our list of friends.

Michigan again. A letter from a "First Lieutenant in the Army of the American Eagle." Promises his picture, which shall have a place in the Corporal's Album.

Here is a note, written in pencil, from a dear old lady, almost eighty years old, who has been laid aside from active life for fifteen years, and whose hands are almost crippled. Yet she loves THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and sends the editor a nice tidy, which she has contrived to knit with her crippled hands. I don't think money could buy one which the editor would be so proud of.

Richard Elmer Rogers prints a nice letter, to say he sold his pet lamb for money to pay for THE CORPORAL; and another boy, who could only raise half a dollar, sold his *jack-knife* for the other half. I am sure all the boys will say that the knife must have been the hardest to part with, but I think THE CORPORAL was worth the price.

Another missionary letter, all the way from the city of Constantinople. THE CORPORAL has found his way to some little boys there, who are delighted with their visitor. I should like to give you the whole of the mother's letter, but can only quote one of little Willie's sayings. Once, when his father had gone on a long tour, where he was continually exposed to danger from robbers, Willie prayed every night that God would keep them away; "But," he added, "if they *should* happen to come, please let my father use his pistol, and do let it go off well."

Rosa Pearl's mother sends us another of

her poems, "warranted original." It is quite as good as a great deal that grown-up folks have written and printed about spring. Here is the best verse:

"Spring lets fall her sparkling showers,  
Dots the grass with brilliant flowers;  
Home there comes the bluebird,  
The swallow and the thrush;  
And the house wren, saucy fellow,  
Is twittering in the bush."

That's pretty well for a little girl of seven.

And now here's something from a boy of nine. He says: "I want to tell you how I got my paper. I chopped enough wood to make half a cord. My pa helped me split it, and he hauled it to town and sold it for two dollars, and gave me a dollar to subscribe for THE CORPORAL. I wish it would come every week, like pa's paper." That boy will do.

An editor up in the mining regions of Michigan sends us a friendly letter, telling, among other things, of his little son's delight in THE CORPORAL. Archie is seven years old, and reads the stories to his schoolmates. He learned a poem from the paper, and spoke it in school, to the great delight of the teacher, who was very anxious to know where he found it. But Master Archie very gravely requested his father not to let anybody else in the place subscribe for the "*Little Copperd*," so he could have the sole right to the poems!

Here is a letter that all must read:

ALFRED L. SEWELL & Co., Publishers—Gentlemen: I have seen *half* of a copy of "THE LITTLE CORPORAL," have kept it a long time, for the address, hoping I should be able to send a subscription for a year, but have not been able. I am laboring for freedmen, they are very poor, my only income thus far, this year, has not averaged over three dollars per month, *all told*. Cannot you afford me a copy, yearly, gratis, to read to our school? If not, will you not hand this to a friend of means, to read, and use your influence to secure us a patron in this regard? Fraternally,  
JAMES FITZ ALLAN Sisson.

Butler's Plantation, Rock Dale District, Conger's Post Office, Newton County, Georgia.

We frequently have such letters from those who are too poor to pay; and we want to propose a *roll of honor*, in which we will print the names of all who send money to pay for copies of THE CORPORAL to these worthy poor who would be so glad to have our Magazine.

We send many on our own account, but cannot afford so many as are asked for. The children who receive these free CORPORALS shall know to whom they are indebted for them, and this work will do you as much good as any other missionary work. If you could see these poor people, you would be glad to speak words of kindness to them. You cannot go, but for one dollar you can send THE CORPORAL twelve times, and he will stay and do them good. Let us have a long list on this roll of honor.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. F., Chicago, will please remember that we cannot use any manuscripts unless we know the true, full name of the writer, so the charade has gone to the Waste Basket.

I. S. sends two enigmas, but does not send the answer to either, or the writer's name. All puzzles, enigmas, and everything of the kind, must be accompanied by the answer, or plump they go into the Waste Basket, no matter how good they may be.

Many letters continue to reach us, some containing money, that omit to mention the post office, state, or name of the writer, either one or all of them. How can we serve you, dear friends, when you are so careless.

## LITTLE CHICKS.

BY PRUDY.

One, two, three little chickens!  
Brown and yellow and white,  
Bobbing around in this restless fashion,  
Out of the nest to-night;  
Three, four—if you don't keep quiet,  
How can I count you right?  
One, two—stop till I count you,  
Dear little downy things;  
Cuddled away from every danger  
Under your mother's wings;  
"Wee! wee!" when the baby's sleepy,  
That is the song he sings!  
One, two—say, can you count them,  
Stupid old mother hen?  
How do you know that under your feathers  
Nestle your chickens ten?  
What if the cat comes slyly creeping,  
How will you hide them then?  
Ah, me! ten little chickens,  
Beautiful, downy balls!  
Wait, little chicks, and don't be growing  
Big, and bony, and tall!  
Stay where the mother's wing can shelter,  
Brooding over you all.

## HIDE AND SCRAP'S FATE.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

Alas! that I should say it, my talkative little friends are quite broken and silent. They tell me nothing, they question me no more. I miss them sadly. This is how it happened. Shortly after the chat I had with them in May, the weather became quite cold again. My stove, which had not been needed for weeks, was all loaded and primed, ready to be touched off suddenly at just such a cold snap. Getting up that morning, and shivering, I ran into my study and set the fire a-going, and went down to breakfast. Two hours passed. When I came back to my room, it was a little smoky, and full of fumes of scorched leather.

I at once remembered my boots, and their nest by the stove, and how hot the bottom of it might become; and I rushed forward and snatched them away, all crook't and smoking.

"Poor things, are you hurt?" said I, resting the boot on my knee in the old way. I tenderly bent the toe and listened, but the *skreek* did not sound. I bent it more rudely, and the "outsole," "insole," and "filling" broke into pieces on my knee; and I saw in a moment that my little companions were used up. Their life had floated off into the air. Nothing was left but burnt leather. I was lonely, I can tell you.

To be sure, the little fellows could tell me but very little about themselves that I did not know before; but they used to remind me of little things that I had forgotten—mere trifles. I have overheard many a talk from them that I have not written out for THE CORPORAL.

SCRAP was always wondering at the scraping and brushing and blacking that the boot got on Saturday evening; "and," said he, "he keeps clean all the next day! he never puts his foot into it anywhere!" I told him about Sunday, and that wise men always rest from all work on Sunday, while pious men get together and pray and sing and thank God, and have a real good time.

"Sing," said SCRAP; "I hate singing; you always stamp on us so, when they sing."

I could not make him understand that I

was beating time with my foot; he called it "stamping on him."

"It seems to me, sir," said HIDE, at another time, "that the very happiest time we ever have together, is when you have stroked us all over smooth, and put us down before the fire."

I laughed, and told him that we men do not enjoy greasing boots very much.

"But," said he, "it makes us so very, very happy!"

I explained to him that a man wants to make himself happy. He seemed surprised, and asked, "Is that so?" I told him yes, except the Christians. "They," I said, "deny themselves, and love to make other folks happy."

"Well, then," said HIDE, "I like Christians the best."

"So do I," said I, "and I am going to keep you well greased, to please you."

Then HIDE and SCRAP whispered a little space, and SCRAP spoke up, "You may stamp on us;" and HIDE added, "We will try to keep your feet dry and warm."

"Thank you," said I.

"Thank you," said they, together.

And they did what they could. The upper leather, French and fashionable, let in the water, badly. But all the SOLES, neighbors of HIDE and SCRAP, were homely, good-natured people, and did good work.

"Hoo-o! you are making up all this story about HIDE and SCRAP and the *Skreek* tongue. I've found you out; people don't grease their boot soles and stroke 'em smooth!" said a little girl, to whom I read so much.

"Sensible people," I replied, "sensible people always grease the soles more than any other part of the boot, especially while the boot is new."

"Why, 'twould get on the carpets, great, big grease spots at every step!" said she.

"Not if you put it on when the sole is new and porous," said I. "If HIDE and SCRAP were able to speak, they would tell you how soft and tough they were on STEER'S back. And STEER used to keep them well oiled all the time. You haven't caught me yet in a made-up story."

"Why didn't they stay soft and tough, then? Why don't we make shoes of live skins instead of dead leather? What is leather, anyhow?"

"That is what I was going to tell HIDE, if he had lived."

"Well, tell me."

"All the pores of a hide are full of dried glue. When the tanner soaks and softens the raw hide, the glue is dissolved. Then he puts the soft hide into a deep vat, and lets a weak tea, made of hemlock bark or oak bark and water, flow into this vat and fill it. This tea soaks into the leather and curdles the glue and makes it solid. The tanner changes the tea, and keeps making it stronger and stronger, until by and by the hide has soaked up all the *tannin* it can hold. Every cell is full of curdled glue. Then the tanner takes the leather out of the vat and hangs it up to dry. After it is dry, he rolls it out smooth, just as women iron out rough-dried shirts; only the tanner uses a cold roller, and the women a hot sad iron, or flat iron."

"And then what becomes of the leather?"

"The dry leather weighs more than twice as much as the dry hide did. The tanner sends it back to New York. There they

weigh it and stamp it, and by and by sell it to a shoe manufacturer, who brings it back to Elmira, or some other nice city. And there it is cut up and shaped and pasted and pegged and sewed and trimmed and blacked and scraped and buffed—and years ago, I bought the boots for ten dollars—the boots with HIDE and SCRAP in the sole."

"Now, real honest, did HIDE and SCRAP tell you stories, and talk *Skreek* to you?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'talk.' When you *talk*, you make a noise with your voice, and the noise goes in by my ear and sets my mind a-thinking. And this is just what HIDE and SCRAP have done. They made a noise—a *skreek* noise—and it went in by my ear, and set my mind a-thinking. And if that be not talking, pray tell me what is?"

But the talking is done. I have burned up the boots on a brush heap in my garden; their whole life has floated off into the air, and their dust has gone back to the dust of my garden, and the pea vines, with pink and white blossoms on them, are growing where the ashes of HIDE and SCRAP were scattered.

## OF DAKOTA DOCTORING.\*

Among the Dakotas, as among other heathen races, the offices of physician and priest were, for the most part, united in the same person. This being so, it is not strange that their notions of diseases should be shaped very much by their beliefs in regard to the spirit world. They suppose that everything is inhabited by one or more spirits, and that disease is caused by other spirits taking possession of a person. Hence the first business of the Dakota doctor is to ascertain what spirit is causing the trouble or disease in his patient. This he does, not only by observing the symptoms, but by incantations addressed to the spirits or gods which are the special objects of his worship, and on that account expected to befriend him.

From this fact, as well as from the whole manner of his practice, we call the Dakota doctor or medicine man a *conjurer*. Indeed, their own word for this kind of treatment of the sick means *renewing*, or *mending up*; and the man or woman who thus practices the healing art, is styled by them a *renewer* or *mender*.

The word, which they apply to medicines of all kinds, literally means "grass roots;" and hence they call white physicians *Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-we-chah-ta*, or *grass-root-men*. But this name is seldom or never given to their own doctors, or conjurers, since they practice generally, not medicine, but *conjuring* or *powwowing*.

As disease, in their estimation, is caused by an intruding spirit, the second thing to be done by the Dakota doctor or conjurer, is to drive out this spirit. In doing this, he lustily shakes his rattle, or gourd shell, sings, and makes all kinds of horrid noises and gestures, not omitting to ask the assistance of the gods. In most cases he applies his mouth to the skin of the sick one near the diseased part, and sucks with all his might. This may answer the purpose of cupping. By his side stands a vessel made of bark, containing water, into which he blows the

\* This article is chiefly taken from a chapter of a book, which is soon to be published, entitled "The Gospel among the Dakotas."



phlegm or blood that he has drawn from the patient. Not unfrequently he introduces into the water, through his own mouth, a small shell or stone, which he produces as evidence that he has extracted the cause of the disease.

Dakota doctoring or conjuring is real work. He screams, he shrieks, he groans, he sings, he stamps his feet and shakes his rattle, and makes all kinds of threatening motions, to drive out the evil spirit; and hence the conjuror is accustomed, even in cold weather, to divest himself of all his clothing, except his breechcloth, moccasins and leggings; and the latter, instead of being bound about his legs, hang trailing from his ankles.

But notwithstanding this noise and worry and work, the intruding spirit may not go at his bidding. The conjuror must resort to higher practice. He takes a piece of bark, and carves an image of the wolf, or bear, or whatever animal he supposes has sent the spirit into the sick man. This is placed upon a pole, and when the conjuror's incantation is through, it is shot by persons who are prepared for that work. Surely the sick man will now recover. He *ought* to get well, but perhaps he does not. The evil spirit may still have possession of him. What is to be done? Why, try again. The conjuror may not have divined correctly. The spirit, which is causing all this pain and sickness, may be that of a fox, and not of a wolf. The doctor must be paid again, and the whole process repeated. If this does not succeed, the conjuror very properly concludes that the spirit he wishes to cast out is more powerful than the spirit which is in himself. Hence he fails. Another conjuror must be sought, and bought with a blanket, or gun, or possibly a horse. He tries his skill and power. If he is possessed of a spirit more powerful or more mysterious than the spirit that has caused the sickness, he will be successful. But if not, then, alas! the poor man must die. The doctors cannot help him.

There is another process, which is often resorted to by the Dakotas, to cure the pains and aches "that flesh is heir to"—that is the *vapor bath*. It is a simple steaming process. A small booth is constructed, by means of willows stuck in the ground and bent over and tied at the top, which is covered with blankets or buffalo robes. Near by a fire is made and stones are heated. The person who is to take the steam bath, enters the booth, naked. The heated stones are rolled in, and he pours water upon them. So far it would appear to be religiously unobjectionable, and physically beneficial in many kinds of disease. But the Dakota cannot divorce the heated stones from his religious worship. It cannot be to him simply a cleansing and remedial process. There is a spirit in the stones. He must sing and pray to that. The whole thing must be a worship, and he is cured more by the worship than by the cleansing and curative powers of water and heat.

While the Dakotas have mainly relied upon incantation or conjuring to cure their diseases, they have, from time immemorial, possessed a limited knowledge of the virtues of roots and herbs. These they have used to some extent in connection with conjuring, and especially for external applications, and in the treatment of sores and wounds. As

their intercourse with white people has increased, their faith in this kind of practice may have increased, likewise, and their knowledge of medicines been somewhat extended.

But the idea that spirit is more powerful than matter, and that spirit is always inherent and active in every form of the material world which he sees and handles, so possesses the mind of the Dakota, that when he administers medicines, their efficacy is attributed to *the god or spirit residing in the plant*, rather than to any mechanical, chemical, or other power, in the medicine itself. Then, in addition to the power of this indwelling spirit, the herb or root may have imparted to it, by prayers and god-communications, some *mysterious* efficacy. Thus the doctor comes to his patient, and gives the medicine, singing this song:

"This mysterious grass root take;  
This mysterious grass root take."

And then adds his prayer:

"May this man mysteriously live again;  
May this man mysteriously live again."

It is easy now to understand how the medicine administered by one man may be more efficacious than that of another. He has himself come more into the mystery and power of the spirit world. He has prayed more—he has fasted more—he has danced more—he has dreamed more. The spirits and the gods have become his friends, and communicated to him their assistance. In his tent or house he hangs up the antlers of a deer, and then he sings:

"In this house of mysterious wind I lie,  
In this house of mysterious wind I lie;  
In this sacred house may I become a mystery  
In this house of mysterious wind I lie."

Is it strange that he becomes changed into the mysterious, and that henceforth all his medicines shall be possessed of mysterious power?

The number of those who depend mainly on their practice for a living, is comparatively very great among the Dakotas—in some villages not less than one man in ten and one woman in thirty. There are a few individuals who give medicine without conjuring or invoking the aid of spirits. "I have known one such," says Dr. Williamson, "who attained a deservedly-high reputation among his own people, and was sometimes called to practice among the whites. With intellectual as well as perceptive powers strongly developed, and such knowledge of the powers of roots as is attainable among his people, naturally polite, and very observant of all those little things which contribute to the comfort of the patient, I have often thought he might have acquired fame and money among civilized men, if he had not justly preferred to live among his own people, and do what he could for them."

It is a curious fact to note, that, in general, their remedies are *secret*, and the knowledge of them concealed as far as possible from each other. One who, owing to age and infirmity, does not expect to live much longer by his profession, communicates to his son, or some near relative, the knowledge he possesses. But under other circumstances, this knowledge must be purchased. Not unfrequently a horse is given to some celebrated practitioner for a single root, and his secret about its uses. Thus, without books, and with such obstacles placed in the way of the transmission of knowledge, if any im-

portant discoveries are made, they are liable to perish with the discoverers.

With such false notions about the causes of diseases, and with such a practice as the conjuror's, and such a very limited knowledge of remedial agents, we should not expect the sick to be much benefited by their medicine men. And yet there is no way of accounting for the high value set on their services, without supposing that in many cases they give relief. In other words, their practice must be in the main successful. This is certainly true more frequently than we would expect, especially in cases of wounds, and pains from local inflammation. Dr. Williamson ascribes this success to their *good nursing*. "The perceptive faculties of the Dakotas," he says, "are far more acute than those of civilized men. The successful medicine man, like the successful warrior, attains to the highest honor, and is more certain of accumulating property largely than either the warrior or the hunter. Hence his faculties are stimulated to the highest degree of activity; and having usually only one patient at a time, he can observe more closely the effects of his remedies. Some of them are excellent nurses of the sick, most attentive to all those things which conduce to their comfort. Quiet is obtained by removing the children from the tent. Then the ground floor of the tent is carpeted, in summer, with ferns or other soft herbage, and scented with sweet grass and aromatic herbs." In winter the best substitutes are procured, and perfume is made by burning cedar leaves. Such effort and care to procure quiet and rest for the sick one, we should hardly have expected from those who are so noisy in the practice of their incantations.

"Without natural affection." This is one of the charges brought by Paul against the heathen world; and without question there is much truth in it. Among the Indians, old persons are often not properly cared for, and sometimes they are *exposed*—that is, *left alone to die*. Parents, too, oftentimes neglect, and even cast off their children. But this is not the rule. Dakota fathers and mothers often exhibit a strong love of offspring. When a child is sick, there is manifested tender care and anxious solicitude. Strong friendships, too, are formed. Like David and Jonathan, they often strip themselves of their blankets, their girdles, and their bows. But they have their hatreds, also. *Bad medicine* is often sought and used. Some of their medicine men have knowledge of roots that in certain conditions produce death. Among the Dakotas, *bad medicine* often commands a high price. Then, as we are speaking of those who believe in powerful spiritual influences, we find connected with this part of our subject, that of *magic and witchcraft*. Among a people whose ordinary diseases are produced by the *possession of spirits*, we should not be surprised if extraordinary deaths are produced by sorcery. Granted to men the power to cast out evil spirits, we can hardly deny to them the power to send them in. I once conversed with a Dakota woman who claimed to have killed a great many persons by bewitching them.

Listening, as I have often done, to the song and the rattle of the conjuror, in the still night, I have always thanked my God that I was not born a Dakota.



## THE PILGRIM'S KNAPSACK.

"Good morning, my dear Pilgrim," said Private Queer, as he met the young traveler at the depot in Chicago, after his long ride from Philadelphia. "Allow me to carry your knapsack to the carriage, sir. THE CORPORAL will be most happy to see you. His train is in from Evanston by this time; and he will be waiting for us, in the office, for he expected you this morning. I am very glad to see you looking so well, sir."

The Private said all this very rapidly, before the Pilgrim had time to speak, and, indeed, he was a little taken by surprise by the heartiness of the young soldier's reception, for, in the staid old Quaker city he had been used to deliberation and quiet dignity. He felt sure, however, that the young stranger was a friend, and in a moment grasped his hand warmly and returned his salutation with,

"Mr. Queer, of THE CORPORAL's staff! I could not help knowing you, sir, from your photograph, which came with that of our good commander, the Corporal;" and the two lads passed on, and in a few minutes were seated in the carriage, and the wheels were rolling smoothly over the Nicholson pavement.

The Corporal met them at the door of his sanctum, and, after a hearty exchange of salutations, the three were soon engaged in pleasant conversation, which ended something like the following:

"Well, you don't look much wearied, Pilgrim. Did you come directly through?"

"O, to-be-sure, to-be-sure, Corporal; after a fifteen years' pilgrimage I am somewhat tough, and travel doesn't go very hard with me; and even if it usually did, the cars on the Pennsylvania Central, and Pittsburg and Ft. Wayne Railroads do glide along so smoothly and rapidly, and the scenery is so beautiful, that it only rests one to travel by that route. With good rations, easy riding, and such sleeping cars, the trip over the mountains is a treat; and then on the old Quaker road one feels safe, always safe, Corporal. There's a great deal in that, you know."

"Ah, yes, Pilgrim, but then we mustn't think too much about our personal safety. We have a great fight before us, and as the old warrior said, 'We are immortal till our work is done.'"

"That's true, Corporal, and I'm eager for the fight, especially since I am to follow your orders, and am to have a companion and helper so pleasant and true as our good friend, Mr. Queer, appears to be."

"You'll find Queer as true as steel," said the Corporal, "and besides that, the boys and girls all love him. I shall look for good things from the Knapsack, with you and Queer, both, to manage it."

"And," said the Pilgrim and Private Queer, both in the same breath, "you shall not be disappointed, Corporal; not if we can help it."

"My good mother, Grace Greenwood," said the Pilgrim, "to whom I must write before the next mail leaves, will expect great things of me, after such careful training; indeed, I feel sure she would never have allowed me to leave home permanently, if it had not been to fight with you, for 'the Good, the True, and the Beautiful,' for she believes in that kind of warfare."

NOTE.—Our number for June told you how Grace Greenwood's Little Pilgrim had joined THE CORPORAL's army, and that he would hereafter have charge of the Knapsack. Private Queer assists the Pilgrim in this work, and we are glad to state that they work together in harmony and love.

## FRENCH MONTHS.

*Janvier* is January, New Year's, then, is here;  
*Février* is February, shortest of the year;  
*Mars* is March, the stormy month when winds are loud and high;  
*Avril* is showery April, when sweet spring flowers are nigh;  
*Mai* is sweet May, the happy time when birds begin to lay;  
*Juin* is June, the rosy month when all the world is gay;  
*Juillet* is hot July, when herds stand in the cooling shade;  
*Août* is August, when the grain in golden rows is laid;  
*Septembre*, and *Octobre*, and cold *Novembre*, too,  
 Are words so like the English names, they easy are for you;  
*Décembre* ends the year; now see if you the months can say;  
 Begin with that I told you first, and call it *Janvier*. *Mary B. C. Slade.*

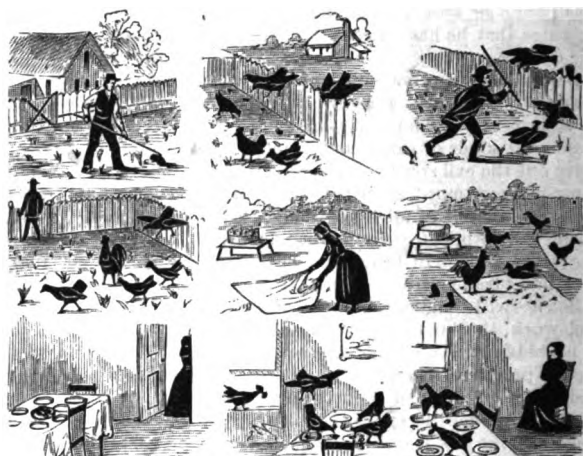
## THE CORPORAL'S CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the highest mountain in Wales always white? Because it is Snowdon.

To what two cities of Massachusetts should little boys go with their boats? They should go to Fall River and Salem.

## No. 1.—A PICTURE STORY.

NEIGHBORS' HENS.



Reading to be given in next number.

W. O. C.

## No. 2.—A PICTURE STORY.

NIMBLE DICK WISHES HE COULD FLY.



One Day, Nimble Dick was sitting out by the door of his cave, and three crows came down to see what or who he was. They sat on a bush and looked at him, and then sailed around over his head, cawing, and peering down at him. Nimble Dick liked to see them sailing around, and thought it must be very nice to fly. He began to think that monkeys had rather a hard life, and he wished he was a bird and could fly off in the air.

"Who knows but I could fly, if I would only try? I'll do it," thought Nimble Dick to himself. Now Dick had a broadcloth coat, of which he was very proud; though he did not come by it honestly. Such things don't ever do a person much good.

He put on his broadcloth coat, climbed a tall tree, walked out on the end of a limb, spread out his coat for wings, and gave a spring. That was "a leap in the dark." He fell straight down to the ground, like a bullet. After he came to his senses, he hobbled along home, glad to be a monkey, and thankful for so comfortable a cave to live in.

He concluded it wasn't best for monkeys to want things that never were made for them.

W. O. C.

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 30.—JUNE NUMBER.

Nimble Dick, being rather idle, was apt to get himself into mischief; for "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do."

While strolling around one day, he went into a barn and helped himself to hens' eggs. The boys saw him go in, and they felt sure he was bent on mischief. So they resolved to punish him; or, at any rate, to scare him a little. So they watched for him; and when he put out his head, they threw a volley of stones bang against the door. This drove the poor monkey back. But there was a small window, up in the loft; and, before any of them knew it, he jumped down upon a straw stack, and ran away.

For several weeks, there was a missing among the eggs, and the boys well knew who had been the thief. So one day they watched behind the fence, and saw him go into the barn. "Hurrah, boys!" said Mack. "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways." Saying this, they all ran off to Nimble Dick's den, and what do you think they found? One flag, one rake, and a fork, and a hat full of hens' eggs. So each one took a part, and they carried off all of Nimble Dick's treasures. They said he had won the flag "in a fair fight," but he was no longer worthy of it, and he must win it again, if he ever got it. It is always better to be in some honest business, if it isn't quite so easy.

W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., IN JUNE NUMBER.

No. 27.—*Charade*.—Louise, Anna, Louisiana. No. 28.—*Charade*.—Sham, Rock, Shamrock. No. 29.—*Enigma*.—Lip; Carrie; Help; Roll; Teacher; Poor; Lot; Harp; The Little Corporal.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869,  
by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## LOVE CROWNED.

BY MRS. E. M. OLNSTED.

Gaily through the garden snow  
I watched my darling come and go;  
Behind him trailed a silver thread,  
That tracked the path of a tiny sled.

Round and round in many a maze,  
That charmed his curious, backward gaze,  
And woke a laugh so sweet and wild,  
I said in my heart, "Dear, thoughtless child,  
The roses he loved in summer time  
Are dead and forgotten beneath the rime."  
And, musing, I turned to my household cares  
Till I heard light feet on the garden stairs.  
Was a string untied, or a mitten lost?  
Was puss in peril by fire or frost?

A weightier errand far he brings,  
As back to the wall the door he flings;  
Bearing aloft an emerald prize,  
Silken grass with its summer dyes.

"Mother, see, what was under the snow,  
Close by the hedge where the thorn trees grow.  
Keep it for me. Shall I tell you why?  
To remember the beautiful summer by."

Was it an angel in disguise  
That looked from the tender, beaming eyes,  
And drew my heart from its weight of care,  
Into the sunshine sweet and fair?

And my soul swept out in a song of praise,  
For the love that was crowning all my days!

# The Little Corporal

## FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. 9.  
No. 2.

Chicago, Ill., August, 1869.

### STORY OF KOB AND THE THREE MAGIC SACKS.

BY FISHE REED.

Far up the rugged sides of the Hartz Mountains, many hundred feet above the level of the sea, there once lived an honest, hard-working miller, named Hans Erden, who was so true and correct in all his doings, and so good hearted, withal, that the neighbors gave him the name of honest Hans.

Now, Hans and his sister, Frau Nina, kept house together in a little thatched hovel. All the wealth Hans possessed in the broad world was the hovel, with a patch of ground, and an old rickety mill, which had been built by his grandfather, and ever since had been used for grinding what little grain was raised on the slopes and in the valleys thereabout.

But the best people are not always the richest, and with all the mill toll and the cabbage garden, Hans had often to go to bed with half a supper; and, perhaps, if you could have paid him a visit, some cold winter night, you would have found it the half of a very small one. At such times, Frau Nina would rate him soundly for being so poor, and getting along so much worse than his neighbors.

"Hans! Hans!" she said, one night, "what are we to do? Here you have been for these ten years, rumbling away with that old mill, and we are just as near starving now as when we began life. Can you expect me to work as I do and live on sauer kraut, with now-and then a crumb of bread that wouldn't keep a chicken alive? And now the winter is come; the snow lies thick on the Brocken, and here we are without a kreutzer in the house!"

"What would you have me do, Nina?" said Hans, dolefully. "Did I ever refuse to grind a grist when it came to the mill? And do you take our garden for a quarry, that I can blast out a tub of kraut whenever it is needed?"

"Do!" replied Nina; "why there's Herr Kloppen, who lives in style, owns half a dozen goats, and puts a kreutzer in the poor box every Sunday; and all this on the money left him by his rich uncle. And there's Otto Velten, who got a handsome fortune for saving the life of a gentleman who was lost in the snow in the great schlucht; and didn't Myer Pretzel make a contract with the Erl-king of the Brocken, to give him all his children as soon as they are born, for the privilege of finding a guildler

in his pocket, whenever he should put his hand there; and—"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Hans, looking at the door as though he expected the Spectre of the Brocken to burst in and carry him off bodily, for even listening to such talk. "Bless me, Nina, what have I to do with all this? Does a rich gentleman get lost in the snow at everybody's door? And have I any rich uncle to leave me a fortune? And as to Myer Pretzel, if I had a sweet little baby, the Erl-king might be tumbled into the deepest schlucht and buried a hundred feet deep in gold, before I would make such a trade with him! Don't speak of such things, Nina, der tuffel is always ready to put mischief into those who talk of him. See! how blue the fire burns?"

"So it does," said Nina, "and just listen to the wind! One would think the very sky 'was falling on us. Oh! what's that?"

It was a terrible racket at the door, that Nina heard. It seemed as though the whole side of the hovel would tumble in. They both sprang to their feet, and Hans ran to the door, but he had hardly put his hand upon the latch when it was blown open, and such a gust of wind swept in that the fire was scattered all over the hearth.

Hans shut the door as soon as he could, fixed the fire, and then sat down moodily enough, while Nina crept up close to his side and lifted his arm about her neck.

"I told you not to talk of such things," said Hans, kindly. "Who knows what may happen to us?"

"You needn't be afraid," said Nina, "you never did anything wrong."

"I know it," said Hans, innocently, "and I never will, whatever comes; and I warrant you I'll never have anything to do with evil ones. If I must starve I'll do it handsomely, and they can do what they please with my body, but that is all they can have."

### THE FIRST SACK.

Hans had no sooner uttered these words than a loud knock was heard at the door, and before he had time to open it, in stepped a stately gentleman who inquired if Hans was the owner of the mill below the house.

Nina hid herself behind the kraut barrel, in the corner, and Hans faltered out a "yes, kind Herr," very faintly, and that was all he had the courage to say.

"Very well," said the stranger, "I'm glad of it, for I can see by your honest face that you are just the man I want. I have a little grist to grind, but as it is a stormy night I will leave it here for you to grind in the

morning. You must take no toll, but I will pay you well for your work."

Hans was puzzled, and Nina, seeing that it was all a business matter, and that the stranger seemed a harmless and handsome gentleman, ventured from her hiding place and said to him:

"You are very kind, mein Herr, and I warrant you that my brother can grind your grain finer and coarser and better than any miller this side of Norsheim."

"But there are some conditions about this matter, Frau Nina," said the stranger. "The grain is weighed, and will be again after it is ground. I shall allow one pound for waste, and then, if it lacks so much as the weight of a fly, your mill will be washed away by the floods; the wind will shatter your hovel to splinters, and the mountain goats devour your cabbages."

When the stranger uttered these words his smiling look changed to a stern frown, and Nina again hid herself in the corner and covered her face with her apron, while Hans turned pale and told the stranger that he could never think of doing the work on such terms.

"There is no danger, Hans Erden," said the stranger, "if you are as honest as you think you are. I shall take no advantage of you, and to show that I am in earnest, here are three bright guilders for the job!"

At the offer of so much money for so little work, Nina could not persuade herself to hide any longer in the corner; so, stepping out, she begged her brother to do the grinding, telling him that she would see that no harm should befall him.

"Fie upon you!" exclaimed Hans, "I think the less you have to do with the matter the better it will be for us all, for if one lets a woman into his secret some mischief is sure to come of it."

"Very good, Hans Erden, very good indeed!" said the stranger, giving him a slap on the shoulder. "If you will only stick to that principle you will have no trouble in your dealings with me. But I have neither time nor words to waste; the sack is at the door, and here is the money which seals the compact—remember! I will call for the grist to-morrow at dark; and look you well to your duty."

As the stranger said this he placed the three golden guilders on the table, and hurried out of the house without even so much as a good bye.

Hans Erden and his sister stood looking at each other for five minutes without speaking a word. Nina, at last, having more curiosity than her brother, proposed to go and look for the sack.

"Not I, Nina," said Hans, "I should as soon think of hunting the Erl-king in the Brocken. Do you think I am able to lose my mill, and house, and my garden? Ah, Nina, Nina, what is to become of us?"

"Voll, toll!" exclaimed Nina, by which she meant, no risk no gain. "You are a coward, Hans, I do believe. Is a gentleman like him to bring evil to one who never did him any harm? I'm curious to see that sack."

So, while Hans stood in the middle of the floor, half grieved and half frightened at what had happened, his sister bravely opened the door, and there, sure enough, was the sack, leaning up against the door post. She

caught hold of it, thinking to carry it in, but, although it was not large, she could not even lift it; and Hans, seeing that no harm befel her, came and carried the sack into the house, when Nina untied the string and looked in.

"O, Hans!" she exclaimed, "what is it?" She took out a handful and examined it by the fire.

"This is the funniest grain I ever saw," she said trying to bite one in two, "why it's nothing but gravel!"

"Don't touch it, Nina, don't," said Hans.

"Why not, pray?" said Nina. "I hope you are not going to give up such a fine job as this. Why just look at the guilders—real gold ones, Hans, and they will keep us in food all winter, and buy us a goat, beside."

"Job, indeed! Nina. Would you have me tied up in a silver sack, and carried off on the shoulders of some wicked Kobold?"

Nina gave a shudder, for she noticed, for the first time, that the sack was made of silver netting.

"I shan't touch it," said Hans.

"Why," stammered Nina, "you know what he said—the bargain is made and there is the pay."

*There is the pay!* For what? A cold chill crept over the back of Hans Erden's neck, and down his back to his very heels! He felt the truth of what his sister had said. He knew that his visitor was not human; he knew, also, that he must perform the work and accept of whatever followed.

#### LITTLE KOB.

A strange whine the wind had, Hans thought, for it seemed to cry piteously, through the chinks, with almost a human voice, and as though it had a heart and that heart was ready to break. The snow and sleet, too, beat upon the hovel with a wild sort of clatter.

"I pity the traveler who is abroad on such a night," said Hans.

"But this is the kind of night when travelers get lost, and the Kobolds lure them away with false lights, and the Erl-kings—"

"Stop!" said Hans, "I think we've had enough for one night. Hark!"

There was the faintest little cry, at the door. Was it the wind that Hans heard, blowing through the crack? He said so, and yet he knew it was not, it was so tender and feeble. Nina was timid and Hans looked grave, and neither of them had the courage to go to the door.

"It is a baby's voice," Nina ventured to say; and when the cry came again, more feeble than before, they both knew that it was a human voice.

"If it is human," said Hans, going to the door, "I'm ready, for no mortal shall suffer when I can help it."

He opened the door, and there, shivering in the snow, lay a half-clad, little child! Hans's kind heart did not allow him to look but once. He caught the child in his arms and carried it to the fire. It was the queerest little creature he had ever seen.

"How queer!" cried Nina. "Why it's no bigger than a baby, and yet it looks as though it had been weaned these ten years, and been without food as many days. The poor, little dear!"

"What's your name?" said Hans, brushing the snow from the little one.

The boy looked up in Hans's face with the

funniest pair of eyes that ever were seen—black as jet, and then they twinkled like diamonds.

"Kob," he said, "I'm Kob, and I'm hungry."

"Kob?" repeated Hans, "it's a very odd name; but you shall have the best and the most we have."

"There's not a morsel in the house but kraut, and a little meal," said Nina.

So she hastened to stir the meal into a pudding over the fire, and in a few minutes the queer little boy sat down to sup upon all that Hans could give.

"Where do you live, and who do you belong to?" asked Hans.

Kob laughed, and two little stars twinkled in his black eyes.

"I live wherever I happen to be," he said, "and I don't belong to anybody. I'm going to stay with you."

Hans looked at Nina and Nina looked at Hans. Neither spoke, yet both asked and answered with their eyes.

"So you shall, my boy," said Hans, patting Kob on the cheek, and if there's but a spoonful of meal in the house, you shall be served first."

"There's food," said Kob, pointing with his bony, little finger to the silver sack; and he laughed again.

"No, indeed!" said Hans, "that is not mine, and if it was you couldn't eat gravel. I'm quite sure it will spoil my mill stones. Haven't you any other name but Kob?"

"Not *now*," replied Kob, "but when I grow older I shall have another name."

All were silent for some minutes. Kob seemed to be trying to out-sparkle the fire with his eyes; Hans was musing over the strange incidents of the night, while Nina was working some immense puzzle through her brain, and when she thought she had got it well through, she was so pleased that she sprang to her feet and clapped her hands smartly. This startled Hans from his reverie and he jumped to his feet, also, and supposing Nina was trying to frighten the cat from some mischief, he, too, clapped his hands and cried "s'cat." But this was the farthest from his sister's thoughts. In truth, this great puzzle of hers had so taken up her mind that she did not care whether the cat was in the cupboard or the cream pot. She stepped slyly up to Hans, and whispered in his ear:

"I know it! I know it all, Hans. He's a Kaiser's son, and our good luck has come, at last. Didn't he say he should have another name when he grew up? That's his title! Don't I know it? You may laugh at me for a meddling woman, that don't know much, but you'll find out that it takes a woman to see what isn't to be seen. Good luck, my brother; we'll adopt him."

So Kob was adopted.

#### GRINDING THE GRIST.

Hans Erden was so bewildered with the night's mysteries that he never slept a wink for thinking of them. When he arose in the morning the storm was cleared away, and he thought he had never seen the sun so bright, nor the sky so blue, nor the snow so white. The sun was just rising, and the great spectre on the Brocken was never so plainly seen before, and as Hans looked he thought he could see the solemn image smiling and nodding to him. Hans felt so cheery that he quite for-

got the terrors of the previous night, so, gathering up the sack, he trudged off to the mill, saying to himself:

"Who knows but this new comer may be a great comfort to me in my old days? A Kaiser's son? I think not; and I almost hope not, for then I should be paid for saving his life. I don't know about it; but one thing I do know; I saved the poor, little fellow from perishing, and he is to live with me as my own, and that is better than all the wealth under the Kaiser's crown."

When Hans entered the mill he found that the cold night had so choked up the wheel that it would not run, but he set to work, and by dint of chopping and digging, soon had the ice all cleared away, and the wheel was free.

Hans could not resist a shudder when he raised the sack over the hopper, and he almost felt that he would not spoil his mill stones with such gravel; and between doubting and fearing he stood there a long time, with the sack on his shoulder. At last down went the curious grain into the hopper, the gate was raised, and the wheel started, and Hans thought that all bedlam was started, also, for the stones had no sooner begun to turn than there came such a dashing, and splashing, and creaking, and clattering as never was heard since his grandfather ground his first grist. The timbers creaked and the floor trembled, till Hans, fearing that his mill would be shattered to pieces, hurriedly shut the gate and stood gazing in perfect amazement.

Just then he heard a merry, little laugh, and on looking up, he saw the two sparkling eyes of Kob, peeping through the door crack.

"Ah, you little Kob," he said, "I'm glad you are come. I was just getting so vexed with this gravelly grain that I had half a mind to give up the job, and lose all I have. But there's nothing like a child to drive away trouble, and put one in a good humor."

"What is the trouble?" said Kob.

"Trouble!" repeated Hans, "why my mill is nearly shattered to pieces by this magic stuff, and if I had not shut the gate, there wouldn't have been a timber standing."

Kob climbed up on the hopper and looked in.

"There's nothing wrong here," he said. "Raise the gate."

Hans did so, and the stones rolled away as quietly as usual.

"There's nothing so soothing as a little child," said Hans; "his presence can even charm the magic."

Saying this, he stepped down to see what kind of meal this strange grain would make, but what was his surprise when he saw, instead of meal, bright, copper kreutzers dropping down into the trough! He was nearly beside himself with fear, and a merry laugh from Kob scarcely made him feel any better.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "The stranger is some evil spook, or *der tuffel*, and I shall be ruined!"

"Voll, toll!" said Kob, by which he meant, much fear and little danger. "Surely, my good Hans, you cannot complain if your mill grinds you out kreutzers!"

"They are not mine," said Hans, sorrowfully.

"A handful wouldn't be missed," said Kob.

"Not a kreutzer will I touch," replied

Hans. "The stranger shall have all he brought, in welcome, and if he never troubles me again I shall be very glad."

Kob laughed again, one of his cunning little laughs, and then ran to the house, in answer to a call from Nina, while Hans gathered the coins into the sack. But as he picked up the last one, although he held it very firmly, it slipped from his fingers, and fell through a crack of the floor into the deep water.

"Horror!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands; "so much short weight, and I am lost! Ah, woe is me, what *have* I done that this terrible thing should come upon me?"

So Hans thought over all the evil deeds he had ever done, but none of them, nor all of them together, seemed to demand that the wind, and the waters, and the mountain goats should be let loose upon him.

He carried the sack of kreutzers to the house and laid it carefully away, and then went to search for the lost coin, but when he had groped in the water for an hour the kreutzer was not found.

"At least," he said, "my little one shall not starve. I'll go over to Myer Pretzel and buy a little meal with the goblin's guilders; that is, if they don't turn to brimstone before I get there."

So Hans got the meal, and offered the gold in payment.

"What! neighbor," said Pretzel, "real gold? why, Hans, you look pale, too. One might think you had paid a visit to Barbarosa."

Myer Pretzel laughed a strange, wild laugh, that made Hans shudder and hurry away, for he had no notion of telling how he came by his gold. So he hurried home, and Nina soon had a good breakfast, though Hans could not persuade himself to taste a single mouthful.

#### THE SECOND SACK.

There was a footstep heard in the yard, and then the handsome stranger opened the door and walked in, without even knocking. He did not smile, as at first, but seemed so sad, and then he turned his keen, black eyes full upon Hans, who, thinking of the lost coin, looked over to his little foundling. But Kob's eyes had such a wonderful sparkle that he was spell bound, and it was several moments before he could muster the courage to look, again, at his visitor.

"Hans Erden," said the stranger, at last, "honesty is such a rare thing, now-a-days, that I am almost afraid to ask you for my grist. Why do you turn your eyes from me, as though you were afraid I should see through you? Do you not know that an honest heart is never afraid to have one look through the windows into it?"

"Kind Herr," said Hans, "I am guilty of nothing but having to deal with you. Here is your grist, save one coin which accident has taken from me; and here are the guilders, save the breakfast we have had out of them, and that is all I charge you. Pray leave nothing of yours with me; and though I wish you no harm, I hope you will take yourself so far away that I shall never see you again, for I believe that magic will bring one more pain than pleasure."

"Hans Erden," said the stranger, "it is not so easy for one to take hold of an evil thing and then let go; yet I am not so bad as you think me, and to show you that I wish to do

you no evil, I give you till my next visit to find the lost coin. But you must serve me for the present, and grind this other sack which I shall leave you. It will be twice weighed, and then if it lacks but the weight of a hair, over the pound, your mill will be washed away by the floods; the wind will shatter your hovel to splinters; the mountain goats will devour your cabbages, and you will be chained to the highest peak of the Brocken. You will find the sack at the door; I shall call for the grist in one hour, and here are six guilders for the job."

Before Hans could reply the stranger was gone.

"Did ever I think I should come to this?" said Nina, crying and wringing her hands.

"It is very well for you to wring your hands," said her brother, sadly, "but this terrible thing is wringing my heart!"

"Voll, toll!" said Kob, "to do is to win; and all the world may be ours, if we have the courage to get it. Tears won't turn the mill wheel, and one hour is little time enough to grind such a grist."

"True, my good little Kob," said Hans; and throwing the gold upon the table, as though it had no value, he hurried to the mill, to grind the magic grist.

This time he had the same trouble as at first, only the mill shook a great deal more, and the clatter was a great deal worse.

But if Hans was surprised, before, to find his mill grinding out copper kreutzers, he was much more so, now, to see the silver thalers dropping into the trough? He gathered them safely into the sack, however—all but one—as he picked up the last coin a piece of timber, which had been loosened by the shaking of the mill, fell upon his hand, knocking the money through the floor into the water!

Hans was too much grieved to say a word, and, besides, his hour was up; so, taking the sack, he hurried to the house, where he found the stranger waiting for his grist.

#### THE THIRD SACK.

"Hans Erden," said the stranger, "I know by your looks what has happened, and I think I may trust you till the next visit for the lost coins. Here is another sack, which I shall call for in half an hour. If anything goes amiss with this—if the grist lacks but so much as the weight of a gnat's wing, I dare not say what will become of you! Here are twelve guilders for the job, and look you well to your duty!"

Hans felt sure, now, that his time had come, for he was quite certain that he could not do the work in half an hour.

"Kind Herr," he said, "I think I may as well give up working for you, and die at once."

"Voll, toll!" Kob whispered in his ear.

Hans knew what he meant, so he took the sack and hurried to the mill. After the mill was so shaken that every board was loose, he found that his grist was pure, golden guilders! As he gathered them into the sack he said to himself,

"I will make sure of the last piece, this time." So he picked it up with a firm grip, but the coin so burnt his fingers that he was forced to drop it, when it fell into the water with the others!

At that moment Kob appeared with his sparkling eyes.

"The time is up," he said, "and I'm glad you are through."



"It's no use," said Hans, "I'm lost!"  
 "Voll, toll," said Kob, "you shouldn't complain when your mill grinds you out golden guilders."

"For other people," said Hans.

Kob ran up to Hans to put his arms about his neck, when he slipped down through the floor into the icy water.

"My poor child!" cried Hans, "is it not enough that I should lose my all, and myself into the bargain, but you, also?"

But there was no danger. Kob knew what he was about, and in a minute he returned with the three lost coins, which he placed in the miller's hand.

"Quick!" he said; "there is not a moment to lose. The stranger is waiting for you."

Hans stared, but there was no time to ask questions, so he hurried to give his visitor the sack of gold, and the three lost pieces.

"Hans Erden," said the stranger, with a pleasant smile, "you are safe. I am glad I have at last found one honest man. I shall see you again soon; till then, good-by."

KOB'S TERRIBLE JOURNEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I'm going home," said Kob, one clear, cold night, about a week after the stranger's last visit.

"Home, my boy," said Nina, "I thought you had no home."

And then Nina winked at her brother, as she remembered the great puzzle she had once solved.

"I've got a home, now," said Kob, "and I'm going to it to-night, and Hans is going with me."

"Such a night?" said Hans. "It's too cold, my boy; you would freeze."

"It is to-night or never," said Kob, "and you must go."

"Do go," said Nina, who felt sure that Kob would take him direct to the Kaiser's palace.

Kob started, and somehow Hans couldn't help but follow.

On they went, over hills and valleys, till Hans was tired.

"Faster!" cried Kob.

"Where are we going?" asked Hans, frightened at his own speed.

"Faster!" answered Kob, and on they flew until miles of the roughest country had been passed over, and still Kob quickened his pace.

"Faster!" he cried, again.

But Hans could go no faster—nor yet so fast—for his legs were so tired that they refused to hold him up, and he sank to the ground.

Kob saw this, and catching the stout miller in his arms, he threw him over his shoulder as though he had been a kitten, and away he sped with terrible swiftness.

At last they came to a great wall of solid stone, in the great schlucht of the Brocken. Kob clapped his hands, and the wall parted with a great noise, showing them a vast cave. Into this Kob passed and hurried for a long way through the darkness, till at last they entered an immense room, lighted with a thousand golden lamps. Gold, and silver, and precious stones were lying about the floor in great heaps, and there were four-and-twenty savage-looking dwarfs, with long, iron pikes, to guard the treasures. But the most wonderful thing of all was a deformed

and ugly dwarf, who sat upon a golden throne that was hung from the ceiling by silver chains.

"Surely, I'm dreaming," thought Hans.

"Who hast thou brought now, Kob?" said the ugly dwarf, with a terrible voice. "Some wicked mortal who has been stealing our gold, I'll warrant."

"Not so, great king," replied Kob, bowing. "This time I have brought you an honest man!"

When Kob uttered these words the four and twenty guards fell to the floor, when the rocks opened and swallowed them up! Then there was a great shout, like the shout of victory, and the cavern was filled with the sweetest music.

Hans was so bewildered that he could think of nothing to say, and he was none the less so, when the ugly, dwarf king stepped from his throne and stood before him; but it was no longer the dwarf; it was the handsome stranger who had brought him the strange grist!

"This is my father," said Kob, "and here is my home."

"Hans Erden," said the stranger, "you must know, now, that I am King of the Kobolds, and have the care of all the precious metals of the earth. I have long been searching for an honest man, and now that I have found one I shall not let honesty go unrewarded. You have been poor because you were honest, but now you are rich. Behold the three sacks; they are yours!"

"What a terrible dream!" said Hans; "won't Nina laugh at me when I tell her my dream in the morning? Who is this little Kob? for I know he is not human."

"I told you," said Kob, "that when I came to be older I should have another name."

"So you did, Kob, and, although this is a dream, I should like to know your other name."

"Old," he said, "that's my other name, and I'm a—"

"Kobold!" said Hans, turning pale. "Well, I'm so glad this is a dream; and I shall not have to part with my little one, after all."

"They are yours," said Kob, pointing to the sacks; and without another word he threw them over one shoulder and the miller over the other, and hurried away.

The rocks clanked together, when they left the cavern, and then a huge giant came upon them, riding an immense horse, made of iron, and crying with a terrible voice,

"Give me the gold before I trample you to dust with my iron horse!"

"Voll, toll," said Kob; "who runs the swiftest, wins."

So saying, he hurried away and the giant after him. Away they sped, pell mell, over rocks and ridges, till they came to a broad, deep gulf. The giant was close upon them—Hans could even feel his hot breath, and then he gave himself up for lost. But Kob knew what he was about. He gave one spring and landed safely on the other side. The giant leaped his horse, also, but Kob gave him such a blow with the sack of guilders that both the giant and his horse dropped to the bottom of the gulf!

"We are safe," said Kob, "and have passed the last peril." And in a few minutes he set the miller down at his own door, and the

three sacks beside him; then he was gone, and Hans knew no more!

"Hans, Hans!" cried Nina, "are you sleeping away your whole five senses? Here you have been snoring for these two hours."

Hans rubbed his eyes and looked up. He had fallen asleep in his chair!

"You scolded me to sleep, Nina," he said, "and now I will tell you my dream."

From that day the miller's fortune changed. Whether or not his dream had anything to do with it he could not tell, but somehow he felt, more than ever, that honesty brings its own reward.

## MY LITTLE BOY.

BY MRS. J. F. S.

Children are sometimes fearfully practical. I had drawn tears to the eyes of my two year old, once, telling him of the "Babes in the woods," and, emboldened by my success in the tragic line, I boldly ventured upon "Red Ridinghood." I made it as long as I could. I portrayed her innocence, her sweetness, and the vile treachery of the horrid wolf. I gave correct imitations of the wolf's voice and manners in the celebrated dialogue between the girl and her arch foe. I expected to bring down the house when I gave the final howl and spring at the fat shoulders, before cooking good enough to eat, any minute. He took it all quite coolly—wasn't a bit scared. But as he slid down from my lap, he put his dimpled elbows on my knees and sighed deeply.

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

"How I do wish I knewed what become of dem cakes in her bastick!"

I don't think children appreciate tragedy. Another time aunty sent Bridget to the corner grocery, with a basket for supplies, with this final direction:

"Have the potatoes put in the basket, and put the Indian in a paper bag."

My boy became at once interested. He established himself by the kitchen table while the parcels were taken out. As the big bag made its appearance, he shouted at the top of his lungs,

"Let him right out this minute! I want to see him, fezzers and all! with his skin clothes on."

Imagine his disgust at the yellow meal, instead of the valiant warrior he expected to see!

## MORNING SONG.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Trill, bird, up in the apple tree;  
 Hum, bee, over the rose;  
 Laugh, brook, ripple in melody;  
 Sweet little buds uncloset!

Wave, grass, out in the valley wide;  
 Leap high, grasshopper gay;  
 Dear flowers, never one chalice hide;  
 Summer will never stay!

Gold wheat, rustle and swing again;  
 Cool wave, glitter and sigh;  
 Soft breeze, merrily sing again,  
 Under the deep blue sky!

Play, lambs, out in the meadow now;  
 Glad hearts, joyfully call;  
 Bright sun, dimple the shadow now;  
 Heaven is over all!

## A BIRD SERMON.

BY JULIA F. SNOW.

The air was cold and crisp. The snow in wreaths, heaps, statues, mounds, in every fantastic shape known to frost or wind, and crunching under foot with a peculiar, grinding sound, known to indicate very cold weather; and a clear, February sun shining over all.

In a deep bay-window, shut out by crystal walls from the glittering splendors without, and veiled by misty frostwork of embroidered lace from the luxurious library, and embowered by scented geraniums and flowering plants, hung a canary bird in a pretty cage. The roundest, softest, downiest, little ball of gold and sunshine and song; the sweetest singer and the most loving of pets was Mario.

Just outside the window, on the snow-covered lawn, was a mountain ash, every slender spray tipped with a cluster of scarlet berries, each pendant cluster capped with a tiny pyramid of snow. A flock of snowbirds had taken entire possession of the tree, and were feasting at their will upon the ash berries, and such insects, if any, as they could find concealed among the crevices of the bark or twigs. They were plucking the scarlet fruit and scattering it with wasteful prodigality over the snow, twittering, fluttering, chattering, and now and then uttering their peculiarly sweet note, so very sweet, coming as it does when we have no other birds with us.

Mario looked at them curiously, first out of one eye, then the other, and indulged in many speculations, regarding the strangers dubiously all the while. After a great many speculative hops from one perch to the other, he became satisfied of the non-combative nature of the strangers outside, and burst into such a full-throated song as would have thrilled the heart of his little mistress with joy and pride, could she but have heard it.

One of the snowbirds heard it, through the double-plate glass, and feeling sure that a prisoner was confined within, tried to utter sounds of cheer.

"Chee! chee!" cried the snowbird; "what are you doing indoors such splendid weather? Come out! Here's berries enough for all of us! No matter if you are of a different color from us, I'm sure you'd relish them! Come out," chirped the sociable little snowbird, "come out, and have a good time with us."

"I can't! I can't!" called back Mario, trilling through the entire length of his little body, in his effort to make his friends hear. "I live here! I'm in a cage! I can't get out! It's warm here! It's summer here! There's flowers and plants and loaf sugar! I want to come out! I'd rather have berries than sugar!"

"What's sugar? what's it good for! nothing better than this for the voice!" And he twitched out a fat spider from his winter lurking place, and swallowed him without winking. "What a dull time you must have

in there! Well, good bye! I see all the rest are starting."

"Don't go! don't go!" twittered Mario. "Please tell me where you are going!"

"Down to the hollow! There's a great family of children there, and they come to the window to see us, in their red flannel nightgowns. There's a lot of frost grapes behind the house. The people took all they wanted, and left the rest for the birds! And they give us crumbs, too; but spiders are better. Here's the last of 'em!" And another splendid fellow was jerked out of his corner. "I must go. One of the children is sick, or lame, or something, and expects us. We are all the fun she has. She watches us. It's a pity you couldn't have a wider sphere, it's so pleasant to do good! But good bye!"

And the whole flock rose into the air and sailed off together.

Mario could have plucked out his very pen-feathers with vexation at his imprisonment. He twittered, he fluttered, he bit the wires, and beat his soft, little, yellow body against

Jessie kissed him, and smoothed his dainty feathers, and put him back on his perch, while the big tears fell fast from her eyes.

"Dear little Mario!" sobbed out Jessie, "did you know that darling baby brother is dead? and he has been sick so long that I forgot you, pet! And mamma and papa are almost heart broken, darling! And, oh! my dear little Mario, do you love me, you dear one?"

Then Mario thought (don't tell me "birds don't think," for how do you know they don't? as likely as not they despise you for not knowing how to sing and build nests;) that if he could have gone away with the snowbirds, what would Jessie have done, with no pet to love? and after all, he could not have kept up with them in their flight; and he knew how cold it was out there, for once he was forgotten on the veranda all night. It really seemed that he had found something to do that nobody else could do as well as he; and if Jessie was not assured that one little heart loved her, it was not Mario's fault, for he sang and twittered and

went through with all his pretty little tricks, till Jessie looked up with tear-filled eyes, and cried out,

"O, my dear little bird! what *should* I do without you? You dear little comfort!"

And Mario thought if he was as precious and dear as that, he did not want a more "extended sphere of doing good." He had found his own appointed place and work, which was far better.

## PET'S IDEA.

BY AUNT LAURA.

I want to tell this story before hoops go out entirely.

One evening, a little friend of mine (she's bigger now and

reads THE LITTLE CORPORAL sometimes) was permitted to sit up when mamma had company. She enjoyed it all exceedingly, especially the music and singing, for one of the visitors had sung "The Mistletoe Bough" very sweetly indeed.

"Somehow," said Pet, "I couldn't hear the story of it very well. You tell it, mamma."

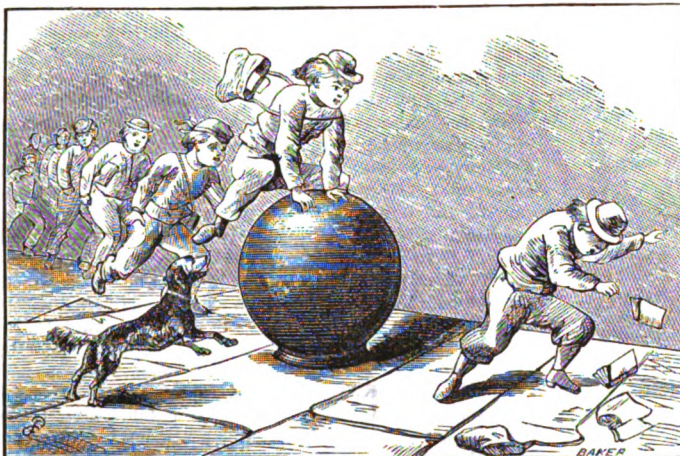
So mamma related the sad old story of the runaway bride, and her thoughtless leap into the vicious old chest, with its dreadful spring lock. She told all about the sorrowful search, the weary hunt, the despair and grief at its final abandonment. (Mamma isn't bad at story telling—I was her seatmate at school.)

"And then, Pet, years and years after, when everybody but the poor old bridegroom had forgotten about it, a party of young folks were exploring in that old garret, just as you did, yesterday, to get things for the tableaux, when they found this very chest! They pulled it out, and it all fell to pieces. There lay the bridal veil of the poor lady, covering her skeleton."

"Nossing else?"

"No, dear, nothing but her skeleton and the veil. All the rest had mouldered away."

Pet sighed deeply. "Poor lady! all shut up in a box, and nossing left of her but a veil and a hoop skirt!"



PICTURE OF THE BIG CANNON BALL (weighing 1,375 lbs) in front of The Little Corporal office—showing how the Chicago boys pass our door on their way from school.

them. He cried and scolded, and this was the burden of his lament:

"What's the good of such a voice as mine in this deserted library? Nobody comes to hear me; and if I feel like singing my best when any company are here, somebody goes and plays the piano, to drown my voice, or else they hang a black cloth over my cage, which frightens me so that I have no more song in me than a cotton-flannel rabbit! Jessie has not been here in a week, and Betty just gives me seed and water, and don't talk to me a bit. With such a form and voice as mine, I ought to be in a position to do some good in the world—to give somebody pleasure! When one can't, what is the use of living? I wish I was a snowbird, to fly over the whole country, and have everybody look for me with pleasure and love! See them there, sailing away over the tree tops! O dear! how lonesome it is!"

Poor, little, unreasonable Mario had twittered and fluttered himself nearly sick, and was almost ready for a course of saffron-and-rusty-nail- tonic-bitters, when the library door opened very softly and slowly, and Jessie came in very quietly. She went up to Mario's cage and opened it. Mario hopped upon her outstretched finger, knowing that he was going to be petted and caressed.

## "FREDDIE."

BY COUSIN ADA.

There's a jolly young Elf, with laughing black eyes,  
And rosy mouth made but to kiss,

Who can laugh with delight, when the world rolleth right,  
Or frown if aught goeth amiss.

He's a mischievous Elf, with busiest hands,  
And merry feet trotting all day,  
Keeping time to his tongue, its music and noise,  
As it clatters and questions away.

He's a cunning young Elf, with his arms 'round my neck,  
And eyes peering straight into mine;  
He's a favor to ask, I know by their glance—  
I can tell by their light and their shine.

This mechanical Elf, with his alphabet blocks,  
Builds houses, and fences, and trains,  
Anon comes a smash; he laughs as they fall,  
At the cost of his care and his pains.

A bookish young Elf, his library this:  
A, B, C, with their pictures so gay;  
"Lilliput Levee," "The House that Jack built,"  
Old "Æsop," and quaint "Laban Laye."

He reads them, the Elf! "Mother Hubbard and Dog,"  
"Piggle Wee," "Sander's Primer" in green,  
"Mother Goose," the most popular lady in verse  
The young world has ever yet seen.

He's a musical Elf, and this is his song,  
And sweeter I never have heard:  
"My darling mamma, I love you so much!  
And I am your Bobolink bird!"

Through joys and through trials, the light of my life!

For fun, love, or mischief e'er ready,  
My day-star of hope, my night's tender dream,  
My troublesome comfort—my Freddie!

## A CALIFORNIA PICNIC.

BY HATTIE RAY.

Molly Breeze and the rest of us said we would have a picnic. Ten of us, all by ourselves—not any boys to be invited. Julia and I were taking tea there, and so we made it up on the spot, and told the girls next day at school. They all said they would go, but Juney Rogers and Butterly Birney thought we ought to ask Will Madcap and Charlie Heath, because they'd help carry our baskets. But Molly Breeze said no—it was going to be a "suffrage" party, and girls could just as well carry baskets as boys.

Juney Rogers wasn't for suffrage, and Minnie Lyle liked boys better than girls, and she said her mother wasn't a woman's righter, and it would not be genteel to go alone.

Butterfly did not care, either way, only she was afraid of snakes, and the Digger Indians might come along. But Molly said she was not half so much afraid of them as of the Spanish miners.

"Nobody is afraid of the Chinese," laughed Butterly, "but then they might steal our things—they do seem as if they could not help pilfering—just a little."

Finally it was put to vote among us, and Will and Charlie got six votes out of the ten. Some of the girls thought we ought to ask the rest of the boys, but Julia told us how they threw tar weed at them, and would not crack the pine burrs for nuts, and teased

them last year; and said all we wanted boys for anyhow was just to carry the baskets and bring water and help us down the rocks to the American river.

Molly Breeze thought, if the boys were asked, they ought to be thought more of than just to be servants, and that we should be polite enough to them to show them that we were ladies.

At last everything was settled, and it was just the loveliest Saturday morning that ever was seen, when the girls, with Will and Charlie, all met at our house at half past seven. And the best of it was, the driver of the Forest Hill stage said he would take us four miles, out to the bridge on the North Fork of the American river, near which we were going, and from where the walk home in the evening would be so pleasant. They all looked so neat in their clean, white aprons and calico dresses, with great, sensible, broad-brimmed hats on their heads, and Will and Charlie, with linen coats and calico shirts, seemed so brisk and willing to tug the baskets up to the Central Railroad depot, where we were to meet the stage, that even Molly Breeze said she was glad we had invited them. They had surprised us with about thirty nice doves, all ready for cooking, that they had shot the day before, and mother gave us some tea, so as to have the fun of getting our meal out in the woods.

Molly took some numbers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, to read, in case we should get tired. But Will said everybody ought to tell a story; and Molly clapped her hands and said, "O yes! that is a grand idea. Let us each tell a story, and send it to Mr. Sewell to publish; and let us call them the 'Picnic Series.'"

"O, won't that be jolly," Flory said. "I'll tell about our May Queen and the crowning, and the speeches and the poems we wrote, and show them how we keep up our public schools when the funds give out, by working ourselves."

"And I'll tell about the time we had such a flood in the rainy season, when our pussy was found in the cellar, clinging to a dried codfish for her life," said Julia.

"How could a codfish be dry in a flood?" laughed Will.

And then we all had such a royal laugh as you never heard. Mother didn't once say "hush," for she thinks it is healthy to laugh right out. But she said we must hurry off, or we should not catch the stage; and then she tied down our baskets, and went to the foot of the garden gate with us, and off we started, just as happy as the birds that were singing over our heads, and feeling as bright as the sunshine. We each had wild flowers in our hair, because Molly said it was more in keeping with calico dresses. Golden eschscholtzias, and the California aster, and the blue bell, and spray flowers, and Flora's treasure. The earth was just one carpet of these brilliant flowers; and the lovely white lupin, that sends out so sweet a fragrance, was nodding at us from every field we passed.

Mother told us not to go far into the chaparral bushes, not get separated from each other; and Will and Charlie said, "No, indeed! they'd see we did not get into any mischief! they could take care of forty girls."

"O dear," whispered Molly to me, "those boys are just as man's rights as can be. Just listen to them—as if they had to boss the

whole party. Will isn't thirteen, yet, and Charlie twelve only yesterday! Why, I am fourteen! and those boys talk as if they knew more than all of us put together—and we are all ahead of them in algebra."

"But, Molly, we are real glad to have them carry all those baskets; and Charlie is so good natured he don't want us to feel as if we were a burden on him. That is just what mother would say, I am sure."

Just then we arrived at the depot. The cars had not come up from Sacramento, but the stage was waiting, and we were ever so much afraid it would be too full of passengers to hold us; for Mr. Nott was going to take us up for nothing, and of course he would have to take the through passengers first. Presently the cars came along. Six passenger and two or three baggage cars. And who do you think I should see, but Rev. Mr. Clark, going home by the overland route, and taking my dear friend Lucy with him. All the girls crowded up to the window, and she said,

"Good bye, girls. When I get to Promontory Point, I'll drop you a line; but papa is going to stop a day or two at Lake Tahoe, on the route."

"O, Lucy, that will be splendid," said Molly. "We were there last summer. Be sure you get one of those exquisite snow plants to take to Chicago with you."

"But I don't know them."

"O, you cannot help finding them; they are pure scarlet, and grow straight up, cone shaped, out of the snow, with long, green, serrated leaves, like ribbons, starting out from among the short, red ones. The contrast with the pure, white snow is so beautiful."

"And trout!" hallooed Charlie, as the cars began to move; "catch a silver trout, and some of those pink speckled ones, and take them to Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller for me, for writing such delightful stories."

And then, waving her handkerchief, Lucy glided from our sight, and is by this time at lovely Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Nott had four passengers, one of them, O, such a fat old man, we thought we never could get in. A Chinaman on the front seat, and a woman with a baby on the back seat. But she smiled at us all, as Charlie said,

"We'll put that baby in one of our dinner baskets."

"Pile in, girls, pile in," said Mr. Nott: "time I was off. No room for you, boys, but you can leave the baskets, and maybe if you go on, you'll be there as soon as I will."

The fat man said, "Wot! air all them gals a goin' tew Furest Hill?"

"No, sir; I'm only going to pack them a little way. Move up, sir, move up for the ladies. Budge along, John," (to the Chinaman). And by dint of squeezing a good deal, we finally managed to crowd in.

The baby was real good natured, as all California babies are, and laughed and crowed and said "goo; goo," all the time.

Molly sat on the outside with Mr. Nott, and he asked her if she thought a little woman like her could hold them reins. She said she did not know, but she would not mind trying; that she thought a girl ought to learn all that boys did. Mr. Nott thought girls knew pretty well how to drive, now. And then everybody laughed, and said "she

owed him one." But we did not know what that meant.

Pretty soon we passed Mr. Nott's house. It is a pretty place, close by a ravine, and the garden was full of luscious strawberries, and Molly said the cherry trees looked as if they were decked in coral car drops. He drew up a moment, and Mrs. Nott came out and talked to us, while he lifted a heavy box on to the top of the coach. Then mounting his seat again, it was not long before we came to the North Fork bridge.

Then such a time as we had, getting past that fat old man, so as to avoid treading on his toes, and such a hearty "Good bye, gals," as he said. There was "I'm glad you're gone," in it, as plain as the spice in a pudding. But the baby looked amazed, and opened its eyes so wide, we thought it was going to cry. It did not, though; and its mother said,

"An' God bless yees, me darlins, fur as purty gals as I iver see; and it's the sunshine and the flowers ye've bin to the balrn, an' it's a happy day I'm wishin' ye."

After we thanked Mr. Nott, and were just going off, Charlie and Will came up, across lots; and Mr. Nott said, "Halloa! boys—just heave down that box, will you. My compliments, ladies." And he cracked his whip, and was off, before we had time to say one word.

What do you think was in that box? It was just as full of strawberries and cherries, from his garden, as it would hold; and nicely packed in the bottom, a stone jug, full of cream! Such shouts as those two boys set up! and every one of us gave three cheers for Mr. Nott.

This brought out the toll keeper, and he said we were free to the bridge, and invited us to put our baskets in his house. It was a cosy little place, right under a great rock, and the clearest spring of cold water, held in a little basin of stone, just behind it.

O, what a splendid time we had, gathering wild flowers, and climbing up the rocks, and getting the nice, clean, white sand from the river banks to take home to our birds. And then we had a butterfly chase. I wonder if you girls in the east ever get these up in such style as we do in California? We have circular wires, mostly old hoops, with a thin net sewed round them, shaped like a bag, and fastened to a long pole. With this raised in the air, we run after the butterfly till it is caught, and then, as Charlie said, kill it without pain, by dropping on its head a mixture of ether and alcohol. We girls wear them on our hats; but the boys put them in boxes with glass covers, and preserve them. Will has a splendid collection. The large Japan butterfly is beautiful. Its wings are black, with red and yellow circles alternating all over them, and in the middle of this a pure white spot, while a narrow golden band looks like a thread of embroidery round the edges. We caught six of these, and two rare, blue butterflies, besides several amber-colored ones, dotted with black.

Molly Breeze is such a fast runner, she can beat us all, and she makes nothing of jumping, and climbing trees; but somehow nobody calls her a "tomboy," or "hoyden," or any of those names that mean a rough girl, for she is just the best and merriest girl in the world, and always is the peacemaker of our little quarrels; for we differ here, just as

you do, I guess. But we are *not* such "fast girls" as some people think who have never been to our golden land.

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and we were hungry. Will and Charlie gathered a quantity of chips and tree branches and pine cones, and made up a royal fire, and the toll keeper helped them bring the baskets down by the rocks under the bridge, where we made a rustic table. He also gave us some new potatoes to bake in the ashes, and lent us a kettle to boil our coffee in. Flory and Julia cooked the doves on sticks held over the coals, and the rest of us unpacked, and set the table, and the boys were as busy as possible. Such a lot of goodies as we had. Sardines, and canned oysters, and biscuit, and pies, and canned lemonade, and plenty of cake. But those strawberries! O, they were delicious! Great, large hearts, full of sweetness, they had, and we bathed their bleeding frames in cream, Julia said, before consigning them to their sepulchre.

Then we tried how many large words we could use to express our ideas; then we tried how many short ones; next, how many elegant ones; next, who could express an idea in the fewest words; and then Charlie said he knew a play—"How to express a sentence in one word," it was called. Suppose a driver wanted a fat horse to quicken his pace, what would be the single word to express it?

We all guessed a good while; at last Molly said, "Gee!-horsy-fat," (Jehosaphat). And that was it.

We had a great deal of fun after this, making up sentences to be expressed in a single word. Julia's was good. She asked,

"Why is General Grant like a master workman to the people of the United States? Express it in one word."

We guessed a long time. At last Will said the first syllable must be "boss." Julia said that was right. Charlie said, "Boss-ton, because he carries such a weight."

"No—no," to all the guesses; and then we gave it up.

"Bosphorus (boss-for-us)," laughed Julia.

And of course then we all saw it. Some of the others were equally good. But Molly said she ought to tell us that hers was not original—Julia's was, and all the rest except Charlie's, and he only told his to start the play.

After that we sang a good many of our Sunday-school songs; and Will and Charlie sang "Johnny Schmoker." The toll keeper heard us, and brought down his violin, and said if we wanted to dance we could go under the covered bridge, and he would play for us.

By and by we gathered up our baskets and hats, and sat down by the cool rocks, and Will said, "Now for the first of the Picnic Series of stories. Who shall begin?"

"Let us put it to vote," said Charlie.

"Put up two names first," said Julia. I nominate Molly Breeze."

"And I, Will Madcap," said Flory.

"Those in favor of Miss Molly Breeze telling a California story, will please say 'aye,'" said Charlie.

Everybody said "aye," so there were no negatives, and no opportunity to try the vote for Will. And Molly began,

"Once upon a time—but, first, what o'clock is it, girls? Sundown, I am sure."

"And four miles to walk!"

"Let us hear the story."

"Let's have another picnic, and tell it then."

"Girls, I'll tell you what—all of you come to our house to-morrow evening, and we will walk over to the 'Hill-Top Mound,' and I will tell it there. It is really time to go home now."

The proposition was carried, and so I will only give you now the part of the story that Molly told—

"Once upon a time."

## MINNIE'S DREAM.

BY UNCLE EDWARD.

Dear little Minnie came down to breakfast with her cheeks rosy, and her bright eyes having such a depth to them, that papa and mamma both noticed it. Mamma said, with a smile,

"Have the bright angels been in your dreams, Minnie, that you look so happy?"

"I think they were almost, mamma," said Minnie; "for I have had a curious dream. I thought I was out in a deep, dark wood, and I didn't know the way out. I could hear wild beasts howling dreadfully, not far away, and I was afraid they would come and find me by and by. When it grew very dark, I called and called, and cried because I was afraid. Just then there came out of the dark a tall, strong man, and, O, with such a noble face! and as he looked down into my eyes, he said,

"What, is my little girl lost in this great wood?"

"Then, when I still cried—but now for joy that I wasn't alone—he took my hand in his, and led me on through the woods. Then I said,

"I'm afraid the wild beasts will bite us."

"You are in no danger while I am with you," he said. "I can keep them all off."

"And he looked as if he could; for he seemed so strong and brave, and his face had such a calm, kind look, that I knew nothing could frighten him. So we walked on through the wood, and when I was tired he took me in his arms; and I felt so safe, as I could hear his great heart beat. But I loved better to walk by his side and hold his hand.

"By and by we came to a great rock that rose right up in the path, and I didn't know what we could do. So I looked up to see his face, because I thought he had lost his way, too. You can't think how calm and kind he looked then. But I was afraid when he pointed to a hole in the rock, and said,

"Here is a dark way through the rock, and it is the only way out of the wood. Will my little girl be afraid to trust herself to me, and go with me down into it?"

"I wasn't a bit afraid when I looked into his face again, and thought how kindly he had led me and carried me so far through the wood. So I told him I'd trust myself to him anywhere—only I didn't like the cold and damp of the dark cave. Then he said to me,

"Stoop down, Minnie, and look into the cave."

"O, mamma, you can't think what I saw. Through the dark, that only went in a little way, I saw such a beautiful place, where



people were going about over such smooth, green lawns, where fountains were playing, and sweet music was sounding—I could just hear the music, and, O, it was better than any I ever heard before. There were children there, too, and they were so beautifully dressed. Mamma, I didn't feel a bit afraid of the dark I had to go through.

"So I took hold of the dear, strong man's hand again, and we were just going into the cave when I woke up. I was so sorry to wake up, dear mamma."

We are hoping dear little Minnie's dream will be real, some day.

When mamma told Minnie that just such a great wood our life is, and that there are great wild beasts, called Temptations, that come to destroy people that are lost in it, little Minnie loved better the dear Saviour, who is the strong man that leads those who put their hands in his, out through the dark wood.

Mamma told Minnie that the dark passage through the rock was just like death, which looked dark, and cold, and damp, till one had looked through it—as Jesus teaches us to—and then one always wanted to go through.

## A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Barbie's good fortune made quite a sensation in the home circle, and Nathan immediately set his wits at work to try and contrive some way in which he could make some money, too. Even Davy brought out his tin savings bank, which held all the precious coins that he had dropped through the chimney since he was a year old. Now he was determined to count his hoard, and as there was no honest way of getting at it, he insisted upon breaking the bank.

"Let me do it for you, Davy," said Nathan; you'll hammer it all up."

"No, I want to do it my own self," said Davy, pounding away at the side of the house with his little hammer. "I s'pose there'll be as much as a hundred dollars in."

The walls gave way at last, and the little heap of coins was poured out on the kitchen table and counted. It was hard to convince Davy that there was a very small fortune—only about two dollars. He poured the money from one hand to the other, piled it up in little, shining pyramids, and all the time wore a very grave face.

"I know what I shall do," he said, at last; "I'm going to 'vest my money; that's the way Cousin John does, and he's as rich as anything."

"That's a good plan," said grandma, patting his head approvingly. "You might buy a sheep, and let it run on the farm, and after a while you'd have a nice little flock, besides the money for the wool every year."

"Maybe the sheep might die, or get mixed up with father's," said Davy. "I'm going to borrow it with Squire Winters, and he'll pay me int'rest, and so I'll get more money and more money all the time."

"You'd better let father have it, then," said his mother; "he'll pay you interest."

"But I'd rather not let *him* have it," said Davy.

"Why not?" asked Barbie, in astonishment.

"O, because," explained Davy, "some-time I might want it and he couldn't pay it to me, and I shouldn't want to *sue my father*."

"Give it to me, Davy," said Nathan, suddenly. "I'll pay you ten per cent. interest."

"Well," said Davy, "that's a good deal, isn't it, Barbie?"

"It'll be twenty cents a year for your two dollars, and Squire Winters will only give you twelve."

"I'll do it," said Davy, pushing his money toward Nathan; "but will you pay me back my money, too?"

"Yes, at the end of a year."

"Maybe you'll forget," said Davy, hesitatingly.

"O, but I'll give you my note; like this, you know; and Nathan wrote on a piece of paper—

"One year after date I promise to pay Davis G. Phillips or bearer the sum of two dollars, with interest at ten per cent. NATHAN L. PHILLIPS."

"There," said he, folding it up and giving it to Davy, "now you must keep that safely, and in one year from to-day you bring it to me and I'll pay you the money."

"S'pose'n you hain't got any," said Davy.

"O well, then I s'pose you'll have to sue me; or, I might give you a mortgage on my colt."

"No," said Barbie, "I'll sign the note as security. I shall be sure to have some money, and if Nathan fails, I shall have to pay it."

Davy took the note, and went away to put it in grandma's upper drawer for safe keeping, and then came back looking very grave and important.

"Maybe I shall die before a year," he said; "it's such a long, long time."

"O no, you won't; I hope not," said Barbie, kissing his hard, red cheeks.

"If I do," said Davy, "I shall have a ex'cutioner, like old Miss Downing did, and he'll settle with you and Nathan."

Davy trudged away to the garden, and was soon busy at his favorite occupation, *digging* *back*, putting the wriggling worms into his pocket, for lack of any better place.

Nathan sat by the window, slowly pouring the money from one hand to the other. Then he took down his scrap book, and began to turn the pages slowly.

"What are you looking for?" asked Barbie.

"For that scrap I cut out of the paper that tells how to make chalk crayons. They're real easy to make, and there's lots of profit in 'em. I always meant to try it, and I'm going to invest this money of Davy's in materials. But don't you tell, Barbie," added Nathan, suddenly; "I don't want too many folks to laugh at me, if I find I can't do it."

"Of course I shouldn't tell," said Barbie; "but I'll help you, if it's anything a girl can do."

"It's easy enough," said Nathan, referring to his book. "I can get the stuff at the Corners to make 'em, and then you roll each one in a strip of corn husk—the thin, white husks that grow next to the corn. We can try white ones first, and then go on to colored ones."

Barbie read the directions, and thought them simple enough, but she was not quite so enthusiastic about it as Nathan. It was not so easy, after all, to get the paste exactly

right—neither too wet nor too dry—and it required very dainty handling to put them up in neat little packages of a dozen each, fastened by a band of pink paper around the middle. A good-natured clerk at the drug store, of whom Nathan made some confidential inquiries about boxes, had suggested this way of putting them up, and furnished him a couple of boxes, which had held fancy soaps, to put them in.

"We'll take one box," said the clerk, "if they're nicely done up, and you'd better send a sample down to Dudley, and maybe you might get to supplying some of the stores in the city—who knows?"

He said this out of pure good nature, just to encourage Nathan, though he didn't think it in the least likely.

The manufactory was set up in Nathan's room, because Davy was sure to meddle, if he found it out.

"We'd better tell him all about it," said Barbie, "and make him promise not to touch."

"He can't help touching," said Nathan; "he'd touch if he knew they were red hot; and he is such a bother with his questions—wants to understand everything."

"Well, that's the way to find out," said Barbie; but Nathan carried the day, and no hint was dropped to Davy of all that was going on in the great garret chamber.

The door had no lock, but Nathan contrived to fasten it by inserting a nail over the latch, which answered every purpose till one unlucky afternoon, when Cousin Roxy came up to see grandma, and brought Master Johnny with her. It was a sultry, August day, and everybody but the two children was fairly melted with the heat. Grandma and Cousin Roxy sat by the north window, fanning themselves with turkey-feather fans, and talking over the family affairs. Barbie, at her own window just above, was in the middle of a story in a bound volume of magazines, and heard little snatches of their talk coming up through the syringas and lilacs that shaded the door.

"I never trust to boughten dies," said Cousin Roxy's clear, strong voice; "I set mine with copperas water, and it's as pretty a green as I ever laid my eyes on."

"When Joanna was a baby," chimed in grandma's feeble tones—and so the talk went on, while Barbie grew every minute more absorbed in her story.

Presently some little feet came racing up the stairs, and the children burst noisily into the room.

"Say, Barbie," said Davy, pushing up the flapping brim of his torn hat, "you gi'me a string for a whip lash."

"O, run down," said Barbie, hardly looking up. "I can't get you a string; go ask grandma for one."

"Gramma hain't got any strings," said Davy, making a dive at a ball of white cord in Barbie's basket. "You gi'me some of this."

"Don't touch that with your dirty fingers," said Barbie, quickly, "it's my crocheted cord. I'm making a tidy with it."

"Well, find me a string, then," persisted Davy. "Can I have this?" and he gave a vigorous pull at one end of a roll of tape, scattering spools and work in every direction.

"O Davy, do let my basket alone," said Barbie, snatching it out of his hands; "there



isn't a thing here that you can have. Go and find Nathan; he always has lots of strings."

Having given this sage advice, Barbie settled herself to her story again, and the children went out and shut the door.

"She's cross, she is," said Johnny, with a nod of his head, as he stood digging his bare toes into a big crack at the head of the stairs. "Where's Nafun?"

"Way down to the Corners, gettin' Prince shoed," said Davy; "nobody ever does have a string when I want it. They'd ought to have a place to put their strings, and then they'd know where to find 'em."

Davy knew this by heart, for it was what grandma, and Barbie, and everybody always told him when his hat was lost; and that was all the time, unless it happened to be on his head.

"I know what," he said, presently. "I'll look in Nathan's room; most likely he's got a big ball of strings, somewheres, I shouldn't wonder."

At the further end of the hall, an open stairway of half a dozen steep stairs led to the garret. It was all Johnny's fat legs could do to climb them, but he followed Davy, and mounted to the long, dusty garret, at one end of which a room had been finished off, lighted by a huge dormer window opening on to the roof. It had been finished off when there was need of more rooms in the badly-arranged farm house, but Nathan occupied it from choice. He liked to hear the rain on the roof, to see the stars through the uncurtained window, and shut himself up there with his books in a kingdom of his own.

"That's grandma's spin wheel," said Davy, stopping to give it a whirl; "did you know she used to spin calico wid it?"

"Yes," said Johnny, who always knew everything.

"And when my papa was a baby, she used to tie him up in her apron and spin all day wid him. He wasn't so big as he is now," explained Davy. "That's what made her back get crooked, I guess."

He stood on tip toe and rattled away at the latch, but to his surprise the door would not open.

"It's locked," suggested Johnny, as he drew back to examine it.

"No 'tain't," said Davy, decidedly, "'cause they ain't any lock hole to this door."

He pulled the old red cradle out from under the rafters, climbed into it, and soon discovered where the difficulty lay.

"Ho! they put a nail over the latch. I can pull that out quicker'n wink, if the cradle didn't jiggle so," said Davy, triumphantly.

Johnny volunteered to hold the cradle still, and after a few trials the nail was pulled out, the cradle pushed away, and the two youngsters entered the room. They had entirely forgotten the errand that brought them there, and stood looking around with a great deal of curiosity.

"O my!" said Davy, walking around the great, pine table, where the rows of white crayons were lying, ready to be enveloped with husk; "Nathan 's goin' to keep a store."

Johnny promptly seized one and bit it in two. "'Tain't candy at all," he said, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes 'tis," said Davy, tasting cautiously,

"only—only 'tain't quite done; they have to put in the sweet'nin' and paint streaks on it."

"'Tain't good, anyhow," said Johnny, throwing it on the floor, and gathering up a handful of fresh ones in his dirty, little fingers. Not thinking of anything to do with them, he laid them down again, and looked for something else. "O my!" what sights of marbles!" he exclaimed, seizing a blue box.

"They're Nathan's, and he always lets me play with 'em, sometimes," said Davy.

"I'll tell you," said Johnny; "let's set these white fings up in rows, and shoot at 'em with marbles. They're most like Gussy Snider's nine-pins."

"Well," said Davy, "I'll take this big shooter."

The crayons were soon arranged in rows on the bare floor, and the boys took their places at opposite sides of the room and began to shoot at them. It was better fun than they had expected, for one crayon would usually carry down two or three in its fall, and they broke delightfully.

"They're 'most all killed!" shouted Johnny, in great glee; "le's put 'em in a box and carry 'em to the hospital."

"Here's a box," said Davy, "only it's got somefing in. Ho! it's full of white candy sticks tied up together."

"Pour 'em out," suggested Johnny; and Davy followed his advice by emptying the box on the floor. Some of the crayons broke in the process, and Davy began to wonder a little what Nathan might say about it, when all at once something darkened the sunshine that came through the window at the farther end of the garret, and Davy looked up to see Nathan standing in the door.

Nobody felt at all anxious about the children. Cousin Roxy had seen them go up stairs, and drew a long breath of relief now that she need not keep an eye out for the well and the cistern and the green grapes. Barbie had seen them go down, as she supposed, and went back to the dear fascination of her story.

Nathan brought Prince home from the blacksmith's, and came in to find his mother taking down the precious jar of peach preserves.

"Cousin Roxy's here, and Johnny," she said. "I was just going to call Barbie to make some cream biscuits for tea."

"I'll call her," said Nathan; "I want to tell her something."

Looking into the north room to speak to Cousin Roxy, he inquired after Johnny and Davy.

"O, they're up stairs with Barbie," said Cousin Roxy. "Johnny thinks a sight of Barbie."

Barbie's heroine was coming out in society as a brilliant authoress, to the great astonishment of all her friends, and Nathan saw at a glance that she knew nothing of the children.

"Hasn't Johnny been here?" he asked, hurriedly; and without waiting for an answer, he rushed across the hall, up the garret stairs at a bound, and saw the whole mischief in a glance. He stood there for one dreadful moment, with his lips compressed and his hands clenched tightly, while Johnny eyed him with a look of sullen def-

ance, and poor, little Davy stood twisting his fingers together, too much frightened to say a word. He remembered how once he had ruined a beautiful little model of an engine over which Nathan had worked for months, and how Nathan, in his blind anger, had shaken the life almost out of his little body, and dropped him, a limp, breathless heap, on the floor. To be sure, Nathan was dreadfully sorry afterward, and Davy promised never to meddle again; but Davy had broken his promise lots of times—maybe Nathan would forget, too. It seemed to Nathan as if he dared neither to speak nor stir, but he did speak at last, to say, so hoarsely that it frightened even Johnny,

"Go down stairs, both of you."

"Nathan," began Davy, half crying—

"Don't talk to me; go down stairs," he repeated, standing aside to let them pass, with his hands still clenched so that the nails were fairly purple.

The children scurried down stairs, and Nathan shut the door and surveyed the ruin of his hopes and plans. Nearly an hour later, Barbie, who had learned the whole story from the penitent Davy, knocked softly at the door to summon her brother to supper.

"May I come in?" she asked, when her knock met no response.

"Yes," said Nathan. And she came in to find him sitting by the window, his chin leaning on his hands, and his face turned quite away from her. The floor was covered with the broken crayons, and, without saying a word, she began to gather them up in her apron.

"Supper's ready, Nathan," she said, at last.

He turned toward her with a long sigh, and such a tired look in his face, it almost made her cry to see it. Down went the apron with its load of pieces, and Barbie put her arms around Nathan's neck, saying, with a quivering voice,

"It was *too bad*, Nathan, after all the pains you have taken."

"Yes," said Nathan, drawing his hand across his face and trying to smile, "it *was* too bad that I should let such a little thing upset me so completely."

"I don't call it a *little* thing," said Barbie. "I don't see how anything could have been more provoking; and Davy says you didn't scold a bit."

"I was angry, though," said Nathan, "O, so very angry; I felt as if I could throw them both out the window or down stairs. I had to shut my teeth and clench my fists to hold myself."

"But you did it, though—you kept it in, and I call that splendid; it was a real triumph."

"Yes, I kept it in," said Nathan; "that was something gained; but then I don't think I had any right to be so angry, and I don't think I shall be next time."

Then, as they went down together to supper, Nathan said, hesitatingly, "I want to tell you, Barbie, that before I got to the stairs, and heard the children talking, it all flashed over me what they were doing. I hadn't any time to think, but I just said '*help me*' and I didn't seem to have to pray way up into heaven; it was only speaking to some one close beside me. I'm sure He *did* help me."

Barbie nodded her head with a bright

smile, in token that she understood Nathan, and they went into the kitchen together.

The table was set on the long porch, shaded with woodbines. Davy's eyes were red, and he only ventured to glance now and then at Nathan, but he soon forgot his sorrow in the delights of warm biscuit and honey, and a saucer of peach preserves.

In the evening, when Johnny and his mother had gone, Davy had a long conference with grandma, which ended in his creeping shyly up to Nathan, and saying, half under his breath,

"Nathan, I've teared it up."

"What?" said Nathan, putting his arm around Davy.

"The note, you know," said Davy, nodding his head vigorously, and talking very fast; "so you needn't ever pay me for the dollars I lent you. I've got a free-cent dime now, and maybe I shall get some more some time, and then I'll buy you that biggest trumpet down to the Corners."

Nathan hugged Davy, with a remorseful thought of his late anger, and that was the end of the crayon speculation.

[To be continued.]

### THE CAT AND THE GOLDFISH.

BY FRANK CHURCH.

Speaking of cats, I once had a cat that was a victim of misplaced confidence. In those days, I could mew nearly as well as she herself could. One evening, I was amusing the children by counterfeiting the voice of a kitten in distress. Puss was greatly excited, and looked everywhere and ran everywhere to find the kitten. She looked in the bedroom, prowled under the bed, then back to the parlor, under sofa, piano, book case, and everywhere else. She looked about me, under my skirt, into my lap, mewing pitifully all the time. Then she sprang into my lap and looked wistfully into my face. Evidently I had, according to her theory, either eaten a kitten, or it was at that moment suffering agonies in my mouth. She put one paw on my shoulder, and with the other patted my cheek, crooning to the invisible kitten all the while.

This was too much for my gravity. I threw back my head and indulged in a hearty laugh. Puss looked into my mouth, and sprang off my lap.

"It is all over with the kitten," said she to herself, (that is, I suppose she did,) "and it's the last time I ever have anything to say to that deceiver."

At any rate, it *was* the last, for I never could coax her on my lap again. She was an embodiment of virtuous indignation and offended dignity.

I wish you could have seen how the goldfish frightened Mrs. Tabitha Tortoiseshell Velvet. She wanted to catch him, but cat's don't like to wet their feet. So she pretended that she just wanted a drink out of the top of the globe. The goldfish, who isn't such a fool as he looks to be, sank instantly.

"That's nothing," thought puss, "I can catch you through the side of the water." (You see cats don't know much about glass.)

So she stooped down to catch him through the side, when he swam toward her with his mouth open. I never saw such a frightened cat in my life! She sprang off the table, and never tried to catch Goldie again.

### THE BIRDS' PICNIC.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The birds gave a picnic, the morning was fine,  
They all came in couples to chat and to dine.  
Miss Robin, Miss Wren, and the two Misses Jay  
Were dressed in a manner decidedly gay.

And Bluebird, who looks like a handful of sky,  
Dropped in with her spouse as the morning wore by.

The Yellowbirds, too, those wee bundles of sun,  
With the brave Chickadees came along to the fun.

Miss Phebe was there in her prim suit of brown;  
In fact, all the birds in the fair, leafy town.  
The neighbors, of course, were politely invited.  
Not even the Ants and the Crickets were slighted.

The grasshoppers came, some in gray, some in green,  
And covered with dust, hardly fit to be seen.

Miss Miller flew in with her gown white as milk,  
And Lady Bug flourished a new crimson silk.

The Bees turned out lively, the young and the old,  
And proud as could be, in their spencers of gold.  
But Miss Caterpillar, how funny of her,  
She hurried along in a mantle of fur!

There were big bugs in plenty, and gnats great and small,  
A very hard matter to mention them all.

And what did they do? Why they sported and sang,  
Till all the greenwood with their melody rang.

Then one little robin, she wasn't half grown,  
Stood up in a corner to sing all alone. [it,  
I heard her wee song, from her gold bill I caught  
And far over mountain and vale I have brought it.

"This is the song that mother sings,  
Rocking her birdies to rest:  
'Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,  
'All in the downy nest!  
'Close, close, under my wings!  
This is the song that mother sings.

"This is what baby robins dream,  
High on the bending spray;  
Blue sky and bright flowers,  
Dewdrops and sunlight gay.  
Still, still, nightfall has come,  
Dear little birdies safe at home.

"This is the hour that birdies wake:  
Quick as the morning's red  
Lights up valley and hill,  
Birdies have left their bed.  
Cheep, cheep, merry and free,  
Bright little baby birds are we!"

Who'er gave a picnic so grand and so gay?  
They hadn't a shower, I'm happy to say;  
And when the sun fell, like a cherry, ripe red,  
The fire flies lighted them all home to bed!

### OPAL.

BY MARY LORIMER.

This beautiful stone has its own distinctive charm. There are several varieties of Opal, and first upon the list comes the *Precious*, or *Noble Opal*, as it is called. Its color is milk white, with sometimes a slightly blue tinge, but as we look upon it, it presents continually a vivid play of sparkling and shifting colors—red, green, yellow, and purple—coming and going in most bewitching capriciousness. Nothing can be more lovely than these fugitive and returning tints, and to describe them, the expressive and charming word *opalescence* has been framed. This remarkable peculiarity of the Opal has been accounted for in different ways by different mineralogists. Some think that the gem is traversed in all directions by most minute cracks or fissures, and that the refraction

and reflection of light on these cracks produces this playful change of colors. But we do not like a theory which makes the very beauty of our favorite depend upon its defects; we prefer another, which is, that it is from no *cracks* or *fissures*, but that the original structure of the perfect stone is such as to give this delightful mutability; and that were it not a perfect gem, it would not show, as it often does, not only this opalescence, but distinct images of objects reflected in it, as in the moonstone and diamond.

The Noble Opal is greatly prized for ornamental purposes, its value depending upon its size, purity, and vivid colors. It is found in the Faroe Islands, in Hungary, and in Mexico.

*Fire Opal*, or *Girasole*, is sometimes bluish white, sky blue, or wine yellow; but has continually an internal reflection of intense carmine red, and sometimes tints of apple green. It is found in Mexico.

*Common Opal* is white, with green, red, gray, blue, and yellow reflections, but none of the tints have that peculiar effulgence which distinguishes the Noble Opal. It is found in Saxony, Hungary, and in Pennsylvania.

*Semi-Opal* is more opaque than common. It is of numerous colors, white, gray, or yellow, often softly shaded with green, red, brown, or grayish black, but the colors are never lively. Found in France, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

*Wood Opal*, having the form of vegetable fibers which have become opalized. It is quite hard, and takes a good polish, the colors being white or gray, with shades of yellow, black and brown, sometimes arranged in stripes or circles. Found in Hungary and on the banks of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers.

*Hydrophane*, the name of which indicates a remarkable quality which some opals possess of becoming transparent in water. Naturally it is nearly or quite opaque, but when placed in pure water, bubbles escape and a remarkable luster and transparency are produced, passing away as the mineral becomes dry. Found in Saxony and in Hungary.

*Hyalite*, a species of Opal which is transparent, and *Ménilite*, which is opaque. Found in France, Hungary, and Siberia.

### CAT'S EYE, OR ASTERIA.

This is a beautiful and interesting stone, somewhat of the nature of the Opal. It takes a fine polish, and exhibits that peculiar play of effulgent, pearly light which is termed *chatoyant*, and which refers to the mutable and shining colors that are seen in a cat's eye when observed in the dark. This remarkable appearance is most noticeable when the stone is held obliquely, the radiance disappearing in the direct rays of the sun. The light emitted takes tints of greenish or yellowish gray, olive green, yellowish brown, red and grayish white, and it is said to be caused by the most delicate parallel fibers of pearly Asbestos traversing the transparent substance of the crystal. The red and olive green varieties are much prized for articles of jewelry. It is found in the East and West Indies, and in Europe.

*Moonstone*, a variety of Adularia or resplendent Felspar. The color is milky white or tinged with gray, yellow, green or red. This stone has also the interest which attaches to

all *chatoyant* gems, and presents, in certain positions, whitish gleams tinged with blue or green, shedding a pearly or silvery luster which seems to proceed from the interior of the crystal. It is often set in rings surrounded by rubies and diamonds, and is much valued. It is found in Persia, Arabia, and Ceylon.

*Heliotrope*, called, also, Oriental Jasper and *Blondstone*, of a deep jaspery-green color, with blood-red or yellow spots. Some varieties show olive-green shades and stripes. Used for ornamental boxes, seals, and other purposes.

### SOMETHING ABOUT COAL.

BY ALLIS WALDEN.

Every day at four o'clock, Elma went to her Aunt Julia's to recite her lessons. But on Saturdays, if she had been a good girl, and learned her lessons well all the week, her aunt always had some pleasant surprise planned for her. If it was a dull, cloudy day, she told her a story; but if it was a warm, sunshiny day, they had a little picnic in the woods, or they took a drive in the old farm wagon, or Aunt Julia invited a few little friends to meet Elma at her house, or they did any of the thousand and one things that Elma's little heart hankered after. And Elma always ended her holiday by staying to tea, and eating a turnover with her initials cut in the upper crust.

One bleak Saturday, when the wind whistled in the trees, and roared around the corners of the house, and the sharp, stinging cold crept in at every crack, freezing the milk in the pantry, and nipping everybody's fingers and toes, Aunt Julia drew her chair in front of the warm, coal fire, and began her story.

"A great many years ago, there was no North America, nor South America, nor Europe, nor Asia, nor Africa; but the world was all Oceanica."

"How many years, Aunt Julia?" asked Elma.

"Well, we will say two or three millions, so as to be sure to keep within bounds."

"But the world is only six thousand years old," said Elma, delighted at a chance to air her knowledge.

"Never mind, little wiseacre. Don't you be trying to overthrow all these pretty theories of wise men with your small store of facts, especially when they happen to be false. There is nothing so charming as a theory, my dear. You have to take a fact as it stands. It is obstinately impregnable. You can't bring your engines of war to bear upon it, but must surrender at once. But a theory is an 'airy nothing,' that you can twist and turn and squeeze to suit the occasion. You can swell it out or you can shrink it up. You can make it large enough to cover a mountain, or small enough to slip into a pint bottle, just as you happen to need. Now my story is going to be all theory, with a fact tucked in now and then, by way of illustration."

Elma laughed in a pleased, amused way, as she always did when her aunt talked to her in long words.

Aunt Julia began again.

"Millions of years ago, the world was all islands, thickly scattered through the ocean.

It was one great archipelago. The islands were low and damp. The air was warm and moist. The summer sea kissed the low-lying islands. The summer sun shone through the misty air, and unborn plants away down in the wet, dank soil, laughed with joy and leaped into life. From pole to pole the grateful earth smiled greenly to the loving sunshine and warm mist. Ferns shot up—"

"O yes. I've seen ferns. They uncurl when they open," said Elma, glad to come to anything she had ever heard of before.

"Yes, we call them ferns when we find them in a hothouse, and 'brakes,' when we come across them in the woods. All the islands were covered with ferns—not short herbs, like those you have seen, but tall trees, fifty or sixty feet high. They stood so thick that they formed dense forests. Every foot of ground was covered with some green thing."

"A little, slimsy brake make a tree!" said Elma, doubtfully. "Do you believe it, aunty?"

"Yes, Elma; people have found fern trees turned to stone, away down in the rocks, where they went to sleep ages upon ages ago. And, besides, some of their near kin are growing in Java at this very minute—tree ferns, rivaling the palms in height and beauty. What makes you sigh so?" asked Aunt Julia, as Elma drew a long breath.

"Nothing, only it is so queer! I wish I could see one of those trees."

"You might marry a sea captain, and sail round the world."

Elma laughed.

"Here is a fern leaf—a *frond*, it is called," said Aunt Julia, taking up a black stone from the table.

"Why, where did you get it? I thought I had seen everything there ever was in your bureau drawer. I've seen brakes that looked almost exactly like that. It looks just as if it were a picture somebody had scraped on it, like the willow trees on the old stones in the grave yard. Doesn't it?"

"Yes; but it isn't. It is what is called a fossil. The leaf was buried in the mud, and as the mud turned to stone, the leaf left this impression; or, perhaps the leaf turned to stone, too. It sometimes did."

"And coal was made of such leaves as that," said Elma, meditatively.

"It was made from the great fern trees on which such leaves grew. Such fossils have been found as far north as Melville's Island. Up in the Frigid Zone, in the tropics, and near the Southern Pole, ferns grew luxuriantly. Ice and snow were strangers everywhere. Sunshine and summer warmth were constant visitors. The climate of the whole earth was tropical."

"But in the winter it snowed, of course."

"Of course it didn't, pickaninny. So the wise men say. It was warm all the year round. The trees were not woody, like our oaks and pines, and they did not take a firm hold of the soil, so that a fierce wind easily uprooted them, or a stormy sea tore them from their slight foothold. In one way and another, most of them reached the ocean. At first they floated, but gradually the air that filled all their crevices bubbled out, and water crept in to supply its place. Then the tree grew heavy, and could no longer float. So it sunk down, down, down, till it reached the bed of the ocean. But it was not left to

lie alone. Hundreds and thousands of trees floated out and sank in the same spot, and there they lay together, with their roots clasped and their branches entwined. Finally, earth and sand and rocks were sifted down upon them, forming a thick covering above them. And the heat from the center of the earth warmed them, and the layer of earth and sand pressed them, till they were changed to coal—dear, dingy, old coal—that cooks our food, and heats our houses, and lights our streets, and smelts our iron, and drives our engines."

"But how does it get out of the ocean?" asked practical Elma.

"The spot where the coal bed was, afterward became dry land."

"So smutty and so shiny, and so black! To think you were ever a tree! I never!" said Elma, giving the coal hod a good shake.

"Yes, darling, ages upon ages before man was made, God, in His almighty, all-seeing love, knew what he would need, and year after year, century after century, the whole world was at work making coal for his use."

### THE BREAKFAST SHAWL.

BY HANNAH THIRSTIN.

"Hullo! isn't it a beauty?" cried Harry, catching from his little sister her "break'a't shawl," and waving it in the air. "A break'a't shawl, that's jolly now!" and Harry laughed derisively. Mingled with his shouts came Lilla's distressed voice,

"Mamma! mamma! my break'a't shawl!" as if apprehending that her brother was about to tear it in pieces. But of course Harry had no idea of venturing such a piece of rudeness.

To be sure, it was only a faded square of cambric, and the pattern wasn't the most graceful, and there was just the faintest suspicion of fringe in the dozen short bits of sewing silk that dangled from its edges. But it was soft and fine and smelt of lavender, and it had pretty, silken stripes.

Harry grew quiet as mamma folded the little shawl and took Lilla on her lap, with a thoughtful smile, and a far-away look in her eyes.

"Once," she said, "there came a time when the papa went away, and the carriage and horses were sold, and the servants were dismissed. The mamma was a brave woman, whom such troubles couldn't crush, and so she was cheerful over staying alone all summer, with only the children, in the big house where there had been so much bustle and company, and bravely helped to get papa ready to go off to the west, to buy a farm, and prepare a new home.

"I was eight years old, and that was *such* a long summer! I tended the baby, and picked up chips, and helped mamma keep the weeds out of the garden, and wiped the dishes three times a day. Of course, mamma couldn't spare me to go to school. She never complained of being weary herself, though she must often have been so, as she took the baby and told me to run and play a little while.

"A buggy was still in the barn, unsold. One day a gentleman took it away, and kept it two or three days. When he came back, he took a bill out of his pocket book and offered it to mamma. She refused it, but he

laid it on the table and went away. Mamma looked sober and thoughtful that afternoon, sitting in her low chair by the window, with her eyes out on the grass plat where we were at play. But when we watched her delicate, blue-veined fingers crumbing the bread into our bowls of milk, at supper time, she was the same cheerful mamma we had always known.

"Two or three days after that, the milliner's boy brought a bandbox. Mamma opened it, and there were our last year's leghorn flats—Nellie's and mine—as white as leghorn could be, with ties of mottled pink and white ribbon, so fresh and pretty! Our delight was only surpassed that afternoon—it was Saturday—when mamma brought home two little shawls. The wreaths in the border were lilac then, and the silvery stripes were dotted with sprigs of soft green.

"I must have been a little vain the next morning, as I stood with mamma and my little three year old brother on the garden walk, just starting for church. Alas! if I had only remembered that pride must have a fall! Mamma's foot hesitated a moment, before she reached the gate.

"Go and get a cookie," she said, "for Charlie. He didn't eat much breakfast. You will find them in a pan on the west end of the lower shelf in the cellar."

"My curls, and my new ribbons, and my shawl floated back on the morning breeze, as I ran to obey her. In the cellar, I reached absently for the cookie pan. I had forgotten which one it was, and the shelf was higher than my head. I tipped a pan just a little and put my fingers over the edge. O, dear! a soft, creamy deluge poured instantly from the milk pan I had disturbed, over hat, curls, ribbons, and shawl. 'Mamma!' was all I had breath to exclaim, as I stood in another instant, blinded and dripping before her. But further statement was unnecessary. I think mamma's serenity was disturbed for a moment, but I could not see, and she led me quietly to the kitchen."

"Poor 'little girl,'" lisped Lilla.

"Did you ever go to church again?" asked Harry.

"Yes, with you, yesterday," said mamma.

"But when you were a little girl—that summer, I mean," said Harry.

"Yes, the hat was re-dressed, and the shawl was washed. It was never quite so pretty as it had been, but it was not spoiled. And I never wanted to complain because Nellie's was brighter."

"In spite of all her cheeriness, mamma grew thinner and paler as the summer wore on. One beautiful Sabbath afternoon, early in September, mamma and I were out in the garden behind the house, picking 'shell beans' for our late dinner. Someway I do not think there was much to make a meal of in the house, but mamma only said, "We'll have some nice succotash for dinner, children." I was trying to separate an unripe bean pod from its stalk without pulling up the roots, when a kind of mist came over my eyes, and I do not remember any more till I found myself laughing and sobbing and clambering right up, up, to my papa's shoulder, in the dining room, and he was kissing and hugging all the children at once, and telling mamma at the same time, in his strong, cheerful voice, about the accident to the boat which had prevented his getting home the night before,

and about the farm in Wisconsin, without a tree, or a fence, or a house on it when he went, but which was now nicely ready for our new home, when we should go to it next spring. Crops had been good, he said, and he had been kept longer than he expected, in order to secure them.

"Mamma grew stronger after that, and there was a servant in the kitchen, and I went to school. But after we had moved to the new country, and the farm was paid for, and comfort and plenty smiled all around, the mamma faded away from our sight.

"One day after she was gone, I found the little shawl in an old chest of drawers. When I came to live in a home of my own, I brought it with me. It has a fragrance for me now, besides the lavender. To-day I laid it out for Lilla's shoulders, when it is 'a cold morning,' in the breakfast room."

Harry laid the little folded shawl across the back of a chair and went quietly away. In another moment, Lilla had it grotesquely wrapped about her shoulders, and said,

"Tell me 'nother story, mamma."

### SUMMER WIND.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

O, sweet summer wind, you are blowing  
Across the green meadows to-day,  
And over the hill, where the sunshine  
Is chasing the shadows in play;  
The leaves whisper softly together,  
The tales you have told to the tree;  
O, wind of the beautiful summer,  
Come whisper your secret to me!

Away in the heart of the wildwood  
I know where the dingles are sweet;  
The dew on the mosses is lying,  
All day in their shady retreat.  
O, wind of the beautiful summer,  
The breath of the woodlands you bring;  
The ferns tangled close in the thicket—  
The pines where the wood-robins sing!

### LITTLE DUMP-I-TY MAY.

BY EVA ALICE.

Over the grasses and daisies,  
Comes little Dump-i-ty May,  
Wishing, I know, for a frolic—  
Coming with sister to play!  
Driving the bee from the clover,  
Chasing the butterfly gay,  
Sweeter than June's blushing roses—  
Dear little Dump-i-ty May!

A loving little earth-angel,  
Filling each heart with delight,  
Shedding around us a halo,  
Making each moment so bright! [ing,  
The light of our dreams when we're sleep-  
Our joy through the hours of the day—  
She's naught but is charming and lovely,  
Our darling Dump-i-ty May!

One day our little Emma, just two years old, let her doll fall from the window, breaking the china head to pieces. The tears began to flow at once, but grandma, the little ones' sweetest comforter, speedily gathered up the fragments and put them together with cement, making the painted baby almost as good as new.

One morning, not long after, grandma, seeing the child leaning from the window, said, "Take care, Emma might fall and break her head, like dolly—what would she do then?" Quick as thought, and with a roguish twinkle in her eye, the child answered,

"G'an'ma pick her up and mend her!"

Alta Grant.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE, No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1869

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the P. O. where the paper is received.

## NOW IS THE TIME!

### NEW VOLUME.

Our last number began Volume Nine.

NOW begin a club, or add to your old one. Many clubs are made up during the summer. See our Premium List on third page of cover, and roll in your club lists during the next two or three months; send as many as possible immediately. NOW is the best time to work, during the summer vacation.

If you fail to receive THE CORPORAL for any month, let us know. The mails sometimes fail, and we want to make good all such losses. Besides this, among so many thousands, it would be strange if we did not sometimes make mistakes. Write and tell us about any errors, and we will do all that is right. THE CORPORAL's motto is the rule of his life and practice.

### NEW BOOK BY MRS. MILLER.

Mrs. Miller is now finishing a sequel to Jimmy Marvin, or "The Royal Road to Fortune." Both the original story, which so interested the readers of THE CORPORAL last year, and the Sequel, will be published by us in one handsome book, about next September.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Sunday School teachers, officers, and library committees are requested to read the advertisement at top of last page of cover of this magazine, headed "Sunday School Libraries."

PICTURES OF THE EAGLE.—We have on hand a supply of the Colored Album Pictures of "OLD ABE," the famous Wisconsin Eagle, which we will send by mail, postpaid, for ten cents each, or sixty cents a dozen. Address the publishers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, Chicago, Ill.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.—We have choice articles on hand from Lucia Chase Bell, Mrs. Henshaw, and Grace Greenwood, all of which will appear in our next number.

If you wear out your number in canvassing with it, write and tell us what number it is, and we will send a new one in its place, free of charge.

## CARELESS PEOPLE.

We give below the names of nine persons from whom we have now on our table important letters, nearly all of them containing money. None of these letters inform us what state they come from, and four even neglect to tell us their post office. Jed G. Payne and John S. Thompson both write complaining that they have sent us money and heard nothing from their letters. We do not wonder, friends. If you have been careless in these letters you were probably careless also when writing the others. We receive a great many letters which do not contain the post office and state, but the postmaster's stamp lets us into the secret. On all the above, however, the P. M.'s stamp is so illegible that we cannot read it.

Sometimes people even neglect to sign their names, others to direct their letters, and others, again, to put on a stamp.

And now, kind patrons, when you think you have cause to complain of us, or any other correspondent, just guess that maybe it is your own fault, and next time be more careful. Hardly a day passes that there are not thirty or forty letters deposited in the Chicago Post Office, with no stamps. Of course, such letters go to the Dead Letter Office. Can anybody tell us where these careless people live?

JED G. PAYNE,	No Post office.	No State.
JOHN S. THOMPSON,	Martha.	"
A. A. MATHEWS,	Chillicothe.	"
F. BISHOP,	Winthrop.	"
A. P. FISH,	Liberty.	"
SYLVANIA A. FRIEND,	No Post office.	"
NELLIE BARROWS,	Center Abington,	"
MRS. A. E. SMOCK,	No Post office.	"
WM. L. PATTEE,	No Post office.	"

(There are towns named like these in nearly every state.)

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

**SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD.**—A very large business is done in this country, in sending books to buyers by mail; but as they are generally sent, the corners are nearly always badly broken and spoiled. We have to mail a great many books, both as premiums and to customers, and have felt so sorry to have them ruined in the mails that we have devised a remedy, or rather a prevention. We have invented a patent metal "Protector," or "Corner Guard," which fastens over the corner of the book in such a way that it is almost impossible for the corners of even the finest books to be damaged in the mails. This invention, though so simple, is of very great advantage, for it is so light that it *very seldom* adds to the postage, and yet so strong that the book is effectually protected.

We can now mail, *post paid*, to any Post Office in the United States, any respectable book in the trade, on receipt of the published price. When you order, state, if you know, what firm publishes the book ordered.

## ABOUT BOOKS.

Any book advertised in THE CORPORAL or in any other magazine or newspaper, will be sent by mail, *postpaid*, on receipt of price, by the publishers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

See our editorial headed SPECIAL NOTICE.

## TRANSFERRED.

Since our last number three names from Akron, Ohio, have been sent in for this column, and as we write them, three dear faces rise before us, for these are all children whom we have personally known and loved; faces that used to greet us every Sabbath, and voices that we have heard in song and laughter, by our own fireside.

EVA LUCY MILLER, Akron, Ohio.  
CHARLIE MILLS, Akron, Ohio.  
HARRIS MCKINNEY, Akron, Ohio.

We speak, sometimes, of the *night of death*, but these children, in dying, saw the light beyond, and the last words of Eva were, "*Good morning, mother.*"

And one of the "older people with young hearts," who had for a long time read and loved THE CORPORAL:

JOSEPH GATES, Milford, Ohio,

who labored all through his life for "the good, the true, and the beautiful."

## HOW THEY DO IN OREGON.

A letter from Mrs. Susanna Sheffield, in a little inland town in the state of Oregon, says:

"I herewith send you fifty subscribers from this post office, and a post office money order for fifty dollars. I am now getting up another club, and will send it along in a week or so. I have met with entire success for so small a place as this, and I intend, as long as I live, to try and get your good, obedience-teaching LITTLE CORPORAL into every family. This is the first time I ever tried to get up a club of any kind. I have only been about two weeks, hardly that, in getting over fifty names. I claim, now, as premiums, the silver plated teaspoons, tablespoons, and forks, and the Chromo of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf. I have eight more names ready to send. I am cumbered with many household cares, but will continue to work for our grand LITTLE CORPORAL."

And then this brave lady goes on to tell us how she is recruiting for THE CORPORAL. We wish we had room to print all the stirring words she has written. They would rouse many a sleepy brigade to action. She says: "It is easy to raise recruits for THE CORPORAL'S army."

Now that is the way to work. In less than two weeks, besides attending to all her household cares, this lady has procured fifty-eight subscribers in a small, inland town, has earned two sets of double silver plated spoons, one set of forks, of the same kind, and the Red Ridinghood Chromo, and has a *good start on another club*. The same thing may be done in *ten thousand towns* in this Union, if you who read this will only take hold and work. And then, besides, just think *how much good you will do*.

## OLDTOWN FOLKS.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.  
Price, \$2.00.

## THE GATES AJAR.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.  
Price, \$1.50.

Either of the above will be sent, (with the corners protected from damage by our patent Book Corner Guards,) *postpaid*, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

WRITE TO PRUDY, or to THE LITTLE PILGRIM, or PRIVATE QUEER; whichever you choose, always direct in care of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, Chicago, Ill.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, will be sent by us, by mail, *postpaid*, on receipt of price.

SALT WATER DICK. By MAY MANNING.  
Price \$1.00. Lee & Shepherd, Boston.

DOTTY DIMPLE AT SCHOOL. SOPHIE MAY.  
A pleasant little story, forming number five of the popular Dotty Dimple series. Price 75 cts. Same publishers.

From D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, we have three volumes of the \$500 prize series. "SHINING HOURS," "SABRINA HACKETT," "MASTER AND PUPIL." All of them stories which were offered in competition for the prize. We have not seen the book which was the successful one, but the first two of these are greatly superior to the generality of Sunday School books, and would prove a valuable addition to any Sunday School library, being specially adapted to the class of pupils most difficult to influence—the older boys and girls. "Master and Pupil" is not equal to either of the others. These volumes sell for \$1.50 each.

THE ARK. Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG. \$1.75.

This story is number three of the "Elm Island stories," and is one of those tales of adventure which most boys find so fascinating. It contains a good deal of nautical information, as well as curious facts in natural science, and is just the kind of a book to set a boy wild for the sea. Lee & Shepherd, Publishers.

From the Western News Co., Chicago, we have "HANEY'S ART OF TRAINING ANIMALS." Price 50 cts. Published by Jesse Haney & Co., New York.

The performances of trained animals have always been painful rather than interesting to us, from the thought of the amount of suffering necessary to bring it about. The author of this book, however, tells us how to train our pet dogs, cats, horses, etc., to very wonderful feats at only the expense of a little patience and skill.

## SILVER BELLS,

THE CHEAPEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

This little book, containing the words of a choice selection of some of the best hymns in The Singing Pilgrim, and Bradbury's Golden Trio, of which we have sold 40,000 copies, has for some time been out of print. It is so much called for that we have issued a new and revised edition, and it can now be had by mail, *post paid*, at \$2.50 per hundred; \$1.50 for fifty. A sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Address, ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL says of "Reed's Drawing Lessons," the new Drawing Book lately issued by The Little Corporal Publishing house:

"The best thing of the kind we have seen. With this instruction book at hand, boys and girls may learn the art of Drawing as well as they can learn writing from copybooks. If these 'Lessons' were placed in every family, it would prevent a world of mischief, and be the means of much valuable instruction."

The price of this beautiful book is \$1.50, and it is sent by mail, *post paid*, (with corners protected from damage by our patent corner guards,) on receipt of price. Address the publishers, ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., LITTLE CORPORAL OFFICE, Chicago, Ill.

CLUBS for THE LITTLE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different post offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.



## OUR REFUGE.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by JAMES HARRISON.

O, Christian, the sunshine is bright on the way, And hope, and hope scatters  
O, Christian, earth's pleasures endure but a night, Its treasures, its treasures may

blossoms around; But some-times the shadows darken the way, Then where shall a refuge be found? O, Christian, thy spirit is strong for the strife, Thy  
crumble to clay; But hast thou a home that no sorrow can blight, And riches that fade not a way? O, blest in the sun-shine and safe in the storm, The

feet pressing ea-ger-ly on..... But long is the bat-tle and con-flict of life, And soon will thine ar-dor be gone..... O, Je-sus, thy Sav-  
Rock of thy ref-uge is sure..... It nev-er will fail tho' the tem-pest as-sail, But firm to the end will en-dure..... O, &c.

ier and Friend..... Says he will nev-er for-sake..... No foe canst thou fear when thy Ref-uge is near, No trouble thy spir-it can shake.....

My Sav-ior and Friend, Will nev-er for-sake, For Ref-uge is near; Thy spir-it can shake.

For Interlude, first four measures.

## PRUDY'S POCKET.

Two little girls in Wilmington, Ill., have sent such a nice letter, that I would like to put it all in, if I had room. They say:

"We live in the country, and do not go to school in the winter, but study at home. Last winter, mamma proposed that instead of writing compositions, we should publish a paper once a fortnight—Louie and I to be both editors and contributors. We thought it a capital idea, and named it THE HOUSE-

HOLD GLEANER. Papa gave us a large account book, and we spend our evenings in writing stories, puzzles, charades, and rebuses, (the rebuses are the most fun), and then we copy them into the book as neatly as we can; for mamma says she shall always keep them. Louie is editor of the *fun department* and *news column*, while I take charge of the stories and pieces on natural history. It is no trouble at all to find subjects to write upon. Louie is now writing the history of all the pets we ever had, and we are illustrating the poem of Red Ridinghood, putting

two pictures in each number, and painting them in water colors. When we get through with this, we are going to make a map of the creek that runs through our place, and pictures of the scenery all around us."

We should like to hear again from those little girls.

Our brave Little Corporal has a message for old and young. Here is a friend who writes:

"I love THE CORPORAL about as well as the children. It amuses me and makes me

forget an otherwise painful hour, for I am a bedridden invalid. Do you know I am often tempted to envy you, as I lie here in weary pain, year after year? Ah! how many hearts you are able to cheer; and I scarce can stifle the intense longing to possess some of your power to elevate and bless."

Dear friend, as I read your letter, I look up involuntarily to a little printed slip, fastened to the wall above my table, and read for you, as I have often read for myself,

"Be sure a gentle hand  
Portions all pain!  
How knowest thou whether this  
Be loss or gain?"

A brother editor sends greeting:

"First of all, I wish you a continuation of the success that has sent your excellent magazine into over 80,000 homes in the land, sowing in each the good seed that I trust will bring forth fruit a hundred fold, and thus aid in that great work which, alas! too few are doing, creating a more universal love for the good, beautiful, and true."

A letter from "away down east," too long to copy, but very nice to read. In such weather as this, it is comforting even to think about snow drifts; and the writer gives us a very lively account of a snow storm in Maine—as bad as the one in which Dotty Dimple "blew away"—which actually buried a schoolhouse, scholars, schoolma'am, and all, and compelled them to stay all night, sleeping on the benches, and making merry over their misfortune. I read it to a little boy, whose black eyes fairly danced with delight at the idea, as he exclaimed,

"Oh! I just wish I'd been there."

"I am a little boy nine years old. I am trying to get subscribers enough to buy the picture of Red Ridinghood, to give to my mother for a birthday present. I have sent you two subscribers, and now I send one more. Maybe you think I make pretty slow work of it, but I am determined not to give up. My brother Elmer goes to the high school, and he read about a mouse that persevered till he ate a hole clear through a mountain. I guess if I keep nibbling I shall get through sometime. I have to print my letter, because I can't write very plain."

"Your friend, SAMMY WESTON."

Prudy thinks that that little boy will be pretty sure to succeed.

Here is a little girl who wants some advice:

"Dear Mr. Corporal—You said you loved all the little boys and girls, and so I wish you would tell me what to do, because I am sure people who make books and papers ought to know almost everything. I want to know if it was really true about that little Cherry, that kept house for her brothers when her mother was dead, and took care of little Len. Because my mother is dead, too, and I am twelve years old; and don't you think that I could keep house for my father, and take care of Willie and the twins? Willie is seven years old, and the twins are only three; and you never saw anything so sweet and cunning as they are. My father has to pay a great deal of money to the woman where we board, and Cella, a black woman, takes care of the twins and brushes Willie's hair, only sometimes when he won't let her. And I thought if I could keep house for my father, it would be real nice; and not go to school, because I don't like the teacher very much. I wish you would write me a letter, and tell me what you think about it, and send me your picture, so I can see how you look."

The Corporal wishes Prudy to tell his little friend that he has seen girls only twelve years old who could keep house very well; but he

thinks it is a sad thing that they should have to do it. Because God did not intend that young hearts and young shoulders should have to carry such heavy burdens of care and toil. Sometimes He sees best to lay it upon them, as He did on little Cherry, and then they are to take it bravely, and carry it as well as they can; but it is sad, for all that, just as sickness and suffering are sad. And the Corporal hopes his little friend will excuse him for saying that it isn't generally a very good sign when scholars don't like their teacher; *first-rate* scholars are pretty sure to be on good terms with their teachers. About the picture, the Corporal only shook his head. A great many such requests come almost every day, and he always does shake his head. I'll tell you privately, my dear, what I think about it. Most of you little folks have a picture of the Corporal in your imagination. You fancy he is a nice, benevolent old gentleman, with gray hair, and a long, white beard; and he thinks it would be a pity to spoil all these venerable faces, by showing you another one that I've seen. Sometime, though, if you won't mention it, I'll tell you how he really does look.

*Parkman, Maine.* "The East sends greeting to the West. A kind friend sent us THE LITTLE CORPORAL a year ago. A quiet little fellow he seemed, at first, but he had an upward look, and ere long he donned a new suit, and glowing with smiles and the conscious pride of well-rewarded, manly efforts, he tells us that he commands a larger army than any other in the field. Hurrah for THE LITTLE CORPORAL! For the boy who has deserved success!"

*Minneapolis, Minn.* "I want to ask if it is too late to send more subscribers?"

It is *never* too late to send new subscribers, and back numbers to the beginning of the year can be furnished whenever desired. It is more satisfactory to the subscribers, however, to begin when the volume begins; so we advise all who raise clubs to begin *early*, and give themselves plenty of time to complete their number.

A valued contributor to THE CORPORAL writes from St. Louis:

"I always long to do children good, and cannot be satisfied with merely *amusing* them. I believe it is good missionary work to circulate THE CORPORAL, and I always give mine away as soon as I have read it, so I shall want a bound volume at the end of the year. I believe God has a mission for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and I hope its usefulness may never be sacrificed for *popularity* or *profit*."

THE CORPORAL holds that the *good* and the *true* always pay the best in the long run, even in "popularity" and "profit."

A friend sends us a riddle, which he says is affording much amusement in their social circles, and he thinks it is *new*. The riddle has been in print often; and that reminds us to say, that as there is such ample opportunity for mistakes in accepting such matter as this, we make it a point never to use anything which we are not entirely confident is original.

*Portland.* "Enclosed you will find an enigma, which is my first contribution to any paper. I should be very much pleased to see it inserted:

"I am composed of six letters—1, 2, is a conjunction; 4, 5, 6, 3, a past participle; 4, 5, a command; 5, 6, a preposition; 5, 6, 3,

a numeral; 1, 2, 3, a mineral. If you consider this beneath your notice, forgive me for troubling you, for I am but a child.

"HARRY BENSON."

If our little readers will find out this enigma, they will learn where Master Harry lives.

*Bristolville, Ohio.* "If you have anything for a poor, little, fatherless boy, you cannot do better than to send THE CORPORAL to Jimmie C. His father was killed in the army, and his mother has four children to support, and is quite poor. Cold weather was coming on, but Jimmie had no boots; and one day his uncle met him, and seeing his old shoes, took him into a shoemaker's shop to get him some boots. But when they told him to take off his shoes, he looked very sad.

"Don't you want some new boots?" said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie, taking off his shoe. But he still looked very sad, and when they were going away, he asked,

"Uncle Thomas, will my mother have to pay for these boots?"

"O no," said his uncle, "I am going to make you a present of them."

Jimmie clapped his hands and fairly jumped for joy. He wanted the boots very much, but could not bear to have his mother pay for them."

A letter from Iowa, saying, among other things, "Enclosed I send you two dollars to pay for THE CORPORAL to poor children." Now this would help to meet little Jimmie's case, and scores of others that come under our notice every month, only the writer unfortunately forgot to enclose the two dollars! A good many letters come to us in the same way, saying, "Please find enclosed," one dollar, or two, or sometimes *twenty*, when even Private Querc, whose keen eyes find out almost everything, fails to discover the money. Be a little more careful with your letters, good friends.

Somewhere in West Virginia there are some pretty little falls, called "Grotto Falls." A little girl who lives near them has written some verses about them, which her aunt sends us:

"Tumbling down from the top of a mountain,  
Sparkling and clear comes the Grotto fountain;  
Dashing and splashing, o'er rocks and ridges,  
Gurgling merrily under the bridges,  
Kissing the flowers that grow on its brink,  
Violets blue and anemones pink;  
Under the ferns and grasses hiding,  
Out in the sunshine swiftly gliding;  
Down through the meadows winding around,  
Into the river it leaps with a bound."

*Ceresco, Mich.* "Dear Little Corporal: I thought I would write and let you know why I did not get subscribers this year. It is this: I have been unable to walk since last August. I have to sit in my chair all the time, and I want THE LITTLE CORPORAL, to while away the long, tedious hours. I hope before long I shall be better, so that I may work again for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; and I must say that your paper is a light to our household.

"From your afflicted little friend,  
"FLORA L."

*Windsor, N. Y.* "I was twelve years old the thirty-first day of last month. I don't know as I am old enough to send conundrums to THE CORPORAL, but I will try, for there is nothing like trying. I send a conundrum which is one I made up myself on purpose for THE CORPORAL: 'Why is corn like land?' I will not write any more, because I am afraid you will not have time to read it.

PERSSIS L. BROWN."

You can all sharpen your wits by trying this conundrum.



## THE PILGRIM'S KNAPSACK.

"How now, Mr. Queer," said the Little Pilgrim, as he came into the Corporal's office the other morning. "You look happy—more than usually so, I think. What good fortune have you to report?"

"Well, the truth is, Pilgrim, I am happy—that is, I'm feeling well; a clear conscience, you know, good, sound muscle, healthy circulation, and the world wagging on merrily. And then, besides all these, I have been highly honored. The Corporal has invited me to accompany him on his trip to New England, for a few weeks recreation. He tells me that he has arranged with you to look after all his affairs in Chicago, during our absence, and he and I will have nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves."

"Ah, yes, my dear Queer, since you mention it I remember, and I'm right glad you are to take a little rest."

"The Corporal has always been very kind to me," continued the Private, who was full of good feeling in prospect of his visit; "but really I've been kept pretty close; very little detached service. The Corporal has gone about occasionally—up to Minnesota, for instance, and down to the Gulf of Mexico, and occasionally to New York, on business, but I couldn't well be spared from office work, and so have had very little chance to see the outside world and people. I did mean to show you the curiosities of Chicago right away—"

"Which I really wish very much to see," interrupted the Pilgrim, "but shall be very willing to wait till your return."

"And when I come home, Pilgrim, you shall see them. We have some good things here. But, you see, this trip is too good a thing to lose. You've seen the world, Pilgrim, but I'm green yet and want to be initiated."

"Well, the Corporal knows the ropes, my good fellow. He has seen service, and will be able to train you, I think. You'll write to me, of course."

"That I will, Pilgrim, and if you think my letters good enough to print in the Knapsack, why, you'll just give them to our boys and girls, that's all."

"Of course I will, Mr. Queer. You see, before the August number goes to press, you will be 'over the hills and far away,' and we will have a letter from you for our September number."

"I hope so, Pilgrim, and if the good Lord allows us to come home safe and well, we'll be ready for some heavy work this Fall and Winter. Our next campaign will be a strong one. The Corporal says he thinks our list will certainly reach a hundred thousand, this winter. They'll come, Pilgrim, they'll come."

"Ah, they will; I'm sure of it."

## No. 3.—LATIN ENIGMA.

It is composed of 37 letters.

My 20, 9, 8, 31, 23, 28, 37, is one of the infernal rivers.

My 4, 11, 5, 7, 12, is king of the infernal regions.

My 22, 2, 9, 19, 1, 24, 4, 3, 18, 17, is his wife and queen.

My 33, 30, 1, is the goddess of discord.

My 8, 10, 32, 21, 37, is the goddess of harvest.

My 13, 15, 9, 24, 33, is the goddess of flowers.

My 6, 37, 36, 19, is an Egyptian goddess.

My 16, 29, 26, 34, 12, 35, is Aurora's son.

My 27, 14, 29, 10, 18, 1, 25, 32, 31, 33, 11, 21, is one of the Gorgons.

My whole is a Latin sentence, applied, by a French philosopher, to an American statesman. *M. B. C. Slade.*

## No. 4.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 10, 9, 8, 4, 5, 6, 7, is what a blind man once saw.

My 3, 2, 1, is what he did afterward.

My whole is the name one of our generals bore when a little boy.

*Johnny.*

My boys ask this conundrum:

When is a rough boy half an acre? When he is too rude, (two rood.)

When does he become an acre? When he is whipped for being too rude, he becomes an acre, (acher.)

## DAYS OF THE WEEK IN FRENCH.

*Dimanche* is Sunday, to church we go.

*Lundi* is Monday; we wash, you know.

*Mardi* is Tuesday; we iron the clothes.

*Mercredi*, Wednesday, the Frenchman knows.

*Jedi* and Thursday are like in sound.

*Vendredi* Friday is, I have found.

*Samedi* is Saturday; now let us all

The days of the week by the French names call. *M. B. C. S.*

## No. 5.—A PICTURE STORY.



Reading to be given in next number.

*W. O. C.*

## No. 6.—A PICTURE STORY.

THE FOOLISH FROGS.



Two frogs had hopped up out of the water, and were having a good time, sitting in the sun. All at once, they heard a rustling in the tall grass, and saw something bobbing up and down, and coming toward them. I expect it was Davy, when he went a fishing. So they thought they had better be at home, down in their own pond. When the little boy came along and sat down on the bank, the frogs were as still as mice, and the pond was all as smooth as glass. But when he got up and walked away, the frogs began to grow a little braver. They put their heads up out of the water, and cried out, "Better be off!" "There he runs!" The farther the boy went away, the braver grew the frogs. So, by-and-by, they got up out of the pond, and ran, and danced behind the boy. "Old Mr. Bullfrog said, 'Who's afraid?' and so, on he went. But he never stopped to look behind him. If he had done that, he would have seen a big, fierce bird coming to take him. When they heard the eagle scream, they both made a rush for the pond, but it was too late. One poor frog sailed away in the eagle's claws, and was eaten up by the hungry, young eagles. The other frog said, when he got down under the water, "It is very foolish to venture too far into danger!" *W. O. C.*

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 1.—JULY NUMBER.

When Mr. Brown came to live in his new house, he was very much troubled with his neighbor's hens. There was a family living in a shanty near by, who kept one pig and seventeen hens. Now Mr. Brown was very fond of a nice garden, and wed and hoed in it every morning. But the hens from the shanty came over every day, and scratched up all the nice things. If Mr. Brown drove them off, they would run behind the house until he was gone; and then, in a few minutes, they would all be back again. Mr. Brown declared they could all run like a velocipede.

When Mrs. Brown spread out her clean clothes upon the grass to whiten, they would run all over them, and leave the prints of their muddy feet on her nice sheets, and napkins, and table cloths.

One day she set the table, and then went out to call the men in to dinner. She knew it was not safe to leave the door open, so she shut it. But the hens were too sharp for her, and went around to the window. They flew up, and jumped upon the table in a minute. When she came back, they were flying off with her nice biscuit—what they had not eaten. When she saw the mischief, she flung herself down upon a chair and folded her arms, and said:

"It's of no use. I may as well give up, and move off."

*W. O. C.*



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866,  
by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

☞ All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are  
written especially for it, and paid for at good prices.  
Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy  
into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit  
to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted be-  
cause many articles have been copied without credit.

## SUNSET.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Hand in hand, by the garden gate,  
Two little eager children wait;  
Looking across the dusky plain,  
Across the billows of rustling grain,  
To watch the day in her splendor dressed,  
Die slowly out of the gleaming west.

Over their shoulders, brown and bare,  
Floats a tangle of sunny hair;  
All the wealth of its tawny gold  
Once into shining curls was rolled,  
Tossed by the summer winds about,  
Caught by the brambles tall and stout.

They have been up on the hills at play,  
Where the brier-roses bloom to-day;  
Hunting the pastures green and low,  
For the beds where the sweet wild strawber-  
ries grow;

Wading under the alders cool,  
Where the silver minnows light up the pool.

Into their eyes the level sun  
Shines, for its course is almost done;  
Touching their brows and tangled hair  
With a glory a pictured saint might wear;  
And I almost deem that their eager eyes  
Are looking away into Paradise.

Slowly out of the gleaming west  
Dies the day in her splendor dressed;  
Cloudy castle and gates of light  
Fade to the dusky hues of night;  
But the children's faces grow more fair  
As they bend by the mother's knee in prayer.

# The Little Corporal

## FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. 9. }  
No. 3. }

Chicago, Ill., September, 1869.

### A STRANGE PROFESSOR.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

The family took tea rather earlier than usual, two or three evenings after the conversation related in the JULY CORPORAL, that they might give Biddy an opportunity to get her work done and go to a wake. They had just risen from the table and gathered around the fire, when there was a ring at the door and some one asked for Mrs. Boylston.

On going to the parlor, Mrs. Boylston saw, in the dusk, an elderly gentleman, whom she did not know. She was about to greet him in a distant manner, when he hurried toward her and said, in an undertone,

"Mother, do you not know me?"

"Why William Hudson!" she exclaimed, "what are you doing in that dress?"

"Hush!" he replied, "they will hear you. I have dressed myself up as a professor, and have brought a lecture with me, which you must ask me to deliver. Please introduce me as Professor Grimshaw, from the East."

It was evident that Cousin Will had come to make a little amusement. Without loss of time, Mrs. Boylston led him across the hall and ushered him into the family room, where the gas had already been lighted.

"This is a friend of Cousin Will's," she said. "Professor Grimshaw, my mother; my daughters; my son Frederic;" waving her hand toward each, as she spoke.

Now a professor looks and acts much like any other gentleman. But Cousin Will had been a little annoyed at what Louise had said of Ella's fancy for marrying one, and so he had dressed himself in a way to make the character seem as ridiculous as possible. He wore a gray wig which was in much disorder, and gave him the appearance of not having combed his hair for a week. Great, green spectacles covered his eyes, his beard was powdered to match the wig, his black necktie was partly untied, his coat was rusty, and his shoes were unblackened. He walked with a great stoop in his shoulders, ran his head forward, and blinked and winked in the most comical way, squeezing his eyelids tight together, and seeming very near-sighted.

Louise and Fred exchanged glances of amusement as they took in these details. The professor, on being thus introduced, advanced first toward grandmother, and made her so profound a bow that he dropped his spectacles, which did not seem a very tight

fit. He hastily picked them up, nearly losing his balance as he did so, and thrust them on again. Then he awkwardly greeted the young ladies, gave the tips of his fingers to Fred, took no notice at all of Dora, and darted toward a chair. Here he took out a red silk pocket-handkerchief, mopped his face with it, as if greatly embarrassed, and then spread it across his knees. Hereupon Louise tittered, and then the professor spoke. He had an indescribable drawl, and talked through his nose.

"What does the young lady find so amusing, madam? I cannot think the daughter of a lady like Mrs. Boylston would be so rude as to laugh at a guest, and yet I find it difficult to surmise what else she is laughing at;" and the great, green eyes seemed to glare upon Louise, who was at once abashed.

"I hope you will excuse her, professor," said Mrs. Boylston. "She is not as quiet by nature as her elder sister."

"Ah—um—yes—no—so I should judge," drawled the professor. "And I have learned from my young friend, Mr. Hudson, that the young lady has so much taste as to be partial to professors—of whom I am a humble specimen," he added.

It was now Ella's turn to feel embarrassed. Meanwhile Kiss, who had not taken her eyes from the professor's face, suddenly leaned toward Fred, who sat near her, and whispered, "It is Cousin Will." Fred saw it the moment she spoke, and threw up his hand with an exclamation, but, suddenly checking himself, whispered, "Don't let's tell, Kissie," and then they both sat back, with a look of glee, to see what would come next.

"I believe you have a lecture with you," said Mrs. Boylston.

"Yes, madam," he drawled, at the same time pulling out an immense manuscript from the depths of some concealed pocket. "I have a lecture on what may be termed a living subject; a subject of interest to us all—to you, and the young ladies, and the young gentleman, and the small maiden, and the venerable lady in the easy chair."

"And what subject is it, may I ask?" said Mrs. Boylston.

"Madam," said the professor, pompously, "it is on the subject of dirt."

"Dirt!" exclaimed Mrs. Boylston, taken by surprise, and laughing in spite of herself. "Well, really, I *should* like to hear a lecture on dirt. Will you favor us with it?"

The professor did not seem to need any urging. He drew nearer to the light, settled himself in his chair, hemmed once or twice,



gave the red bandana an extra flourish, and with a wonderful drawl, began:

"Dirt may be called our greatest blessing. Without it we should be nowhere. Fathers labor to leave it to their children. Kings go to war for it. He who has plenty of it is rich. It is the most valuable possession for an individual or a nation.

"Dirt is another name for land."

Here Fred said "Whew," and his mother shook her head at him to be quiet. The professor began again:

"Honored forever be the name of Sebastian Cabot. That the dirt of America belongs to us is due to Sebastian Cabot. Let my hearers forever remember him. O, Sebastian, how hast thou been neglected! We will strive to render thee a tardy justice!"

Here the professor crammed the bandana under his spectacles and seemed to wipe away a tear. His hearers sat swelling with suppressed laughter.

"Sebastian Cabot," resumed the professor, "had an Italian father, but was born in Bristol, England. This made him an Englishman. When only a boy of twenty, he took charge of an English exploring expedition of five ships, that started to find India, and found Labrador instead. This was five years after Columbus made his famous voyage, but Columbus discovered the West Indies and South America—while North America was discovered by Cabot. Sebastian left a colony in Labrador; but that colony would not stay, on learning how cold it is there all the year round, and no wonder. So the following year he came over again, took his colonists away, and, in returning to England, skirted along the Atlantic coast, from Labrador to Florida. On this skirting—for he made no other landing—England based all her claims to owning the continent of North America. Amerigo Vespucci, after whom it was named, did not see America until two years after Sebastian Cabot planted his colony in Labrador. Through Sebastian Cabot's skirting—not hoop skirting, you observe," said the professor, turning to the young ladies, "nor yet balmoral skirting, but Cabot's skirting—England claimed that she could read her title clear to all this land—that is dirt. In the war of the Revolution we fought her title, such as it was, away from her, and took it to ourselves, and thus it is that we owe a debt to Sebastian Cabot; owe to him the land—I should say dirt—which forms our country."

"It is not customary," said the professor, interrupting himself, "for a lecturer to care whether or not he is tiresome, but in this case I should like to ask my hearers whether they are fatigued, and if I had not better stop."

"O no—no, indeed—not at all—go on," was heard on all sides, so the professor resumed:

"There was, to be sure, a slight obstacle in the way of any one's owning America, which was that it was owned already by the Indians. But this was not of the least consequence. The Kings of Europe were, as regards America, much like the man who wanted his estate that the rightful owners were keeping him out of. They chose to consider the Indians as not owning, but as merely living on or occupying the land, and proceeded to give it away as suited them. The French King gave away some, the Spanish King some, and the English King some. A Dutchman had found the Hudson river,

and so the Dutch claimed some, and the English claimed the whole of it. The way was thus prepared for the Indians to feel hard toward the settlers, and for the settlers to quarrel with each other. And all about dirt.

"In giving away this land which they did not own, the Kings of Europe kept back the right to govern it, or, what was the same thing, to say how it should be governed. The different settlements made by people to whom the land was given were called colonies. Those settled by Englishmen were called English Colonies, and were governed by England; those settled by Frenchmen were called French Colonies, and were governed by France; those settled by Spaniards were called Spanish Colonies, and were governed by Spain. And do not fail to reflect, my hearers, that what was thus given away, and what was thus settled, was—dirt."

"Am I too explicit, madam?" asked the professor, "I fear being tedious. But I am anxious that the small maiden should understand what I am saying, and therefore I go into particulars."

"You are very interesting indeed, sir," interposed Fred, "please go on."

"You are a worthy and a discerning youth," replied the professor, and then proceeded:

"The French had a line of settlements from Canada to New Orleans. But the English Colonies grew the fastest. There were thirteen of them. They were these: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Of these, Virginia was settled first, Georgia the last, and New York was at first settled by the Dutch. After the war of the Revolution, what had been called colonies were called States. To state it so that it will be easily remembered, Sebastian Cabot, our boy of twenty, discovered North America about the beginning of 1500. The colonies commenced their existence about the beginning of 1600. And they set up for themselves, as States, in consequence of the war of the Revolution, not far from 1800. Therefore the colonies existed as such, not far from two hundred years."

Whenever any one spoke of the Revolution, grandmother became deeply interested. Her mother was a young lady during that war, and had told her much about it, and about the way people lived when our States were colonies. But, without thinking of grandmother, the professor suddenly looked up and said, "Do you understand me, Kissie?" then, as suddenly recollecting himself, he changed his tone and continued, "Excuse me, madam, the pleasant name of your little daughter made me forget due formalities. Do you suppose she finds what I have said suited to her, as yet, childish mind?"

"O, yes—I feel sure you need not be anxious about that," said Mrs. Boylston. "Any child of her age could understand you, professor; you excel in clearness."

"Spare my blushes, madam," drawled the professor; "I did but seek information and you kindly give me a compliment." Then he rapidly turned over the leaves of his manuscript, and began again, nearly at the close.

"The poor colonies had dreadful times about wars. They not only had to fight the

Indians, but if the kings who governed them got into a quarrel among themselves, the colonies had to take it up. When the English drove King James from the throne and invited King William to take it, and the King of France chose to go to war about it, because he was friendly to James, the French and English Colonies had a fight over it in America. This was called 'King William's war.'

"When King William was dead, and Queen Anne ascended the English throne, and there were old disputes and new ones to settle between England and France, and they finally had another war, the French and English Colonies in America went to fighting each other again, with the Indians to help.

"This was called 'Queen Anne's war.'

"When the English prime minister, Pitt, made up his mind that France must become less powerful, he planned to set all the English Colonies in America fighting with the French Colonies, and the Indians again helped on both sides. This was called the 'French and Indian war.' And beside this, the Indians would now and then get up a war on their own account.

"And now," said the professor, "one thing more and I am done. And that is how the colonies were governed. If the King chose to do the governing himself, he appointed a governor and a council, and it was called a Provincial or Royal government. In some cases he allowed the colony a 'charter,' which was a paper signed by himself, that gave the colony power to manage generally its own affairs. This was called a chartered government, and this was the freest of any. In other cases, the colony was given to what was called a proprietor or proprietary. A proprietary was a sort of governor, or lord, who had power from the king, not only over the land, but to rule the people who settled on the land, and who, therefore, managed the colony as he pleased, and held it as a sort of property for himself and his family after him. Lord Baltimore was proprietor of Maryland, and William Penn of Pennsylvania.

"And now," said the professor, suddenly shutting up his manuscript, "what has my lecture treated of except dirt? I have showed you where you get your title to the very garden behind your house, and the very door yard in front of it. Write the name of Sebastian Cabot, the boy of twenty, upon your heart. Be sorry for the Indians, whose land was given away from under their feet. Remember the thirteen colonies. Do not forget their three kinds of government, chartered, provincial, and proprietary. Think of dirt with more respect, hereafter! Do not say that your professor is tiresome, and, in any event, pay him more than his lecture is worth, because he wants the money, and—my emotion overcomes me, madam;" and here the professor, who was quite ready to be made known, and had been expecting every moment that Ella and Louise would recognize him, covered his face with the useful bandana, and sawed back and forth in his chair. Louise ran up to him, pulled away the handkerchief, and brought with it wig and spectacles.

"Why Cousin Will!" she said, and then what chattering, exclaiming, and laughing.

"I knew him the first," said Kiss, examining the spectacles, "and I told Freddie who he was, didn't I, Freddie?"



"Ella and I had not a suspicion!" said Louise, "had you, grandmother?"

"I was not very much deceived," replied grandmother, pleasantly; "no professor that ever I saw looked and acted like *that*."

"Well, it was a good lecture," said Fred. "It seemed to be making fun all the time, and yet it told you a great deal."

"Forget not the thirteen colonies and their three kinds of government," drawled Louise, through her nose. "I am sure I never *can* forget them, after this."

"And be sorry for the poor Indians," added grandmother. "They have had wrongs enough to move anyone's pity."

"O, grandmother," said Louise, "I cannot feel so. The Indians were horribly cruel in the early times, and would be again, if they had the power, and are so yet, out in the west. We have had as many wrongs from them as they from us, I am sure."

"O, no," said Fred. "No matter if the Indians were cruel, I must say I always admired them for trying to drive the white people out of their land. We had no right here, that was the truth, and they knew it."

"And," added Cousin Will, "the wisest of them also knew that if we staid, it would be the destruction of their race. King Philip, for instance, was an Indian statesman, and foresaw just what has since happened; and he united those New England Indians, and made a gallant effort to 'drive out the invader,' as we should have called it, had our place and theirs been changed!"

"I always like to think," said grandmother, "how kindly the Indians were treated by William Penn. They were so fond of him that they offered one of his sons a gift of ten thousand acres of choice land, for his father's sake, if he would come to this country and live. But William Penn's wife and children did not like America, and would not stay here. Penn not only bought his land from the Indians, but he took pains to get acquainted with them, and to make them feel at home with him. When I was a little girl,"—here Kiss came close to her grandmother—"I used to hear about the first time Penn went among the Indians, and how they fell in love with him. It was at a place not far from Philadelphia, where they had a great council, and Penn sat on the ground, as they did, and smoked with them, and ate what they ate, and at last, when they were going through one of their dances he even got up and went through the same motions that they went through—and they were so delighted!"

"William Penn dancing an Indian dance! I should like to have seen that!" exclaimed Cousin Will, laughing.

"Was everybody but of William Penn cruel to the Indians?" asked Dora.

"No, not cruel," said grandmother, "but they cheated the Indians a great deal, and they taught them to drink liquor, which the Indians were unfortunately too fond of, and then the Indians who knew the most, felt it a sort of cruelty that the whites should come here, at all."

"It is strange," said Cousin Will, "how very fond the Indians are of liquor. It is a constant source of trouble now, in dealing with them on the frontier. And if a civilized man becomes a savage when intoxicated, one can fancy that a savage must become a demon."

"Yes, indeed!" said grandmother, with

emphasis, "they are terrible beings when aroused by fire-water, as they call it. The colonists became so alarmed at their drunkenness, that they made laws forbidding the sale of liquor to an Indian. In New York, the Dutch passed a law that if an Indian was seen coming out of a public house intoxicated, the innkeeper should be fined, and if they failed to discover what innkeeper had supplied him with liquor, the people living on the street were fined. William Penn took a different way. He also had a law forbidding the sale of liquor to Indians. The Indians did not like it, and made complaint. So he called them together and told them that they might drink like white people, if they would agree to be punished like white people for what they might do when drunk. They *did* agree to this, and the law was repealed."

"I wonder if he danced with them on that occasion," said Cousin Will.

"Perhaps he drank with them, instead," laughed Fred.

"I do not see how the Indians *could* be cheated," said Louise. "They used no money and wanted none."

"They were cheated in various ways," said Mrs. Boylston. "John Smith, the hero of Virginia, cheated Powhatan, the great sachem, with some glass beads. He left them purposely in Powhatan's way, and, when asked about them, pretended that they were of very great value, and were worn in Europe only by kings. This made Powhatan very anxious to obtain them. Smith pretended that he could not bear to part with them, and, at last, after much entreaty, Powhatan bought about two quarts of glass beads from him, for several hundred bushels of corn. As it was a time of scarcity in the colony, the corn was just what they wanted."

"But the Indians did not know the difference," said Louise.

"O yes, they did, sooner or later," said grandmother, "and were mortified and enraged to find how they had been deceived."

"I once saw a curious, old pamphlet," said Mrs. Boylston, "which was published by a New England minister of the early times, to answer what was called, 'questions of conscience'; that is, questions about right and wrong. They were put to him by letter, in such numbers that he had not time to reply to them. It was curious to see what the consciences of those days were troubled about. What we should call a *sin* they called 'a provocation.' One of the questions was, 'Are periwigs a provocation?'"

"What are periwigs?" said Kiss.

"Wigs just large enough to cover the head," replied her mother. "To wear them was wearing false hair, and some of the good people feared *that* was acting a lie, and therefore wicked."

"What *would* they have thought of waterfalls?" exclaimed Louise.

Mrs. Boylston smiled and proceeded. "Another of the questions in this pamphlet was, 'Is it a provocation to pay the Indians so little for their land?' So they were evidently troubled about it."

"They used to tell a funny story, in Philadelphia," said grandmother, "about the way Benjamin Franklin named an Indian. An Indian treaty was made, at Easton, between the Indians and Governor John Penn, son of William Penn. The older Indians,

many of whom had known the father, came in file to speak to the son. The governor would ask their names, and then ask Benjamin Franklin what he should think of to enable him to remember them. Franklin always answered something to the point, and his wit kept them very much amused. At last an Indian came, evidently a great man among them, and gave his name as '*Tocare-deethogan*.'

"Dreadful! How shall I ever remember that?" groaned the governor.

"Think of a wheelbarrow," said Franklin, '*to carry a dead hog on*!'"

"O grandmother! tell some more, tell some more," pleaded Kiss, when the laugh had ceased a little.

"I do not remember much more about the Indians that I think would interest you," said grandmother, looking as pleased as old people generally do when younger ones seem fond of their society. "One thing that I heard *my* grandmother say made a great impression on me.

"After Braddock's defeat, the whole country was terrified for fear of the Indians. The frontier people took it into their heads that because the Quakers and the Indians had always been such good friends, Philadelphia would not take proper measures for the defence of the country. So they sent three dead bodies, of a father, mother, and grown up son—whom the Indians had massacred—sent them to Philadelphia to be shown around the city, to stir up the people. It made a tremendous excitement. The bodies were carried all around Philadelphia, a great procession following and calling for vengeance on the Indians. Then they were laid in the state-house yard, and were visited there by hundreds of people. And my grandmother saw them lying there. It was in winter, and they were frozen as hard as venison."

"What was Braddock's defeat?" asked Fred.

"Don't you know, Fred?" asked Louise, with a little self-importance in her voice.

"No," said Fred, stoutly, "Do you?"

"Yes."

"No you don't," said Fred, suddenly remembering how Louise had caught him tripping on the tariff question; "'not exactly—not so you could tell anyone else.' Eh, Miss Louise."

"Yes I can," said Louise. "Braddock's defeat was when George Washington first came forward. He was a colonel then, and an Indian, after the battle, said he had shot at him seventeen times in succession, and had then given up, concluding that he could not be killed."

"Well—but who was Braddock?"

"O! he was an Englishman."

"And did George Washington defeat him? and where was he defeated? and what was it all about? Come, now."

Louise hesitated. It is so easy to *think* one knows a thing, without knowing it thoroughly.

"There!" said Fred, "I knew you did not know. Mother, what was Braddock's defeat? Were we fighting the English then?"

"No," replied Mrs. Boylston, "we were English then ourselves. It took place in one of those wars the professor told about, in which the French and English had a quarrel and we had to take it up."

"Do tell about it," urged Fred.

"I will leave the explanation of it to the professor, I think," said Mrs. Boylston.

"Braddock's defeat," said Cousin Will, "happened during what is called the French and Indian war. This war was a final struggle between France and England, to determine which of them should be master in America. The French had a splendid line of settlements and forts, from Canada through New York, along the Ohio and down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. This line of forts was designed by the French to confine the English to the eastern side of the Alleghenies. Pittsburgh was one of these French settlements. It was called then Fort DuQuesne. Braddock was an English general of great reputation, and was sent over to conduct the war, and was appointed commander-in-chief of all the English and Colonial troops. He led an expedition to take Fort DuQuesne, or Pittsburgh, and was defeated and killed in the attempt. The war, however, went on and ended successfully. Montreal was finally captured, and the whole of the French possessions in America fell into the hands of the English."

"But why were the Pennsylvanians so particularly afraid of the Indians after Braddock's defeat?" asked Louise.

"For two reasons," replied Cousin Will. "In the first place, a war always unsettled the Indians, and made them uncertain and blood-thirsty, at best. And in the second place, the English and French each had their Indian allies, and each party called in its savage friends to help it fight the other party. It was the custom, and a dreadful one. It was the Indians who were friendly to the French that the Pennsylvanians feared, after Braddock's defeat."

"O, how glad I am that I did not live then," said Kissie, shuddering. "To think of the war-whoop at night, and the poor children waking up to be murdered!" and the child looked around as if even then afraid.

"Well, I have lost *my* scalp to-night," laughed Cousin Will, pointing to his wig.

"Come, come," said grandmother, "you must not think they had nothing but Indians and massacres in the old times. The colonists enjoyed life as much as you do. Shall I tell you about Robert Murray's coach?"

"O yes, do!" exclaimed Kissie.

"Well, Robert Murray was a Quaker, and lived in New York, and was rich enough to keep a carriage, or, as it was called in those days, 'a coach.' There were only four or five coaches in the whole city, and those were owned by the dignitaries, such as the governor and chief men, so it made Robert Murray very conspicuous. He, as a Quaker, disliked anything that seemed grand and what is now called fast; and so, Dora, what do you suppose he called his coach?"

"What did he, grandmother?"

"He called it his '*leathern conveniency*,'" said grandmother.

They all laughed heartily at good Robert Murray's way of not seeming to keep a coach.

"Tell some more, grandmother," again urged Kiss, but her mother said,

"No, Dora, it is your bed time." So Dora rose to leave, but, before bidding good-night, she said,

"I wish Cousin Will would get up another lecture. They are real good fun."

"Yes," said Mrs. Boylston, "Cousin Will *must* deliver another lecture. We will not oblige him to come in costume, but we must have the lectures."

"And have them funny," said Kiss.

"Yes, he will have them funny, I have no doubt."

"And grandmother must tell about things," persisted Kiss.

"Dora—go to bed," said Mrs. Boylston, smiling.

The little girl sprang to her mother, and gave her a good-night kiss. Then came grandmother, and finally she kissed all around, not omitting Cousin Will. "Because you have been so nice to-night," she said to him, in a whisper.

"Ella, why are you so quiet?" said Cousin Will, after Dora's departure. "You have scarcely spoken this evening."

"I was busy getting my ideas rectified about professors," she answered, lightly.

"You do not like professors, then?"

"O, that is telling," she answered, with a laugh.

Mrs. Boylston suddenly spoke. "Do not forget," she said, "that next week is Thanksgiving. Of course you will dine with us, Professor."

"Thank you," said Cousin Will, gravely, and then rose and said good night.

"You are not going!" cried Louise.

"I believe I must," he said.

"I wonder if Cousin Will is offended," thought Ella, as the front door closed with a clang.

"I wonder if Ella is offended," thought Cousin Will, as he went down the avenue. "How could I be so foolish as to dress up in that ridiculous way?"

"Isn't Cousin Will nice?" Louise was saying at that moment to Fred, as they went up stairs to their rooms.

### "TAG."

BY GEORGE COOPER.

There's a lively little game,

And you play it, everyone;

"Tag" you give it for a name,

And it's full of racy fun.

Here and there the players go,

Till one chances to be hit,

Then of course you let him know

That he happens to be "it."

Now the swallows play it, too,

While the twilight shadows creep;

When they "tag" with wings of blue,

Don't you hear their screaming "cheep?"

But the wind he beats them all,

For he "tags" the topmost leaf,

And his unseen fingers fall

On the blossom and the sheaf.

Tho' you like this game of "tag,"

And you play with all your heart,

When you're "it" you often lag—

Not so fine the "tagging" part;

For I sometimes hear you shout,

When your turn you have to share,

Racing all the rest about,

That "the playing isn't fair."

O, the smiling face for me,

And the nimble hands and feet,

That will take, and willingly,

All the bitter with the sweet!

So, hurrah for "tag," I say!

And for everybody hit.

When another game you play,

Just consider that I'm "it!"

### THE STORY OF ARLINGTON.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One morning in September, 1781, shortly after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, a young American officer lay dying, in an old Virginia mansion, about thirty miles from Yorktown. A lovely young woman leaned over him, sobbing wildly; a noble mother sat with bowed head at his bedside, weeping quietly, and by her stood a grand-looking man, his arms folded on his breast, and great, slow tears stealing down his cheeks. The dying soldier was only his step-son, yet he loved him dearly, having tenderly cared for him for many years. When all was over, he took first the sorrowing mother, and then the young widow in his arms, and tried to comfort them. To the widow he said, "Your two younger children, my dear, I will adopt as my own."

The name of the young officer was John Parke Custis. He had married early, the gay and beautiful Eleanor Calvert. The bereaved mother was Mrs. Martha Custis Washington. The good man, who sought to comfort both, was General George Washington. The fatherless children, thus adopted, were named Eleanor Parke Custis, and George Washington Parke Custis.

These children, George and Nelly, became part of the household of Washington. You see them in the well-known picture of the Washington Family, at Mt. Vernon.

The little girl grew up into a beautiful woman, married a nephew of her step-father, and lived to a good old age. The boy also lived to be old, and was always much respected, especially for his relationship to Mrs. Washington. The greater part of his life was spent on his noble estate of Arlington, which lies on the Potomac, opposite the city of Washington. He died in 1857, and left this place to his daughter, who was the wife of an officer of the United States army.

When the Rebellion broke out, this officer sided with the South, and was the famous Confederate General, Robert E. Lee. He was compelled to abandon the fine estate of Arlington, and the stately mansion, which contained the most valuable and interesting relics of Washington and his family. Such of these as Mrs. Lee could pack up and carry away, she secured; others were taken by our government and lodged in the Patent Office. It is supposed they will yet be sent to Mt. Vernon, to be preserved in their old home. Poor, battered wanderers!

During the war, Arlington House was occupied by our troops, who, it must be confessed, did not beautify it much, while the grounds were converted into a Soldier's Cemetery. Nearly twenty thousand brave men lie buried in the pleasant shade of the great trees, and under the long grass and wild daisies of the sunny slopes.

O, children, those thousands of white head boards are a strange, sad sight to see! They say that General Lee longs to return to his grand place, and that his wife still sorrows for her old home; but I don't see how they can wish to come back. How could they bear to live there now, with such an army of dead foemen camped round about them? No! this lovely place must belong forever to our brave Union martyrs. They have pre-empted it.

Near the mansion stands a very touching monument, erected over the remains of three thousand unknown, loyal soldiers, brought from the dreadful prison ground of Andersonville, and from many battle fields of the South.

Last year, there was instituted at Washington the custom of decorating these graves at Arlington, and those of other military cemeteries, with flowers, and this year the beautiful ceremony was repeated on a more imposing scale. It was directed and conducted by officers of the "Grand Army of the Republic," assisted by a committee of ladies, of whom I had the honor to be one.

The Arlington decoration was on Saturday, May 20th. On a part of the previous Thursday, and all day Friday, we were hard at work, in one of the largest churches of the city, constructing garlands, wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, from evergreens and flowers. It was a curious sight, I assure you. Countless baskets of flowers were brought to us, from hothouses and gardens, and cartloads from the woods and fields. We were almost overwhelmed with them. The air was heavy with fragrance. Pulpit, pews, window seats, overflowed with bloom. We sat almost up to our waists in roses. Had they been without thorns, to bind and wreath them would have been the sweetest work in the world.

It was beautiful to see how generous and thoughtful both the rich and the poor were toward the dead heroes. Many ladies quite stripped their gardens for the sake of those lowly graves. One lovely English woman purchased and brought to us, in her carriage, a large quantity of costly, hothouse flowers. Just after her, came a poor, colored woman, once a slave, who had walked many miles, bringing a huge basket filled with wild flowers.

The most touching incident of the day was the arrival of a large deputation of children from a colored school, headed by their teacher, and bearing each a basket of flowers. They were all neatly dressed, and looked very happy and intelligent. Ranged about the pulpit, they sang the sweet hymn "America," then left there, at the altar, their offerings, and went quietly away. I thanked God that they had, at last, the right to sing that "National Hymn," to join with us in honoring our country's heroic dead, and that the poor little creatures had the heart to do it.

I wish I could describe to you the scene at Arlington, so that you could imagine you had seen it! Hundreds of carriages and thousands of people were gathered in the beautiful grounds; the old house and its great portico were crowded; yet everywhere good order and quietness prevailed. On a large stand, fronting the "Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers," sat the President, his family, the members of his Cabinet, several famous Generals and Admirals, the Officers of the Day, the Orator, the Poet, the Committee of Decoration, and many distinguished people.

President Grant was prompt and punctual, as he always is. He came with no pomp or parade, moving quietly through the crowd, with his wife on his arm, and his daughter and niece immediately following. All the party bowed pleasantly to their acquaintances, on the right and left. There was nothing strik-

ing or splendid in their appearance. Many a mechanic's family makes a greater display at a Fourth-of-July parade. The General was in his citizen's dress. Mrs. Grant wore a plain, black silk, with a hat of dark straw, while Miss Nellie was attired in a striped, black-and-white gingham suit, and a simple straw, or chip hat, and looked as usual, fresh, sweet, and childlike.

The exercises opened grandly, with a salute of twenty-one guns. Then we had a beautiful speech from Grand Commander General Duncan, then music by the great Marine Band, then a prayer by Rev. Doctor Newman, Chaplain of the Senate, then a noble address by Mr. Fisher of Ohio, Commissioner of Patents, then a sweet poem by Mr. Janvier of Washington, and then, after the singing of an ode, and another prayer, came the most beautiful and touching part of the ceremonies. It was the decoration of the great Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers by the children of the Home for the Orphans of Soldiers and Sailors. They festooned the monument with garlands, and almost buried it in flowers, singing, at their poetic task, the hymns, "Shall we Know Each Other There," and "The Children of the Fallen Brave."

Then they proceeded to the cemetery, followed by a long procession, and there they helped to decorate the crosses and the graves. Multitudes of people were soon passing up and down the walks and alleys of that most pathetic burial place, scattering flowers, till the long, green grass was bright with bouquets of verbena, mock orange, heliotrope, honeysuckle, pinks, and pansies; with crosses of white rosebuds and lilies, sweet as love, tender as sorrow, and holy as the memory of the heroic dead. Ah! it was a beautiful sight!

The sun was very hot, and we grieved that our offerings must soon wither; but that night there came a heavy shower, which freshened and preserved them all through Sunday. On that sacred day, the graves at the Soldier's Rest were decorated.

In these patriotic ceremonies, the children seemed the most enthusiastic and tireless. One little girl chose, for her field of floral distribution, a remote part of the cemetery, where the graves were mostly those of unknown soldiers. When told that she was exhausting herself by her labors of love, and that she really *must* come away, she replied, "O, please wait a moment longer; there is another *poor grave*, without a flower on it!" Then she added, "It seems to me they *see* us, and will feel hurt, if we neglect them."

But, my dear young readers, it is not that the brave dead *need* our remembrance, though perhaps it reaches them, and is pleasant to them as the perfume of sweetest flowers; but it is good for *us* to remember them—to be grateful and tender in our thoughts of them, who laid down their lives for us. So, I hope that you all have joined in this beautiful national ceremony; that each one of you has, at least, laid a few flowers on some soldier's grave, and thought solemnly and lovingly of the poor man lying beneath the green mound.

Though earth be but a desert of arid sands, that scorch our pilgrim feet, yet there are sometimes beautiful groves and cool shades which are delightful to us.

## A FATEFUL DAY.

BY ABBY SAGE.

Midge was all ready for school. She had on a freshly-starched lawn dress, with tiny, buff flowers sprinkled over its white ground, and a dainty, white apron, trimmed with fluted ruffles. Her pretty, little hat was jauntily perched above her curls, and a gossamer scarf was flung over her shoulders.

"Have you all your lessons perfect?" asked her mother, as she came in to say good bye.

"Yes, mamma, I think so. But you know I'm so unlucky! Yesterday, Fannie Pitts went above me in the French class, when I knew every word of my lesson; only I happened to look out of the window a minute, and before I knew it, Fannie was above me. To-day we have Roman History and Mythology, which I know perfectly; but if I should miss, it would be just my luck."

"Don't use that expression so much, Midge. 'Just my luck' is not a becoming phrase for a young girl."

"Well, I don't care, mamma, it's true. Good bye; I'm off. It's my school time." And Midge tripped lightly down the street.

It was all brick pavement, over which her way to school lay, and was usually very clean and nice. This morning, however, a slatternly servant girl was washing down the steps to one of the houses, and had deluged a broad tract of the sidewalk over which Midge was obliged to pass. She stopped quite short at this, and looked at the bricks, half an inch deep with water, and then at her delicate, prunella boots, buttoned closely up to the trim, little ankle, where an exquisitely-white stocking just showed below the hem of her freshly-starched lawn.

"O dear, I shall get all spattered," said Midge; "and if I go out into the street, my boots will get all dirty."

She pouted her red lips with vexation, as she paused to consider. She saw that the curbstone was tolerably dry, having escaped the drenching the girl had so lavishly dealt out to the bricks, and stepping on very cautiously, Midge picked her way along the narrow stone edges. It was rather a Blondin sort of performance, for the gutter was deep, and the curb two or three inches higher than the sidewalk. So it was not strange that Midge lost her balance, and tumbled flat into a puddle, getting her clean dress shockingly soiled.

"O dear! O dear!" cried Midge, very angry, and feeling that sort of shame which everybody feels who has had a downright, undignified fall. "O, isn't it a shame!" she continued, looking stealthily about, to see if anyone had noticed her. "This is *just my luck*! Look at my dress! How shall I go into school in this plight? And mother will scold, if I go back. It is as if I was fated to have everything bad happen to me. There's Fannie Pitts—I don't believe she ever fell down in her life. She always looks as if she'd just come out of a bandbox. O, how dragged my dress is!" And from anger she turned to grief, and felt almost ready to cry.

She kept on her way to school, however, and found, to add to her troubles, that she was late, and the class in Mythology had just been sent to the recitation room.

"My ill luck again!" muttered Midge, to

herself, as she went to join her class. By this time her head ached, and she was tired—too tired to care much what happened next. She took her seat, and listened dreamily to the questions of the teachers and the answers of her classmates. She was in a very different humor from that in which she had set out from home, an hour before. Her boots were wet, her dress soiled, and her temper ruffled. That was quite enough for one morning.

Just then her teacher asked,

"Who were the Parææ, Miss Midge?"

She had just opened her lips to answer, when she saw a little, old woman beckoning her eagerly at the recitation-room door.

"What can be the matter?" thought Midge. "Is that a messenger from home, I wonder?"

And without answering her teacher, she got up and hurried to the door.

The old woman took her by the hand, and Midge went out with her, in a dazed sort of way, hardly knowing what to expect, and noticing nothing around her.

It was a very long walk upon which the old woman took her, not at all on her way home, and Midge wished very much to make some protest against being led off in this way without any explanation; but somehow, whenever she caught sight of her elderly companion, hobbling along beside her, with a stout cane to aid her in her rapid walk, Midge couldn't make any inquiries or resistance. By and by they passed through a thick wood, which Midge had not supposed was anywhere near the city, and stopped on the banks of a black, sluggish stream. There was a ferry boat on the other side, and a queer-looking ferryman, with white hair, and fierce, glowing eyes, that looked younger than the rest of his face. The old woman beckoned, and he came across in a moment.

"Not many fares to-day, Charon?" said the old woman, inquiringly, as she pushed Midge into the boat.

"That's because you've been gadding," answered Charon, gruffly. "You'd better stay at home and take care of your business."

"Don't be cross, my dear. 'Tisn't often I go away. I went to fetch this little mortal to serve as a handmaid of ours. Isn't she a dainty, little creature?"

Midge began to be dreadfully frightened, but she could not cry.

"Who are you?" she whispered, in a stifled voice, to the old woman.

"We never tell our names, my love," she answered; and Midge was forced to wonder more and more, and became more frightened every moment.

They were over the river in a trice, and after landing, the old lady went so fast that even Midge, with her light foot, was almost breathless in keeping up with her. Finally she came to a house, which stood just outside a high wall, with a wonderful gate of carved ivory, which seemed to be the only entrance.

When they reached this house, the old woman gave her a gentle push, and Midge instantly found herself inside.

There, in a large room, were two more old women, very much like the first. The youngest of these was perhaps not so ugly as her sisters, but very stern and awful looking. She wore a dress with all the colors of the rainbow. Midge would have laughed,

if she had dared, to see an old woman decked so gaudily. Besides her queer gown, she wore over her gray, disheveled hair, that looked far from tidy, a sort of crown, with seven stars set in brilliants, shining in the golden circlet. The other old women were dressed in an equally absurd and grotesque manner.

But what astonished Midge most, was the oddity of the occupation in which they were engaged. The youngest sister held in her hands an immense distaff. Midge knew what it was from the pictures she had seen of them, although she had never before seen the real instrument, and supposed they were entirely out of fashion since spinning machinery was invented. From this wonderful distaff ran so many fine threads, that Midge thought there must be millions of them. And all these threads went flying and spinning round an immense spindle that the other of the two sisters held. She constantly gave the spindle little twists and turns, to guide the course of each thread, so that, in spite of the great number, every tiny filament took its place on the spindle, as she directed. No sooner had they entered, than the queer, old creature who had conducted Midge, took a pair of scissors from her girdle, and rushing forward to the wonderful, spidery web, began clipping away at the threads, cutting one here and one there, as if she had gone mad.

"You make up for lost time, sister Atropos," said the one that wore the crown, smiling grimly, as she saw how eagerly the scissors were plied.

"I have need to make haste, sister Clotho," she answered; "do the best I can, you spin faster than I can cut."

In truth, Atropos did not do much harm, Midge thought, for she observed new threads constantly flying out from the distaff, and spinning out faster than the scissors clipped.

At this moment the door opened, and a slim, genteel-looking young man came in.

"Good morning, my dear Parææ," he said, bowing with elaborate grace.

None of the three paused in their work, or even looked toward him. But a frown, terrible to behold, gathered over all their faces.

"Now, really, Clotho," said the new comer, addressing himself to the youngest, as if she, perhaps, might be the most pliable and easily managed, "it is rather too bad to keep one always out in the cold of your displeasure, for a trifle that happened so many thousand years ago. Remember I was young and giddy then."

"You never were, and never will be, anything but young and giddy, son of Maia," said Clotho, sternly.

"Really, you are too hard on me," he continued, in a sweet, persuasive voice. "But I came to ask a favor and will bear the hardest things from your lovely lips. This is it. There is a young poet in whom I have a special interest. He is dying of consumption, poor fellow! I am anxious he should live till he finishes the last cantos of a poem that will admit him to our society. Atropos, just let his slender thread alone till his work is done, and I shall be forever grateful to you."

Atropos turned on him with an angry glare that was quite frightful.

"I assure you, Mercury, that the fact that he is a favorite of yours, is quite enough to prevent my having compassion on him."

And thus saying, she singled out a thread and snapped it spitefully.

"Poor poet," said Mercury, turning lightly on his heel, out of which sprouted delicate, little wings. "It is all over with him; and he wanted so much to be one of the immortals. 'Halloa!' he cried, catching sight of Midge, 'whom have you here? When I came in I thought it was Hebe. But it's really a mortal.'"

"Yes," said Atropos, softening a little, "it is a mortal we have taken for our slave. Jupiter told me, the last time he was in a good humor, we should have as our own the first mortal who believed openly in our agency. You know how skeptical the world has grown. To-day she three times acknowledged our sway, and I hastened to claim her."

"She's as pretty as any of my priestesses in Arcadia. Only so badly dressed. In the name of Cytherea, take off that horrible costume, and give her something becoming to wear."

And saying this, Mercury bowed low to the sisters, gracefully wafted a kiss to Midge from the ends of his fingers, and glided out.

"Has the queen returned?" asked the old woman with the spindle, who had not spoken before.

"Yes, sister, she is in her palace," answered Clotho.

"Mortal," said this hitherto silent sister, addressing Midge, "take this sealed paper, and enter the carved ivory gate that leads through the high wall opposite. When you have entered, you will find somebody to conduct you to the queen, and you may give her this paper. Don't stop to play by the gate, or the dog may fly at you."

Midge took it as if she were an automaton. All this time she had been unable to speak or resist, and she repeatedly pinched herself, to find if she was awake. She dared not disobey her orders, but went out quickly, crossed through the ivory gate, which stood ajar, and soon saw a small, black slave, who was amusing himself by turning somersaults on the stone pavement while he waited for visitors.

"Do you want to see her majesty?" he asked, seeing the paper in Midge's hand.

She nodded assent, and the impish little servant went on before her.

In a few minutes he ushered her into the presence of a royal couple seated on a grand throne of gold and precious stones. The king, who wore a crown, had a fierce, black beard, and carried an uncomfortable-looking scepter, like a monstrous toasting fork, was old and very ugly; but the queen was young, and lovely as the flowers she wore in her beautiful hair and bosom. There was a far-off look in her eyes, as if her thoughts were in the past, though the king was leaning fondly over her, as if he could think only of the present.

"What is it, my child?" asked the queen, in a soft voice, as she saw Midge come in.

Midge offered her the message, but instead of opening it, she looked pitifully at Midge.

"How came you in the clutches of the hideous three?" asked the queen, tenderly.

At this question, Midge, unable to speak, burst into tears.

"Upon my word," said the queen to her spouse, "it is a shame for those old gypsies to steal this pretty, little maiden. May I

set her free, my dear Dis? Just this one favor." And she smiled on him coaxingly.

"Really, my dear Proserpina, I hate to interfere with their property. They are dangerous, and so powerful, you know. But if you have set your heart on it, why, I shall not listen if you tell the little mortal how to find her way home."

"Listen, child," said the queen. "When you go out through the ivory gate, don't return to the Paræ, but go directly back the way you came first. You will find it. Quick! it is growing dark already."

Midge ran with all her might. But just as she was about to pass through the gate, a monstrous three-headed dog darted from behind it. Midge was so frightened that she gave a great start, and woke up, to find herself sitting in her seat in the class room.

"Miss Midge," said Miss Parkes, the teacher, in a voice so severe that it was like the grim Clotho's, "for falling asleep in recitation, you will receive three marks of discredit."

"O, Miss Parkes," cried Midge, starting up, "I beg your pardon; I was so warm and so tired. Please excuse me. I've had such a wonderful dream."

"A young lady who will fall asleep and dream, absolutely *dream*, in her class hours," said Miss Parkes, in a tone of horror, "deserves the severest reprimand. If the offense is ever repeated, I shall report you to Madame Miggs, the principal."

### SAVING THE FRAGMENTS.

I remember a busy man, who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him, one day.

"O," said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of a year."

The other day I heard a little boy explaining the meaning of several geographical terms to his brother.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked, in surprise.

"O, Miss Wells taught it to the big jography class, and I fought I'd 'member it, too," said he.

I knew a man who could tell every wild bird by its note, and tell you where it built its nest, and what color its eggs were; who knew every tree of the forest by its leaf and its wood; and could tell the name of almost every flower that blossomed from April to October, and just when its time of blooming came. And yet he was a busy man, too, and all these things were as foreign as possible from the work that kept his hands constantly occupied. His knowledge was all gained by making the most of fragments that came in his way.

Save up the fragments, boys and girls; don't let anything worth knowing escape your eyes and ears. These little floating seeds of thought that go sailing past you like thistle down, may prove as valuable as the great fields that are more carefully sown.

M.

### THE LOST WAIF.

BY ALTA GRANT.

One bloomy day a little maid in merry mood went Maying,  
And night came down and found her still among the wild flowers straying.

In vain she sought the homeward path by lake and dingle leading;  
Breast high amid the brake she stood, with tears her eyelids beading.

Among the rocks she heard afar the forest fountain splashing,  
And saw the starry fireflies like fairy lanterns flashing.

She felt the laurel on her face its ruddy blossoms raining,  
And heard beyond the reedy marsh the whippoorwill's complaining.

The frogs among the rushes tall began their drowsy drumming,  
A thousand voices in the air a lullaby seemed humming.

She fancied far across the fields she heard her father calling,  
And strained her ear among the brush to hear his footsteps falling.

She thought beside her little crib she saw her mother seated,  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep," between her sobs repeated.

And still along the mazy path the tired feet went plodding,  
Till like a lily in the wind the fair head fell to nodding.

And then with dreamy eyes she saw the fairies clustering round her,  
And wondered how all in the dark the little sprites had found her.

From grotto, glen, and greenwood wild, they came with laughter merry,  
And each laid on her thirsty lips a dewy, red-ripe berry.

They cased her feet in cowslips cool, and bound her head with cresses,  
And wound about their fingers slim the wealth of tangled tresses.

A bed of mosses soft as down, with magic skill they made her,  
And gently mid its plummy tufts with loving whisp'ers laid her.

But suddenly a giant tall sent all the fairies scattering—  
Across the forest carpet green she heard their feet pit-pattering.

And then, ah me! the "ttle maid among the mosses spying,  
He seized her in his stalwart arms despite her doleful crying.

And over marsh and meadow wide with rapid strides he bore her,  
Nor guessed the little maiden once whose face was bending o'er her.

But when above the fairies' haunts the midnight moon was beaming,  
Safe in her own soft-pillowed crib the tired waif was dreaming.

The world is a public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in that position; if not, whatever his opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness he can aspire to and attain respectability.

### STEVIE'S SURPRISE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

Stevie was thinking, in a tangled-up, sleepy way, about the pigs dozing comfortably in the hollows they'd made in the dust just outside the old bars by which he stood; about the sore on his dirty great toe, and the poor, broken-winged fly, creeping painfully along the old, rotten, topmost bar, toward his hand. On both sides of the path grew tall mustard, and its twinkling, yellow blossoms tickled Stevie's fat cheeks whenever he moved.

Behind him stood the corn crib, not ample and solid, with ears of golden corn laughing at you between the logs from the bottom clear to the top, but a little, old, trembling thing, with a heap of loose grains mixed with dirt and feathers down upon the old cracked floor, where the rats and mice held grand feasts at night, and the chickens contentedly clucked all day long. Back of the crib, lay the garden, and just beyond that stood the little, old cabin, where Stevie and his mother and the rest of them lived. It was a very lonesome, pitiful, little place, away out on the edge of Deacon Hoyt's big farm, and he gave it to them half grudgingly, just as he gave the wild blackberry bushes permission to grow in the big patch, year after year.

Stevie couldn't see the house, on account of the mustard and the corn crib and the high weeds in the garden behind him; but he could hear his mother weaving somebody's rag carpet. That was what she did for a living; and she'd always worked so hard, and had such a dreary, hum-drum life, that she seemed gray and worn as her old, dusty loom. I dare say she loved Stevie and Janie and Matthew and Mag very dearly, down in her heart, but it didn't come out in sweet words and tender caresses, as some mother-love does; and Stevie or any of the rest would think of kissing the big, grim, old loom as soon as her. They weren't any of them much help to her. They chirped and picked and scrambled about and bothered her from morning till night, a good deal like the little chickens that lived around the door.

The father was dead. Stevie could remember about him a little. Every year he used to work for the farmers in harvest time, and then go to the "shows" that came through the country in the late summer. He "had lots of money, then," Stevie remembered, and he always bought a clean, new, straw hat for himself, and a pair of beautiful, new, pink-and-white suspenders, and wore a white shirt, and those old, brown, velvety pantaloons, and went barefoot. "What was the use of working hard to earn money, if a man couldn't spend it for himself," he always said; and so he traveled about after the wandering circus shows as long as his money lasted, and then came home to sleep on the children's trundle-bed through the long afternoon, or perform wonderful feats of clown and "acrobat" for the benefit of his delighted family, or gather basketfuls of wild "greens" or berries, in the fields, for dinner. And the front of the little cabin, away out there among the blackberry bushes, used to be so brilliantly decorated in those times, that it was quite wonderful to see, with the great red-and-blue showbills he had carefully



## SUMMER EVENING.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. MURRAY

*Andante.*

1. Slow - ly the shad - ows Of eve - ning are fall - ing; Soft thro' the twi - light Voi - ces are call - ing,  
 2. O - ver the wa - ters The moon - light is steal - ing; Sails flit - ting sea - ward, White - ly re - veal - ing;  
 3. Heav - y with o - dors The night - winds are blow - ing, O - ver the beds where Lil - ies are grow - ing;  
 4. Cease from thy long - ing, Thy rest - less re - gret - ting; One watch - es o'er thee, Nev - er for - get - ting!

## CHORUS.

*Allegretto.*

Voi - ces of an - gels that ten - der - ly say, "Rest, from the la - bor and toil of the day!"  
 Sweet as the moon - light that sil - vers the sea, Drops with the dark - ness the si - lence on thee;  
 Touch - ing thee gent - ly, and sooth - ing to rest All the heart's fe - ver that burned in thy breast;  
 Pray that His an - gels in mer - cy may keep Watch by thy pil - low, while fold - ed in sleep;

Voi - ces of an - gels that ten - der - ly say, "Rest, from the la - bor and toil of the day!"  
 Sweet as the moon - light that sil - vers the sea, Drops with the dark - ness the si - lence on thee.  
 Touch - ing thee gent - ly, and sooth - ing to rest All the heart's fe - ver that burned in thy breast.  
 Pray that His an - gels in mer - cy may keep Watch by thy pil - low, while fold - ed in sleep.

peeled from fences and barns, and triumphantly carried home.

Stevie could remember a little about his father's funeral, too. How one morning the people came picking their way from the quiet country road through the briery field, till they came to the old cabin. Nobody was dressed up much, he remembered. The men had on clean shirts, but only their old, everyday clothes, and they stood in the sunshine, just outside the door, and whittled, and talked in low tones about the "crops" and "stock." Some women were there, with clean aprons and starched sunbonnets. One had a pail of fresh eggs and butter, and she intended to go to town, after the funeral, "to trade." She said she "thought she'd just stop a minnit to old Jimmy's buryin'." Besides all that, Stevie had a pleasant memory of how clean the room was the morning of his father's "burying," and that the figure lying so stiffly on chairs in front of the quiet loom was draped in such clean, white, ample sheets, ready to put in the coffin that some men were going to bring. Janie and Matthew and Mag sat in a row in front of their mother. They had clean faces and smooth hair, and wore shoes and stockings, and kept their fat, brown hands folded over little, coarse, gingham handkerchiefs; and they were all very still. It was Stevie's own place, he remembered, to sit on a stool by the back door, and scare the chickens away whenever they tried to come in, and he always did it with a very little, bashful "shoo!" Some women sat in the house while they waited. The woman with the pail of eggs and butter, sat there, holding it

on the edge of her knees, with her hard, bony hands folded firmly on the handle, while she glared grimly at Matthew, and Janie, and little Mag.

By and by the men came bringing the coffin through the briery, sunny, old field. They had flushed faces and felt cross, because it was so hard to come through the blackberry bushes without scratching the coffin. The men by the door each one shut his jack-knife with a click, and three or four of them came in, walking awkwardly on tiptoe with their big boots, and they laid Stevie's father in the coffin, and everybody took a last look, and nobody cried but little Mag. Then Stevie's mother tied on her sunbonnet, and another woman tied on Mag's and Janie's for them, and a man fastened the coffin, and after that they carried it out into the field through the path into the road, and Matthew and Janie and little Mag and their mother, and the few plain, whispering people, went plodding along with them. Orly Stevie was left at home to "watch the house." He looked after the people as long as he could see them, and while he looked, the chickens came in and wandered over the clean floor in a surprised way, as if it were so strange not to find any crumbs there, every now and then giving a little, curious, inquiring peck at the empty air. Stevie didn't think it worth while to drive them out after that. It seemed more sociable and homelike to have them there, and he was sorry when one by one they went hopping disappointedly over the doorstep.

Presently he wondered why he had to "watch the house?" What would come

there but the chickens? If "anything" should come, he was quite certain he didn't want to be there; and his cheeks grew burning hot when he thought about it. All at once he rose up very quietly and scampered out into the fields, and when he came back, his mother was there again, weaving, and Janie was teasing Matthew, and little Mag had her usual big piece of bread and butter, and the chickens were greedily picking up the crumbs she dropped.

It was all over. The days stretched out, one after another, and his mother worked just as hard as ever, and people brought their rags for her to weave, and she made garden the best she could on her little field of ground, and went out to work for the busy housewives of thrifty farmers, whenever she could spare a day from home.

Well, Stevie wasn't thinking about all this when he stood there by the old bars, but he knew it, and a little of it came into his head by and by. Maybe something in the bright, morning sunshine, or the sight of the old path leading through the briery, or the little chickens chirping in the quiet air, brought up a memory of it.

"I don't see why they wouldn't let me go to father's buryin'," he said to himself. "A person don't always want to be left at home. Father used to go to shows, too, when he got done helping folks harvest. I don't see why I can't ever go. I made mother's garden, but I didn't get any money for that. I'd like to go to the celebration, too, that's to be at the Cross Roads. They're going to have a dinner out doors, and a band and a procession. If mother wasn't so stingy, I

think she'd get me a new straw hat and some pink suspenders, and let me go. She ought to pay me for raising that garden. She had two dollars in the old teapot, only last week."

Just then he heard his mother's voice calling, "Stevie! O, Stevie!" and it had such a strange cheeriness in it, that he turned quite promptly and ran around the old crib to the house. His mother was standing in the door, with a wonderfully glad light in her gray eyes.

"The children all pattered out to the field a minute ago," she said, in her homely way, "so I thought to myself, 'I'll call Stevie.' It isn't any work I've got on hand. There they are. I've spread 'em out nice and slick under the top quilt on the trundle-bed, so you wouldn't find it out till I got ready. They're yours, and I want you to try 'em on quick. I made every stitch of 'em at night, after you were all in bed, and I measured you from top to toe when you was asleep."

Stevie bashfully went pattering his bare feet across the room, and his mother carefully turned down the old, nine-patch quilt, and there lay a nice suit of new, shining, home-made linen, spread out to look as much as possible as if a boy was in it.

There was the cunningest, jaunty, cool-looking jacket, with daintily-stitched pockets and neat collar, and peeping through the jacket, a lovely, pink shirt bosom, with pretty buttons, and a little ribbon knot at the neck. The pantaloons were marvelously beautiful, too; but, better than all, that pair of pink-and-white suspenders, just such as his father used to wear after harvest, and just such as Stevie had wanted for years and years, it seemed to him. Yes, and there was a hat; only a straw one, to be sure, but nice and new and white, and "pretty as a dogwood blossom," Stevie thought. He didn't say bright, glad, loving words, to thank his mother. It wasn't their way, you know; and Stevie would have blushed and stammered as if he were saying something mean. So he only stood there, reverently touching one article after another, while his mother went on talking.

"Mis' Bluebaker gave me the flax already spun, for weaving her two carpets," she told him; "and I wove every speck of the linen, and made the suit and done it up myself. It did iron beautiful! Mis' Bluebaker's brother's a real city tailor, and he keeps her in patterns for her Sammy, and he's just about your size. So between her and me you'll look elegant as anybody's boy. Only I couldn't get you any shoes this season, and seeing it's warn weather I guess nobody'll mind it much. You can go to the celebration, to-morrow, Stevie, and I want you to start bright and early. The children ain't fixed to go, but I guess they won't make much fuss. I'll bake them a jar full of cakes, to eat at home."

And O how mean Stevie did feel! standing there dressed in that nice, new, linen suit, when he remembered what selfish, ungrateful thoughts he'd been thinking, out by the old bars. It seemed as if he'd never noticed before how hard and scarred and needle pricked his mother's hands were, and what deep lines she had in her careworn face, even while she looked at him with such eager satisfaction.

What a pitiful little bit of work he had

done in the garden, after all! How much higher the weeds stood than anything else, except sometimes, when his mother had spent a few minutes working there after sundown.

She never went to a celebration, and she never even got a new sunbonnet for herself.

"I guess that garden needs weeding," Stevie said, by and by, when he had on his old clothes again. "I haven't done anything in it to amount to any good. I mean to tie up the tomato vines, too, and fix up the fence so the little pigs can't help themselves to our early potatoes."

Presently his mother heard him whistling at his work, and it made her face ever so much cheerier and softer to hear it. She knew it was Stevie's way of thanking her.

And now and then, while Stevie worked, he glanced through the garden at the little, old cabin they lived in, with its dingy mud chimney at one end, and the coarse, red hollyhocks standing stiffly by the rough, old wall, and a loving wish came into his heart, that his mother had a beautiful home, and plenty of time to rest.

And after that, such work as a boy could do, Stevie did; and his mother had more hope and courage; and the little children caught some of his strange, new energy, so that it soon came to look quite homelike and thrifty there in their little nest, hidden away behind the deacon's old blackberry patches.

### A BRAVE LITTLE BOY.

BY ALTAGRANT.

The children, Kate, Sadie, and Tot—Tot is short for Thomas—were out strawberrying one day, when Tot, who was but four years old, called to Kate to come rub his back.

"It feels so kere!" he said, wriggling his shoulders.

Kate thought it was only a whim, but Tot was the baby, and she liked to humor him, for Kate was six years his senior, and had quite a motherly feeling for him. Instead of beginning the rubbing process at once, however, she first unbuttoned the little white waist to see what it was that felt "so kere," when a cry of horror escaped her; for there, inside the clothing, a small, green snake was squirming about. Perhaps he took Tot's smooth back for a new kind of tree, and wondered that he had such hard work to climb it. Both Kate and Sadie were too much frightened to know what to do, but their united screams brought to the rescue a man who was plowing in the neighboring field. Tot, meanwhile, stood "like a martyr at the stake," waiting for the snake to be taken out. This the kind farmer soon accomplished, and then the children scampered for home, running straight to mother with the frightful story.

The girls both tried to talk at once, but sympathetic little Sadie was so overcome at the remembrance of Tot's peril, that she broke down at the very beginning, and Kate was obliged to finish the story alone.

Tot listened to it all in silence, as unconcerned as though he had had no part in the affair, until growing troubled at Sadie's sobs, he coolly remarked,

"What's the use o' crying, Sadie? the ole snake 's dead!"

### LULLABY.

BY M. H. K.

Sleep, darling, sleep! The shadows lie  
Across the crimson west;  
The crickets from the lone fields cry,  
The bird chirps in its nest.  
Yon trembling, amber star,  
Looks on thee from afar;  
God's holy angels guard thee through the night.

Sleep, darling, sleep! The gloom  
Falls purple, soft and still;  
Sweet is the flowers' faint perfume;  
Calm rests o'er vale and hill.  
God watches over all,  
Not e'en the sparrows fall  
But He doth know. He cares for thee by night.

Sleep, darling, sleep! nor fear,  
For faint and gray the dawn  
Shall, past the stars, appear,  
And, lo! the night is gone.  
God is not far away—  
Alike as through the day  
He watches o'er His little lambs by night.

### A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER IX.

It was nearly noon at Riverside, and noon in the middle of September meant something grand and beautiful. Barbie stood in the back door with her apron wrapped around her bare arms, and looked east and west at the glorious picture. For all through the valley the grass and the leaves were as fresh and green as summer, only here and there a single dash of red on the top of a maple, but up the mountain sides the woods were one glow of brightness. The chestnuts and butternuts shone out in pale gold, the oaks wore tawny red, that glowed like fire in the autumn sunshine, and the maples showed all the hues of the rainbow, shading softly into each other, or dashed boldly into the most vivid contrasts of scarlet, green, and gold. Over it all the sky was as blue as June, and the great, white clouds drifted lazily along, borne by some upper current, for there was scarcely wind enough to make a leaf tremble. As Barbie stood there, she could hear the blue jays scream in the woods, and the locusts sing up in the maple, and now and then a leaf let go its hold on the elm, and came slowly fluttering to her feet. She had had a hard day's work, and was feeling, as she often did, that she wished there was any way to escape it all, to go away and enjoy all the delights of the beautiful world without any hindrance.

"How fine the woods on Garnet Hill look," said her mother, coming to her side; "I think I never saw the leaves turn so early as they have this year."

"Yes," said Barbie, with a sigh, "I most wish we could be trees, all of us, with nothing to do but stand still and grow, and eat just what came in our way without any cooking."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't like the change very long," said her mother, smiling. "It isn't an easy thing, just to stand still and grow. Some people have been all their lives learning to do something very much like that. To take quietly just what God sends, storms and rain and wind and sunshine, and through it all to grow. It's a hard thing to learn, Barbie."

"I wonder if I shall ever be so good as you are," said Barbie, giving her mother a sudden hug that nearly upset the platter of eggs she was beating. "I'll go and set the table this minute, and leave off my lazy dreams."

Davy had been off after hazelnuts, and he came racing through the yard with a whoop that sent a flock of hens scattering right and left in noisy dismay.

"Why Davy Phillips, look at your new pants," exclaimed Barbie, "you've just ruined them."

"I teared 'em on somefin' down to the woods," said Davy, twisting himself around to try and get a view of the rent; "that don't do any matter, I guess; Gramma can sew it up wid a patch."

Barbie didn't scold; nobody ever scolded Davy for tearing his clothes; it was considered a matter of course; so he trotted after her into the pantry, asking for something to eat.

"Dinner'll be ready in a minute, and I can't stop," said Barbie; "you're always hungry."

"I guess you'd be hungry if you'd been all over Garnet Hill after hazelnuts," said Davy, in a doleful tone; "I think you might give me one piece of pie."

Davy carried his point, and climbed on top of the gate post to eat his pie, and watch for the stage, as he did every day. He could hear the toot of the horn, as it dashed up to the post office at the Corners, and knew just how soon it would rumble over the bridge, and when the heads of the leaders would come in sight around the turn of the road. Watching for the stage was one of Davy's daily excitements.

"There it comes," he said, with a wriggle of satisfaction, throwing the crust of his pie to the chickens, and standing up straight to be ready to receive them; "they's two big trunks on top, and a—a—. I should like to know what that is, anyhow—looks like a—O, my, it's a rocking horse—a black rocking horse, with red lines and a reg'lar saddle, and a tail as long as—"

Just at the top of the hill the driver always cracked his whip with a grand flourish, and the four horses would go dashing past the house in splendid style. Davy was so deeply absorbed in the rocking horse, that he forgot to watch for the crack of the whip, and all at once the four horses were reined up at the gate, and Davy withdrew his astonished eyes from the top of the couch, to see Uncle Marston and Aunt Lucy seated inside. Barbie had been watching the stage, too, and now she came running to the gate. There were quick words of greeting, and then Uncle Marston got out and helped Aunt Lucy out, and the driver let down a little ladder and slid the two big trunks and the *rocking horse* to the ground. Aunt Lucy ran into the house with Barbie; Uncle Marston paid the driver and walked after them; then the driver mounted his seat, and there was Davy left to walk slowly round and round that black rocking horse and wonder. When he did go in they were all sitting down to dinner, and Davy sat down too, and nobody said a word about any rocking horse. They had stewed chickens and cream gravy, and one of grandma's famous short cakes for dinner, but somehow Davy didn't relish it very much. How slowly Uncle Marston did eat, and how long they sat around the table talking.

Davy couldn't bear it any longer, and he slipped down and went around and stood by Uncle Marston. His uncle laid his hand on his head, stroked it a little, but went on talking.

"Are you got any little boys yet?" asked Davy, in a favorable pause.

"No little boys yet," laughed Uncle Marston.

"Davy's my little boy," said Aunt Lucy, taking his little, brown, scratched hand in both her soft, white ones, and kissing his tamed cheeks. Then they went on talking again.

"I should flunk," said Davy, after a while, "*somebody better take care of that rocking horse*. Our old rooster might scratch it."

"O," said Uncle Marston, "I forgot all about it. That rocking horse is for you, Davy, but if you think you shouldn't like it, you needn't take it."

Davy gave Uncle Marston one swift look—he understood just one thing about it, and that was that the rocking horse was his—and he rushed away to the yard to examine his property. The older folks finished their after-dinner chat, and then went into grandma's room, where Uncle Marston lay on the old, calico-covered lounge, with his white hands locked above his head, and looked so young and handsome that Barbie could hardly help sighing as she looked from the lounge to the arm chair where her father was sitting. How worn, and old, and feeble he looked, the dear, kind, patient father, and yet he was only five years older than Uncle Marston. Five years was not so long a time as to make such pitiful marks in passing. Barbie went back to the kitchen to help her mother, and stopped as she passed her father's chair to smooth back his gray hair, and give him a kiss on his forehead.

"I'm going to play lazy this afternoon," he said, smiling at Barbie.

"I'm glad of it," said Uncle Marston, "you look worked to death, and besides, I came out to talk over some business with you."

Aunt Lucy came out and sat in the door, her hands folded in her lap, and her pretty, brown hair blown about her eyes, for she had taken out her comb and let the whole shining mass fall about her shoulders. Barbie's eyes turned to her continually, as she flitted about her work.

"What a lovely picture," said Aunt Lucy, looking at Garnet Hill.

"Yes," said Barbie, looking at Aunt Lucy sitting there in the doorway, framed around with scarlet woodbines.

"It does not seem so long ago since Nathan and I used to climb those hills after nuts. There used to be a couple of oaks by the side of the brook, right at the foot of the hill, where we always stopped to rest."

"They're growing there yet," said Barbie, "I often go there."

"Such wonderful air-castles as we used to build," said Aunt Lucy, smiling, but sighing a little, too. "Nathan was to go to college and travel in Europe, and come back to find a gold mine in the old farm, and do no end of wonderful things. I wonder if children's dreams are ever fulfilled?"

Aunt Lucy looked back to the room where her husband and brother were talking, and sighed again. Barbie went out to put a row of shining tin pans on the little porch to dry

in the sun. She stopped at the door and looked thoughtfully over the hills.

"Aunt Lucy," she said, suddenly, "don't you think it's dreadful to just have to stay still and take what comes, instead of choosing your work, and going out to do it?"

"What do you want to do, for instance," said Aunt Lucy, pulling Barbie down into the doorway beside her.

"O, I don't know, exactly," hesitated Barbie, "most anything that'll be work—I should like to teach school, I believe."

"Horrible," said Aunt Lucy; "it makes me shiver just to look at a schoolhouse."

"O, I should *love* to teach if I only knew enough—you see, Aunt Lucy, I want to do something that'll *pay*—to earn some money."

"What a mercenary little creature!"

"Not a *little* money, Aunt Lucy," persisted Barbie, "but a great deal—I want to be rich."

"How long do you fancy it would take you to accomplish your object at three dollars a week—that's about what schoolma'ams get around here, I believe?" said Aunt Lucy, looking at Barbie with a great deal of amusement.

"It wouldn't be much, I know," said Barbie, rather sadly; "seems to me girls never can do much. I wish I could do something grand and do it all at once—write a book, maybe," she added, with a flush on her face.

"I dare say you might teach school, if you wanted to," said Aunt Lucy, consolingly, "and write a book, too, when you get a little older, but just now I don't see how your mother, or Davy, or any of the rest can spare you."

"That's just it, Aunt Lucy; mother can't spare me because we're too poor to hire any help, and we shall always be poor unless I—unless *somebody* does something."

"It does look that way," said Aunt Lucy, gravely; "I never saw your father seem so worn and discouraged." She smoothed Barbie's plump, brown hand with her delicate white fingers a little while, and then jumped up, saying, "O, well, Barbie, don't let's fret about it; I always felt sure things would come out right with your father and mother. They've had a hard time—harder than you know—and you and Nathan mustn't feel discouraged if you have to wait awhile."

"I don't care for *myself*," Aunt Lucy, indeed I don't," said Barbie, earnestly, "and Nathan doesn't, either—it's father and mother—they work so hard, and never have a bit of comfort—"

"Don't you be so sure of that," said Aunt Lucy, "if I had you, and Nathan, and Davy, I should think I had a good deal of comfort."

"Barbie," shouted Davy, rushing eagerly in, "you let me take your little red pail to water my horse; he's most starved for a drink."

"Well," said Barbie, "will you be real careful of it, and not put any dirt in; nothing but water?"

Davy readily promised, and Barbie emptied the little red pail of its balls of yarn, and gave it to him with some doubt as to its safety. Ten minutes afterward she heard a suspicious pounding, and ran out to find Davy hammering at the pail with a rough stone.

"Stop, Davy, what in the world are you doing?" she called as she ran.

"Leaks!" explained Davy, without stopping; "I'm tight'nin' the hoops."

"O, you naughty boy," said Barbie, in real distress, "now you've scratched my dear, little red pail all up, and spoilt it. My dear, little pail that I had when I was a baby, and meant to keep always and always."

"I don't see as that does any matter," said Davy, looking critically at the battered side. "I guess it'll all wash off."

"No, it won't wash off; it's just spoilt. You always do spoil everything. I might have known better than to let you take it."

"I sh'd fink so, too," said Davy, gravely nodding his head; "you oughtn't to lended it to me; and then he marched off to give his attention to the black horse, that stood quietly waiting for his drink. Barbie wiped the little pail on her apron, and tried not to feel vexed, and presently her father and Uncle Marston came out of the house and walked slowly down to the gate.

"O father, are you going to work?" asked Barbie. "Mother said we would have an early tea and all go over to Cousin John's this evening."

"Uncle Marston and I are going to walk over to the North Ridge," said her father; "we'll be home in good season."

"What can they be going over there for," wondered Barbie, to herself; "of all funny things, I think it's the funniest for father to go off for a walk; and Uncle Marston never cares about the farm. I don't s'pose he knows oats from rye."

Barbie watched them a moment as they went on, Uncle Marston talking earnestly, and her father listening, with only an occasional shake of the head.

"I do believe he wants him to sell the farm, or something; I most wish he would, and buy a little bit of one, just to raise fruit and vegetables, like Kit Wilder; but then, nobody'd want to buy our farm."

Barbie was just thinking she would go in and have a good visit with Aunt Lucy, when a big, black bonnet came into view, over the tops of the currant bushes, and to her great vexation she saw old Mrs. Wade coming in at the gate, with her knitting work sticking out of her black-silk bag.

"Good afternoon, Barbry," she said, "your Aunt Lucy's come, hain't she? I see the stage stop, and somebody get out, and I made sure 'twas Lucy, 'cause she's so wonderful spry. I'd laid out to come up some day this week, and I just told Mary Jane I'd run right up and have a visit with Miss Marston."

"You horrid old thing, to come and spoil my visit," thought Barbara, to herself; but she only said, "Won't you walk in—mother'll be glad to see you;" and ushered Mrs. Wade into the north room where her mother and Aunt Lucy were talking, while grandma slept placidly in her chair. While the big bonnet was being laid aside and the dust brushed from the black silk apron, Barbie ran up stairs to change her dress, and smooth her feelings a little. By the time she came down in her neat calico and white apron, she felt amiable enough to endure a dozen Mrs. Wades.

"I can bear it one day," she thought; "maybe I shall have Aunt Lucy weeks and weeks."

"I reckon Barbry's right smart at her books," said the old lady, after watching Barbie critically for some time.

Barbie smiled, and nobody answered.

"You can cipher consid'able, can't you, Barbry, and set copies, and so on."

"Yes'm," said Barbie, trying not to laugh.

"Because, my son, he's the committee man to our destrick, heard from Phebe Ann Spicer that she couldn't come back to finish out her term, because her mother was took down with rheumatiz."

Mrs. Wade stopped to take up a stitch in her knitting, holding it up to the window, and Barbie sat, with a beating heart, wondering what would come next.

"Bijah's dreadful put to it, to know which way to look for another schoolma'am; he's busy hauling, now, and don't know how on earth to be pestered about it, but I just told him he'd better speak to Barbry. Most anybody can manage them young ones, and I reckoned Barbry'd take it cheap; seein' she hadn't no experience."

Barbie's heart was going like a trip hammer, but she could hardly keep from laughing at the conclusion of the old lady's speech, especially when she caught a glance from Aunt Lucy's eye.

Mrs. Wade gave all her thoughts to her knitting for a moment, and then started on a new subject entirely, to Barbie's great relief.

"If he *should* ask me, mother," she whispered, when they were setting the table for tea, "do you think you could let me go?"

"I think I should try," said her mother, "but don't set your heart on it. Old Mrs. Wade talks a great deal, and you are pretty young to teach."

"I shan't teach for a cent less than they gave Phebe Spicer," said Barbie; "I know as much as she does, I should hope, if I haven't had any *experience*."

That very evening Mr. Wade, the "committee man," stopped his old white horse before the house, and came in to offer Barbie the position of schoolma'am. When he hinted cautiously at reduced wages, Barbie quite crushed him by the dignified manner in which she declared her determination not to be "reduced," and the matter ended in his engaging her at the same wages they had been paying. He turned away with evident relief, saying, as he went,

"It may come a little tough to you, boardin' 'round, till you get used to it. Phebe Ann, she's used up all the best places, and there is nobody left but the Waldens, the Shoalses, and the two Goole families."

"I shall come home every night," thought Barbie; "it isn't more than two miles."

[To be continued.]

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.—The other day, a little boy named Frank, one of THE LITTLE CORPORAL's friends, was sent by his mother to invite an old friend of hers to tea. He came home full of admiration for the lady and her kindness and politeness to him. At the tea table, she turned to him with—

"Frank, I have a compliment for you. Mother and sister both remarked, when you were gone, how well you did your errand, and what a gentlemanly boy you were."

Frank looked pleased, and the color came to his face. "Miss S.," said he, "that compliment belongs to mamma, not to me; for if I am a gentleman, she taught me to be."

Neat for eleven years, wasn't it? Comment and proof at once. We have this boy's photograph in THE CORPORAL's album, and are proud to keep it there.

## "CAT AND RAT."

BY ROY.

"Mamma! mamma! O mamma!"

"Mamma, look here!"

"Mamma, we've invented a new game!"

"A game all our own selves!"

"Cat and Rat," mamma!"

"And, mamma, its splendid!"

"Mamma, mayn't we try it here?"

"Yes, mamma, do let us play it for you to see!"

Poor mamma, sitting quietly at work in the parlor, was almost deafened by her three little children, Freddie, Bessie, and Bertie, as they rushed down stairs, all talking at once. As soon as they were quiet enough for her to understand what they were saying, she said, "Yes, you may try it, if you won't be too riotous for the parlor."

"O no," they all answered, "we won't do the least speck of mischief to anything."

So they begin. Bessie is puss, all curled up asleep on the rug. Freddie and Bertie under the sofa are the two hungry rats, and the cushion between is the nice piece of cheese. Pussie is purring now; by and by she stops, then she is asleep. Now the rats begin to peep out.

• "Squeak! squeak! Is puss asleep?"

"Yes, puss is fast asleep; let's eat some cheese. How nice it smells."

So the rats come out to the cheese.

"Me-o-w!"

Puss is awake, after all. How the rats run! Puss runs after them, too, but they are safe in their hole before she can catch them.

"I'll catch you next time, see if I don't! Me-o-w! sfitz! me-o-w!"

So puss goes to sleep again. Soon the big rat puts his nose out. "Puss is asleep—we're safe. Come along." So they come out again and nibble awhile. Puss seems still asleep. All at once puss jumps up and springs at the rats. The rats run; but it is too late! Puss has caught the big one. The big one is bigger than puss, and doesn't want to be caught, so the cat and rat roll over in a heap right against the center table. Over it goes.

"O dear me!" says Bess.

"Well!" says Fred.

"O my!" adds little Bertie.

While poor mamma says, "Children, I thought you were not going to do any mischief."

"We didn't mean to, mamma."

"We'll pick it all up."

"Mayn't we go on? we won't do it again."

But mamma says she can't allow rats in the parlor any more; so off they run to the dining room, where the big rat that was caught turns into the cat, and pussie is a rat instead.

When the play is over, they come back to know whether mamma doesn't think it's a very nice game, and if she doesn't think it's funny that they could make it up out of their "own heads?" And Freddie says he wishes they were big enough to write down how to play it, and send it to other little children to play. So now I am doing it for him, and send it to you; only be sure, when you play, not to knock over any tables.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE, No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1869.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the P. O. where the paper is received.

### MRS. MILLER'S BOOK.

"THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE," containing the story of "Jimmy Marvin," published as a serial in THE CORPORAL during last year, and a sequel to "Jimmy Marvin," just written, and both now published in one book, will be ready September 25th. Mrs. Miller's great popularity as a writer, and the favor with which the first half of the book was received by both young and old, warrant us in saying that this will be one of the most popular books of the year. It will be issued by The Little Corporal Publishing House, on fine paper, illustrated, and bound in English cloth. Price \$1.50. The western wholesale trade will be supplied from our own office; the eastern trade supplied by Messrs. Nichols & Hall, No. 43 Washington street, Boston, Mass. The same house will supply to the eastern trade all books published by us.

Please send orders for "The Royal Road to Fortune" at once.

### RECEIPTS FOR MONEY.

We sometimes receive letters, saying, "I sent you a dollar to renew my subscription before the close of the year, so I might not lose a number, and have never heard whether you got the money."

If a letter is carefully directed and stamped, there is very little danger that it will not be received, and the paper itself is your receipt for the money. If you get your paper, that is evidence that we have your money—if you fail to get it, do not wait another month, but notify us the very first number.

### WHAT WE WANT.

While every mail brings us a score of manuscripts, most of which are long and dull, and without any point, we should be really glad to receive more *short, lively, spicy* articles, in both prose and poetry.

If somebody would make a collection of the curious things that are furnished as contributions to papers and magazines by people who are apparently rational on other subjects, it would be as amusing as a "book of jokes."

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Sunday School teachers, officers, and library committees are requested to read the advertisement on the last page of the cover of this magazine, headed "Sunday School Libraries."

### ABOUT BOOKS.

Any book advertised in THE CORPORAL or in any other magazine or newspaper, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

See editorial "SPECIAL NOTICE," Aug. No.

### ROLL OF HONOR.

Our appeal in behalf of J. F. A. Sisson, of Butler Plantation, has called forth a ready response from many generous hearts. We give in this number some of the letters received, and propose to give others; and before the close of the year will give a list of those to whom the papers thus furnished are sent.

The following is the list of donors, up to the first of August:

JOHN LAMBERT,	Hampton, Iowa,	\$1.00
HATTIE LYNCH,	Chenoo, Ill.,	1.00
A FRIEND,	Boston Highlands, Mass.,	1.00
ANNE D. BARBER,	Tart Farm, Penn.,	1.00
HENRY J. BARBER,	Tart Farm, Penn.,	1.00
SARAH KATIE ANGELL,	Chatham 4 Corners, Mass.	.25
LELIA BARRETT,	Niles, Mich.,	1.00
MARK DECOUDRES,	Evanston, Ill.,	1.00
GEORGE BURROUGHS,	Newbury, Vt.,	2.00
EMMA STELLA YOUNG,	Ottisco, Mich.,	1.00
CARRIE ANNETTE YOUNG,	do.	1.00

If Mr. Sisson knows of other schools at the south as needy as his own, will he please send us the address?

### PRIVATE QUEER'S LETTER TO THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

NORTH LEEDS, Maine, Aug. 2, 1869.

*My Dear Pilgrim:* Since we parted from you in Chicago, four weeks ago, the world has been tinkling on around us like a merry tune. Our train rumbled out from the Great Central Depot, over the "pillings," in front of Chicago, with the beautiful Lake Michigan stretching far away at our left. The morning sun beamed out brightly over the water, which was dotted by dozens of white sails, and our hearts kept time to the music of the cars, for were we not leaving the cares of business and the dust of the city behind us, and looking forward to rest and recreation—to sea side and mountain—to scenes new and strange, in the eastern land to which we were hastening?

Rapidly we passed through the beautiful state of Michigan, and over the swift river into the young Dominion of Canada, and still on and on screamed and puffed our iron horse, until the morning of the first day of July found us nearing Montreal. The day opened clear and beautiful, with British flags flying from nearly every house top, and now and then a royal salute firing at the railway stations as we passed, for this was "Dominion Day;" what, for this people, answers to the 4th of July with us. Two years ago this day, the provinces of British America were united in one and chartered a "Dominion," remaining still under the fostering care of good Queen Victoria, until our dear old Uncle Samuel shall good-naturedly pat them on the head, and invite them to sit down at his table and become members of his great and growing family. Intelligent people understand that this must come, by and by, and my own opinion is, Pilgrim, that the sooner it comes the better, for, though in many ways they are a clever folk, they never will "get on rightly" until our revered uncle adopts them as his own.

A Canadian gentleman, whom I met on the cars, just returned from a trip to California and Chicago, volunteered the remark that, "It is of no use for us to deny that we Canadians are very far behind the Americans in energy and enterprise." Even our short stay in Canada fully satisfied us that he was right.

We spent "Dominion Day" in Montreal, where the people were out in their holiday attire, and we improved the day by visiting the various objects of interest, among which were the Victoria Bridge, the old Gray Nunnery, built in 1695, and bearing, in every room, evidences of its great age, many of the inmates looking almost as though they might have been born at the same time; the Jesuit church, with its magnificent interior, and the French cathedral, to the top of whose tower we climbed, thus obtaining a grand panoramic view of the beautiful surrounding city and country, the largest and most prominent buildings in sight seeming to be Catholic convents and nunneries.

In the afternoon we took passage on a fine steamer, where nearly all the five or six hundred passengers were speaking French, and, after a pleasant sail down the St. Lawrence river, early the next morning we came in sight of the famous, quaint, and curious old walled and fortified city of Quebec.

Stepping from the boat at the Quebec wharf, we entered a hotel carriage, and the horses were soon stumbling and clambering along the steep, rocky lanes, facetiously called streets, though scarcely wide enough for two carriages to pass. Winding and twisting into all possible angles, urged upward and forward by the shouting driver, the poor brutes dragged their heavy load, though every moment it seemed as if they must lose their foothold, and all go rolling and tumbling to the bottom of the hill together. At last we passed the black gate in the frowning wall, and were landed in time at the door of our hotel. After breakfast and a short rest, we took a carriage for a ride to see the city and its surroundings.

Quebec was founded by a Frenchman named Champlain, in 1608, and is, therefore, more than two hundred and sixty years old. More than a hundred years ago (1759), after a terrible struggle, in which both commanders were killed, the British army, led by General Wolf, gained the Heights of Abraham, and overcame the French forces under General Montcalm; while Quebec, and with it all of Canada, passed from French to English rule. You may be sure it was with no little curiosity that we visited the fortifications and other points of interest around this old and important city. The citadel, on the top of the mountain, is one of the strongest in the world. As we passed through it, with a red-coated British soldier for our guide, peeping into the powder magazines, patting the sides of the immense mortars and cannon, which looked out over the granite walls, it seemed impossible that any power of man could ever penetrate so strong a fortress. There were cords upon cords of wicked-looking shells waiting to be thrown, and millions of pounds of solid balls, piled in small mountains, waiting for the day of wrath. Over all these waved the British flag; and we smiled to think of the day, which we expect to live to see, when from this same flagstaff, or one like it, on this same wall, the Red Cross of St. George shall give place to the Star Spangled Banner, and the red uniforms inside the fortress, shall be changed to the color of the sky. Let us hope that these inevitable events may be brought about without the shedding of blood. The Corporal believes they will be. It is a noticeable feature, that the soldiers in the citadel at Quebec are not Canadians, but regular English and Scotch, brought from across the sea, so as to insure their loyalty. From the citadel we passed outside the walls, and after a short ride, stood upon the Heights of Abraham, on to which the British army under Wolf climbed in the night, and achieved their victory just as their brave leader had laid him down to die. Here stands a monument erected to his memory, with this inscription:

HERE DIED  
WOLF,  
VICTORIOUS.

The plains remain nearly as they were then, stretching out like a great lawn, the property



of the government, unornamented by tree or shrub.

Another ride of eight miles brought us to the Montmorency, a small, swift river, about seventy-five feet wide, whose dark waters tumble along over black stones until they come near the shore of the St. Lawrence, and then plunge down a rocky precipice, two hundred and fifty feet, a boiling mass of snow-white foam. These justly-celebrated Falls of Montmorency form one of the most beautiful and interesting objects on the American continent. I would like to take time and space to tell you many things about our visit and sight-seeing in Canada, but the Corporal tells me I must not dwell long here, but hurry on to the hills of Maine.

We came on to Portland, and then up among the rocks and hills of Leeds, where we left Mrs. Sewell and the children, to visit among the dear old friends of other days, while Mr. Sewell, the Corporal, and I, Private Queer, went to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to do our business, and then returned to visit in these beautiful, quiet, country places. Wherever Mr. Sewell goes the Corporal and I are sure to go, (you may always depend on that,) and as we were born and raised in the west, and neither had ever before been in New England, you may be certain we have seen much to please and interest us.

If we enjoyed wandering around Quebec, you may be sure we found a much greater pleasure in Boston Common, in the old, crooked, tangled, narrow streets, which were walked over by the men and women of the olden time, two hundred years ago, by the men of the Revolutionary days, and by the wise and good and famous, who have lived all along the years since then, and, while we revere old Boston for all the part it has taken in the past of American history, we learned to honor it for what it is now; and if the time should ever come when we should have to be exiled from Chicago, we don't know a city to which we would rather be banished than Boston.

Our business called us among the makers, the publishers, and the sellers of books and magazines, and very pleasant days we spent in their company. All gave a cordial welcome to their western cousin, THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and we found his name a ready passport into the most select circles.

We arranged with Messrs. Nichols & Hall, publishers and booksellers, No. 43 Washington St., Boston, to sell, in the eastern market, the books published by The Little Corporal Publishing House. As booksellers, we think no firm in Boston shows more activity, energy and ability than they do. They are young and rising men, and will spread the Corporal's books all over New England, and the east. They have now a stock of Mrs. Henshaw's elegant book, "Our Branch" of the Sanitary Commission, and of the Little Corporal's Drawing Book, "Reed's Drawing Lessons," and will soon have a stock of Mrs. Miller's new book, Jimmy Marvin's "Royal Road to Fortune," and all our other new books, as soon as they are out. Booksellers throughout the East will order our books from Messrs. Nichols & Hall.

From New York to Boston, by the Fall River line, is pleasant enough. At Fall River we had a delightful visit, of a few hours, with our valued correspondent, Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, and her family; just such a visit as one loves to remember, in dusky quiet, through all the long years. When your pilgrimages lead you, Pilgrim, to New England, you must not fail to see and know the four bright children in this happy, country home, Minnie, Alle, Charley, and Saidee. I will not tell you whether I found a favorite among them, but if you will keep it strictly to yourself, I will whisper in your ear that one of them is a "rare and radiant maiden," with fair hair and blue eyes, full of truth and laughter and love, and she is ten years old. You may form your own private opinions, my dear Pilgrim, but don't, as you love me, whisper that Private Queer has

told you anything more than he is free to tell to all. If you do, how can I ever trust you with another secret?

After bidding good bye to the children, and to Mr. and Mrs. Slade, we went on board the beautiful "Bristol," which even the Corporal says is the most magnificent steamer he ever saw, and quickly glided out over the salt, sea waves. Stretched out, before and beyond us, lay the broad Atlantic Ocean, over which the old discoverers and the Pilgrim fathers came, which Paul Revere, and his associates, turned into a teapot a hundred years ago. From away yonder had come the British and Hessian soldiers, with their proud flags and bristling guns; away yonder, what were left of them, had gone again, with feathers drooping, leaving a free nation behind them. I cannot take room to tell you all the mingled feelings that filled my breast, and caused such varying lights to come and go in the Corporal's eyes, as the proud steamer ploughed away towards New York. We leaned over the vessel's side, watching the wide track of foam, stretching far away behind us, with its phosphorescent lights flashing here and there amidst its whiteness, and the gray clouds drifting over our heads. We lost sight of the gray rocks and green shores, the shadows of night gathered around us, and the lighthouses on the shores and islands began to flash out their bright eyes into the darkness. Away there was the steady glare of the Block Island light, and yonder was Point Judith, winking and blinking, as if to say, "Keep as far away from me as possible, for there is danger here." Thus we watched the lights on the shore, and in the waves, and in the sky, where the stars peeped out between the clouds, and talked our quiet talk, or walked about the decks or cabins, listening to the music from the Dodswoorth orchestra. And, as we were "Out on the ocean sailing," and thought of what *might* happen to us before we should again see the light, (unused to water as we are), we went to our state room, examined the life preservers, to see if they were within easy reach, thought joyfully of "Our home beyond the tide," committed ourselves to our Heavenly Father, and lying down, were, by the motion of the steamer over the waves, gently rocked into a sweet and quiet sleep, from which we awoke just as we were steaming into the harbor at New York in the early gray of morning.

And now, my dear Pilgrim, good bye for the present. I will try to write you again in time for our October number. For the present, I remain, faithfully, your friend and fellow worker,

PRIVATE QUEER.

Those lovely California trout, "silver and pink spotted," have not yet made their appearance at the office. But we hear from some young friends of ours, who are fishing at Lake Minnetoka, twelve miles from Minneapolis, that they have caught a pickerel weighing twenty-four pounds, of which, however, they only propose to send us the skeleton. We have two fine windows, guarded by the "Cherubs" and "Red Ridinghood," which are ready to receive anything pretty in the way of curiosities.

**PICTURES OF THE EAGLE.**—We have on hand a supply of the Colored Album Pictures of "OLD ABE," the famous Wisconsin Eagle, which we will send by mail, postpaid, for ten cents each, or sixty cents a dozen. Address the publishers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, Chicago, Ill.

If you wear out your number in canvassing with it, write and tell us what number it is, and we will send a new one in its place, free of charge.

**WRITE TO PRUDY, or to THE LITTLE PILGRIM, or PRIVATE QUEER;** whichever you choose, always direct in care of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, Chicago, Ill.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

**PATTY GRAY'S JOURNEY**—From Boston to Baltimore. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Price \$1.25. Lee & Shepherd, Boston.

This is the first volume of a series that promises to be both instructive and delightful. The preface in itself is a condensed story, and we shall be glad to follow little Patty on her travels to the Cotton Islands.

**EMILY DOUGLASS.** By T. R. Y. Price \$1.00. A. D. F. Randolph, New York. For sale by Hadley, Hill & Co., Chicago.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, have now ready six of the eight volumes of their prize series. We have already noticed some of them.

**ANDY LUTTRELL,** by CLARA VANCE, which was the successful one, is a book of more than ordinary interest. The characters are well drawn and vividly brought out, the tone of the book eminently religious and practical, and its interest such that no one can read it without both pleasure and profit.

**SHINING HOURS,** by PAUL MORRINE, which almost took the palm, stands in our opinion fully equal to its successful rival, and in literary excellence surpasses it. While the story is not perhaps as exciting, it has passages of greater power than "Andy Luttrell," and shows a more careful and scholarly style.

**SABRINA HACKETT,** by EMILY L. SAYBROOK, we place next in order of excellence. It is a most admirable story, that must commend itself to the experience of scores of schoolgirls, and we could wish that these volumes were in every library.

**MASTER AND PUPIL,** by E. D. K., has a good deal of merit, but does not strike us as remarkable.

**MAY BELL,** by HERBERT NEWBURY, is a well written temperance story.

**AUNT MATTIE,** by MABEL HAZLETON, is a pleasant story of domestic life, sound in its teachings, and by no means dull in style, though claiming no great literary merit.

From the same publishers we have also **SUNNY SKIES,** by BARBARA CHANNING, a book of lively, chatty letters from some young folks in Italy. **BRIGHT DAYS,** one of MARY HOWITT's charming little chronicles of childish life. **THE STORY OF HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII,** by W. H. DAVENPORT, setting forth the wonders of the buried cities in a style that must prove attractive to those interested in such research.

## OLDTOWN FOLKS.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Price, \$2.00.

## THE GATES AJAR.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Price, \$1.50.

Either of the above will be sent, (with the corners protected from damage by our patent Book Corner Guards,) postpaid, on receipt of price, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

CLUBS for THE LITTLE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different post offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, AUGUST NO.

No. 3.—*Latin Enigma.*—

*Cocytus* is one of the streams that flow  
Where *Pluto* and *Proserpine* reign, you know,  
In the infernal world, below.  
*Ale* rules where dark discord lowers;  
*Ceres* reigns o'er the harvest hours;  
*Flora* the goddess is of flowers.  
*Isis*, Egyptian goddess she;  
*Memnon*, Aurora's son is he;  
*A gorgon*, *Queen Eurypile*.  
And now, by help of these, you know  
A Latin sentence, French Turgot  
Gave our great Franklin long ago.  
*Erignu codo fulmen, acceperam que tyrannis*—  
He snatched the lightning from heaven, and the  
scepter from tyrants.

No. 4.—*Enigma.*—Nothing; saw. Washington.

## GODS OF THE DAKOTAS.

BY A. L. RIGGS.

I.—*Oon-ktay'-he, God of the Waters and the Earth.*

The Dakotas have many gods. They have gods of the woods and gods of the rocks, gods of the air, of the water and of the earth, gods of thunder, gods of war and gods of evil wishes. For, without the Bible, the Dakota does not know any god who is great enough, wise enough, and good enough to make this world and all its living creatures, and to rule over them with justice and kindness, giving to all their daily food. He is the true God and our Heavenly Father. And all those who have truly learned of Him rejoice to feel that He is ever near. But with the Dakota it is not so, unless he, too, has been taught of the God of the Bible. He only knows that great, mysterious powers are at work around him and within him, and his heart is filled with fear. Thus, when the storm wind drives the black clouds across the sky, and the lightnings flash and burn, and the terrible thunders roll, it is a fearful mystery. It must be a god, he thinks, and he names him *Wah-ke'-yan*, the Thunder Bird. Or, again, when the lake, now smooth as glass, suddenly flies into a rage and dashes his canoe to pieces, or the beautiful river treacherously invites him to bathe and then draws his friend underneath to die, it is again a fearful mystery. And as he goes forth into the shadowy woods, and startles at the rustling leaf, or over the wide, lonely prairie and hears the zephyrs sob in the grass, he feels that here is mystery more silent and more dread. And this great, mysterious power of the water and the earth is another god. This is *OON-KTAY'-HE*.

And thus all the mysterious powers of nature and life become his gods. But, among them all, he has no friend, and no Father. They are all his enemies, or may be so. He therefore sacrifices and prays to them, to keep them in good humor, or to appease them when angry. Or he tries to set one against another, so that the god who is now his friend may fight off another one who is his enemy. But their favor cannot be depended on, for they are all passionate and cruel, and the very opposites of the one, good God, who is true and faithful forever.

Here is a song of this god, which will show his disposition :

Across the lake mysteriously I lie,  
Across the lake mysteriously I lie,  
That decoying some soul, may I  
Eat him alive.

This is not much like the beautiful psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

As this song says, so the Dakotas believe, that this god eats the souls of men. Once a white missionary was drowned in the Minnesota river, and the Indians said that *Oon-ktay'-he* had caught him to eat his soul, because he was angry with him for teaching the people a strange religion.

When this god is seen he is said to have shape like an immense buffalo. With his horns and tall he can reach the skies. They are not usually of this length, but the god can make them grow suddenly and take them in again. As might be supposed, these terrible horns are the seat of his great power. Yet he does not push or gore with them, but

out of them goes forth a secret, mysterious power, which even the other gods cannot resist. But they, in turn, have the same irresistible power, and they are always fighting with one another. No one, of course, can gain the victory, since they are all irresistible and all unconquerable, except as one may sometimes catch another napping. The great enemy of the *Oon-ktay'-he* is the Thunder Bird, or god of thunder. Prof. Max Müller would tell us that the stories of *Oon-ktay'-he* and the Thunder Bird were only poetical fables by which the Dakotas represented the common warfare of the elements. However this may once have been, now, the Dakota believes that the spirit of a god really lives in the storm, and in the water, and the earth. Once some Indians were sailing through lake Pepin, so the story goes, and while yet in the middle of the lake, they suddenly found themselves aground. Their god, *Oon-ktay'-he*, had risen to the surface with them on his back. Instantly black clouds and a terrible tempest enveloped them. They fell to prayers and sacrifices, and the god began to beat his drum, the sound of which was like near thunder, while his eyes shone out like two moons. Then he began to sing and when the song was done the storm was over, and they were safe ashore—that is, one man and his wife, for all the rest had perished. The god was making a meal of them.

Although I have spoken of the *Oon-ktay'-he* as an individual, there are, in fact, an infinite number of them, all members of one great family. There are both male and female *Oon-ktay'-hes*, and little baby *Oon-ktay'-hes*, as well as big ones. It would seem that the Dakotas had no idea of a god who could be everywhere present, and so had to imagine great families of gods, some member of which is in every place. For the same thing is true of all the Dakota gods. The male *Oon-ktay'-he* inhabits the water, while the female lives in the earth. The bubbling springs are said to be the breathing places of the gods.

Both male and female *Oon-ktay'-he* are worshipped and sacrificed to. The one is called "grandfather," and the other "grandmother." And just as Christian mothers teach their little ones, "Now I lay me down to sleep," so the Dakota babe is taught, among the first words it learns to speak, "Grandfather, befriend me," or, "Grandmother, befriend me," which is its prayer to the god. And before it can speak, the mother will put into its unconscious hand the consecrated offering, and cause it to cast it to the god.

A very common offering is tobacco smoke. When a Dakota stops by the wayside to rest, he takes out his red stone pipe and makes ready to smoke. But before he smokes, you may, perhaps, see him point the mouth piece of the pipe here and there, to the earth or sky. It is as an offering to his invisible god. At another time he will blow the smoke upon the image of the god. Again, he will sacrifice to his god by making what is called a "mystery feast." For it he gets all the good things he can, often with great labor and expense. If he has a nice, fat dog he kills that, as the nicest dish of the feast. Then he invites many guests, who eat it all up for him, while he eats none.

Those who are the strictest worshippers of *Oon-ktay'-he* belong to a secret society called

the "Mystery Dance." Each member has a "mystery sack," which is the skin of some small animal like the otter, raccoon, weasel, or squirrel, with head, claws, and tail left on. In it are carefully kept some swan's down, colored red, certain grass roots, bark from the root of a tree, and hair from the head of a buffalo, which are all sacred articles, because, as they think, a spirit now lives in them, whose power is so great that no human being can resist it. When one is initiated into their order he has to fast several days, takes the vapor bath, is taught their secrets, and on the great day of the Mystery Dance is shot by the "mystery sack," and lies dead, or pretends to, until, after much yelling and dancing of the members around him, *Oon-ktay'-he* brings him to life again. Then he receives his "mystery sack," and becomes one of them. Here is a song they sing in honor of the "mystery sack." Their "grandfather" is of course *Oon-ktay'-he*, and the "quadruped" is the "mystery sack."

Grandfather made for me magical medicine,

That is true.

Being of mystery, grown in the water,

He gave it me.

To the face of my grandfather wave the imploring hand,

Holding a quadruped, wave the imploring hand.

## PRUDY'S POCKET.

Vacation is about over! For the last two months, hundreds of schoolhouses have stood empty and silent, while restless feet, that trampled every blade of grass around them, have been climbing hills and chasing butterflies, wading in brooks, and tramping through green woods. The pale faces that were bent over books have been growing round and rosy, and the bright eyes have caught a fresh sparkle, and one by one and two by two, the children come trooping back, ready for work again. Poor, grim, old schoolhouses—it always goes to my heart to see how miserable and desolate they look in vacation. Empty dwelling houses don't look so; they have an air of knowing a great deal more than they mean to tell, and every nook and corner seems alive with memories of what has been there. You can fancy bright faces at the windows, and lovers strolling down the weedy garden walks; but an empty schoolhouse looks at you with such a blank, idiotic stare, you feel sure it has lost its wits. I don't doubt that schoolhouses hate vacations, but no man or woman ever outlived the charm of the very word. Ministers and doctors, lawyers and editors, and men of business, all talk about it. They take vacations, sometimes, but they carry their burdens of work and care with them—they can't leave them all behind, as the children do—so vacations come to mean less and less to us every year, though we cling to our early love for them.

A good many letters have come from places up and down the land, but we want to hear more from the children of what they have been doing. Remember, Prudy's Pocket is deep and wide, and we depend on you to keep it filled.

"Dear Little Corporal: I, that is, S. Lois Metcalf, have taken you the past year, and so has my uncle, Hiram C. Bruce. Only think—Uncle Hiram is only two years older than I, and I am nine years old to-day. Isn't he a pretty small uncle? We want you to

visit us the coming year, so pa says we can send two dollars. Here is the money to pay your fare; please come right along, and oblige your Green Mountain cousins."

Suppose you and that little uncle of yours tell us what you have been doing up in Vermont, this summer? Do you have wild strawberries there?

A little girl has written quite a long letter about her baby sister, one year old. She thinks little Jessie is the sweetest, smartest, funniest baby in the world; but I dare say at least a thousand readers of *THE CORPORAL* know better than that, because the sweetest, smartest, funniest baby in the world lives at *their* house; and *I myself* know better, because the sweetest, smartest, funniest baby in the world lives at *our* house, and isn't a girl at all, but—something else.

*Beloit, Wisconsin.* "I have taken your paper from its beginning, and like it very much. I am glad the 'Little Pilgrim' has joined with you to try and instruct us. My mother enjoys reading the paper as much as I do, and we hope you may long live and prosper."

*Manteno, Ill.* "Please change the address of *THE CORPORAL* from Park Barnard to Lee Barnard. Park has been 'transferred,' he has crossed the dark river, and entered the better land. He no longer waits anxiously for *THE CORPORAL* to come, or asks me to read the stories to him. He died on the 14th of April. He had taken *THE CORPORAL* from its commencement, and now his younger and only brother must take his place. He can read but little, yet we must try to keep one place filled in the ranks of the army."

We take the little brother in the place of the one who has been "transferred," and hope he will do valiant service for the Great Leader.

*Augusta, Ohio.* "Enclosed find one dollar, which is my third year's subscription to *THE CORPORAL*. I need not tell you I love the little soldier. I have tried to get a club several times, and can get plenty of promises, but when it comes to paying, they have no money."

Please tell those people that find the money hard to raise, that Julia Riner, a little girl in Onarga, Ill., earned the dollar for her paper this year by picking strawberries. Also, that a little boy in Massachusetts wanted a paper very much, but his father thought he could not afford to pay for it. So, after a good deal of planning, the little fellow asked his mother if she would give him *the use of one hen* for a year! As there were a great many on the farm, she consented, and the boys saved all of old Speckle's eggs, selling them at the store, and getting twelve cents a dozen for them—about half what they are worth now. He chose old Speckle because she was big and handsome; but she did not do remarkably well, in spite of her beauty. She only hatched eight of her fourteen eggs, and let two of her babies get drowned in the swill tub; but from the remaining six, and the sale of eggs, the boy realized nearly *five dollars*—enough to pay for a good deal of reading.

*Lamotte, Ill.* "Although I am a grown-up woman, I find nothing in *THE CORPORAL* too childish for me. If I had not read Timothy Titcomb's letter on the 'Use of Language,' I should be tempted to call 'Riverside Farm' perfectly splendid, but perhaps excellent will do as well. I am a teacher, and

often read to the children from *THE CORPORAL*, and it always interests them very much. I am glad *THE CORPORAL* has taken the *Pilgrim* as an *aide-de-camp*. I took the *Little Pilgrim* when it was first published, and learned to love Grace Greenwood and her beautiful stories, and have always loved her since."

Addie Murray sends two new names for *THE CORPORAL*, and tells us of her little cousin, two years old, who sat in the door one evening, and was puzzled to see only *half a moon*. "Pa," said he, "who you s'pose frew up the axe and cut that moon in two?"

*Sunnyside, Ohio.* "I enclose one dollar for *THE CORPORAL*, as we could not do without it very well. I tried to raise a club, but some say they have just as good papers as *THE CORPORAL*, and some say they have not enough money to spend for papers. Well, I have not such a great pile of money, either, but I would as soon spend it for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* as anything else. My brother took it before I did, and got the picture of Lincoln. When *THE CORPORAL* comes, we all want to read it at once, and sometimes one takes it and reads it aloud."

*Campton, Ill.* "I send a dollar to renew our subscription another year. My girls all want it, so one saves her money to pay for it one year, and another the next. Last year, Grace paid for it; and this year, Lilly wants to send her dollar. We all think it a first-class paper, and wish you unbounded success."

Here come some "Roll of Honor" letters. We keep them all filed by themselves, and I do think they are the very nicest of all. I laughed and cried, too, when I read them, and I am going to put some of them in here on purpose for Mr. Sisson to read. I want him to see what warm hearts our young soldiers have.

*Michigan.* "Enclosed find two dollars to pay for two copies of *THE CORPORAL*, which you will please send to some of the poor children who cannot pay for it. We wish we could send more, but this is all we have now.  
EMMA STELLA YOUNG,  
CARRIE ANNETTE YOUNG."

*Chenoo, Ill.* "My sister was reading to me from 'Prudy's Pocket,' and I noticed that Prudy said she wanted us to send money enough to give *THE CORPORAL* one year to some school for colored children. I had not pennies enough of my own, so I passed the hat to sister and two brothers, and between us we raised a dollar, which you will find enclosed. Will you please put my name on the Roll of Honor? I feel so glad that a whole school of poor little children will hear all the nice stories every month. I can read, but my sister reads the stories to us, so we can all hear them at once; and I can write, too, but sister writes so much better, that I asked her to write for me. If he is not already supplied, I want my dollar to send *THE CORPORAL* to Mr. Sisson, in Georgia. I shall be so glad to think the little, black children hear about Davy and the rest.  
"HATTIE A. LYNCH."

*Niles, Michigan.* "I am a little girl ten years old, and don't know very much, but I do know what you say about the poor children at the south is true. Mamma said I might have all the strawberries to sell that I would pick. Brother Juddie sold them for me, and now I send you one dollar of the money, so you may please send our splendid *LITTLE CORPORAL* down south for one year. Don't you think they'll be glad to get it? I do, for Juddie and I are always so glad when it comes. I wish I could send more, but I

want to save some for the Fourth of July, and next year I can earn some more.

"LELIA BARRETT."

*Chatham.* "Please accept twenty-five cents towards the 'Roll of Honor.' You must excuse my writing, for I am only seven years old, and have never attended day school, but I am a Sunday-School scholar.

"SARAH KATIE ANGELL."

Prudy sees a great many letters every day from grown-up people, that are not as well written as little Sarah's.

A lady in Massachusetts, who does not wish her name mentioned, sends a dollar in answer to the appeal for Mr. Sisson, but adds:

"In case anyone has been more prompt than myself, you may feel at liberty to appropriate the subscription to another freedmen's school."

*Turr Farm, Penn.* "We were reading this evening the letter of Mr. J. F. A. Sisson, and your kind appeal to the subscribers of *THE CORPORAL* for assistance to send your pure, little paper to the destitute. My two children, aged seven and nine, wish to aid in the good cause, and give each one dollar of their own earnings to please and instruct the children. It gives us great pleasure to see them willing to do good to others. My wife and I labored several years in the Ragged Schools of the densely populated east of London, England, where the scenes described by Mr. Dyer came frequently under our observation. If Mr. Sisson is already supplied, you can send the papers where you think they will do the most good.

In behalf of  
"ANNE D. BARBER,  
"HENRY J. BARBER."

Now, Mr. Sisson, what do you think of our little soldiers? Don't they carry big hearts under their armor? These are only a few of the letters, and we mean to give more another time; but all writers of letters must remember that the paper has to be made up nearly *two months* before it reaches the subscribers, so they must not look for their answers until the second number after the letters are sent. We will give a list, by and by, of the persons to whom these "Roll of Honor" papers are sent, so that each one may know whom he has made happy.

### SILVER BELLS,

THE CHEAPEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

This little book, containing the words of a choice selection of some of the best hymns in *The Singing Pilgrim*, and *Bradbury's Golden Trio*, of which we have sold 40,000 copies, has for some time been out of print. It is so much called for that we have issued a new and revised edition, and it can now be had by mail, post paid, at \$2.50 per hundred; \$1.50 for fifty. A sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Address, ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

If you fail to receive *THE CORPORAL* for any month, let us know. The mails sometimes fail, and we want to make good all such losses. Besides this, among so many thousands, it would be strange if we did not sometimes make mistakes. Write and tell us about any errors, and we will do all that is right. *THE CORPORAL's* motto is the rule of his life and practice.



## THE PILGRIM'S KNAPSACK.

PRIVATE QUEER's letter to the LITTLE PILGRIM, will be found on another page, being too lengthy for insertion in The Knapsack. Mr. Queer is spending some weeks with the Corporal in New England, and hopes to have another letter for the October number, though we hope he may be at home before that letter is printed.

### THE OWL AND THE MAGPIE.

An owl and a magpie disputed one day concerning the nature of wisdom. The owl said that it was best shown by a solemn demeanor, a wise look, and a silent tongue. The magpie, on the other hand, claimed that it would find its chief expression in words. The owl enforced his views by a prolonged silence, while the magpie talked incessantly, whenever he could find a listener.

It happened, shortly afterwards, that fortune favored the two birds with an opportunity of testing their respective theories. They were both caught in a trap and brought into the presence of a crowd of men and boys. To the questions they asked, the owl answered nothing, but the magpie kept up such a clatter that no one else could be heard.

They were both killed—the one as a stupid fowl that knew nothing and could say nothing; the other, as a noisy chatterbox.

Said a contemplative jay bird, that had witnessed the tragic scene from his perch, at a safe distance:

"True wisdom consists neither in keeping silence nor in much speaking, but in being able to say the right thing at the right time. A few judicious words might have saved the life of the owl. Had the magpie known when to be silent he would not so miserably have perished."

*Paul Peregrine.*

### No. 7.—FRENCH ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

12, 17, 23, 13, 8, 10, lives in *le corps*.

6, 14, 1, 27, 18, 7, 3, 21, live in *la mer*.

4, 7, 2, 26, is *un bateau*.

2, 19, 24, 10, come from *la vache*.

5, 9, 16, has *oreilles longues*.

23, 11, 26 20, is *paradis*.

5, 25, is *douze mois*.

My whole is a proverb, whose truth you'll know,  
Ere rose-crowned June is through.

If not, just come where my roses grow;

I'll point the moral for you!

*Mary B. C. Stade.*

### No. 8.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 2, 11, 4, 5, 3, is the name of a boy.

My 7, 3, 9, 15, is a part of the human body.

My 8, 21, 1, 10, is the name of an animal.

My 16, 15, 12, is a number.

My 13, 1, 10, is what some folks like to do.

My 2, 3, 22, 17, 6, 10, 13, 2, is the last name of some man.

My 23, 1, 4, 10, is a mineral.

My whole is an Italian proverb.

*C. Monclova.*

### No. 9.—GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 6 letters.

My 2, 4, is a Preposition.

My 6, 5, 1, is a common noun.

My 3, 5, 6, is a proper noun.

My 2, 3, 6, is a conjunction.

My whole is a verb.

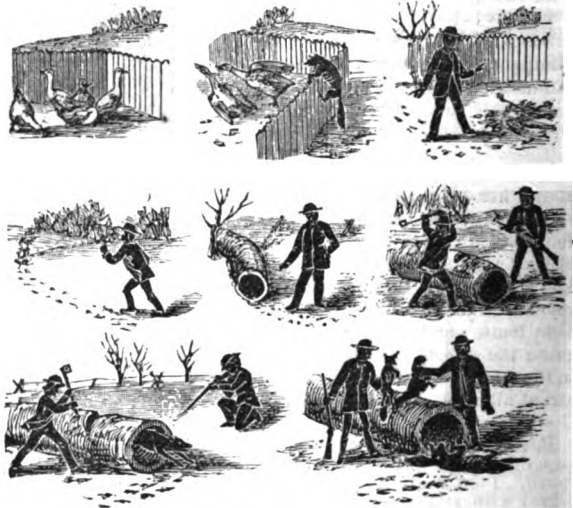
*Chas. W.*

### No. 10.—RIDDLE.

One-half of a lady, one-third of a man,  
The end of all trouble since writing began—  
Join nicely together; but still, for your pains,  
To tell you my riddle, a cripple remains.

*Johnny.*

### No. 11.—A PICTURE STORY.



Reading to be given in next number.

*W. O. C.*

### No. 12.—A PICTURE STORY.

NIMBLE DICK WANTS HELP.

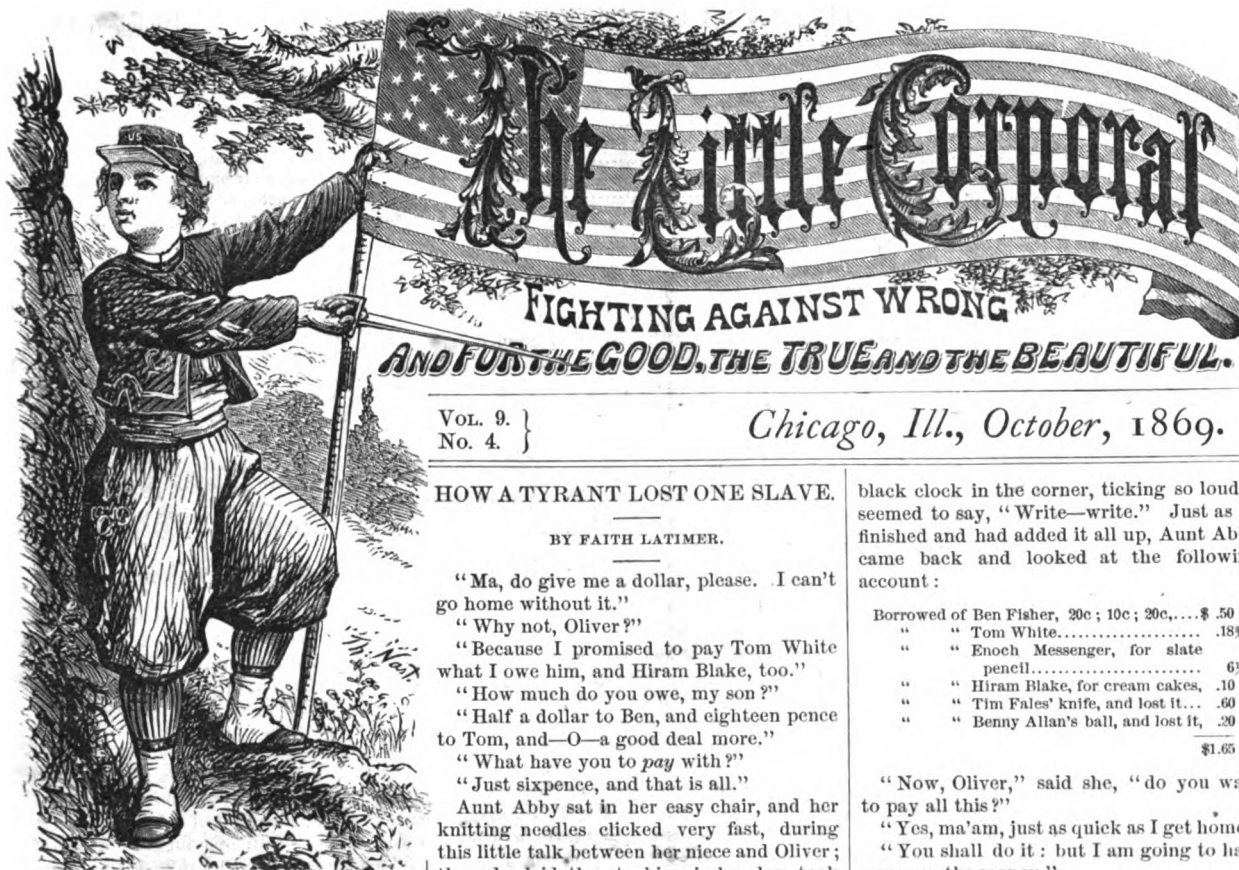


Not far from where Nimble Dick lived, was a field where a man was plowing. So Dick went over and sat down upon a stone to see him plow. By and by the man was tired, and he said to himself, "Here's this lazy monkey; why don't he work, like other folks?" So the man went up to him, and asked him to go and plow a spell, and let him rest on the stone. But Nimble Dick did not love work, and so would not go, but soon got up and walked away. While he was gone, a large, black bear came down through the woods, and went into his den. When he came back, he looked and saw the big claws, and the two big, shining eyes. Then the old bear growled, and Dick ran. But where could he run to? He thought of the man plowing, and went straight to the field where he was. He told the man as well as he could about the bear, and asked for help. He felt rather cheap, to be sure, to come and ask this very man to help him, after he had turned away so rudely in the morning. "Never mind," said the honest-hearted plowman, "I'll go right down to the house for the gun, and we'll tend to him." So they ran, and got each one of them a gun, and went down and shot the bear. Dick was not much used to a gun, and so it went off before he was quite ready. But the farmer was used to killing bears, and he made a good shot.

*W. O. C.*

### TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 5.—AUGUST NUMBER.

"Blueberries are ripe, and we must have some," said Ray, the elder brother; and he clapped his hands together very emphatically. So they took their baskets, and went down over the bridge, up through the long, briery lane, to the great, rocky pasture, full of blueberry bushes. "See who'll pick his basket full first," said Harry. He knew very well who would do it, because he could always pick faster than Ray, and could beat him easily. So they worked away, and almost forgot to speak, and never once looked around to see whether anything was the matter. But a great, black cloud had been creeping along up the sky, and it came up behind the boys very slyly, and gave a frightful roar, and then suddenly dashed down a great shower of rain. So they ran for a tree, as all brave boys would have done, to find a shelter. "I don't care," said Harry, "my basket's most full, anyhow." But just then there came a fearful rush of the wind, which made everything fly before it; and a tree, close by them, was twisted and torn up by the roots. So they ran for home. But when they came to the place of crossing, the bridge was gone—washed away. "No use crying," said Ray; "jump on, and I'll back you over." Harry thought this was likely the best chance he should have, and jumped on, and they went through the river safely. When they reached home, they had a great time drying their wet clothes, and telling wonderful stories. *W. O. C.*



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## BOBBY'S BEDTIME.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

Over the hilltops has vanished the sun,  
Daytime is ended, the nighttime begun;  
The moon with her countenance half turn'd away,  
Gives to the evening the best light she may.

All weary creatures now haste to their home;  
Up from the pastures the cattle are come; [neat,  
The downy young chickens have gone to their  
Under the hen-mother's wings softly pressed.

Slowly the flowers their gay petals close,  
Gratefully yielding to dewy repose;  
The bee in the hollyhock lingering late,  
Is caught in her chamber till morning to wait.

Up in the fir branches shady and dim,  
Robins are chanting their sweet vesper hymn;  
Brightly the stars twinkle out in the blue;  
Come, little Bobby, 'tis bedtime for you.

Two tired hands let their playthings all go,  
Two tired feet up the stairway climb slow,  
Two tired eyes droop in slumber's eclipse,  
"Good night!" drops faintly from two tired lips.

Soft be the pillow beneath his fair head,  
Light be the covering over him spread;  
Safety and Quiet keep guard round the place!  
Fold him kind Sleep, in a gentle embrace!

Wandering dreams hover gladly above!  
Lead him through pathways of pleasure and love,  
Till darkness and silence in turn slip away,  
And morning recalls him to action and play.

VOL. 9. }  
No. 4. }

Chicago, Ill., October, 1869.

## HOW A TYRANT LOST ONE SLAVE.

BY FAITH LATIMER.

"Ma, do give me a dollar, please. I can't go home without it."

"Why not, Oliver?"

"Because I promised to pay Tom White what I owe him, and Hiram Blake, too."

"How much do you owe, my son?"

"Half a dollar to Ben, and eighteen pence to Tom, and—O—a good deal more."

"What have you to pay with?"

"Just sixpence, and that is all."

Aunt Abby sat in her easy chair, and her knitting needles clicked very fast, during this little talk between her niece and Oliver; then she laid the stocking in her lap, took off her spectacles, and looked at him as if her sharp eyes were searching through his pockets for that smooth, old silver sixpence.

Oliver had been lying on the floor, twisting a chair with his foot; but he started when Aunt Abby said,

"Ten years old, and a bankrupt."

To be sure, he didn't know what *bankrupt* meant; (do you?) but he went out, looking as if he felt small enough to go out through the key hole. Then Aunt Abby and her niece had one of those wise talks that mothers and aunts sometimes have, when mothers and boys are blessed with such a dear, precious, silver-haired auntie as Aunt Abby. The result was, that instead of Oliver's going home to Boston with his mother, he was to spend two more weeks in the country; and Aunt Abby made this promise: "I will teach Oliver to keep out of debt."

The next day the old stage rattled up to the door, and mother and two little sisters were snug in the back seat, and Oliver kissed them good bye; but, before the sound of wheels died away, Oliver had gone over the stone wall, and was turning somersets in the broad fields of new mown hay.

The great horn had sounded at noon, and Oliver had eaten dinner with the hay makers, when Aunt Abby called him into the sitting room with her, and told him to sit down at the old-fashioned writing desk. Before him was a clean sheet of paper, an ink stand, and a quill pen.

"Now, my boy," said she, "I want you to write down what you owe—don't leave out one cent."

He was first learning to write, and he sat awhile, dreading it, and trying to think. How still it was—not a sound but the tall,

black clock in the corner, ticking so loud it seemed to say, "Write—write." Just as he finished and had added it all up, Aunt Abby came back and looked at the following account:

Borrowed of Ben Fisher,	20c; 10c; 20c,....	\$ .50
" " Tom White.....		.18½
" " Enoch Messenger, for slate		
pencil.....		6¼
" " Hiram Blake, for cream cakes,		.10
" " Tim Fales' knife, and lost it....		.60
" " Benny Allan's ball, and lost it,		.20
		\$1.65

"Now, Oliver," said she, "do you want to pay all this?"

"Yes, ma'am, just as quick as I get home."

"You shall do it: but I am going to have you *earn* the money."

Then she took the paper and pinned it up on the dark door post at the side of the kitchen door, just where everybody came in—for it was at the end of the house, under the broad elm tree, whose shadows danced in the sunlight all over the great door yard. Then she brought a square basket to Oliver, and said,

"You may as well begin now—go and pick this full of currants."

Behind the house, up on the hill, then a little way across its green top, and on the sloping side, was the garden, and Oliver well knew the way to the long rows of currant bushes. It was slow work, filling the basket, for many red, luscious bunches found their way down somebody's throat. At last it was full, and he helped Aunt Abby pick them off the stems into a glass dish, watching how they rolled like shining beads slipping off a string. After that, Aunt Abby measured them in a bright, tin cup, and then went to the door post and wrote down something with a red chalk she carried in her pocket. The next day she wanted plenty of whortleberries; she sent over to grandfather's for all the cousins to go with Oliver to the pasture near the cave. How merrily they went, over stone walls, climbing rail fences when they couldn't let down the bars, across fields, and through the woods, until they reached the cave. Here Cousin Nat told the younger ones of the old Indian who used to live there, and was found, at last, dead, sitting up against the rock. They whispered softly, for awhile, as if they feared the Indian might come back to his old home; but they soon found plenty of berries, and they were busy enough.

At noon they spread out on a flat rock the nice lunch Aunt Abby had put up, and made



drinking cups of broad, green leaves, dipping up sparkling water from the brook.

They picked berries again until everything was full that could hold berries, and then the stained lips talked nearly all the way home.

The next day, one of the eventful ones of the week, was baking day. Oliver was sent to pick up brush to heat the oven, and then to gather chips from the wood yard. That wonderful wood shed, with one side open to the road; how every passer by admired that wood pile, that never grew less; the round, even sticks, each showing where the saw revealed the tell-tale circles, and put in so evenly that the whole looked like a vast wall of mosaic work. Oliver gathered his wood, and then, in the great kitchen, stood looking in wonder at the table full of pies, bread, Indian pudding, and loaves of sweet, brown bread; while the flames crackled, and the oven roared as if impatient for its treasures. Another day his work was to gather pears from the crooked, old pear tree, that was planted in the long ago, when Aunt Abby was a little girl, and her father had just come back from the war.

At last Sunday came.

"Well," thought Oliver, "here's one day that I won't have to work and earn anything."

He had been to church, and, at noon, had taken a walk in the church yard, and spelled out the names on the old, moss-grown grave stones, and been back to church again, and then come home in the middle of the long summer afternoon. Aunt Abby called him into the best parlor, and while she turned over the leaves of a great book, he was looking around. There was the fire place, filled with bunches of asparagus, and vases of fresh flowers on the high mantel piece. He was busy wondering if anything alive ever *did* look like the picture of his mother's grandmother, with a high-crowned, wide-bordered cap, and a broad, black ribbon round the head, when Aunt Abby showed him three verses, in different places, that he was to learn and repeat to her. It was hard for him in such square-looking letters, with every s so tall it looked like an f, to spell the words out. It was very still—except the buzz of one or two flies, and the rustle of Aunt Abby's black silk dress, now and then.

The air was sweet with the breath of roses coming in at the window, spiced a little with the vanilla bean in the silver snuff box in Aunt Abby's lap. She sat and dozed, and sometimes woke and took a pinch of snuff, until he was ready to repeat his verses. They were these:

"The borrower is servant to the lender."

"Owe no man any thing."

"The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

Then she showed him the picture in the Bible of the man who seized his fellow servant by the throat and said,

"Pay me that thou owest."

And her talk and the picture made such an impression that he dreamed that night that Tom White and Tim Fales had tied his hands and were taking him to the debtor's prison.

A few days more, and Aunt Abby set him down again to copy her chalk list by the side of his list of debts. This is the way it read:

Picking Currants.....	\$ .15
" Whortleberries, 4 qts.....	.40
" Pears.....	.10
Gathering oven wood.....	.40
Feeding chickens every day.....	.30
Scripture.....	.25
Going to the well.....	.20
Going for cows.....	.30
	\$2.10

Then she opened a certain place in the writing desk, touched a spring, and a little door flew open. There was a secret drawer, from which she drew out a long purse, and took out a bright gold piece and handed it to Oliver. It was two dollars and a half; more money than he ever had at one time, and the first he ever earned.

"Now," she said, "this is to pay all your debts; and you must get a receipt for each one. If you will show me the receipts when I come to Boston, and you have not gone in debt for anything more, I will give you something handsome."

It was six months before Aunt Abby went to Boston, as she did once a year, to get her pension money, for her father had been an old Revolutionary soldier.

Oliver's mother helped her to do her yearly shopping, and to buy piles of yarn and bright-colored worsteds, for nobody could ever keep count of the stockings, and mittens, and scarfs, and shawls she knit.

She was nearly ready to go home again, when she told Oliver to bring her the receipts he got for all his debts. It would have made a lawyer laugh to see the queerly written bits of paper, all signed by different boys; but she spelled them all out. And after he told her he had not borrowed a cent since, she presented him with a handsome writing desk. In it was a gold pencil and a blank book bound in red morocco, with a pocket in one end for papers. She gathered up the receipts and pinned them together, and wrote on the back, in her own, round handwriting, Oliver's name, the date, and in large letters this word, *Free*.

"This account book," she said, "is to keep an account of every cent you receive, and all you spend, but do not disgrace it by going in debt. Keep exact accounts, never be in debt, and you will be rich."

Oliver is now one of the merchant princes of the land, who gives away thousands every year, but he keeps an account of all his income and his expenses, as exactly as he did of the berries he picked, in that visit, in his boyhood. He sometimes gets out the yellow slips of paper, and tells his boys how he got out of debt, and that Aunt Abby laid the foundation of his fortune.

He says the only debt he never paid, is the life of success he owes to her teaching him how to *get out* and to *keep out* of the grip of that old tyrant, who has destroyed thousands. *Beware of him* boys; he comes in little habits, in little ways, but his little links get to be strong chains; that make people *slaves*, and his name is *Debt*.

"Be swift to hear, slow to speak." The Corporal says this is one of the best mottoes in the world. He is learning every day to have greater respect for those who say little and do much. Many people *hear* they will be thought stupid if they remain silent, and so are always ready to talk, though they may have nothing to say. Thus by much talking they show to all what great fools they are.

## MOTHER'S CHOICE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Which do you love the best?  
Baby upon your breast?  
Willie, or Blanche, or merry Dot?  
Choose from the sweet and rosy lot."

Round her the children stand,  
Thinking the fun is grand.  
Never a home more dearly blest—  
"Which is the one you love the best?"  
"Baby that's cooling there?  
Willie with golden hair?  
Blanche who is blithe as a girl can be?  
Dot who is climbing upon your knee?"

Hushed every tiny voice;  
Mother has made her choice.  
"Which shall we prize above the rest?"  
"Darlings, I love you *all* the best!"

## A SCHOOLGIRL'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.

Since the first fashions were set in Eden by its "first family," wild have been the throbs of the human heart with the desire for dress. All wrong, perhaps; but so long as garments were given us by our Father to wear, who Himself did not disdain to care for their fashion, weak and foolish children will not cease to concern themselves about them. And as no trial can be greater to a sensitive child, than that of being compelled to wear clothes of an ungainly cut or color, so no malice is so keen, no ridicule so biting, as that which touches our personal appearance.

Poor Rachel Merridale felt as if the iron was burning into her very soul, as she wore to school, month after month, the ugly, snuff-brown, home-dyed, parametta dress, with its short, skimp skirt, pinched waist, (Rachel could not bear pinching,) with no collar, and her heavy, brown hair winding itself out of a very ugly horn comb, at the least provocation. The hair would have been quite passable in braids or curls, but she had no time for one, no ribbons for the other; and Mrs. Hopkins had given her the comb, so she wore it.

Rachel was an orphan—a waif in Centerville; for she had drifted there with some emigrant families, and had lost her parents in the cholera season. She had been in the poor house, and she had been in the orphan asylum. Just now, she lived with Mrs. Hopkins, and worked for her board. There was a free scholarship in the Centerville academy, and Dr. Stiffbone had got it for her; but he believed in plain dress, and never noticed how shabby Rachel went. Rachel was so thankful to go to school at all, that she bore her cross as well as she could, looking forward to "teaching and good clothes"—a garnet merino and linen collar and cuffs, or even a lace collar and a white muslin, to wear when she should graduate. You see that her ambition did not soar to frightful heights.

Mrs. Hopkins was very kind to Rachel, giving her her board for her assistance night and morning about the house; and when we consider that she also gave her the most of what she wore, we must concede that she did pretty well by her, after all.

Much as the girl's artistic sense was daily hurt by her coarse and incongruous dress,

It was nothing to the suffering that was daily inflicted by certain of her companions, who voted themselves Grand Inquisitors and Tormentors Extraordinary, by virtue of the silk dress and by rank of the cameo pin. They snubbed her—they sneered at her—they pointed at her—they caricatured her—they “hazed” her—they rhymed her—they lampooned her—and though they seldom *openly* violated the rules, they made existence a burden to her; and the thought of “commencement night,” with its lights and its flowers, its snow-white muslins, crisp as frost in their angelic freshness, the waving curls and the glossy braids, the buds and blossoms, the fresh, young faces, the proud and happy parents, filling the galleries with a cordon of affection—this was torture to Rachel. Yet she toiled on, knowing that only through labor could she enter into victory.

A gold medal was offered for the prize essay. Rachel held a clever, little pen, but bitter were the sneers at *her* trying for the prize.

“I’d just kill myself to see her go up to get it in that old snuff brown.”

“She won’t wear that; she’ll have a new calico, see if she don’t! And I’m going to buy her a new comb, and bring her some cucumber blossoms for her hair. This is how she’ll look, wearing of ‘em.”

“The language and deportment of the young ladies strictly attended to.” See prospectus of the Academy.)

And in a few seconds, Clara Slater produced a sketch in the genuine schoolgirl style of art, representing “Rachel, as she appeared,” etc.

Rachel saw it and tried to snatch it; but Clara was as nimble as a monkey, and sprang from desk to desk, and passed it from hand to hand, and Rachel saw it no more. She wept herself nearly sick, and had a long interview with the teacher, after hours

“Miss Ingraham, I promise you that I will not exceed my privilege. I will mention no names, no peculiarities. Trust me for once, dear teacher. I don’t care for the prize. I—”

“You want your revenge, and think I will assist you. Is that it? Reflect, my child. You act in an unchristian spirit, and you provoke the life-long enmity of those girls.”

“I will bind myself not to mention names—not to make them personally ridiculous.”

“My dear girl, I know that you have been most sorely tried, and if you promise to allow me to see the piece before you read it, and submit to my judgment, I consent.”

“O, thank you, thank you! Surely I can show the committee that I am not a fool, if I am shabby.” And Rachel danced off.

It was hard, frosty weather, and the sidewalks were all a glare of ice. Rachel had to pass the residence of Judge Hilton, a rheumatic old gentleman, who ought to have known better than to be out in such weather, but he didn’t; and just as Rachel was passing him, down he went, his cane flying across the walk. Rachel, who was a born lady, after all, promptly offered her assistance, restoring the cane at the same time. He was old and heavy, and it was hard work, but he struggled to his feet, and Rachel helped him to the hand rail of his own doorstep. The judge’s pleasant wife was promptly at the door, and helped him

in, and thanked Rachel. But this did not satisfy the judge. She must come in and rest and warm, and have some tea and cake; and even then he was in no hurry to part with her. While she ate her luncheon, which she was child enough to thoroughly enjoy, the judge and his wife drew her out with friendly questions, and when he found out her name, insisted that she must be related to his old classmate, George Merridale. In vain she assured him that her own family were English, while the Hon. George Merridale was notoriously of Irish descent. It suited him to have it so.

It began to grow dark, and Rachel could only be released from her kind entertainers by a promise to call on her way to school.

“I expect nothing else than that I shall be laid up as stiff as a stake, to-morrow, and you will have to visit your patient, as you have begun the treatment,” said the old gentleman, laughing jollily.

It was warm and bright in that library, glowing with a coal blaze, cheerful with crimson draperies, luxurious with soft chairs, stately with lofty bookcases, and genial with kind faces. It seemed like heaven to Rachel, and she gladly hastened her walk to school, next morning, that she might once more enter the charmed circle.

Sure enough, there sat the judge, bolstered up, stiff, in his great chair.

“I’ve been thinking,” said the judge, after the usual civilities, “that you must be very busy.”

“Yes, sir,” said Rachel; “I work for my board, and go to school. I have the free scholarship at the academy. Dr. Stiffbone got it for me.”

“I want some one to read for me an hour or so a day—longer, if possible. Mrs. Hilton would do so, but her eyes are not good enough. Could you come to me from five to half past six, every day? I look up what I want read, then you read, and I take notes or listen. I will pay you a dollar a week, and you take your tea with us. If you are useful to me, I will give you more; but a dollar a week for an hour a day is good wages,” added the judge, who liked his money, as well as a poorer man.

“If I do this,” thought Rachel, “I must study my algebra before daylight, and buy my own candles; but I can get the garnet merino for examination, and the white muslin for commencement.”

“I will do it,” said Rachel; and she felt as if she were helpless to a duchy.

“Very well, Miss Merridale, I shall look for you to-morrow evening.”

And never cork or feather danced as lightly as did poor Rachel’s heart at the bright prospect of independence. I dare say it don’t dazzle you. It don’t me; but fifty-two dollars a year between one’s self and pauperism looks like a vast sum.

“They are kind people—a *real* lady and a *real* gentleman,” she mused, as she walked home; “and yet I am not a bit frightened to talk with them. I shall have decent clothes to wear till I can teach and earn more; and I can read—O, I can read! and learn all the time I read for him!”

The judge was writing a biography; or, rather, a historical work, including several biographies, and there was much looking up of authorities, much tracing of maps, much pulling over of dusty letters and mouldy

books. It was not interesting work; and yet, to one as thirsty as Rachel for knowledge, it had its charm. Rachel’s voice was excellent, and her intonation fine, and once a week the judge “recreated himself” by giving her poetry to read, and training her carefully in its rendition. Then it was that Rachel shone, for she was lifted into a new world. Ordinarily, the judge considered her a mere machine, flogging away over books and papers; but then he would listen, and smile, and say,

“If she were only a boy, wife, what a special pleader I could make of her.”

Shabby as ever outwardly, hard working and tireless in school, nobody guessed her secret. If they saw her going to the Hilton mansion, they guessed “sewing, or some such thing;” or, at most, copying.

Meanwhile her persecutors never relaxed their torments. A new caricature had made its appearance, showing her helping up the gouty judge. The drawing was good enough to be recognized. Everybody saw it and laughed at it, and Rachel’s heart failed within her. She would not complain to the teacher, however. The Sloper set were so heartily ashamed of her shabbiness, that they determined to prevent her coming to commencement. The Slater set only hoped she *would* come, for all their brothers and cousins were coming to see the “guy,” whom these girls had been quizzing so long. “It was going to be *such* fun to haze old Shabby.” (See prospectus of Centerville Academy.)

Commencement night came at last. Examination was over, and Rachel had “passed,” and with credit, too. The chapel was decorated with evergreens and flowers. The sweet, young faces, all rose and pearl, framed in the bright hair, waving curl, or shining braid, and rising from clouds of crisp, white muslin, looking so innocent of all evil, even in thought; the bounding heart, so full of various passions, were all there. But, O ye who would fairly judge your fellow beings, don’t assume that blue eyes and white muslin of necessity make up an angel! for there was never a greater mistake. One can hate as vigorously at sixteen as later in life, and generally has far less scruple in showing it. No created being can be so cruel as one of those same, fair, young girls, (pardon—it is quite true!) especially to those of her own age and sex. She knows you well, for you are of her own sort. You are at her mercy, and she has none. Yet no angel of womanhood can be so sweet, so heroically self-sacrificial as one of these. “Greater love hath no *man* than this, that he will lay down his life for his friend.” They have done it—sometimes—and decades of true and tried friendship survive school-days. Only don’t *assume* beatitude with light, floating hair and blue eyes. Perhaps the Borgias had them. ‘Tis so said.

I digress. As I said, commencement night arrived. Completely disguised in her neatly-fitting Swiss muslin and glossy braids (Mrs. Hilton superintended her toilet), Rachel took her place. The girls, expecting some new revelation of shabbiness, allowed her to do so unnoticed. Several copies of the caricature were in circulation. Some of the school-boys from the Boys’ Academy were among the audience—foppish, young fellows, brothers and cousins of the conspirators—and were fully in the secret, which was this: the com-

positions deemed worthy of competition had passed into the hands of the school committee days before, and their verdict was upon record. It was agreed, that as a modest degree of applause was permitted, that it should be freely given when the productions of their own set were read, but that a perfect and insulting silence should be maintained upon Rachel's appearance.

The six girls who were to read their own essays, had received them back from the hands of the committee, and had placed them in their pockets. For some good reason, they had not been seated together, and after the pieces were sung, the reports read, the diplomas awarded, and the graduating class seated, these young ladies were called forward. Clara Slater had received two bouquets for her essay on "Cloudland." Miss Foggs had been applauded for her little tale, "The Robins." Cora Salter had given great satisfaction by her sketch entitled "Daily Home Life in Pompeii." (See Bulwer's "Last Days," etc.) Emma Miggs had read "Sunset," a poem, to an admiring circle. Eva Norton was sweeter than a rose, reading of "Happy Schooldays and Dear Schoolmates." And then Rachel Merri-dale was called. Coming forward awkwardly, and courtesying, she drew forth—nothing! Her theme was gone! Forgetful of everything but the necessity of finding it at once, she rummaged her pocket, she shook her dress, she crushed her skirts. All in vain! It was gone. An audible titter ran through the rows of girls. It acted like a charm upon the frightened girl. She saw the trick at once, and determined in a minute upon her course.

"Dr. Clinton," said she, in a low whisper, "my essay is lost. No—don't have search made for it. Please to let me have my own way, and recite a poem instead. I know it is a change from your programme, but the audience don't know it."

Dr. Clinton, too much surprised to argue the point, bowed, and she stepped forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I shall recite to you Mrs. Browning's poem, 'The Cry of the Children.'"

Then, in a sweet, clear voice, whose every cadence could be heard in all parts of the room, she recited that exquisitely touching poem. As she proceeded, she forgot essay, conspiracy, school, audience—everything,

"But the children—the poor children."

And when she concluded, scarce an eye was dry in the chapel. There was a pause, then came the heartiest rattle of applause that ever shook that old building. Old Judge Hilton's cane came down fast and furious. In vain did Dr. Clinton's meek, spectacled face and deprecating hand beg for silence. They would have more; and Rachel, with eyes gleaming like a prophetess, and spots of crimson in her pale cheeks, reluctantly came forward. Never will that night be forgotten in Centerville. They would not let her go with the timid courtesy she dropped them—she must recite again. It was like an inspiration. So, with her eyes still gleaming and her cheeks glowing, she recited Macaulay's "Horatio at the Bridge."

Once more the old room trembled to the applause, and Judge Hilton rose in his place upon the platform. A wreath of buds and geraniums had been provided for the recipi-

ent of the medal. Taking this in his hand, he gently detained the blushing girl, who now began to feel her courage leave her, and to whom the room looked strangely dark. The Judge placed it upon her head, with these words:

"Owing to an accident, which we who best know of her ability must greatly regret, this young lady was prevented from reading the essay that she had prepared. Although not destined to receive the prize, it was well worthy to be read in company with those that preceded it in order. And for the readiness and tact, as well as the marked ability with which the change in the programme was made and executed, Miss Rachel Merri-dale must accept the thanks of the audience as well as of the committee. The accomplishment of graceful and appropriate rendition of poetry is as rare as it is delightful. In token of our appreciation of your gift, I have bestowed this floral trifle upon you, my young friend, as an earnest of the future, of which has been surely promised, that those who have worthily borne His cross shall surely receive His crown."

Tears gathered fast in Rachel's eyes. She bowed and took her seat. Had she worthily borne her cross? Was not that essay, so wickedly stolen from her pocket, full of covert taunts and veiled sneers? as heavily laden as possible with the spirit of satirical revenge upon those who had ill treated her? The judge was not upon that committee. He only saw a clever, ready-witted girl reverse the situation with marvelous tact, and snatch victory from defeat: and, filled with delight at the success of his *protégé*, had crowned her as Corinne was crowned. The audience were delighted; the schoolgirls, most of them, (to do them justice,) were glad; the Slater set were ready to bite their finger ends off.

"Miss Eva Norton," said the judge, (and a pretty brunette went, blushing, up the platform,) "for her essay on 'Happy Schooldays and Dear Schoolmates,' will receive the gold medal."

And so another young heart beat merrily as marriage bells, as she bent her head down to Rachel, who, now all unstrung, was weeping bitterly in her seat, and said, "Dear Rachel, I am so glad you got the wreath."

Now, after the exercises, it was customary for the "patrons and parents" to be invited to spend a social hour in the parlors of the Institute; and accordingly the audience, scholars, committee, and all, adjourned at once.

But loud were the whispers, and scarcely disguised the sneers of the Slater set, at their double defeat. What could be done? Nothing. They could sneer at her, call her "actress," and ask her when she made her debut? but it was *done*—her triumph was a "thing accomplished."

Among the audience were two gentlemen from a neighboring town, attached to a young ladies' school, and much interested in education. Rachel would just suit them. A teacher of composition and elocution was needed. Dr. Clinton was empowered to make her that offer at once. Eva Norton was dispatched in search of her. After a long and laborious search, she found her sitting on the garret stairs, bowed together, her white skirt thrown over her like a veil, with tears all wept out, and eyes dry and

burning with conflicting emotions. It was some time before Eva could get her to understand what was wanted. That last hiss, "actress!" from Clara Slater, had crushed her into the dust.

It took some time to assure her that the offer was all in good faith, and still longer to render her presentable among the brilliant crowd below. But at last it was done, and Mr. Furlong and Dr. Miles were duly presented in form, their offer made, and at once thankfully accepted.

"But with one condition," said Rachel; "that it is not to be mentioned *where* I go."

"An odd condition," said Dr. Miles, smiling; "but if you can keep the secret, we can—for a term, at least. And come at once, and begin to feel at home with us."

So, in September, the Inchdale Academy had a new teacher—a hard-working, hard-studying girl, in a garnet merino and linen collar.

At Christmas, they had some new scholars—Clara Slater for one. It was the old story—extravagance, failure in business, half-educated girls, no resources. Aunt Clara Boggs had offered to pay a year's tuition at the Inchdale Academy, to fit her for a teacher. She arrived while Rachel was doing errands at the village. When she returned, the new comers were at tea, and no recognition took place. Rachel was sorry enough, when she found that they were to be under her charge in the same dormitory. But at bedtime, Clara confessed, with tears in her eyes, the wicked conspiracy of which she had been guilty, showing every sign of penitence.

"Never mind," said Rachel, smiling; "the committee were strangers, and didn't know that every smart thing in my essay was a hit at my schoolmates—but so it was."

"So we found when we read it; for we passed it around, and vowed that you should be tormented out of school for it—and then we burnt it in solemn council."

"Well, you see, if I had been allowed to read it, it would have been my ruin. But that lucky hit of mine, in remembering that poem just in time, got me this situation. And it's lucky for you, too, for I keep up my studies faithfully, hoping to get Miss Pratt's place, when she is married, in the spring; and I can help you so much."

"And you will *really* forgive me and help me?" sobbed Clara; "and will help me get my living, for I am so poor! You will never regret it—never, never!"

And she never did; and this was, after all, her "Revenge."

(N. B.—The improbable parts of this story are all true. The chief actors are not now living.)

A COMPLIMENT FROM A STRANGER.—A popular writer for both young and old, thus writes to THE LITTLE CORPORAL:

"My dear friend, the honest aims with which you set out, and the noble determination to procure good, healthful literature for your readers, I firmly believe, have formed the star of your success."

"And, it is only by long and careful understanding of the way you work by, and the will with which you work, that, notwithstanding my acquaintance and connection with other juvenile publications have led me to form good opinions of them, I must honestly say that THE LITTLE CORPORAL is the best, purest, and most useful magazine for young folks, I ever met with. I say this, as I said before, after long deliberation."

## A BOY ON BROADWAY.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

Will, did you ever see Broadway,  
With bus's large as loads of hay,  
And crowds of people, thin and stout,  
As though the meetings all were out,  
And all the men and women dressed  
On work days in their Sunday best?  
The chatting, laughing, talking throng,  
Seems a procession all day long.  
The street is flooded with the train,  
Like the Mississippi after rain.  
And, Will, all sorts of folks are there;  
What funny clothes some of them wear:  
One man with back wide as a whale,  
Had on a coat without a tail;  
Another wore his trousers tight,  
And a stovepipe hat two lengths in height—  
That was to make him seem as tall  
As Adam was before the Fall.  
The ladies there are dressed "to kill;"  
How you would laugh to see them, Will.  
They trip along the crowded street  
With such little, mincing, twinkling feet,  
And sweep the walks with silken trails,  
Which rustle like the prairie gales.  
Like oyster shells the hats they wear  
On barren bluffs of sandy hair—  
Were it let down like Mrs. Eve's,  
It might aid where there's lack of sleeves.  
The street is filled jam full of things—  
It seems all heels and wheels and wings.  
The windows are glass walls as high  
And broad as our barn doors; and I  
Have seen more pictures, books, and toys,  
Than I supposed the world had boys,  
One man had bladder globes of red  
And white and blue around his head—  
They floated in the summer winds,  
Like the thin thoughts of feeble minds.  
And one was dressed like a grand Turk—  
He'd rather be a sign than work!  
Polite policemen, dressed in blue,  
Lead all the well-dressed women through  
The labyrinth of cabs and carts;  
The poor can pick their way—their hearts  
Are not so tender, and the dirt,  
If they should fall, will do no hurt.  
You ought to see the horses there—  
Why, all the time 'tis like a fair!  
Our span at home 's a splendid team,  
I thought that they were fast as steam;  
But they are donkeys, oxen, when  
Compared with steeds of the upper ten,  
In silver trappings bound for feasts,  
The aristocracy of beasts.  
They nod with pride at touch of rein,  
And go with all their might and mane;  
Like a caterpillar seems the street,  
Moving upon a million feet,  
Sometimes a regiment moves through,  
With bayonets, and banners blue;  
Sometimes a funeral creeps along,  
With saddened step and solemn song:  
Sometimes the firemen shout and scream  
Upon their vehicles of steam;  
Sometimes the strikers march in ranks  
Between these glass and granite banks.  
But I am homesick, and shall be  
Glad as a wild-wood bird set free,  
When I exchange this busy road  
For the free prairie way, so broad,  
That nations, without jostling, speed  
Behind the swift Pacific's steed.

Aim at perfection in everything, and although good aims do not always produce perfect results, yet those who strive for the best, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than the one whose laziness and despondency makes him give it up as unattainable. Be not overcome by small failures, but redouble your efforts and renew your determination to succeed.

## A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## CHAPTER X.

Uncle Marston only staid at Riverside one day, and went back to the city, leaving Aunt Lucy for a good, long visit. He had another long talk with Mr. Phillips, before he left, and Barbie noticed that for several days her father seemed to be more absorbed in thought than ever. He made several visits to the North Ridge, and even took down some of his old books and looked through them. Her mother looked troubled, and once she heard her say,

"I wish you wouldn't meddle with such uncertain speculations; we have learned to be contented, don't let anyone rob us of what cost such hard lessons."

But Barbie hadn't much time to wonder about it all, for she was going to teach school, and nothing that ever had happened, or ever could happen, seemed half so important, to her mind.

Aunt Lucy gave her a great deal of advice. But then Aunt Lucy never taught school, and of course couldn't know much about it.

Cousin Ellen came over, as soon as she heard of it, and gave Barbie a few hints that were really serviceable.

"I'll tell you one thing, Barbie; you just let them see you don't mean to be imposed upon. Phebe Ann says it's the meanest district to keep school in. The girls all bring sewing to school—not just patch work, but all sorts of clothes, and the teacher is expected to baste 'em, and see that those young ones make 'em up right. Why there's that Shoals family get most all their sewing done at school. Phebe fixed 'em though, once. The girls brought a pair of cotton pants, just cut out, and wanted her to baste 'em. Phebe, she basted both legs flat together, and had 'em sewed tight up that way. It made the old lady mad as anything, but Phebe didn't care. She told her she never learned tailoring."

"I don't mean they shall get any time to sew in my school," said Barbie, who had her work all planned.

Davy was delighted when he heard of the honor that had come to Barbie.

"I shall go to her school," he decided, at once, "and then I can eat gingerbread all I want to, and not get rapped with a fible when I don't say my letters good."

"No, you can't, Davy," said Nathan; "you don't belong in that district, and you can't go where you don't belong."

"I wish't my teacher's mother'd get a rheumatiz", then, and they'd let Ellen teach school—O, my, wouldn't Johnnie and me have fun!"

When Barbie made her appearance at the schoolhouse for the first time, it was plain enough that the youngsters there had made up their minds to "have fun," too.

"Tain't a schoolma'am, at all," said Bub Wade; "it's just Barbie Phillips, and I'd like to see her lick me."

"She's got short hair," said one of the Shoals girls, in a contemptuous whisper, putting up her hand to feel the mop of red hair twisted around a big horn comb on the top of her own head.

But Barbie had two things decidedly in her favor—a quiet, dignified way that was per-

fectly natural to her, and the most perfect confidence in her own ability to control the little kingdom into which she had come.

She had planned a grand inaugural speech, but wisely concluded not to make it, and really succeeded better than she had expected. The one big boy of the school, a great mathematical genius, laid a trap for her, but failed to entangle her in it.

"How do you do that sum?" he inquired, taking his pencil out of his mouth to point at one of the "puzzles," at the very end of the arithmetic.

"Have you ciphered as far as that already?" asked Barbie, in surprise.

"Well, no," said the boy, "not quite; we're in fractions, our class is, but Si Bowen, when he kep' the school to the corners—"

"O, very well," interrupted Barbie, coolly, "when you get to that example, I'll show you how to do it. He never shall get there, while I teach the school," she added to herself, dismissing the genius with a polite bow.

"Mother wants to know when you're coming to our house to board," asked Sammy Goole, when school was dismissed.

"I don't know," said Barbie, who had about made up her mind not to go at all; "when will it be most convenient for her to have me?"

"O, mother don't care," interrupted Matty, "only Aunt Samantha and the baby's been visitin' to our house, and mother said she'd sooner be done boardin' the school-ma'am before she slicked the spare room up ag'in."

Barbie tried to hide a little quiver of disgust, and was just about to say she was not going to board around at all, when she remembered that Aunt Lucy had advised her by all means to do it, if she did not wish to make enemies of the people.

"Father he reckoned you'd be too big feelin' to come," put in Sammy, "but I like you real well; don't you, Matty? Didn't twitch my ears like Phebe Jane Spicer; I tell ye, she's a cross one."

"I'm going home to-night," said Barbie, hastily; "but you may tell your mother I will come to-morrow, after school."

The children trooped away, well satisfied, and Barbie started on her long walk home, feeling so light hearted at being free again, that she thought she could walk ten miles easily. She was not sorry, though, when the old doctor overtook her, and offered her a seat in his chaise.

"You don't mean to board at home, I hope," he said, after Barbie had given him a queer picture of her school.

"O, doctor," said Barbie, "there's only the Goole's, and the Shoalses', and one or two others. Just think of boarding with them!"

"I'd do it, though," said the doctor; "it won't hurt you a bit, and the chances are that it will do them good. It's just such heathen as these that are close at our doors, that we all run away from."

"But they're so dirty—"

"I know it; they all wash in an iron kettle by the back door, and wipe on one towel," said the doctor, coolly; "and they mould their bread on the wash bench, and drink out of the water pitcher, and stick their knives in the butter, and do twenty other things that you and I don't like; but what then?"

"I never could board there, never," said

Barbie, decidedly: "it would make me sick."

"I'll risk you," said the doctor; "it won't be at all pleasant, but you can do them a great deal of good, and if you stay away from them you will have no influence at all over them."

"Barbie's come," shouted Davie, catching sight of the chaise.

"I'll think about it," said Barbie, jumping out of the chaise, and returning the doctor's nod.

It did Barbie's heart good to see how Nathan's face brightened up when he saw her at the supper table.

"Seems to me Barbie looks an inch taller than she did this morning, don't she, Aunt Lucy?" he said.

"I don't see any great change, only she looks pretty tired; teaching school is pretty hard work, isn't it, Barbie, after all?"

"Hard enough," said Barbie, "but I guess I shall like it. Anyhow, you needn't think I'm going to make a fuss about every little, disagreeable thing, only—mother, do you think I ought to board with the Gooles and the Shoalses?"

She looked so distressed when she asked her question, that Nathan could not help laughing.

"I should think that would be prime fun," he said; "Absalom Parks helped the Gooles, having time, and he said—"

"Never mind what he said," interrupted Aunt Lucy; "Barbie isn't Absalom Parks, and I dare say she will get along well enough."

Barbie still watched her mother's face, and when she said, quietly,

"I've been thinking about that very thing, Barbie, and I believe, if I were you, I'd try it. You know how hard we've tried to get the Goole children into Sunday School. Maybe you can get their father to consent."

"I'll go," said Barbie, and that ended the matter.

"We've got a new scholar to our school," said Davy; "it's Bubby Lewis; his sister 'Lis'beth she fetched him, but he can't come, 'cause he don't b'long. O yes, he b'longs, but you can't come to our school 'thout you been baptized, and have your name wroten in the Bible."

"Who told you such nonsense as that?" asked Nathan.

"Tain't nonsense, at all," said Davy, indignantly; "I heard her say it my own self. Bubby Lewis didn't know how old he was, and 'Lis'beth didn't know—she never does know anything—couldn't read the appertisement on the sign post, where it just said, 'free miles off to the Corners,' plain as anything. And the teacher she guessed he wasn't big 'nough to go to school, and she told 'Lis'beth to ask her mother to look in the Bible, where he was wroten down, and see. And 'Lis'beth she says now he can't never come, 'cause she knows he ain't wroten in the Bible at all."

"O, dear, what a Davy," said Aunt Lucy, taking his rosy face between her hands and laughing heartily; "I wish somebody would give him to me."

"They couldn't," said Davy, gravely, "'cause God gave me to the folks in this house, to take care of, and sometime, if He should ask my mother, 'What's become of Davy?' what you s'pose she'd say?"

When Barbie started for her school, the next morning, she carried a neat little basket of lunch, and her father's old, striped carpet bag. Nathan took her down to the schoolhouse, and on the way they discussed the probable results of Uncle Marston's visit.

"There's something uncommon in the wind, I feel sure of that," said Nathan, "and I believe I could guess what it is, only it seems kind of mean to be guessing, when father didn't choose to tell us."

"Then we'll try not to guess," said Barbie; "if anything *does* happen, we shall be sure to find it out."

Her heart sank a little when Nathan drove away, leaving her on the schoolhouse steps, with her striped carpet bag in her hand, but she went resolutely in, and waited for the children. The second day was pretty much like the first. At noon Barbie sat in her desk and ate her dinner, while the Goole children looked on and criticised her fare. She locked up the basket with the remnants of her lunch, thinking she might need it the next day.

At four o'clock she started for Mr. Goole's, escorted by the children, who seemed quite proud of the honor. It certainly was not an inviting home. The yard was nearly bare of grass, and hens and pigs held possession of the greater part of it. An ugly-looking, white dog, with his ears and tail cropped close, lay upon the door step, and gave her a vicious glance from the corner of his red eye, without deigning to move. Mattie drove him away and ushered Barbie through an uncarpeted entry, into the "best room." There was a rag carpet on the floor; some yellow chairs, and a bureau with brass knobs; a narrow looking glass, with a picture of an earthquake in the upper part; a tall bedstead, with wonderful pillow cases, and a bedquilt sprinkled with red and green parrots, cut out of calico and sewed on.

"I wonder if I shall sleep there?" was Barbie's first thought, as she seated herself in one of the wooden chairs, and looked around.

Right behind her were two guns, and she changed her place, because she felt more comfortable facing them. On the bureau stood a basket filled with tomatoes and lemons, done in plaster of paris, and on each side of the basket was a *coffin plate*, inscribed for members of the family who had died. Barbie shivered as she looked at them, and remembered that the oldest son had shot himself some years before; but she had no time to speculate on the strange fancy, for Mrs. Goole made her appearance, with a baby in her arms, and another hanging to the skirt of her dress.

"So you're the Phillips gal, be ye," she said to Barbie; "you're middlin' young to keep school."

"I'm nearly fifteen," said Barbie, as calmly as she could.

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Goole; "well, just take off your things and make yourself at home. I felt clear put out when I heard Phebe Jane wasn't comin' back. She's real handy with her needle, Phebe Jane is, and I got a new dress for Mandy and one for myself, and lotted on havin' her fit 'em, when she boarded here. Dressmakers is so awful dear, now."

Barbie busied herself with finding a place for her hat and cape on the tall bureau, and said nothing.

"I reckon you can't fit dresses, can you?" said Mrs. Goole.

"No, ma'am," said Barbie; "mother always fits my dresses; but Ellen is going to teach me—she fits nicely."

"It's a pity you haven't learned," said Mrs. Goole, with a dissatisfied air, as she went back to her kitchen.

When supper was ready, a loud blast of a tin horn brought Mr. Goole and his two big boys from their work, and the whole tribe of dirty children from their play. The table cloth was soiled and rumpled, the plates were cracked and chipped at the edges, the knives were black, and the spoons of tarnished German silver, with a horrible smell of copper. All the family made free with the butter by sticking their knives into it, and altogether it was a terrible meal to Barbie, and she never knew just how she got through with it. She soon found out that she was to sleep in the bed with the awful quilt, and her horror was increased, when one of the little girls commenced disputing with her sisters as to which of them was going to sleep first with the schoolma'am. That was a little too much, and Barbie boldly decided that she would not endure it.

"You can sleep here," said Mrs. Goole. "It's kind of lonesome in this big room, but Mandy can sleep with you."

"No one need sleep with me," said Barbie. "I'm not in the least afraid, and I like sleeping alone."

The children were disappointed, but Barbie was resolute, and carried the day.

It would take a whole chapter to recount the annoyances of that week in the Goole family; but having once made up her mind to the task, Barbie met it bravely, and had the satisfaction of feeling that she had really done some little good. She had more sympathy for the children, when she knew how little they had to help or encourage them, and more pity for the ignorant, hard-working mother, whose life was not brightened by any hopes or aims above the bare existence she sustained. It helped Barbie in another way; for the contrast made home so delightful, that she wished the Saturdays and Sundays would never come to an end. How pleasant it seemed, to help about the baking, in the great, clean kitchen, and skim the milk and work the butter, in the cool, sweet-smelling milk room! How she enjoyed her mother's white bread and golden butter, and what a wonderful flavor there was to even the plainest food at home!

Her school prospered finely. The "*committée man*" paid her a visit, listened to one or two recitations, and made a few remarks to the children, in which he told the boys they might live to be presidents, if they only tried, and the girls might be—"ahem! well, they might be *equally honored and esteemed*," which was not saying a great deal, considering who was president just then.

Then he expressed to Barbie his satisfaction at the manner she was discharging her duties, and went away, leaving the young schoolma'am very proud and happy. She was almost sorry when the term closed; and though it was a great relief to her mother to have her again at home, yet she was satisfied that teaching had been a good thing for Barbie. It had given her a new confidence in her own powers, and made her more womanly and self-possessed.

[To be continued.]



## ELLEN MOONEY'S STORY.

BY MRS. L. K. BECKER.

Miss Jenny Brown was a teacher in the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, near New York city. Her room was in the southern corner of the great building, and from her window she could see the spires and domes of the great city, the steamers that go back and forth upon the Harlem and East Rivers, the sloping shores of Ward's Island, with its hospitals, and the narrow channel between the two islands, full of rocks and shoals—little Hurl Gate Rapids, whose noisy waters were never still, except when the tide was high.

It was an autumn night, cold and windy, and a bright fire cast its cheerful pictures on the wall, and made doubly inviting the cosy room where the young teacher sat.

A slight sound caused her to open the door. A dark figure was crouching there, that was recognized in a moment, as she said,

"Why, Ellen, come in, it is too cold for you in the hall; I did not hear your rap."

"I did not rap; I thought you might not want me, so I just curled down by the door."

"O yes, I don't mind you, Ellen, at almost any time;" and so the poor child came in; a slight, frail girl of ten or possibly twelve years of age, with a fair face, large, blue eyes, more serious in their expression, even, than the mouth, that never smiled but in a kind of pitiful quivering of the lips, little like a heartsome, childish laugh.

She wore a dark calico dress, the uniform of the house, and strong stockings and shoes, much too large for her little feet. Her pretty hair was braided, but each stray hair took upon itself to protest against such a disposition of its golden treasure, by curling itself up close out of the way. She sat down in the corner, by the fire, and Miss Brown thought, as the light shadows played over her face, she had never seen a more interesting one. Suddenly she said,

"Ellen, tell me your story."

"Please tell me would Miss Brown like to hear it."

"Why, yes, I would like to know what you ever did to be sent here; you do not seem to me to be a bad girl," said the young lady.

The child's voice was hardly more than a whisper, as she answered, "They said that I stole, but I didn't."

"They? Who?"

"The man and woman I lived with."

"Tell me all about it."

"Nobody believes me."

"Perhaps I shall."

"It was only across the river, there," she said, nodding her head in that direction, "and though I don't like to stay here very well, sometimes I am so afraid Mis' Strong will come and take me away that I don't know what to do; but I'm not so 'fraid as I used to be at first, for I've been here two years, and I guess she won't come for me, now."

"Did she treat you ill?"

"She used to beat me for everything, so I tried to run away; but she always found me and locked me up, and would give me nothing to eat for ever so long; and I was small then, and I got sick; then she tried

to send me back to the Alms House—there's where she found me, first—but they wouldn't keep me, and so I staid a while longer, until, one day, she asked me where was the candlestick that belonged in her room. I didn't know, but she wouldn't believe me, and took me away to the city, into court or something, and a man there asked me if I stole the candlestick, and I said no, for I didn't, and then he sent me here.

"O, how I cried, for Mis' Strong told me they'd half kill me here; but they haven't; everybody's good to me, only they don't believe me."

"But had you no friends, Ellen?"

"I had a father and mother, and we used to live in Maine, and sometimes I try to find on the maps just where we lived, but I can't remember, I was so small when I came away, only it was in a country place. You see, my father went away from home, out west or somewhere, and while he was gone my mother took me and came to New York, and she fell sick and they sent her away, to a hospital, I suppose, and me to the Alms House, and I shall never see my father or mother again, if they are alive—for they can't find me and I can't find them—but I don't think I shall live long, anyway, so I don't feel so bad about it."

"Poor child, it is a sad story," said Miss Brown.

"Please tell me do you believe it?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, Ellen, I believe you have told me what you think is the truth; but there must be some mistake, somewhere."

Little more was said by either, for the bell rung for chapel, and with a kind good night, teacher and pupil separated. But, not long after, the teacher took occasion to visit the Alms House, where most of the children are received, and found that five years before Ellen Mooney had been bound out to Mrs. Strong, of — street. She then went to this residence, but Mrs. Strong had moved away.

Remembering that the year referred to was one unusual for cholera, she visited those hospitals where most patients were received, and here, too, she was successful in learning that Mary Mooney was received and discharged.

Then she had not died; but it seemed unavailing to try to find her, and perhaps, if found, Ellen might not be benefited. You see Miss Brown was accustomed to strange stories and strange scenes, and often had to deal with strange people in the House of Refuge. Everybody sent there was suspected, and so she said nothing, only once or twice she asked Ellen if she couldn't remember the name of the place where they lived, in Maine.

"No," she remembered only that they lived in a red house in the country, and it was somewhere in Maine.

One beautiful November day, a plain man and woman were shown into the schoolroom.

"These persons wish to see Ellen Mooney," said the officer; "let her be called."

The girls were all in the yard, nearly a hundred of them, scattered in groups, walking up and down in the pleasant sunshine. But Ellen Mooney, when wanted, was found by herself, looking dreamily off over the water, and mingling no more with those about her than the first day she entered.

When called by the matron she came up. "A man and woman are here, Ellen, to see you."

She gave a frightened look. "Not—not Mis' Strong. Please tell me;" and she caught the matron's dress.

"These people say they once had a little girl whose name was Ellen Mooney."

"O, please tell me where they are," and the words were almost a groan, as she followed the matron.

"Here, my child," as she opened the door where the visitors had been shown. The woman stood with her back toward the door, looking through the window. She turned—She gave but one look, and, seemingly, but one step, and, without a word, clasped the child in her arms.

"I closed the door," said the matron, "thinking that a sight too sacred for strangers to gaze upon. Not a sound broke the stillness but suppressed sobs."

"Half an hour after, I opened the door to say the time of the visit had expired, and Ellen was sitting on her father's knee, one arm around his neck, while the other was clasped in the mother's trembling hands, and now and then kissed by the lips that could not trust themselves with words. One braid of hair had fallen loose, and the golden strand rippled over the father's dusty, well-worn coat as though it rejoiced in being free."

Ellen went with her father and mother, down the broad walk bordered with the still lingering autumn flowers, in the soft, November sunshine, and was seen no more.

## MY LITTLE PARISIANS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"Children are the same, all the world over," says some dignified philosopher.

Yes, the same—with differences.

A bird is a bird always, but it doesn't require spectacles to distinguish between a quail and a blue jay. I wish to talk about a variety of children, new, at least, to me, whose ways I have watched, and to whose foreign language I have grown familiar, in the six months I spent in their charming Paris home.

Henri, Mathilde, and Sophie are their names, and their ages twelve, nine, and seven. Each has, besides, a pet name; "Riquet" is about equivalent to Harry, in English; Mathilde becomes, familiarly, "Bichette," or "Little Dear," and Sophie is called "Nono," which means nothing at all, being a name the young lady gave to herself soon after cutting her first teeth.

My young friend Henri is a student at the Lycée Napoléon, which he entered nearly two years ago, and where he will study five years longer, and from which he will emerge with a head full of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and "such like," to study a profession, or go into "affaires," as the French call business. Henri's college is not five minutes walk from his home, but there he spends all time, except Sundays and holidays, and his mamma is always obliged to go or send for him at these times, and to give a certificate that he has been under her supervision while absent. It is droll enough to see great boys of eighteen, or even older, being escorted to, and from college by their "bonnes," (or

## LAND OF THE BLEST.—Song and Chorus.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by O. A. MARO.

1. O land of the bless-ed! thy shad-ow-less skies  
 2. O land of the bless-ed! thy beau-ti-ful gates  
 3. O land of the bless-ed! no sor-row or sin

Some-times in my dream-ing I see; I hear the glad songs that... the glo-ri-fied sing... Steal  
 Some-times on my vis-ion un-fold; Thy man-sions ce-les-tial... thy pal-a-ces bright... Thy  
 The peace of thy chil-dren can mar; How glad are the lips that... have tast-ed thy joy... How

o-ver e-ter-ni-ty's sea! Tho' dark are the shad-ows that gath-er be-tween, I know that thy morn-ing is  
 bul-warks of jas-per and gold! Dear voi-ces are chant-ing thy cho-rus of praise, Dear eyes in thy sun-light are  
 blest thine in-hab-it-ants are! I know to those man-sions my Sav-ior has gone, A place for my soul to pre-

fair..... I catch but a gleam of thy beau-ty and light, And mur-mur, "Would God, I were there! Tho'  
 fair..... I look from my val-ley of shad-ow be-low, And mur-mur, "Would God, I were there! Dear  
 pare..... And when he shall call me to en-ter my home, O, then I shall sure-ly be there! I

Chorus, tempo. FINE. Repeat in unison from §.

nurses,) who wear white caps, like those of our grandmothers, and whose young charges walk demurely beside them. Imagine an American of that age in a similar position.

Another curious sight is the lines of carriages before the college doors on Saturday night, and the young fellows quitting the grim old building, under the care of friends or servants who have come to seek them, and munching with unmistakable relish the sandwiches and cakes that have been brought them. Our Henri's first exclamation on entering the house is, "Maman, J'ai faim!" (I'm hungry), to which his mother immediately replies by putting in his hand some nice morsel she has saved for him. I suppose they are well taken care of at college, only

the fare is not so dainty as what they get at home. Henri says they sleep in one great room, on little, iron beds, with a monitor, (or teacher,) whose bed is on a platform in the middle, and who keeps order among the young sleepers and wakers, who, after studying together an hour or two, in the hall for that purpose, retire at half past eight o'clock; ("putting all our watches in one great box, which is locked up, so that they are safe," says Henri, looking fondly at his own, a present, last Christmas, from his mamma.) at five they rise, study till seven o'clock, when soup (which is their breakfast,) is served, after which they go into school till dinner time. After dinner their friends can call to see them, if they like, for half an hour,

in the public parlor. They wear a dark blue uniform, trimmed with red cord, a soldierly cap, and little, silver laurel leaves on their collars. The long frockcoat gives Henri a manlike air that contrasts oddly with his little figure and laughing, boyish face. I like him better on Sundays, when he wears his black jacket, white vest, and pretty shoes of patent leather, guarding always the little, silver watch, which he looks at so often, telling you, if you inquire the time of day, that it is, "two o'clock and three minutes and a quarter."

Henri and his schoolmates seem happy and contented, though there is little luxury, I imagine, in their surroundings. When the hour comes to return to college he never

complains, but puts on his uniform, and leaves his mother's pretty parlor with a cheerful face.

"It is not like home, I know," she says, looking proudly after her boy, "but it will make a man of him. The discipline he gets there, the strong friendships he forms, will be of the greatest value to him in the future. The best, most useful men that I have known were educated thus, in the great schools of Paris."

One Saturday night Henri brought home, in great glee, a card, which his mother read with tears in her eyes, and fastened in the corner of her dressing glass. It read:

LYCÉE NAPOLEON.

Class No. 6.—Second Division.

First Place obtained, for a Latin Theme, by the pupil P—

Signed by the President.

He is a bright, affectionate little fellow, and so polite! When he comes home he raps at our door, takes off his cap, offers his round, ruddy cheek for a kiss, and says, "Bon jour, mesdemoiselles!" (good day, ladies,) with perfect grace. His first question usually is, have we received any letters from America, during the week? for he is eager to get the postage stamps for his collection. The stamp fever seems to be at its height in Paris. When my young friends go to play in the Luxembourg Garden, which is near us, they meet other children and divide their time between comparing dolls and "trading stamps." They tell me of one little girl, but two years old, who drives a bargain admirably, already!

Now, putting the young collegian aside for a while, let us talk about his sisters—Bichette and Nono. The former is an extremely pretty little girl, with clear complexion, and bright, dark eyes and hair. She is very studious and "care-taking," and is a sort of second mother to her frolicsome younger sister. She is studying English with much diligence, and makes excellent progress. Sophie, too, pretends to study, the little witch, but she is not the least bit anxious to rival the Boston accent, as you may see from this verse, that she has learned, after much coaxing, and which we can hardly keep from laughing when she repeats:

"Lord of ze Sabbat', we rejoyice,  
Dine 'oly day to see;  
May we, azisted by Zi grace,  
Begin zis day wiz Ze."

"Lord of the Sabbath, we rejoice,  
Thine holy day to see;  
May we, assisted by Thy grace,  
Begin this week with Thee."

But if her English is faulty, her French is admirable. Indeed, I call her "Ma Petite Maitresse," (my Little Mistress,) or, rather, she has elected herself to that position. After tea, when her lessons are over, (and mine, too, for I am more a student now than I ever knew how to be, before, and Sophie's accomplished mamma is my teacher of French,) little Sophie taps gently at my door, enters with a smile on her sweet face, and says,

"Mademoiselle, it is necessary that you put away your writing, for I am come to give you a little lesson. It is not good for you to work so hard—I heard my mamma say so. Now, if you will take me on your lap, I will hear you count one hundred."

So I begin, "un, deux, trois," and go on

very well till I get up to "quatre-vingt-treize," ("four twenties and thirteen," the French way of saying ninety-three,) and then she helps me out and makes me go all over it again, to atone for my mistake. Then she has me say the days of the week, the months, and the seasons; then she reads sentences and I pronounce them after her, and then she shows me her little memorandum book, where she has made a mark for every "fault," as she calls them, and tells me that I am making "much progress; that there are not so many black marks as usual, and that I don't 'search my phrases' as much as I did at first."

Suddenly she bursts out into her merry laugh, shakes her head and laughs again, and can hardly get her breath to say, by way of explanation,

"It seems so droll that I should be your teacher."

"But," I answer, "you mustn't be too proud—just remember,

Lord of ze Sabbat', we rejoyice!"

and then she gives me a little pat on the cheek, and says,

"It is not suitable to speak in that way to your little mistress;" and so the lesson and the "children's hour" are ended. Sophie's mamma comes in, or we go to her room, the little girls seat themselves at the center table, with story books, Sunday School lessons, or doll's clothes to be made or mended, and work quietly till nine o'clock, when their hair is put in curl papers, their cheeks are kissed by all present, and they leave us for the night. Before this, however, there is the important ceremony of undressing the two famous poupées, (dolls,) and putting them in bed. Their flaxen curls are set in order with a hairbrush as long as your thumb, and tucked inside of ruffled night caps; their gay dresses are carefully folded, and replaced by night gowns hardly less gay; two handsome beds, shaded by snowy curtains, are brought from their corner, behind the sewing table; laced-edged pillows are arranged, and the blue-eyed darlings of my young Parisians are laid away to sleep.

We take a special interest in these dolls—my friend and I. This is perfectly natural, you will perceive, for we are their "Marraines," that is, their god-mothers. I like the French custom of having, at the baptism of a little child, a gentleman and lady, friends of the parents, whose names are usually given to the child, and who are pledged to watch over its future, and to be to it instead of father and mother, should it be left an orphan. Little Sophie's god-mother is a duchess, and was the intimate friend of her mamma, when both were girls at school. But, at the christening of her doll, which took place, with much ceremony, months ago, Sophie was so unambitious as to choose me to act as sponsor, so Doll Frances has quite a place in my affections. There have been many discussions as to the comparative beauty of my god-daughter and her Cousin Kate, named for my friend, and belonging to Bichette. To tell the truth, Sophie's doll was an old one, to whom new arms were given at Christmas, when her sister's came fresh from one of the gayest magazines along the Boulevards, and it had even been wickedly suggested to Sophie that her doll looked like the "bonne," (or servant,) and

Bichette's like the "dame," (or lady). She is a child of such lovely disposition that she was not vexed by this unflattering comparison, though evidently it hurt her feelings. One evening she said, with a pretty air of mystery,

"Frances is at the surgeon's. You will not see her for some days; an operation is being performed."

She could not be persuaded to tell anything further, but, some time after, came running to our room with the doll in her arms, in a new dress, that mamma had just finished, and with a fine, new head and luxuriant, flaxen curls, even prettier than those of her rival.

"Voilà!" exclaims the little girl, "isn't she a lady, now? And I sold her old hair for eight sous!" (cents).

I could never describe all the toys and amusements that their mamma provides for these happy children, who are never contented in their studies or their plays, if she is absent.

One day, Jessie and Willie P., of Chicago, young friends of ours, were invited to spend the afternoon. Luckily they had learned to speak French, otherwise the pleasure would have been spoiled, for English had not yet come to the talking point with their polite entertainers.

Madame P., (the mother of my Parisians,) aided by Antoinette, (their nurse, of whom they are very fond,) brought out the pretty "dinettes," or dinner service, of the little girls, and set the table with cakes, candies, and fruits. Monsieur Henri offered his arm, with a profound bow, to Miss Jessie; black-eyed Willie, following the example, gave his to Mademoiselle Sophie; Bichette acted as hostess, and a merry feast they had, served with as much decorum as even "grown people" need manifest. Afterward, an hour was spent in the beautiful, great, garden of the Luxembourg, where I played the part of Saul to the young men who stoned Stephen—watched the garments while the young folks amused themselves at ball and prisoner's base, after which we visited the Guignol—a little, make-believe theatre, where there are puppets, dressed up like human beings, which a man, who stands behind the scenes, keeps jumping by means of wires attached to them, while he talks for them, changing his voice to make it appear that it is the puppets who keep up the conversation. This is one of the favorite amusements of the children, at Paris, and a Guignol is found in almost every public garden.

If you asked me the chief differences between these young folks and my little friends at home, I should say that they are more polite, use larger words, and have quite another idea of how one should behave on Sunday. As to politeness, all the world knows that for the perfect self-possession and kind consideration of others, which are the two grand elements of elegant behavior, the French are without rivals, and their children early show their nationality.

The reason why they speak so much like the professors at the Sorbonne is, probably, because the French language has not a great variety of words, and the ways in which an idea can be expressed are "fit, but few." I don't believe they know the meaning of "baby talk," which, is perhaps, a pity. What would you say of a seven-year-old who

should say the weather was "atrocious" speak of the "dimensions" of her room, or the "frightful fragility" of her little set of china? as Sophie did, last evening, prattling to me of the day's mishaps; while Bichette, hardly two years her senior, mentioned that our fire had been under her "surveillance" during our absence in the afternoon, and observed of a story that had been told her, that it did not seem to be a "verisimilitude." With a few letters changed, these words are found in French, their meaning being the same as in our language, and they are fair specimens from the ordinary conversation of the children.

The most striking of all differences between the two sides of the sea, is in the way of spending the Sabbath, and I am glad that this same sea is wide and deep, to separate from ours the customs of which I will now tell you.

The three Parisians are good and diligent all through the week—Henri at college, and his sisters with their mamma—but on Sunday they must and will be at play "from early morn till dewy eve." They are not contented a minute if their toys are not in use, or if some excursion is not planned or progressing. One Sunday, it was playing Christmas, and hours were spent in decorating, lighting, and exhibiting the Christmas tree; another, it was taking lessons on the velocipede for Henri, and going to the puppet theater for his sisters; another, for him a fishing excursion to the country with a comrade; for them, a magic lantern exhibition, followed by a dancing party at a friend's. Always, in the evening, they play at cards; often with ~~some~~ intimates of Henri, invited for that purpose.

What will seem most curious of all, these children are carefully trained in religious things, and go regularly to Sunday School. The other day, Bichette showed me a Bible she had gained by having "one hundred marks for diligence and good behavior."

You see, the little creatures never heard of Sunday as a day sacred to anything but pleasure. A few weeks ago it was election day, and the lords of creation voted before going to the Bois de Boulogne, (the great park of Paris,) to see the horse race, at which the emperor and suite were present, and hundreds of thousands of spectators—and all this took place on Sunday.

If I happen to forget the day of the week, and on awakening in the morning hear a louder roar of wheels and din of voices in the street than usual, I do not need to search my almanac to learn that it is the Sabbath.

But I wish to show you that, in spite of customs so different, and, to us, so wrong, one can be truly good. I would help you—as years and observation surely will—to become tolerant; and so, to close our conversation, let me copy from my journal a little scene that occurred in our room, one Sabbath twilight.

"My favorite, Sophie, spent the evening with us, lying beside me on Kate's *chaise longue*. How her sweet prattle pleased us! She was in a serious mood, and, after telling us what a good sermon the pastor had preached about Mary at the foot of the cross, what a beautiful "candle" the choir had sung, and how much she had regretted our absence from church, she spoke of sacred things in the innocent way which makes a

child seem half an angel. She sang the little hymns that are her favorites, and told us of her thoughts of 'the good God,' and her prayers 'to Jesus, so mild and so sweet, whom she asks every night and morning to help her to do right.'

"There is a little prayer," she said, 'that mamma did not teach me, but which I invented for myself, and I say it in the dark, just before I get in bed. I have never told it to anybody yet, because I did not dare to.'

"Kate urged her to tell us, and she said, 'I will say it fast and then you will not understand.'

"So she rattled off a sentence, the meaning of which we did not catch, but at last, gathering courage, and putting her little hands over her face, she said,

"This is what I ask of Him: O God, Thou hast said that Thou wouldst send the angels to watch beside us in the night. Do not forget.'"

Lovely little child! Listening to your thrilling voice one can get nearer to the meaning of our Saviour's words, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

May I one day reach that lovely realm and sing anew dear Sophie's little hymns—our voices blending.

PARIS, FRANCE.

## CRYSTAL MOUNTAINS.

BY EMER BIRDSEY.

In the regions of perpetual winter, beautiful crystal mountains, called glaciers, are formed in vast numbers, and of remarkable size and shape.

In January, on the coast of Greenland, the sea freezes, filling the deep, dark inlets of water with piles of white and glistening ice; these are increased, day after day, by the waves, as they rise and freeze around them, and dashed by strong winds up the sides of these icy mountains, rise higher and higher under the cold sky and glittering sun of the frigid zone.

When the sea water can no longer reach their tops it continues freezing underneath; this also assists their elevation, though the icebergs only present about one-eighth of their length from top to bottom above water.

In some instances, also, vast glaciers from the interior of Greenland, formed by the sliding of snow and ice down the mountain sides, approach the coast and extend out into the sea.

As summer advances the long lines of crystal mountains are undermined by the waves, and fall over into the sea with a terrific noise, causing the water to bubble and foam for miles around, then, gaining an upright position, they float away, propelled by winds and currents.

Many icebergs thus unloosed approach the latitude of the coast of Florida, borne by the Polar current; some meet the warm waters of the Gulf stream, where they are melted, and nothing is left of them but the stones and dirt they have brought with them from Greenland.

The Grand Bank of Newfoundland by some is believed to have been thus formed, from the deposits of stones and dirt, transported from Greenland by these huge, sailing mountains.

The crystal mountains, when moving down from their frozen home, present a beautiful

and extraordinary appearance. They float, often, in great companies, like a fleet of vessels, sometimes to the number of five hundred, and from fifty to three hundred feet in height.

Those who have gazed upon these vast structures describe them as bearing the appearance of specimens of rare architecture—towers, temples, and palaces, with turrets and columns rising above cliffs of pale green or purest blue, from which, through numerous ravines, rush cataracts of limpid water, mingled with glistening fragments of ice.

On the summit of these crystal mountains, ere they leave their native land, lies a bed of snow. As they move away, under the sun of a warmer clime than that where it fell, the snow melts and forms a pond of fresh water in a basin of ice.

When touched by the sun's rays, these icebergs assume radiant colors, changing as they move, like the rays of a prism, wonderful as a fairy palace overlaid with pearls and precious stones.

Often the action of the water underneath, which is warmer than the ice, wears away a portion of the base of a glacier, and causes it to roll heavily from side to side, when it finally "heels" over and disappears with a terrific plunge. When again appearing it is bottom upward, but floating quietly on as before.

## THE LITTLE WEATHERMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY KATE R. PAINE.

It was a stormy day in December. The rain was beating hard against the window panes, that trembled from each gust of wind, and now and then a great snowflake fell silently between. The water was increasing in the streets, so that great ponds had already begun to form.

Little Frank knelt upon the window seat, saw the condition of the weather, and drummed impatiently upon the glass.

"I certainly shall die, if this weather does not change!" he cried, at length, as he gave the window seat a blow with his fist.

"Oh! oh! Frank," said his mother, "why do you behave so?"

"Dear me! I suppose it must clear up some time," he whined, as he went to look at the barometer.

This barometer was a little house, at the door of which appears, in fair weather, a little woman; and in rainy weather, a little, old man with an umbrella. But now the weather did not seem to know which way to turn, as both little people stood in the door.

His mother had gone out of the room to look after her household duties, and Frank thought it a good opportunity to make fun of the weather, while he occasionally glanced at the barometer, to see if it denoted a change.

"Fie! you hateful, disgraceful weather!" he said. "Are you not ashamed? Snow, hail, rain, and wind, all mixed together. This weather deserves a flogging."

But suddenly—O how frightened he was—there stood before him, upon the outer window sill, a little, gray man, no higher than a wineglass. He wore a wide mantle, and upon his head a broad-brimmed hat, from which the water was dripping. He looked fiercely into the room, as he sneeringly called Frank a "saucy fellow."

Then he threw up the window, and seizing the frightened and astonished Frank by the collar, said, with a threatening voice, "If you make fun of the weather once more," (and here he sneezed as if he had a very bad cold,) "I will wash your face for you in snow and hail, so that you never shall forget it. Now come with me, and you shall soon see what is the use of this weather."

With these words, the little man spread open his mantle, which grew to be like the wings of a bat, only much larger. Between these he folded little Frank, who was trembling all over with fear as they flew through the air. Whew! how cold the wind blew! At last he put Frank down at the foot of a linden tree, and his huge wings shrunk into a mantle again.

"Now look, fellow," said he, as he took from his pocket a little spyglass and held it against the trunk of the tree. "Put your eye close down, and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Frank; but he was so frightened that he could not see anything at all. Gradually his eyesight became clearer, and he said, "I see—I believe it is the inside of a tree."

"And now what do you see?" asked the little man.

"How beautiful!" thought Frank, who began to find pleasure in looking at it, and forgot the little, gray man that stood behind him. "No!" he cried; "what do I see but a quantity of streets in the tree! but they are all empty except in the heart of the tree. O how pretty it is! There is a lovely, little maiden fast asleep. What is it that she holds so firmly in her hand? It looks to me like a little fountain. What does all this mean?"

"I will tell you," answered the little man. "The little nymph is the soul of the tree. She sleeps in the winter, but when the warm, spring sunshine comes, she awakens, and lets loose the little fountain, and pours out its water through all the little veins and cells, which you call streets. Then the tree begins to bud, and leaves form, from which thousands of insects are nourished and find life. If this little nymph is disturbed too soon by the hot sunbeams, she will die, and the tree also. On this account it is necessary that I should ensure her rest, and at the same time give rain to the roots to drink, if the beautiful weather elves are making too much headway. Now do you see for what purpose the Good Father has sent me?"

Saying this, the little man, who by this time had become very friendly, folded Frank in his mantle again, and flew away with him in the air.

Soon this sylvan spirit descended upon a field, all covered with snow. It was very cold, and fresh snow was falling.

"You are not very light," he said, as he breathlessly set Frank upon his feet. "Now, you may look through another glass in my spyglass;" and this time he held it close down to the snow. Then he spread his mantle out for Frank to kneel upon, so that he might look through into the earth. "Now tell me all you see."

"I see a great deal of snow," answered Frank. "It must be a good many yards high! Under this soft, damp earth, in which many little wheat kernels are resting. In each kernel," continued Frank, "I see a little, living germ, and I also hear, if I am not mistaken, low whispering between—"

"Stop, and put your ear to the glass," interrupted the weather spirit, "and you can hear them gossip."

Frank did as he was told, and actually heard the talk of the little germs.

"How nice for us, that this snow covering still protects us from the hot beams of the sun," said one.

"Yes, indeed," said another, "the sunbeams are altogether too deceitful; the frost comes, then we are forgotten and left to freeze."

"Now, have you heard it?" called the little weather man.

Frank only nodded his head, for he was still listening; but the little germs were silent.

"Do you see that they do not make fun of the rain and snow, as you did? Even the farmer does not, for he knows that his corn and fodder would not grow, if the sun always shone! Did you ever hear of a drought in the harvest? You believe not? Because you have always had an abundance, you forget that thousands would starve, and you with the rest, if I should forget my care."

The little man preached and Frank listened attentively. The countenance of the speaker became radiant, as the sun burst forth from behind a cloud.

"Certainly there is no reason why you children should make fun of me. The rain makes the little puddles in which you sail your boats. The wind flies your kites and turns your windmills. With the snowballs you play. Now, what is the trouble?"

With this he began to make snowballs and throw them so high that Frank could not see them fall.

"O what fun!" shouted Frank, as he stooped to gather snow, to throw one back; but as he raised his head the little man had vanished. He looked all about for his new playmate, but could not find him.

"Very well!" he said, at last, "I can go back to the city alone, and make snowballs there."

Frank did not see the little weather man but once more in his whole life. It was in the middle of summer, directly after a thunderstorm. The great drops were still falling, and no one ventured into the garden except Frank. There he saw, all at once, the little weather man, passing under the trees. He hardly knew him, he looked so handsome. Instead of the ugly, gray mantle, he wore a beautiful robe of mist, and as he tripped through the garden, all the flowers and blades of grass stood erect, to do him honor. The black snake crept behind him, and the swallow flew to the earth at his feet.

O, how distinguished our little weather man is! He has a great palace in the heavens, and, at times, even the people upon the earth can see it; and then they say, "We shall have rain, there is a halo around the moon!"

#### LETTER FROM CHINA.

Foochow, China, May 31, 1869.

*My Dear Mr. Sewell:* I feel that I must send you a letter of thanks for the great pleasure we have derived from your papers, here in our China home.

It was in January last that the first package arrived. They were warmly welcomed by the children of our mission, especially by

our own little Edwin, a black-eyed boy of seven and a half years.

Everything in THE LITTLE CORPORAL interested him, from the beautiful frontispiece to the picture stories on the last page. Mrs. Miller's delightful story, and the shortest piece of poetry, were all eagerly listened to.

Every evening, when the lamps are lighted, comes the request: "Now, mamma, read to me from THE LITTLE CORPORAL." And mamma enjoys the reading hour quite as much as he, for your paper has won the hearts of us all.

I wish that it could be read by every child in our native land, for it can but lead their young hearts to love, more and more, "the good, the true, and the beautiful."

You are doing a good and noble work, and many young and old hearts will bless you for it. May you long be spared to continue in it.

It is nearly ten years since we left our American home for this heathen land, and our little ones have never seen the shores of our beloved country.

We are privileged to see a band of Christian children growing up in our Chinese churches here, who, we hope, will be true soldiers in the great battle against wrong, and for the right, among their heathen countrymen.

We long for the time when they can enjoy the same opportunities for religious instruction so richly granted to the children of Christian lands.

You probably are aware that Foochow is the port from which most of the black tea in China is shipped. At this season of the year, there is a large fleet of fine, clipper ships lying at the anchorage, about ten miles below the city, waiting for their cargoes of tea.

There is much ambition among the tea merchants, as to who shall send the first ship load.

The tea is mostly cultivated in small patches, by the country people, bought up by the native tea merchants at about twelve cents per pound, and sold by them to the foreigners. It passes through so many hands, before it reaches your American homes, that the wonder is that you get it at as reasonable a price as you do.

After the tea is brought here, from the tea districts, there is much labor spent in picking it over and assorting it, before it is ready for packing.

This work is done by women and children, who earn from three to five cents a day in the business.

It is almost impossible to keep any girls in our day schools, during the tea season; the opportunity of earning a few cents is too precious to the poor, needy Chinese, to be lost for the sake of learning to read.

Mr. Woodin has recently returned from a trip seventy miles into the country, visiting the most distant station of the American Board Mission, on the borders of the tea district.

It is but a few months since the people there first heard of the true God, and of Jesus, our Saviour.

One man, who lives near the chapel, seems to have believed the glorious gospel tidings as soon as he heard them, and began at once to tell his neighbors how good it was.

They tried to shame him out of it, by re-



minding him that he was the only person in the place who had believed, but that did not trouble him.

His wife's father heard, in his distant home, that his son-in-law had embraced a new and corrupt doctrine, and came to his house to see about it. His son gave him a full, clear account of the way of salvation, and he went away declaring that the doctrine was true and good.

The tea, when dried, is put in bags of about fifty pounds each, and brought down the river Min, in large boats. Mr. Woodin came down in one of these boats, and had a fragrant seat among the fresh teas.

With an earnest wish for the long continued prosperity of the *LITTLE CORPORAL*,

I remain, yours truly,  
SARAH L. WOODIN.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE, No. 6 POST-OFFICE PLACE.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1869.

THE POSTAGE ON THE *LITTLE CORPORAL* is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

WHEN POSSIBLE, send money to us by Post Office Money Orders. No other way is so good or so safe. We hold ourselves entirely responsible for all money sent in this way, even if it should be lost. Your Postmaster will explain to you how to procure the P. O. Money Order. See "How to Remit," in another place.

# 1870.

## New Year! New Volume!

## HURRAH for the NEW CAMPAIGN!

## NOW!

## NOW BEGIN YOUR CLUBS!

### Fifteen Numbers for \$1.00!

### October, November & December Nos. Free to New Subscribers.

### FREE!! FREE!!!

Now begin your Clubs for the new year; and as an inducement for people to subscribe *now*, tell them that all *new* subscribers for 1870 who send their names and dollars *now*, receive the October, November, and December numbers of 1869, *FREE*, if they ask for them at the time of subscribing. This offer will hold good till the last day of October. To secure this, you must state in your letter that the names sent are new subscribers for 1870, for *THE CORPORAL* who want the October, November, and December numbers free.

You may now send us single new subscribers, according to the terms of this offer, or have the names count on your clubs.

Now work for clubs. See our Premium

List. Secure and send names and money as rapidly as you can. Send all letters to

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*,  
Chicago, Ill.

N. B.—All money sent in subscription to "*THE FESTIVAL*," may count in clubs the same as if sent for *THE CORPORAL*; thus, two names for *THE CORPORAL* at \$1 each, and two names for *THE FESTIVAL* at 50 cents each, making \$3 in all, may count the same as though the \$3 had all been sent for *THE CORPORAL*; and so for larger clubs. See the next article in this column.

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

### A NEW PERIODICAL.

For a long time we have felt the need of something different from anything we know of in this country or any other. Some of the juvenile periodicals give attention, in a kind of half-and-easy way, to school exhibitions, festivals, dialogues, etc. But the talent of the country is not called out on these important points, and the attention they receive in the literary periodicals is generally so very rambling and immethodical that it is of little account. We have sometimes been tempted to give a department in *THE CORPORAL* to these subjects, but feel that we cannot afford the space, and do not wish to divert the *Corporal* from his regular work. At any rate, that is not the place for the work, and we have finally concluded to start a *new magazine*, to be devoted *entirely* to *Week Day School and Sunday School Festivals, Exhibitions, and other entertainments*.

We have named this new periodical

## THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S SCHOOL FESTIVAL,

and the first number will appear in a few weeks. Send for sample copies now.

It will contain 32 pages, each one-half the size of *THE CORPORAL* pages, and printed in the same style of type, so that each number will contain about the same amount of matter as a number of *THE CORPORAL*. It will, at first, be issued quarterly, and, if we find it expedient, it will by and by be issued oftener or enlarged, or both.

It will be devoted exclusively to *Week Day School and Sunday School festivals, exhibitions, and entertainments*. The matter will be made up of original dialogues, "pieces to speak," practical suggestions, and directions as to how to speak, and how to train children for their parts. It will give attention to tableaux, acting charades, etc., and will endeavor to call out from the dormant as well as the active talent, in the United States, all kinds of new and unique features for festivals, exhibitions, entertainments, etc. It will have but the one work, as its name implies, and, as we know of no other periodical of the kind, it will come in competition with no one.

We intend that it shall be the *finest*, spiciest thing that can be imagined, and we call upon all teachers, and others who have had experience in such matters, to send us, not only immediately, for our first number, but from time to time, all sorts of original matter

suitable to such a publication. We have some contributors already engaged for this work, who will be towers of strength to it.

We mean to make "*THE FESTIVAL*" just such a thing that no teacher or scholar will want to be without it. It shall be an *original*, unique, valuable Magazine. It imitates no others, and it shall have a *character of its own*, so strong and distinctive, that any who attempt to imitate it will at once be recognized as *imitators*.

We want everything to be *short, crisp, and very spicy*. We will pay well for all we use, and shall be careful to use nothing that is not *worth a good price*.

We may give a *small* space, a page or two, to selections, which seem to be of more than ordinary value as "*pieces to speak*." Persons sending us selections, will please write on the margin the word "*SELECTED*;" also the name of the author and work from whence taken, if known.

Let all who feel interested in this work, write us at once, and send any practical suggestions, or any contributions they may deem valuable.

The price of "*THE FESTIVAL*" will be *FIFTY CENTS* a year. Single or sample copies *fifteen cents*. See advertisement.

Premiums for clubs same as for *THE CORPORAL*; two names for *THE FESTIVAL*, at 50 cents each, count in clubs same as one name for *THE CORPORAL*, at \$1. Names for *THE CORPORAL* and *FESTIVAL* may both count in same club at above rates. *THE CORPORAL* and *FESTIVAL* will *both* be sent for \$1.25, but cannot then count in club list. They may both go to same address or not, but must both be ordered at one time to be secured at \$1.25 for both.

Address,

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers,  
Office of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

### A SAMPLE.

We receive a good many letters similar to the following. Of course, we sign a name different from the real one:

BROOKLYN, —  
Messrs. Alfred L. Sewell & Co.: Having seen in "*THE LITTLE CORPORAL*" that "all articles are paid for at good prices," I concluded to make an attempt to produce a piece worthy of insertion in it. Whether it is worthy to print I leave you to decide, by naming price, etc. I would send copy enclosed, but would like to know what you would give for a piece of poetry of ten verses, four lines each, perfectly chaste and good, on "Twilight." I enclose stamped envelope, by means of which you will please communicate with me on the subject. I think the piece may be worthy of your notice, and if you deign to answer this, I will send copy for insertion.  
Very respectfully yours,

RICHARD ROE, JR.

We desire to answer this note thus publicly, so that other correspondents may see the *point*, and not trouble us with such letters. Now, Richard, what would you say if some one should ask you, "What will you pay me for a dog?" and expect you to write by next mail and make an offer. There is a difference in the value of dogs, you know. There are dogs which could not be bought for a thousand dollars each, and there are dogs not worth one cent per thousand, except to the sausage maker. We do not buy poetry by the yard, or without seeing it. Do you understand?

CLUBS for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* may be made up from as many different post offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

# NOW! NOW!! NOW!!!

## Strike Now for the EXTRA Prizes!

Some time ago we offered an extra premium to the one who should send in the largest list of subscribers before the first of January.

We now repeat: The one who shall send us the largest list of subscribers for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* before the first of January, shall not only have *all the regular premiums* called for by the list, but will *also* receive either a Cabinet Organ, a Velocipede, an American Silver Watch, or \$100.00 worth of books, whichever of the three they may choose. The one sending the next largest will receive an American Silver Watch or \$50.00 worth of books. The one sending the next largest list will receive \$30.00 worth of books. The books to be selected by the winners from any American works in the regular trade.

All these premiums will be *in addition* to the regular premiums, which all competitors will receive. Begin now. *Very few* names have yet been received on this offer.

*Remember!* all who send names in competition for these prizes must say in *every* letter sent that they "are competing for the extra Prizes," as well as for regular premiums.

Names for "The School Festival" may also count in these lists at the rate stated elsewhere.

## "THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE."

Mrs. Miller's new book, with above title, published by *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* publishing house, will be ready for delivery by the time this No. of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* reaches our readers. Of course, as our Oct. No. is closed on or before the first of Sept., and the book is to be issued about the 20th, we cannot *now* write that it is ready, but when you read this you can safely send to us for the book, and it will be promptly forwarded.

We shall take due pains to induce all book-sellers to order it so as to supply their customers, as it is a book that will have a large sale, but if they do not have it, you have only to send to the publishers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, by mail, the price (\$1.50) with your order, and it will come by next mail, post paid, with the corners protected from damage by our new patent "Guard." With this "Guard" a book will carry in the mails from the Atlantic to the Pacific without the corners being broken.

## OUR GEMS.

We rejoice in our little gems, and we are glad to have our friends copy them if they will only give us credit. Scissors can scarcely go amiss when they clip into *THE CORPORAL*. We can hardly look into our exchanges received for any single day without finding dozens of *THE CORPORAL*'s choice articles floating with no sign of credit. Several have gone into "Harper's Drawer." Scores and scores have been credited to other magazines and papers, by honest editors, who copied them from where they had been dishonestly or carelessly copied from us by others.

Just to-day two of the most popular S. S. Papers meet on our table in one day's mail, each with one of our choice jewels shining in its coronet, but with no mention of the source from whence they came. The Sunday School Advocate of August 28th has our "Bed-time," and The Sunday School Scholar has our "Lo, I am with You Always." Both these articles are perfect little jewels in their way, and worthy of reproduction all round and round the world. Now we know Dr. Wise and Mr. Eggleston so well that we are sure they would not copy from us without credit. They have only borrowed our beautiful things from somebody else who has picked our pocket without credit. And so it goes. Our flowers are floating everywhere, like snowflakes, with more than half the time, *no credit*. It isn't fair. Copy them in all the papers, if you will, but give credit for them, so that people may know where to look for more of the same kind. Please remember that our matter is *all* original.

## PREMIUM LIST.—NEW PREMIUMS.

Our Premium List, as revised, will be found on third page of cover. You will see that we have added several new premiums, and we shall, from time to time, add others.

*Read the whole list* carefully through, then go to work heartily to raise a club. Send names and money as soon as you have even a few, so that they may be receiving their numbers. After you have secured all the names you can, whether your list be large or small, select a Premium from the list to suit the size of the club, and write to us for it.

## PRIVATE QUEER'S LETTER.

EVANSTON, Ill., Aug. 30, 1869.

*My Dear Pilgrim:* A month ago I wrote you from the quiet hills of Maine, where, a good many years ago, something like forty square miles of territory was bought by a white man from an old Indian chief, for a bag of beans and a gallon of whiskey. Now that country is covered all over with little farms, where an honest, hardy people force out a living from between the granite rocks on the hillsides. But the best crop they raise is a noble set of *men*, who are heard from in nearly every state in the Union.

While in Maine I was treated like a prince, and shall always remember the good people I met there with a warm affection, from the tallest of them down to little "Seevie," who, our little Frankie says, "was so fat he couldn't cross his legs." Some day, when I have more time, I may say something more about "Seevie" and New England.

Now, Pilgrim, the Corporal says he hasn't room for a long letter from me, this month, and thinks I'd better just say that after resting at the seaside long enough to enjoy a world of pleasure in the air and surf, and to be tired of the "fuss and feathers" we saw there, we visited again Bos'on, Springfield, the Springfield arsenal, and Niagara Falls, about each of which I'd like to write a column, and Buffalo, where we spent Sunday. Then we hurried home on an express train, and found the acre around our home grown up with such tall grass and weeds that it looked like the original wilderness, where the Indians and buffaloes roamed, only a few years ago. The children had a splendid time, playing hide and seek all over the yard and garden, until two gentlemen from Ireland came with sharp scythes and marched through it all; and now the whole place is as sweet and smooth and green as ever. The leaves on the tall oak trees "quiver and laugh" in the sunshine; every day we hear again the never ending plash of the waves of Lake Michigan, as they beat upon the sandy shore, not far away; the white moon peeps calmly down between the tree tops through the lengthening evenings; the katy-dids and crickets sing joyfully, and we are gladder and happier than I can tell you in our quiet little country home, which had been left desolate longer than ever before.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller have gone on a trip to Minnesota, and write that they are having a most delightful visit. You will see Mrs. Miller's letter on this same page. Mr. Van-Duzer, our nice printer, to whose skill and care we owe thanks for much of the beauty of the mechanical part of *THE CORPORAL*, is recruiting in western New York. By the time our October No. reaches our readers, however, all will be settled down at work again, and ready for an active Fall Campaign. Take the whole country through there were never more bountiful crops than during this year, and we are expecting a great business and a hundred thousand subscribers. Let them come. For my own part, I feel, after my rest, that every ounce of me is available, and you may tell the Corporal that he can draw on me for any amount.

Yours, for the war,

PRIVATE QUEER.

## LAKE MINNETONKA.

*My Dear Little Corporal:* You have heard of the old woman that lived in her shoe, and, perhaps, felt inclined to doubt the truth of the nursery legend. But from this time I believe it, for I can tell you of something more wonderful still. Here are *nineteen* of us, "able-bodied men and women," stored away in a funny little one story cottage on the shores of Lake Minnetonka. Don't ask me how it is done, lest I decline revealing the secrets of watering places, but it is done, and we are all comfortable and jolly. Do you know where Minnetonka is? I didn't know a few weeks ago, so I will venture to say that, according to the best of my information, it lies about twenty miles west of Minneapolis. It is a lovely sheet of water, fourteen miles long and six wide, but so complicated by bays and deep indentations as to have nearly a hundred miles of shore. It has no inlet, being fed entirely by springs, and the water is delightfully clear. The shores are hilly and broken but covered with verdure, the hills being crowned with trees that come down, often, to the very water's edge, and the lake is crowded with little, green islands. Along the shores the water lilies are in full bloom, dotting the water with their fragrant cups of ivory and gold, and among the lily pads and tall rushes, wild ducks feed, starting you with their sudden flight as your boat pushes near their hiding place. The fishermen tell wonderful tales of the pickerel and bass caught in the lake, and though there are whispers of fish having been weighed with stones in their mouths, we refuse indignantly to credit the tale. These skeptics who refuse to believe in Murray, and insist upon sifting tradition, lose half the enjoyment of life. For my part, I am ready to accept the story of the most extravagant tourist without question, knowing well how the world is changed by the eyes with which we look at it.

Do you want to know what we do up here? The great attraction is the lake, where we sail, row, bathe, wade, search for agates and cornucopians, dream, romance, and speculate. For a variety we go blackberrying, follow the cow paths through the wildest of tangles, gather flowers and ferns, sketch the quaint little cottages perched upon the knolls about the lake, and make baskets, canoes, and napkin rings from the smooth bark of the white birch, that grows upon the islands. The air is clear, cool, and bracing. The rays of the sun seem to beat down with an intolerable force, as if falling through a medium so rare that it does not at all intercept the heat, but it is never uncomfortable in the shade. To one who has breathed the raw, irritating atmosphere of other regions, there is something delightful in the dry, exhilarating air, and the possibility of enjoying the wonderful moonlight without fear of deadly chill.

I see from my window the blue expanse of water, so near I could almost throw a stone among the rushes by the edge. A white sail skims along in silence. I hear the steady stroke of oars as the rowers go merrily by, and a little further off the little steamboat is noisily puffing on her way, bound for Wayzata, six miles across the lake, where the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad connects us with civilization. Three boats, at the landing just below the house, are waiting to take us on an excursion down the lake, and in the house baskets are being rapidly packed with green corn, sandwiches, and various eatables, while the gentlemen are looking over fishing tackle, and storing ammunition, for we are to help furnish our dinner and cook it on the shore.

You may hear from us again.

Emily Huntington Miller.

"KITTEN WHITE" sends us what is *almost* a charming little poem. It is not quite "up to grade," but don't you know, Miss Kitten, that if it had been, *THE CORPORAL* never publishes any article where he does not know the author's real name?

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Sunday School teachers, officers, and library committees are requested to read the advertisement on the last page of the cover of our September number, headed "*Sunday School Libraries*."

## ABOUT BOOKS.

Any book advertised in *THE CORPORAL* or in any other magazine or newspaper, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. See editorial "SPECIAL NOTICE," Aug. No.

## HUMMING BIRDS.

BY AUNT FLORENCE.

We saw one in the garden, yesterday, just as the sun went down. A tiny fellow, with a green back and a bright scarlet throat. There is one of another kind that comes sometimes—a big moth, with a bill just like a humming bird; but this was a veritable humming bird, feathers and all. He didn't seem to be one bit afraid of us, though Addie stretched out her fat hands toward him, and Ernie heralded his approach with all the power of his yearling lungs. And he did not allow the enthusiastic reception he met with to keep him one moment from his business, but proceeded to gather his supper from a bed of petunias near us.

Now, children, naturalists say that humming birds do not visit the flowers on the same errand that bees do, but that it is bugs they are after—bugs that are hidden in the flowers. Now I used to think they were after honey, (and, between you and me, I believe so yet, naturalists to the contrary notwithstanding.) It is so hard to believe that those dear little things can eat bugs, when honey is so much nicer!

"For us, maybe," the wise ones will say; "but it is bird nature to eat bugs, and why not humming-bird nature, too?"

Ah! well, how did they find out *for certain*, without opening them? and anyone that can deliberately *kill* such a tiny, helpless, innocent, little thing, just to find out what he had for supper, is not to be relied on. Is he, little girls? I'm not so sure of the boys, you see, because they are so apt to want to know the "why and wherefore."

Well, by and by he satisfied his hunger, and alighted on a branch of a dead crab-apple bush, that I had set down for my cypress vine to climb upon. I like to see everything as natural as possible, and a cypress vine is so delicate and graceful, that I cannot bear to see it trained to a frame.

Well, Mr. Humming-bird alighted there to rest his little wings, I suppose, for he folded them quietly, but turned his mite of a head from side to side, until his scarlet throat glowed like a coal of fire. He sat there awhile, to the children's great delight, then made another flying visit to the flowers, boring his queer, long bill away down into the flower cups, and then twisting it round like an auger. I suppose that he was gathering something for the wife and babies, this time, for he flew away directly. I watched his little body out of sight, and then fell to wondering where he lived, how he lived, and what leaf sheltered his fairy nest?

Pretty soon there was another buzz and flutter, and another flying visitor came in sight—a small Quaker, this time, clothed in brown and gray. I did not ask her name, but used my Yankee prerogative and *guessed* that it was Mrs. Humming-bird. I guessed, too, that Mr. H. had told her where was a good place to rest; for she perched herself upon the very limb that he had rested on. Even her light weight set the feathery cypress all in a quiver, as she sat making her toilet, before her meal. Mr. Humming-bird must have carried her a mouthful of something when he went home, for the supper did not seem so much of an object as the fresh air. She sat there a long time, the

children keeping as still as mice, from fear of frightening her away.

I wondered where her home was, and how many babies she had, (how many eggs do they lay?) and whether Mr. Humming-bird made a good housekeeper when she was away. I wondered if she wouldn't get lost some time, and not be able to find her nest—it must be such a very tiny nest! I wondered how the great world looked to her, seeing it as she did with such little bits of eyes. I wondered if she believed in "woman's rights," and if Mr. Humming-bird ever staid out nights, leaving her alone with her little, long-billed babies. And those birdies—what queer, little things they must be! What tiny things, to be fed from such a little bill.

Well, she is at work again, flitting from flower to flower, and it doesn't seem as if she staid long enough at any of them to do any good. But she does. There are little ones at home to be fed. The idea never comes into her mite of a head that she is out of her "proper sphere," tending her babies; and I venture to say that those little bunches of animated down never heard an ill-natured chirp in their fairy home in all their lives. Papa and mamma know better. But then they have no outside, interfering humming birds to sow dissension. In that respect—

Buzz! whirr! She is gone. Where? I would give much to know. But there is not hope of that. I have not time, if I had patience, to hunt her up and watch the bird "at home." But I read once, in a very entertaining book, ("Homes Without Hands,") of a gentleman who did. It took hours of patient search to find the unfinished nest, and after that, hours more, to watch her finish it up with the small tools at her command—her tiny breast, and long, slender bill. It was made of cotton, fine moss, and spiders' web, covered outside with lichens, and overhung a stream of water.

## THE HISTORY OF A PRESIDENT'S NOTE.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FUTURE.

It was in the year 1860, that a family of three persons, father, mother, and son, formed one of the many parties from New York that journeyed to the city of Chicago, to attend the Republican convention held there for the purpose of nominating a Presidential candidate for the coming election.

This family, that I shall call Peters, travelled west in the full belief that the convention would result in the nomination, by a large majority, of William H. Seward, for the presidency, and they, with the vast body of eastern people, were much surprised at the different result. A short time after the adjournment of the body, the Peters went to Springfield, Ill., and in the Executive room of the court house, at that place, paid their respects to the candidate, Abraham Lincoln.

Although in the house with him but a few moments, not more than half an hour, at most, he, by his jovial good humor and wit, created such a lasting impression on Mr. Peters' boy, who was but twelve years old, that he has always remembered that pleasant visit.

After a few months, stopping at various points in the west, the Peters returned to

their home, and the son, Charley, was sent to his boarding school, which was situated on the banks of the Hudson, but a short distance from New York city.

Before the election took place, Mr. Lincoln passed toward New York on the Hudson river rail road, and, amid much enthusiasm, showed himself on the platform of the car, to the people at many of the larger stations along the route. He did so at the village where Charley Peters was at school, and all the boys there cheered and hurrahd and waved their handkerchiefs to their hearts' content.

After the train had gone its way, the different scholars commented on Mr. Lincoln's appearance, and teased each other as to who had secured the best view. It so happened that from the position Charley Peters had occupied, "Old Abe" could scarcely be seen; so Charley, in talking to his playmates, had said that he did not see him very well, but that he "had shaken hands with him."

"What a fib! O, what a whopper!"

These, and many of a similar character, were the greetings his statement received at the hands of his schoolfellows.

For several days afterward, Charley was a most tormented and plagued boy, but knowing what he said to be true, he proposed to his schoolmates that if he got a card or something from Mr. Lincoln, would they then believe him?

"Yes, certainly, but you can't do it."

Mr. and Mrs. Peters were at this time in Washington, at the then famous hotel of the capitol—Willard's—and in a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were also there.

Charley wrote a very imploring letter to his mother, stating his case and the horrible predicament it had left him in—being thought a story teller by all his playmates, and earnestly desiring that something be secured from Mr. Lincoln's person—a card, or anything, so that he could show it and thereby clear himself in the eyes of his friends.

Time passed. Mrs. Peters saw and talked with the president every day, and one morning, when the opportunity was presented, she said to him that she "had something to call his attention to, and which was much more important than forming his cabinet;" and thereupon told him the story.

He laughed and said he'd "tend to that in a few days, when I get into the White House. I'll tell Lamon (then marshal of the district), and he'll escort you up to the house."

In a few days, Marshal Lamon called and said that the next morning, at 10½ o'clock, the president would be pleased to see Mrs. Peters, and that, if agreeable, he would call and escort her to the executive mansion. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, Mrs. Peters walked through the crowded ante-room, (where all sorts of office seekers had been waiting hours, and who now, doubtless, wondered how and why a woman should go right past them with their important business,) into the very sanctum of the president.

There had just been an informal cabinet meeting, and several of the cabinet officers were still there, conversing with the chief magistrate, who, however, immediately left them, and turning to Mrs. Peters, asked again concerning her boy's wishes, and with a few pleasant words, took up his pen and

wrote the note, which I am allowed to copy verbatim, excepting the name:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 19, 1861.  
"Whom it may concern: I did see and talk with Master Charles Dawson Peters, last May, at Springfield, Illinois.  
"Respectfully,  
A. LINCOLN."

The envelope was directed, "Master Charles Dawson Peters, New York."

The letter was dispatched, was received, and read, and then perhaps Charley Peters was not a king among the boys.

This is a true incident, and shows the interest taken by a most kind-hearted man in a little boy's trouble. Geo. E. Patten.

## PRUDY'S POCKET.

Yesterday was washing day, and sundry pairs of little trowsers, all grass stained on the knees, and grimy in every other part, came tumbling out of the basket, ready for the wash.

"Bless me!" said the washerwoman, "whatever has them boys left in their pockets!"

"Empty everything into the little brown basket," said the mother, who knew how little folks heap up treasures that men and women call *trash*, and that is how my little brown basket was filled.

What do you suppose is in it? Let me see. A piece of smoked glass—that is a relic of the eclipse; an old toothpick, and a bunch of string; a quantity of pebbles; two corks, half a dozen nails, some more string, a broken clothespin, a trunk key, the top of a microscope; a *dead grasshopper*; a handful of peas; some scraps of old iron and a bit of lead pipe; a fish hook made of a big pin; two slate pencils and a paint brush; a hand-bill, announcing, in very crooked print, that there will be a "*Cirkis*" on the hay mow, next Saturday, with an "*Ellifund*" and a "*Niromenos*." Admission, two pins; or, if you haven't got any pins, you can come for nothing. Then some more strings, a piece of chalk, an empty bottle, a clam shell, a curtain tassel, some clay marbles, and an old brass thimble. That is all, excepting crumbs and rags and remnants that may once have been something with a name, but now only serve to fill up the chinks.

"How do the little fellows pick up so much in a week?" I say, as I set the basket aside.

But when I come to look into my pocket, I find almost as queer a collection. I empty it on my desk, and pick things up as they happen to fall uppermost.

This first one has no date, only the post-mark tells us it comes from Wisconsin:

"We have a little Pet, only two years old, and we think she is the smartest, *cuttingest* little thing that ever lived. One day a friend of ours accidentally broke her little rocking chair. 'What will you do to me?' she said to Pet. '*Kiss Carrie*,' was the sweet reply, as the little one lifted her face for a kiss."

A little girl who does not give her address, sends us a pleasant little letter, and some of her poetry for THE CORPORAL. Although she asks us to "*pleas excuse bad wrighting*," we hope she will excuse us for advising her not to try to write poetry, but give more attention to her spelling book.

Paribault, Wis. "My little son, having

received and carefully examined the January and February numbers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, has come to the sage conclusion that there is no magazine like it in the United States. As he has arrived at the mature age of eight years, he surely ought to be able to judge, so you will please send it to him at once."

Atlanta, Georgia. "I send your LITTLE CORPORAL one dollar. Will you please order him to march down here and remain one year."

That letter came with the broad stamp of the Executive Department upon it. We quote it as a model of point and brevity.

Rosedale, Ohio. "One day my little brother Marion, three years old, was telling what he would do when he grew to be a man. I said to him, 'how do you know you will ever be a man?' After hammering away a minute at his house, he looked up and said, 'Well, I dess a colt be's a big horse *sometime*, don't it?'"

From Wakeman, Ohio, comes the first answer to little Harry Benson's enigma, "*Oregon*." Charles H. Lewis sends it.

Prudy has received a letter *all her own self*, from Greencastle, Indiana. It does not say anything about "*Dear Mr. Corporal*," but begins, delightfully, "*My Dear Prudy*."

"I take pleasure in informing you that I am delighted with THE LITTLE CORPORAL. It is the most interesting paper I ever saw. It contains a great many nice stories. Every time I bring it from the office my sister says, 'Good! THE LITTLE CORPORAL has come.' I am twelve years old but I have courage enough to write to Prudy."

Thank you, Jesse. Here is a letter for you, from Prudy:

"Nothing good is lightly won,  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed nobly done  
Will repay the cost."

From Wheaton, Illinois, a lady writes: "I never enjoy visiting a home where there are children, without your paper is also a visitor, and, as I am a widow, with no children of my own, I want to make three of my little friends happy by ordering THE LITTLE CORPORAL sent to them."

Northumberland, Pa. "We all welcome the little soldier who has done such able service for the right and the true, and trust he may be sustained in his battles against wrong until his victory is complete."

Osage Mission, Kansas. "Enclosed are three dollars, for which please send THE CORPORAL to the following names. I offered them as premiums in my school, and there was considerable strife among the children as to who should be the lucky ones. THE LITTLE CORPORAL is quite a treat to Neosho boys and girls, as but few copies reach us, but we hope hereafter it will not be such a stranger. Perhaps the Chicago boys and girls would like to know how we celebrated the Fourth, away out here in Kansas. Fifty Osage Indians came into town and had a scalp dance around the scalp of the famous 'Black Kettle,' and the way they yelled and whooped would have frightened city boys and girls half to death. But we were not alarmed, for we have seen too many Indians since we came here to be afraid of them."

If those fifty Osage Indians made any more noise at their scalp dance than a troop

of Chicago boys out on a regular Fourth of July frolic, then they must have been remarkable savages.

Jeffersonville, Ill. "I came from the same County where little Jimmy C— lives, who was mentioned in the August CORPORAL, and I send you a dollar to send him THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I don't know him, but I am sorry for him. If you have sent him a paper you may send one to some other little boy or girl whose father died in the army."

"CHARLIE E. WAKEFIELD."

The letter containing little Jimmy's address has been destroyed, but it came to Prudy's hands marked in the corner with some sort of a hieroglyphic, and she supposes the paper has been sent. If not, will the lady who wrote the letter in his behalf please notify us?

## THE MONTH OF BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

The Corporal wants his friends to take advantage of this month of October, and make a collection of the most beautiful leaves they can find on the trees and shrubs around their homes, and in the neighboring fields and forests. Mrs. Miller, in one of her beautiful CORPORAL poems, wrote, once,

"O, bonny, green trees! you are talking together,  
As if you could never grow old,  
You whisper and laugh in the sunshiny weather,  
And all your green garlands unfold;  
*Do you know there's a king coming over the heather,  
To deck you in crimson and gold?*"

Soon the same king will come again for this year. Watch for him, and when the trees begin to put on their beautiful garments of "crimson and gold," gather your collection of leaves. Press them in books, and when they are nicely pressed and dry, be kind enough to send, when you write, specimens to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Tell us the names of the trees and shrubs they come from, if you know. We would be delighted to have a fine collection of such leaves, gathered by our CORPORAL army *all over the world*. Will some one write and tell us the best way to preserve the colors in these leaves, after they are dry? What shall we do for them, so that their varied colors will not fade? Tell us, and we will print the recipe, so that all our little Corporals may apply it to collections saved for themselves.

## SILVER BELLS,

THE CHEAPEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

This little book, containing the words of a choice selection of some of the best hymns in The Singing Pilgrim, and Bradbury's Golden Trio, of which we have sold 40,000 copies, has for some time been out of print. It is so much called for that we have issued a new and revised edition, and it can now be had by mail, post paid, at \$2.50 per hundred; \$1.50 for fifty. A sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Address, ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

If you fail to receive THE CORPORAL for any month, let us know. The mails sometimes fail, and we want to make good all such losses. Besides this, among so many thousands, it would be strange if we did not sometimes make mistakes. Write and tell us about any errors, and we will do all that is right. THE CORPORAL's motto is the rule of his life and practice.



## THE PILGRIM'S KNAPSACK.

### PRIVATE QUEER AT HOME.

Private Queer has come home. At the THE CORPORAL office all seemed happy to see the boy again at his post. The sea breeze and the fresh air of the New England hills have freshened his round cheeks, and made his bright eyes sparkle more than ever, while his hands and face and neck are tanned nice and brown. He says he has had a good time, and his tongue runs as though it were oiled, though generally Master Queer is rather a quiet lad.

The next morning after his return, a few days before this October No. was closed up, the Private came in with his quick, elastic step, and, with a pleasant smile upon his sun-browned face, laid a brown envelope upon THE PILGRIM'S desk, saying:

"My dear Pilgrim, you good, patient, old boy, I've brought you a letter."

"Well, Stripling," said the modest Pilgrim, "I think it is well, since you failed to write me a second one about your trip. I've been complaining to the Corporal a little. I think it was hardly fair—but—what does this mean, you rogue—this letter seems to be written by yourself. This is a new way, to write a letter and bring it with you."

And, as Master Queer, with a broad grin on his face, enjoyed his friend's surprise, the Pilgrim read his letter, which, for want of room here, we give on another page.

### No. 13.—FRENCH CHARADE.

My *first* oft roams within my *whole*,  
To seek its lurking prey.  
My *last* oft flowed about my *whole*.  
To keep the foe away.  
My *whole* frowns o'er the rushing Rhone,  
Or smiles on sunny Seine;  
And she who calls my keys her own,  
I call my *châtelaine*.  
M. B. C. Slade.

### No. 14.—FRENCH ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.  
3, 25, 11, 21, 2, 9, 5, is a fountain.  
8, 19, 17, 18, 22, is a domestic animal.  
8, 4, 13, 10, is its young.  
7, 1, 25, 12, 18, 16, 20, 11, 14, carry large trunks.  
9, 15, 23, 13, 18, is dear to Mohammedans.  
24, 5, 6, 25, shines in the night.  
My *whole* is a French proverb.  
M. B. C. Slade.

### No. 15.—LATIN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters.  
8, 25, 16, was the husband of Proserpine.  
5, 13, 19, 11, 21, 26, was the beautiful sister of Cadmus.  
14, 30, 3, 28, was a wonderful athlete.  
22, 3, 15, 4, 23, 20, was a Fury.  
10, 22, 16, 7, 28, 12, was famous for managing horses.  
6, 18, 9, 2, 16, made the Trojan Horse.  
26, 1, 27, 9, 17, 13, 16, was the king whose flocks Apollo kept.  
14, 22, 24, 16, was god of war.  
30, 29, 30, 16, was goddess of the rainbow.  
My *whole* is a Latin sentence.  
M. B. C. Slade.

### No. 16.—DECAPITATIONS.

Now come, if you wish, to a dinner of fish.

1. Behead a fish and have a drinking vessel.
2. Behead another and have a large, evening party.
3. Behead another and have a long-eared animal.
4. Behead another and have what you are when doing wrong.
5. Behead another and have Mrs. Partington's son.
6. Behead another and have an odd fish.
7. Behead a shellfish and have a gentle animal.
8. What fish does the groom bring into church and the bride carry out?  
Bridge.

## No. 17.—A PICTURE STORY.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

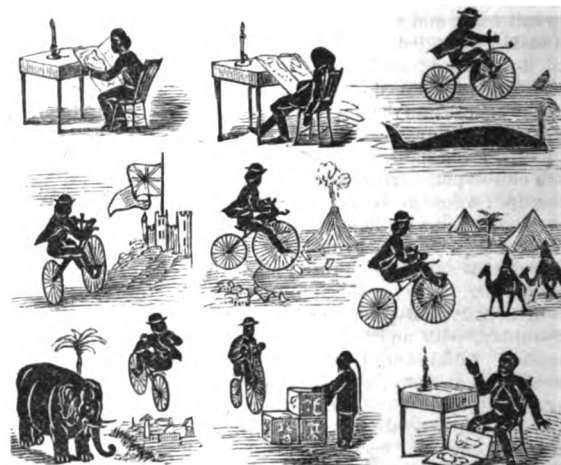


Reading to be given in next number.

W. O. C.

## No. 18.—A PICTURE STORY.

A SCHOOL BOY'S DREAM.



Eight o'clock in the evening, and Johnny is still poring over his maps. He is tired enough to be in bed. But it always came hard for Johnny to learn, and so he has to work the longer. See, now! he has gone to sleep in his chair, and he's dreaming. He thinks he is on a queer kind of velocipede, that flies through the air, and he's taking a tour around the world. He crossed the great ocean, and saw the ships sailing, and saw great whales. He went to England and saw the flag of the British Lion floating on the walls of the old castles. He went to Italy and saw the smoke ascending from the fiery crater of Vesuvius. He went to Egypt, and down on the burning sands he saw the patient camels with their burdens, and saw the old pyramids, with their peaks in the sky. He went to the Indies and saw elephants roaming wild; and to China and saw the land where the tea grows, under the patient toil of the Chinaman.

Then he awoke. It was a long, sweet dream, and well repaid him for all his hours of hard study and toil in the school room. He was glad that he knew something for the angels to make dreams of.

W. O. C.

### TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 11.—SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

A farmer had a flock of geese that were as clean and white as snow. An old fox, who lived in the woods near by, had seen the geese and chickens in the farm yard, and he resolved to have one of them to eat. He was very sly, just as a fox knows how to be. But there was one thing he couldn't do. He couldn't run through the snow, without leaving his track behind him. So the old fox climbed over the fence, and killed one of the nicest geese in the whole flock. He went off, licking his chops, and saying to himself, "Wasn't that good? and I'll have another, some of these nights." But when the farmer saw the blood and feathers, he looked around to find who had done the bloody work. He followed the tracks in the snow, out to the woods, until he came to a hollow tree. The tracks went into the hollow tree. The farmer had a pair of Mr. Beecher's sharp "eyes," and so he was too sharp for the sly, old fox. He ran home for an axe and a gun, and told his hired man to cut open the log, while he stood ready with the gun. Pretty soon, as the chips began to fly, out came Mr. Fox, and off popped the gun, and that was the end of Mr. Fox. They reached down into the log, and pulled out two young foxes.

W. O. C.

### ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

No. 7.—*French Enigma*.—*Esprit*, Spirit; *Poisons*, Fishes; *Yale*, a Boat; *Lait*, Milk; *Am*, As; *Elen*, Paradise; *An*, a Year; 11 n'y a point de roses sans épines; there are no roses without thorns. No. 8.—*Enigma*.—*Ballo*; Nose; *Groat*; Ten; *Fat*; Rosetter; *Salt*; A rolling stone gets no moss. No. 9.—*Grammatical Enigma*.—*At*; Dew; *Ned*; And; *Wanted*. No. 10.—*Riddle*.—*La-m-e*.





# The Little Corporal

## FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. 9. }  
No 5. }

Chicago, Ill., November, 1869.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869,  
by Alfred L. Sewell & Co. in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court of the U. S. for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are  
written especially for it and paid for at good prices.  
Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy  
into their papers, if they will. In every case, give credit  
to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted be-  
cause many articles have been copied without credit.

### THE STORY OF THE GOOD GIANT, WHO LIVED IN THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

My name is Harry Martin. I am seven and  
three quarters, and Nelly Ray is six.

We go to school to Nelly's sister Laura.  
She lives next door, so I can go if it rains  
pitchforks, almost.

This giant lives in the garden where we  
play. That is, he spends most of his time  
there. He isn't really a giant, only we pre-  
tend he is; but he is a great deal bigger than  
we are.

We want to write a story and see if they'll  
print it, and make pictures to it, as they did  
Aunt Mary's. And they gave her some  
money. If they give us any we are going to  
divide it, and give our fathers some to pay  
their bills with, and give some to Bridget  
Carey, because her husband died and left her  
only one dollar, and then there's something  
we want to buy with the rest.

I shall write most of this story, because  
Nelly doesn't know how to make anything  
but capital letters, and that uses up the  
paper and takes too long.

I wanted to write a story about a boy I  
know. He broke through the ice last winter,  
skating, and was almost drowned; but Nelly  
thinks true stories are not as interesting as  
stories about giants and fairies.

Once upon a time, Nelly wants to have it  
begin so, there was a good giant, who lived in  
a very beautiful and convenient garden.

Bridget says his name is Charles. If we  
let him alone, and don't put sand on the  
benches, or kick holes in the paths, he lets  
us alone.

Once, when I came into the garden, he  
said, "Well, young man;" and sometimes he  
speaks to Nelly, but she doesn't like to have  
him, because she wants to pretend he is a  
giant, and she says it spoils it all.

This good giant made the garden for him-  
self to live in, and for children to play in.  
He is very particular not to have dogs come  
into it, so we can't take Rover.

He walks about there and sits on the  
benches, and the children drive hoop and  
play ball.

There is smooth grass in the garden, of a  
most beautiful shade of green, and tall trees  
with their names on them. They won't let  
you climb the trees.

And there's a pond where you can see your  
face, and the sky, and the trees, and there  
are gold fish in it. And there's a beautiful  
fountain. When the wind blows hard the  
water flies from the fountain, and makes the  
path very wet, and it is just like being out  
in the rain. I think it's real fun to run  
through it, but Nelly doesn't.

But there's a weather vane on the flag  
staff, so you can look up and see which way  
the wind blows, and then keep on the dry  
side of the pond.

The giant can swim in the pond, and drink  
from the fountain, I suppose. There's a  
house for him to stay in when it rains, but  
we never saw him go into it. He keeps the  
magic hoes and rakes there. At night he  
puts on his invisible hat and disappears.

There are marble statues in the garden,  
and all sorts of flowers. Roses and violets,  
and a great many others, and dandelions.  
You can smell of any of the flowers, but you  
can only pick the dandelions. We used to  
make dandelion wreaths, but Nelly says she  
is tired of yellow.

The giant takes care of the flowers. He  
waves his cane and his servants come and  
pull up the weeds and trim the borders, and  
sometimes, when there are a great many  
fading flowers, he takes out his magic box,  
(it's his snuff box, you know,) and opens it,  
and says, "Katchee," very loud, and away  
go all the little leaves in the wind, like but-  
terflies, and then the new buds open as quick  
as they can, to take the place of the old  
ones.

This giant eats roses, and lilies, and nas-  
turtiums, and buttercups. (We pretend he  
does, but once we saw him eating his dinner  
out of a basket, and he had doughnuts and  
sausages.)

Johnny Wilson says, if you take first a  
layer of rose leaves and then a layer of brown  
sugar, then more rose leaves and more sugar,  
and fold it up tight in a paper, and put it in  
a hole in the ground, with a stone over it,  
and let it stay two or three days, it is delicious.  
It is a rose cake. Nelly and I tried it, but  
we were in a hurry, so we took it up the  
same day, and it wasn't as good as we expect-  
ed, but we are going to try it again, some-  
time.

This giant has a magic pocket, and he can  
put his hand in it and take out anything in  
the world, almost. Everything in the garden  
minds him excepting the bad fairies. The  
good fairies (the birds, you know) come when  
he calls them, and he feeds them with seed  
from his pocket, and they sing beautifully  
for him.

And the flowers all grow just as he wants  
them to. But he can't do anything with the  
bad fairies (the mosquitoes, you know);  
they will have their own way, and it is a very  
disagreeable way. I am sure I shouldn't  
want to go about shooting poisoned arrows  
at everybody that never did me any harm,  
and Nelly wouldn't, either. But they don't  
come out much in the daytime.

One day, Nelly's sister Laura was going  
out sailing with my brother Dick, and some  
other people, so she gave us a holiday, and  
mother said we might have a picnic in the  
garden.

I took some money out of my bank, and  
Nelly had some pennies, and we went to  
Mrs. Weld's and bought cocoa-nut cakes and  
maple sugar. And we went to the garden,  
and waited till the other children had gone  
to school, and then we picked some dande-  
lions and put them all around the edge of  
the bench to make it look neat, and we put  
an apple at each end, and a cookie on each  
side, (mother gave them to us,) and in the  
middle four cocoa-nut cakes and the maple  
sugar.

It looked real nice when it was all ready.  
We began with the apples, because the cakes  
would make the apples taste sour, and then  
the cookies, and the cocoa-nut cakes last,  
because they are the best.

Mother says if you eat the best first they'll  
all be best, but I've tried it and I don't like  
it so well.

Just as we began the maple  
sugar, the

giant came along and stood and looked at us a minute, and smiled, and gave us some peanuts right out of his pocket. We were delighted, because we had forgotten all about peanuts; and Nelly said we ought to give him something, so I took him two cocoa-nut cakes in a piece of paper, but he shook his head and said he would rather see us eat them; and Nelly says that is just like a giant, or a fairy, or something, because real people like us would much rather eat cocoa-nut themselves than see others eat them, of course.

Just as we had finished our lunch, and were trying to think what to do next, Nelly said she believed she felt a drop of rain on her face, and then I felt one on my face, and we thought it would be real fun, because if it rained hard perhaps the giant would take us into his house, or, if he wouldn't do that, perhaps he would let us climb up into a tree, or any way, we could crawl under a bench, only Nelly was afraid that would muss her dress. But all our fun was spoiled by Bridget with an umbrella!

We said we wished there never was such a thing as an umbrella in the world! But mother let me go to Nelly's house, and we popped corn and got over it.

Nelly says she thinks this story is about long enough, so we have concluded not to write any more of it. Only to say that when winter comes the giant and all the gold fishes go down through the bottom of the pond, to some warm country, and stay there till summer comes again.

So that is all.

But I am going to tell about the time Nelly and I got lost.

The way we happened to get lost was principally some soldiers. Nelly and I went out to take a walk one afternoon, around the square. Mother always lets us go as far as that. And we heard the soldiers, and saw Johnny Wilson running after them, and he told us to hurry up, so we ran along with him. And by and by there was such a crowd, and they pushed us so, that we went up on a door step, and waited till they all went by. Then we couldn't see Johnny anywhere, and didn't know exactly where we were, so I told Nelly to never mind, we'd go on a lark. Brother Dick does sometimes. But she said she was afraid she shouldn't like it, and perhaps we should get lost; but I told her not to be afraid, I was too foxy to get lost.

The truth is, I thought if we went on we should come to the grocer's, after a while, and then I should know the way home; but I suppose we got turned around, and so went the wrong way.

When I am a man I mean to always carry a compass, and then I shall know which way to go. So we went on, and by and by we saw some cakes and things in a window, and that made us feel terribly hungry, so we went in and bought some. Nelly hadn't any money, and I had a bright five-cent piece, that Uncle Billy gave me that very day. I asked Nelly which she'd rather have, jumbles or gingersnaps, and she couldn't make up her mind, so I bought gingersnaps, and we sat on a door step and ate them. Just as Nelly began to say she was tired and wanted to go home, (and I felt just so, only I didn't want her to know it,) there came a hand organ, with little men and women dancing in front. It was very funny.

Then it began to grow dark, and Nelly said she wanted to go home, and began to cry. I wanted to cry, too, but I knew it wouldn't do for a boy; so I took hold of Nelly's hand and told her I'd take care of her; and I asked a gentleman if he would show me the way to Milton Square, and he said it was a long way off, but he would find some one who would show me. And then he asked us how we came to get lost, and he said we were rather small to be wandering about at that time of day, and we ought to be at home and asleep. But I told him I was almost eight, and I never went to bed till dark.

Then he took us a little way to a house where there were a good many men, and the first one we saw was our good giant. And Nelly began to cry again, and said, "O, Mr. Giant, please take me home to my mamma." And that made me almost cry. And he took her right up in his arms, and wiped her eyes, and laid her head on his shoulder, and took hold of my hand, and took us to a horse car, and brought us safe home again. And they were all very glad to see us. They didn't miss us, at first, because my mother thought I was at Nelly's house, and Nelly's mother thought she was at my house, and they began to be frightened just before we came home. My mother cried a little, and she let me have two pieces of cake at tea. Brother Dick didn't cry, (he *never* does, though,) but he said I was a pretty fellow to go and get lost, and please not to do it any more. I'm sure I don't want to.

The giant's real name is Tompkins. Father asked him. And that's what we want the money for. To buy something for him, because he was so kind.

So this is the end.

## THE CHASE.

BY I. T. H.

A Dewdrop on a Dahlia lay,  
In violet and in gold,  
And never on a fairer couch  
Dreamed daintily queen of old.

A Honeysuckle clambered near,  
And, resting wings and feet  
From the last evening's minnet,  
A firefly sucked its sweet.

The Dewdrop, on the contrary,  
Aglow with spirits pent,  
Peeped slyly from its purple bed  
And merry challenge sent.

"How now? my gay Sir Firefly!  
I'll wager you can't catch me!"  
"O, can't I?" said the Firefly,  
"Just try it and we'll see!"

"But wait one half a minute though,  
Until I finish this;  
It can't take very long to capture you,  
And honey gives such bliss!"

The Dewdrop turned upon its flower,  
Embraced and softly kissed  
The sheltering petal's ruby lip,  
Then vanished in a mist.

"My sparkles!" said the Firefly,  
"Is that the game you're at?  
Perhaps it don't occur to you,  
That two can play at that."

And, with the last half honey drop  
Still sticking to his bill,  
Cried, "Time us, Flowers!" and spread his  
wings,  
And followed with a will.

A swift and spicy little Breeze  
Just passing, seaward bound,  
The Dewdrop leaped upon its back  
And lay there, perfume crowned.

Then over land and over sea,  
Like break of morn they sped;  
The Firefly flashing on behind,  
A merry dance they led.

They saw the sea roll azure blue,  
They saw its breakers' sheen,  
And where the coral reefs lay hid  
They saw it emerald green.

They fled like light along the warm  
Mediterranean shore,  
And passed the sunny isles of Greece,  
The home of ancient lore.

They saw the Arab scour the plain,  
Armed with his flashing lance,  
And lost three minutes each, to view  
A crazy Dervish dance.

They saw the Japanese retire  
From hari-kari'd griefs,  
Or go to market with their sleeves  
Stuffed full of handkerchiefs.

Just then the Breeze began to flag,  
The Firefly vaulted loud;  
The Dewdrop seized a sunbeam's thread  
And climbed into a cloud.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Firefly,  
"Pon honor, I declare,  
By all the firefly laws of war,  
Such conduct is not fair!"

"Your pardon," said the Dewdrop, then,  
"My ignorance is my plea;  
I've not been in that school, you know,"  
And dropped into the sea.

And then a mighty whale, half hid,  
Like some old, sunken craft,  
Engulfed it, with a million more,  
As his post-prandial draught.

"Ah! poor thing!" said Firefly,  
"To lose thee so at last.  
The whale majestically rose,  
And blew it with a blast,

From port to starboard, right across  
A great ship, sailing by;  
The Firefly followed hard behind,  
Resolved to do or die.

"It rains athwart ships," said the men,  
"And lightens in its train!"  
And shook their tarpaulins, aghast  
At such an evil sign.

From wave to wave the Dewdrop leaped,  
Determined not to yield,  
Until an iceberg hove in sight—  
A glowing, azure field.

Serene, and blue, and glittering,  
It floated there apart:  
The Dewdrop, fainting, threw itself  
Upon its icy heart.

The Firefly caught it with a cry,  
Victorious at last!  
But like a diamond it lay  
Within his frozen clasp.

And stern, and hard, and pitiless,  
The iceberg held them close.  
Never again, on mist or wing,  
Toward the warm sun they rose.

And when the ships came sailing on,  
All through the gloomy night,  
The lookouts cried, "Icebergs! but they've  
Hung out a signal light!"

The duties and burdens of life should be met with courage and determination. No one has a right to be a wart on the fair face of nature, doing nothing useful, producing nothing of utility or value. It is a gross and fatal error to suppose that life is to be enjoyed in idleness. It can never be.

## TEA AND PAPER.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

After the visit of the strange professor, reported in the September CORPORAL, Dora was always entreating Cousin Will for a lecture, and he promised her one for thanksgiving day.

"It must be funny, too," said she.

"Ah, but I cannot play professor any more," said Cousin Will, "that would soon cease to amuse you. But if you really want to learn something, Dora, I will try to make it as interesting as I can."

"You will wear your spectacles, won't you?" pleaded Dora.

"Kiss, you're a Cassock," said Fred; "you tease and torment people."

"I'm not a cassock," pouted Dora.

"I said Cassock," returned Fred, as they all laughed heartily at Dora's mistake.

"Well," said Dora, stoutly, "whether I am a cassock or a Cassock, I want to hear another lecture."

"Mother," inquired Dora, privately, having followed her mother into the kitchen, "what is the difference between a cassock and a Cassock?"

"O! you must look in the dictionary," replied her mother. "Never ask questions about what you can find out for yourself. Besides, I am too busy now to talk to you; yes, Bridget, two cups of butter, four of sugar."

Thanksgiving day came, and Cousin Will, who was the only invited guest, was punctual to the dinner hour, which was five o'clock. They all sat down to a handsomely-laid table, which glittered so with the best linen, and silver, and china, and glass, that it made Kissie's eyes sparkle to look at it.

"There is one thing I miss in our western thanksgivings," said Mrs. Boylston, "and that is the large family gathering that we used to have in New England. Out here we have so few relatives that we cannot make up much of a party."

"Yes," said grandmother, "in Massachusetts we used to sit down thirty and forty at the dinner table, instead of five or six, as we do here."

"O jolly!" ejaculated Fred.

"Well," said Cousin Will, "I must say that until I came here the turkey always seemed to me my nearest relative on thanksgiving day. So I have gained rather than lost by coming west."

"Who can tell where turkeys first came from?" asked Mrs. Boylston, as she rapidly carved the one before her.

"Turkeys—turkeys," said Louise, who was generally the first one to speak, "they were found in Africa, were they not?"

"I want the question to go all around," said her mother.

"Well," said Louise, "we will begin with the youngest. Kiss, where did turkeys come from?"

"O!" said Kiss, as though there could be but one opinion on the subject, in a tone of voice that made them all laugh, "they came from Turkey, of course."

Now Fred had not the least idea where turkeys came from, so it struck him that he would turn off the question with a joke.

"I suppose," he said, "that Sebastian Cabot, our boy of twenty, brought them over from England."

Every one laughed again. In fact, on thanksgiving day people usually laugh very easily.

Now, Ella was studying French, and knew that in that language they are called birds of "*Inde*." So she said,

"I suppose they come from India."

"Cousin Will, where did turkeys come from?" asked Louise, once more.

"Ella is right," said he, "if she remembers that this country was first thought to be India, for turkeys were found, originally, in America."

"They were!" exclaimed Dora. "Why did they not call them Americans, then, instead of turkeys?"

At this there was another laugh.

"Yes," said grandmother, "in old times the country used to be full of turkeys in a wild state. They were a great deal larger than our tame ones, and used to fill the air with their cries, at sunrise, as they called to each other from the tops of the trees. Benjamin Franklin," she continued, "wanted to take the turkey instead of the eagle for our national bird."

"I should not have liked that," cried Louise.

"No, indeed," said Fred; "the idea of eating our national bird."

"And yet its habits," said Cousin Will, "would have rendered it a very fitting emblem for a new nation. You know how wary and careful it is, and how it hides its nest, and goes zig-zag to and from it, in order to conceal it more effectually."

"Has anyone else a question to propound?" asked Mrs. Boylston. "This family guesses remarkably well—equal to the wise men of Europe, for some of them also thought that the turkey originated in Africa, some in India, and some in Turkey."

There was a little pause, and no one spoke. Then Cousin Will said,

"If there is no better conundrum, I will ask what was the origin of thanksgiving?"

"It originated among the Pilgrims," said Louise, "but that is all I know about it."

"The first thanksgiving was held at Plymouth," said Mrs. Boylston, "two or three years after the Pilgrims first came over. There had been a drought for six weeks, and the colonists were distressed for fear of famine. Besides, the Indians might attack them if their condition was known. So the governor appointed a day on which they were to meet and pray for rain. The day was as bright as possible, but before it closed the sky was overcast and rain set in, and it rained for two weeks. Then the governor appointed a day of thanksgiving, which has been kept up ever since."

"A great many things happened to the early settlers," said grandmother, "that they felt were ordered for their especial help. When I was a little girl"—here Dora became very attentive—"they used to tell a story about a good woman who was so anxious to have her house built that she went out and tried to hold the logs which her husband was sawing. He, disliking to have her do such work, said to her that it was time to be getting dinner. They were living in a cave, as did many of the early settlers of Philadelphia."

"A cave!" exclaimed Dora, in a parenthesis.

"She went into her cave with a heavy

heart, for she knew she had cooked the last of their provisions for breakfast, and sitting down she began to cry. Just then she heard a *meow*, and felt her cat rub against her several times, so she uncovered her eyes to look and there the animal had caught a fish and had brought it to her in its mouth. She wiped her eyes and cooked her fish, and resolved she would never fear again that God would not take care of them."

"Ah! that *was* a thanksgiving dinner, you may be sure," said Mrs. Boylston, "whatever time of the year it was eaten. Mother, won't you have another cup of tea?"

Grandmother drank tea with every meal.

"O! that reminds me of the Boston tea party," said Fred; "do tell about it."

"Wait until we go to the parlor," said Mrs. Boylston. Then she gave directions to Bridget about bringing tea and coffee to them there. Grandmother preferred to wait, and they all left the table.

"Now grandmother," said Dora, as she carried Mrs. Boylston the elder her cup of tea, "please tell us about the Boston tea party. Were you invited?"

"No," said grandmother, smiling, "it was not a ladies' party. Your great-grandfather was there."

"O, tell about it," pleaded Dora.

"There is not much to tell," replied grandmother, who was getting a little tired. "A party of Boston men dressed themselves up as Indians and went on board an English ship, and tumbled two or three hundred chests of tea into the water. That was all."

"What did they do it for?" said Kissie. "I think it was very wasteful, and mother says it is wicked to waste."

"O," said grandmother, "they did not want to buy it."

"But people don't go and throw everything they do not want to buy into the water," persisted Kissie.

"Ah! but they were taxed for it," said grandmother, "and that was why they threw it away."

"But it wasn't theirs," said Kissie, looking puzzled.

"Dora," said her mother, "probably Cousin Will's lecture will explain all this. Have you forgotten your lecture?"

"O no, no indeed," returned the child, "let us have it now! Come, Cousin Will," she said, coaxingly, as she drew him nearer the light.

So they all settled themselves to listen to Cousin Will, chatting between the pauses. Kiss drew him down to her for a moment, and gave him a private admonition to make it as funny as he could. Then he began.

"I shall lecture to-night upon Paper and Tea, therefore this may be called my Tea-and-Paper lecture."

"It is nothing to us that tea comes from China and paper from rags. But the fact which I am about to state is everything to us. Paper and tea gave us our independence! Paper and tea made us a nation!"

"The idea! paper and tea!" said Kissie, laughing heartily, while the rest sat smiling at her amusement.

"There is no cause for laughter," continued Cousin Will, pretending to shake his head at her, "people laughed on the other side of the mouth in those days. One hundred and seventy years the colonies had been growing up. They were three thousand miles away

from their English mother, and had seen very hard times.

"For," continued Cousin Will, "their mother did not do much for them, and they were, at best, little orphans. She gave them no money to begin the world with; she built no fortifications to protect them from the Indians; she furnished no troops to assist them. She put them to a great deal of trouble and expense about her own wars, and did not help them at all in theirs.

"They learned how to take care of themselves, but they naturally became weaned from their mother England."

"Rather a peculiar mother the old lady was," said Fred. Louise laughed. Mrs. Boylston frowned a little for she admired England.

"But that was not all," continued Cousin Will. "As the colonies grew older and richer, their mother began to consider how she could make money out of her children. She concluded to make it by laying a duty on all the paper and tea which they used."

Here Cousin Will interrupted himself to say, "I suppose my smallest hearer remembers what a duty is."

"O yes," said Kissie, finding herself thus questioned, "it is money paid to a government."

"Exactly. What is it paid to a government for?"

"Paid for the right to carry things into the country which is under that government," said Kissie.

"What kind of things?" persisted Cousin Will.

"Whatever things the government chooses," said Kissie, desperately.

"Precisely," said Cousin Will. "And the English government chose to make a law that nobody who lived in her colonies should have any paper or any tea without paying a large duty on them. The duty, of course, went to the English government.

"England tried the paper business first," said Cousin Will, "and made a law which was called the Stamp Act."

"O! I have read of the Stamp Act," exclaimed Fred, with animation. "Go on, Cousin Will. What does the Stamp Act mean? I never exactly understood it."

"This was a law," said Cousin Will, "that obliged the colonists to make out all their law papers, such as bonds, deeds, wills, mortgages, licences, and even their advertisements and almanacs, on stamped paper. No agreement made out on any other paper was binding, so that this law affected all the business of the colonies."

"Ah!" said grandmother, "what a perfect fury the people went into over that law."

"Exactly," said Cousin Will. "A fury it was, indeed. They held meetings everywhere, and declared that England had no right to tax them without their consent. They resolved not to use anything that came from England. So the Stamp Act was soon repealed. England declared that she had a right to tax the colonies whether they consented or not, but, as they felt so badly about it, she would not insist on doing so. The colonies, on the contrary, again and again declared that they never would submit to—I am going to use two long words, Kissie," said Cousin Will, suddenly, looking at her—"they never would submit to *taxation without representation*. Now Fred," said

he, "tell Kissie what that means, if you can."

"It means," said Fred, "that they would not allow their money to be taken away by any taxes which they themselves had not helped to make the law for."

"Exactly," said Cousin Will. "The duty on paper was repealed, as I said before, but, in two years more, England did the same thing over again about tea. She laid a heavy duty on tea and some other articles. So the colonists fired up again, and said they would not have any tea—they would go without tea. Several shiploads were sent over from England to different places in the colonies."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kissie, glowing with suppressed excitement, and nestling in her chair, "now we are coming to the Boston tea party!"

"At Charleston, in South Carolina, the people allowed the tea to be unloaded and stored in cellars. But no one would buy it, and so it laid there and moulded. At Philadelphia the captain of the vessel was invited to come on shore and judge for himself, whether it would be best to land it. He went on shore and saw a great mob, and sailed away with his cargo.

"But at Boston the tea owners were determined to land their tea. They felt stronger to do so because England had sent several vessels full of soldiers to lie in the Boston harbor, so as to make the Bostonians afraid to refuse it. But the men of Boston were even more determined than the men of Philadelphia or Charleston, and so that night they had the Boston tea party, which was made up of forty or fifty young men, who dressed themselves up as Indians and went on board the vessel. They spread themselves about, examining every part of it as if with much curiosity, and gradually made toward the hold, or bottom, where the contents of a vessel are always stored. Here, in the dusk, some rapidly handed up the tea chests while the rest hurriedly opened them and threw their contents into the harbor. Over two hundred tea chests were thus emptied."

"My!" exclaimed Kissie, "the whole water must have been like a strong cup of tea."

"Only not b'ilin'," laughed Louise, referring to a favorite book in the family, entitled, "Fred, Maria, and Me."

"No; but the Bostonians were b'ilin'," added Fred.

"Yes," said Cousin Will, "and they were kept at the boiling point. For England, by way of punishment, declared that Boston should pay for the tea; and not only that, but she should cease to be a port of entry—that is, no more custom-house goods should be unloaded there. This was the same as destroying the business of the city. English soldiers were stationed in Boston to keep the colony in order. The people hated the sight of them, and the soldiers disliked the people. Things went on from bad to worse, until it came to a fight between the soldiers and the Bostonians. This brought the wisest men of the colonies together, in Philadelphia, to see what was best to be done about it; and while they were talking it over, news came that England had declared Massachusetts to be in a state of rebellion, and so there was war before anyone thought of such a thing, for this was the beginning of the War of the Revolution.

"This is the end of my present lecture," added Cousin Will, "and and you can see the truth of what I said at the beginning—that to paper and tea we owe our independence."

There was a little stir and much smiling, and then the chat began.

"I have often heard my mother tell about the Stamp Act," said grandmother. "She was a little girl then, but she well remembered what a dreadful day it was in Philadelphia, the day it became a law. The whole city was in mourning, as if for some public calamity. The bells were tolled, and were all muffled—"

"What is muffled?" interrupted Dora.

"Covered, my darling, to make them give out a dull, dead sound; the ships had their flags at half mast—"

"What was that for?" said Dora, again.

"It is a ship's way of going into mourning," patiently explained her grandmother.

"Dora," said Mrs. Boylston, "it is rude to interrupt anyone speaking. Wait until your grandmother has finished what she has to say, and then ask questions."

Dora looked ashamed, for she had often been reproved for such rudeness before.

"A mob gathered in the streets," continued grandmother, "and moved in a body to the house of the man who was to sell the stamps, and brought him out and made him promise to have nothing to do with the business. Then the merchants had a meeting and signed an agreement not to sell any English goods, and the people all agreed to have plain funerals and to eat no mutton."

"No mutton!" exclaimed Louise, "what was that for?"

"For the sheep," laughed Fred; "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"No," said grandmother, "for the wool, that they might have the more to make into cloth; for they were resolved to buy no more from England."

"It was so in all the colonies," said Cousin Will. "The day when the Stamp Act became a law was a day of mourning. They said it was the death of liberty. Bells were tolled, shops were closed, effigies of those friendly to the law were carried about by the mob and then hung or burned."

"Effigies," said Dora, "what were those?"

"Figures dressed up like men," replied Louise.

"Grandmother," asked Ella, "what had plain funerals to do with the Stamp Act?"

"Why," said grandmother, "it had become the fashion to have the funerals very grand and expensive. Mourning clothes and ornamented mourning cards were brought from England. And, as people were determined not to use any English goods, they cut down the funerals."

"Didn't anybody go to see anybody buried?" asked Dora, with sympathy in her voice.

"O yes!" said grandmother, "everybody went. They had great processions, and, as there were but few carriages, the larger part went on foot. The relations, however, rode on horseback."

"It is getting late," said Cousin Will, suddenly. "I must go in, order to catch the train."

"I am sorry we have not a leathern convenience," laughed Louise, "that we might send you to the depot."

Cousin Will commenced with grandmother, for he was one of the rare young gentlemen of our day who are very polite to old people, and bid good night all around. When he came to Dora she drew him down to her, leaned her cheek against his for a moment, caressingly, and said, "Nice Cousin Will!"

### "TELL US A STORY."

BY M. H. K.

The night above the sunset's gold her purple robe is trailing,  
While on the upland slopes the light that lingered there is falling.  
From out the tufts of faded grass, faint comes the cricket's crying;  
Back from the trees I hear the last lone katydid replying.  
The whippoorwill in solemn depths of naked woods is calling,  
While through the autumn twilight, slow the yellow leaves are falling.  
And in the quiet dark I feel wee hands about me pressing,  
Upon my forehead, falling soft, some ruby lips caressing.  
Their voices break like merry waves, the hidden brook revealing;  
Like the clear melody of bells, I hear their laughter pealing.  
Two sunny faces, fair and fresh as summer's freshest roses;  
One little, pleading voice that speaks, their childish forms discloses.  
"Tell us a story!" so it asks; and, as the night is creeping  
Darker, and from the sombre sky the stars are coyly peeping,  
With their young faces, in the dusk, turned up to catch the story.  
I half way tell them, half way dream, of ancient deeds and glory—  
Of giants fierce, and cruel kings, brave knight and beauteous maiden;  
Of phantom ships that sailed the deep, with dire enchantments laden;  
How fairies had unrolled the ferns, and set the willows swaying,  
And spread out carpets of green moss, where'er their feet went straying;  
How they in magic looms had spun the days for summer weather,  
And with their tiny fingers strung its buds and flowers together;  
Of bright, midsummer night, when all the fairy train awaking,  
For the broad green-sward on the hill their blossom cups forsaking,  
There wheeled and danced, beneath the moon, until the brave cock, crowing,  
Told how the pink edge of the day up in the east was showing.  
I thought, at last, when o'er their eyes Sleep passed her magic fingers,  
And led them into dreams, through which each fairy story lingers,  
There is a story we call "Life," that they each day are reading,  
Nor, as they long to know the end, think that each joy, receding,  
Gives way to sorrow and to tears, to fruitless hopes and yearning,  
They leave behind their fairest hours with each page they are turning.  
God grant that when the last brief line lies read and known before them,  
Naught but the brightness of His love may gently gather o'er them.

### GODS OF THE DAKOTAS.

BY A. L. RIGGS.

#### II.—*Wah-ké-yan, the Thunder god.*

When the black clouds cover the sky, and the thunder rolls and the lightnings flash, the Dakota does not explain it as we do, but says that one of their gods, in shape like a great bird, is flying, hid by the clouds, and that the thunder is his voice, and the lightning the flash of his eyes. They call him *Wah-ké-yan*, which means *the flier*. As was the case with the *Oon-kta'y-he*, and with all the other gods of the Dakotas, there is a large family of the *Wah-ké-yan* gods. They are both male and female; both young and old. In this family of gods there are four varieties. One of them is *black*, and has a long beak and four joints in each of his wings. Another is *yellow*, but has no beak at all, and has but six quills in each wing. Another is *scarlet*, and has eight joints in each of his enormous wings. The fourth one is *blue*, and differs from all the rest in not being like a bird at all. But in shape it is like a great, round ball, and has neither eyes, ears, or wings, but two chains of zig zag lightning come out where the eyes should be, and two downy plumes serve for wings.

These gods are most dreadful beings; they are cruel and destructive, only happy when they can hurt somebody. There is deadly enmity between them and the *Oon-kta'y-he* family of gods. When a fearful storm comes up, and the thunder bolts strike the earth and crash among the trees, and the waters of the lakes are lashed into foam, it is because a terrible battle is being fought between the *Wah-ké-yan* and the *Oon-kta'y-he*, which latter family, it will be remembered, are the gods of the water and the earth. Sometimes one or the other of these gods gets killed. The Dakotas say that the bones of the mastodon are the remains of an *Oon-kta'y-he* killed in such a fight, and that likewise dead Thunder Birds have tumbled to earth which have measured more than eighty feet between the tips of their wings.

The *Wah-ké-yan* gods are the chief gods of war. The help of other gods is sometimes sought, but the assistance of the Thunder gods is engaged most frequently. When any one would go to war he first seeks an interview with the gods. He goes away alone and fasts several days, and, perhaps, steams himself in the vapor bath, that he may become purified for meeting with his god. At last he has a vision. It may be that he sees the black Spirit of Night passing along with a Thunder Bird in its mouth. By this he knows that the gods favor him, for they have shown themselves to him. He then talks with the Thunder Bird, and is told that if he goes on a war party he will kill an enemy. Then he is glad. But perhaps he dreams again and has another vision. The gods reveal the enemy as helpless and unsuspecting as herds of buffalo, while the warrior goes among them invisible and unharmed. By this he knows that he will find the enemy, kill many, and escape unhurt. This is the war song in which he afterwards tells about it:

"I make my way with my face covered,  
I make my way with my face covered,  
The people are as buffalo;  
I make my way with my face covered."

The warrior, being now sure of the help of the gods, goes back to his friends and they have a great feast, and begin the war dance. The chief warrior sings his war songs and the young braves dance and yell, keeping time with the drums and rattles. Here is another of the songs they sing at this time:

"The two-legged one whose face I admire,  
The two-legged one whose face I admire,  
In his face may I shoot him."

The "two-legged one" is, of course, a man, and he is one who, by his fine appearance, is known to be a chief among the enemy; so it will be more glory to kill him.

The war leader makes some war magic. He makes him a little hut just big enough to get into, and there, in a hole in the ground, concocts his magic for the destruction of the enemy. The dancers now dance the "circle dance," and go round and round, while the war leader sings this song:

"I have cast in here a soul,  
I have cast in here a soul,  
I have cast in here a buffalo soul,  
I have cast in here a soul."

You see that in their poetry the Dakotas use words, sometimes, in a sense different from the common meaning, so that here, by a "buffalo soul" a *man's life* is meant.

As they are making war by the favor of the Thunder god, it is proper that they should meanwhile pay him worship. And so they chant this song in honor of *Wah-ké-yan*:

"I sing to a spirit,  
This is the Thunder."

It seems, as you read it, a very little hymn, but it is repeated many times, and at the beginning and ending of each line they have a long chorus—

"Hay, hay, hay, he, he, he, a, a, a."

So they keep up the singing and drumming and dancing day after day, and by night also, until enough of the young braves have enlisted, and the party is full. Each warrior gets some extra pairs of moccasins made, and has a little bundle of pemican and parched corn prepared; and then, armed with a gun and bow and arrows, they start off to seek the enemy. In a few weeks they are back again, and, if successful, they bring some scalps with them. Now the Scalp Dance begins. The scalp is stretched by cords in the center of a hoop the size of a barrel hoop, and this is put up on a pole around which the dancers gather, the men on one side and the women on the other. The drums go "tum, tum, tum, tum;" the rattles go "clash, clash, clash, clash;" the men sing the war song, which is made up of very few words and much of "hay, hay, hay, hay," or "hay-ya-ya, hay-ya-ya," while the women yell out with sharp, shrieking voices, "al, al, ai."

Here is one of their war songs:

"Ojibwa, hurry along,  
Ojibwa, get out of the way,  
We're coming there again."

The Ojibwas have long been the chief enemies of the Dakotas, and they are almost always at war. Here is another war song:

"Ojibwa, hallo!  
Tell your older brother  
You're too slow."

Which is said in derision, and means about the same as, does your mother know you're out? So the dance goes on, day after day, night after night, sometimes for months.



For, as some get tired, they drop out and others take their places, while the drum and the rattle and the song of the dancers seems never to cease. With all which the War gods are well pleased, and so is the devil.

When the Wah-ké-yan gods are tired flying around fighting Oon-kay'-he and stirring up men to fight, they go away to their beautiful palace, which is built in the far-off west, at the end of the earth, on the top of a high mountain. The palace has four doors; one at the east, one at the west, one at the north, one at the south. And at each door there stands a sentinel. A butterfly is at the east, a bear at the west, a reindeer at the north, and a beaver at the south. These sentries have a most curious uniform. Each one is covered, all but his head, in most beautiful scarlet down. If all other things in the palace are as nice and beautiful, it must be a fine place to live. No wonder, then, when the Indian worshipper hears the voice of his god in the sky, and sees his cloud chariots roll along almost touching the earth, that he thinks his god has sent for him, and sings:

"A cloud is let down from above!  
My father, shall I fly upon it?"

### III.—Hay-ó-ka, the Anti-natural god.

This is the strangest of all the Dakota gods. It is hard to understand his character, or to describe it. For he is in every way just the contrary from what one would expect. And this, perhaps, tells the whole story; he is the *god of contraries*. In nothing does he act like any reasonable god ought to. When he is glad he sighs and groans. But when he is in pain he smiles; and when he laughs as though he felt right jolly, you may know that he feels bad enough to cry his eyes out. And he isn't making believe, either. He really enjoys misery and is tormented by happiness. It seems quite likely that he first invented those expressions we hear some young people using so much, such as "dreadful nice," "terrible good," "awful jolly," and the like. For if he didn't, who did?

Heat makes him shiver and his teeth chatter, while cold makes him perspire. In the coldest winter days, when the thermometer goes so low it can't go any further, then the Hay-ó-ka gods go up on some high hill where they can have the benefit of the winter breezes, and there stick up bushes to protect them from the sun, under which they sit naked, fanning themselves, and still swelter with heat. But in the hottest days of summer, when everything is burning up, they wrap around them buffalo robes, one after another, until you would think them buffaloes themselves, and lean over a rousing fire. But it is all of no use. They can't get warm, but shake with the cold like one in a fit or ague. So, also, when dangers come thick about them they are full of confidence. The more the merrier, is what they think. But when all is quiet and they are in perfect safety, then they are almost dead with fear. And if you were to tell one of them "You lie," he would take it as a fine compliment, for falsehood is truth to them and truth is falsehood. Good is their evil and evil is their good.

The Hay-ó-ka gods, like the Wah-ké-yan, exist in four varieties. But they are all much alike, and all have the human form. They go armed with bow and arrows and carry a deer-hoof rattle. All of these instruments

are charged with electricity, and shoot out lightnings. One of the kinds of Hay-ó-ka carries a drum, which is also full of electricity; and for a drumstick he catches a young Thunder Bird, and, holding him by his tail, hammers away on the drum with his beak. The little Thunder Bird is also a god, but he can't help himself.

When the worshippers of Hay-ó-ka would do him special honor, they make a feast in his name. They assemble in a tent, which is open on one side for the benefit of spectators, and are dressed in the simple uniform of breechcloth and moccasins, with tall, conical hats on their heads. Their naked bodies are painted more hideously than ever, if this be possible; the god himself having given directions about the peculiar colors and stripings which should be applied to their bodies. In the center hangs a kettle of meat over the fire. They squat down around it and smoke awhile, but when the kettle begins to boil, up they jump and dance and sing like mad. They thrust their hands into the boiling kettle and pull out pieces of the hot meat, which they gobble down at once. Then they dip up the scalding soup with their hands and throw it over each other's bare backs and legs and yell out, "It's cold, it's cold." This they do to prove to the spectators that they are like their god. And many who are not initiated look on and think it very mysterious, very wah-kan'. The secret of it is that they first prepare their skin by rubbing it with the juice of the sheep sorrel, which deadens the feeling so that the hot water does not really hurt them.

Nobody has given any satisfactory explanation of what the Dakotas mean by Hay-ó-ka. We can understand why they worship the Thunder Bird, or Oon-kay'-he, or the Sun, or others of their gods, for they represent great powers in nature which affect them every day. But what does Hay-ó-ka represent? It is not so much the powers of nature outside of man as nature within man. In part, Hay-ó-ka may represent the contradictory nature of the diseases which trouble man's body, now firing him up with fever, then shaking him with an ague chill. There are also many other contradictions in man's nature. There is that in us all which has been called the "Imp of the Perverse," which, when we stand on the brink of a precipice, makes us feel like pitching ourselves off headlong; or, as we look at some piece of powerful machinery in motion, impels us to put in a finger, though we know it would be crushed in an instant. Again, there is a moral perversity, which delights to do a wrong thing because it is wrong. But no man can do wrong, or propose to do it, without hearing his conscience say, "Do it not." But the evil wish says, "Do it." And the Dakota, not wishing to offend his conscience without some excuse, pretends to himself that there is a god to whom wrong is right, and that for the time he can serve him and not his conscience. And Hay-ó-ka is the name by which he covers up the wicked contrariness of his own heart. It may be also true that in this god some reference is made to what the college professors call, "The power of contrary choice;" that is, when we do anything, whether right or wrong, we feel that we could have done just the opposite. And yet, again, there is so

much of the absurd and the ridiculous in Hay-ó-ka that we must also think him to be the *god of the ridiculous*. Out of such a bundle of contradictions, such a mass of human weaknesses, passions, and absurdities comes Hay-ó-ka.

### FOOLISH, COWARDLY, AND WICKED.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

#### FOOLISH.

Never tell lies!

It is unwise

To try to deceive your neighbor;

For, without doubt,

You'll be found out,

And then you'll have lost your labor.

#### COWARDLY.

Never tell lies!

Always despise

The meanness and cowardice of lying!

Do not evade,

Don't be afraid,

And the truth never think of denying.

#### WICKED.

Never tell lies!

God will arise

In judgment against the deceiver!

False lips and tongue,

In old or young,

Will be banished his presence forever.

### THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

BY L. M. D.

I remember that when a child, I always heard the Dead Letter Office spoken of, with a feeling of awe, mixed with wonder as to just what it was. There was a sort of mystery connected with it, for me, which I suspect arose from the use of the word "dead." That gave it something of the fearful interest there is about the "Dead House," in New York, where all the unknown bodies washed ashore by the waves, or removed from the ruins of burned buildings, are taken, to wait for recognition.

I then fancied that every poor, stray letter became an object of tender interest to some kind-hearted man in Washington, who was employed by government to find and preserve such lost treasures. Each letter that went from our family circle was an affair of so much importance, and was committed to the mails with so much care, that it became a thing of great importance in childish eyes. In those days, people did not write so many letters as we write; postage was so much higher, that absent friends could hardly afford to be so devoted on paper as they are now-a-days. Even lovers were content with one letter a month; now, one a day is impatiently looked for. The letters written in those times, were the result of more thought and labor than we bestow on ours. Yet the first half sheet that the boy of six now prints and sends to his dear grandmamma, is surer of reaching its destination than were the most important papers which statesmen sent to each other then; for if by some rare accident, the queer, little note should miss its way, it is yet looked after most carefully, and every effort made by our dear paternal government to put it upon the right track, and into grandma's hand.

I thought, while visiting the Dead Letter

Office, the other day, that I would never again write such empty, foolish letters as I have been guilty of—they were so unworthy the care bestowed upon them. Each one seemed to rise up and rebuke me for my folly. I felt like putting two stamps on the next letter I wrote; but who ever knew anybody to be generous in the matter of postage?

Instead of that *one* man of my childish imagination, there are employed in the Dead Letter Office at Washington, thirty male clerks, whose business it is to open the twelve to fifteen thousand letters which come daily, scattered throughout the mails, from all parts of the United States—letters which, from any cause, have failed to reach the persons to whom they are addressed.

The room these clerks occupy is a large and pleasant apartment, at the end of one of the long passages in the beautiful post-office building. Long, continuous desks are ranged around this room, at which sit the clerks, leisurely opening these stray letters. One almost expects to see some slight agitation, or at least eagerness, in their looks and manner, as opening a letter usually causes a little flutter of excitement in you or me; but only the most business-like indifference prevails here. Still, great care is taken in opening the letters, to preserve whatever contents they may have, whether it be money, a lock of hair, a jewel, or a jews-harp. If the name and address of the writer can be determined, the letters are thrown into large baskets, and taken up to the galleries which surround this room, where sit sixty lady clerks, engaged in re-mailing these letters to the writers.

Sometimes the same letter is sent out from the Dead Letter Office two or even three times, after having waited in vain for a claimant, at the post office to which it has been mailed. Of course, this is done without expense to the writer, his original three cent stamp covering it all.

It is only two years since the system of returning all letters was adopted. They are not nearly so dead, upon arriving here, as formerly, when only those containing money were supposed to have life enough to circulate at all; the others were thrown, helter skelter, into the waste baskets, to be carried off by tons to the paper mills, and made into paper of an inferior quality.

Probably half the letters which come to the Dead Letter Office, do so for want of a proper address. Many arrive every day without any address at all; even money letters frequently coming in this condition, while multitudes more are imperfectly directed; as, for instance, to "Mrs. Jones, Smithville," without the name of any State. A funny chapter might be written about the curious directions upon these letters, the outlandish spelling, and the wrong use of capitals.

Vast numbers of the letters received are never returned, because the names of the writers are not given. "Annie," "Minnie," and "Susie," "Tom," "Dick," and "Harry" may do very well, if the missive reaches the one for whom it is intended; but, girls and boys, if you want your letters returned, in case they make a journey to the Dead Letter Office, write plainly the name of your town and State, and sign your own name in full.

Thousands of letters are sent here because

the postage is not paid. When a letter is dropped into any office without a stamp, or with a defaced, or illegal, or foreign, or revenue, or half a stamp, or one cut from a stamped envelope, it is marked "Held for postage," and sent at once to the Dead Letter Office. It is there opened and sent back to the writer, free of expense, if his or her name can be made out. If not, and it contains anything valuable, a circular is sent to the person to whom it is addressed, notifying him of its whereabouts, and that he can procure it by sending a three cent stamp. If nothing is heard from him, the letter is registered and its contents carefully preserved, and can, within a reasonable length of time, be claimed.

All the unreturned articles are finally disposed of at public sale, to make room for fresh arrivals. The money which fails to find an owner goes, at last, into Uncle Sam's strong box.

It is amusing to look over the stray articles in the glass cases, in which they are exhibited. Immense books are kept, in which the foundling photographs are placed, and each visitor turns over the leaves with some curiosity, half expecting to find one of himself, or of some dear blundering friend. All varieties of human nature are here represented, from the major general, brilliant with stars, down to the little, laughing baby, whose first picture, obtained with infinite pains, through the combined efforts of doting mamma and a frowning photographer, gem all the pages. One is deeply impressed with the immense importance of the "Captain Trotts" of this great nation—the shelves being half filled with baby appurtenances; baby's socks, baby's bibs, baby's shirts, baby's hair, baby's caps, and baby's dolls, from the stylish Parisian belle, in wax, to the black, boy dollies, knitted by "grandma's" loving fingers.

Next to the babies, the soldiers and Californians appear to have made most use of the mails, and also to have been very careless in their directions. Soldiers' wallets, knapsacks, cigars, guncaps, and a variety of confiscated curiosities, are in great array. From California we have cocoons, raw silk, quails' and ducks' heads and wings, gold nuggets and dust, pressed flowers, preserved bugs and reptiles, and exquisitely pressed butterflies. A vast variety of nondescript articles make up the collection—such as boots, albums, hoop skirts, valentines, snake skins, Indian arrows, artificial teeth, samples of tea and coffee, dried herbs, Bibles, playing cards, bottles of medicine, "pocket pistols," embroidery, combs, brushes, bridles, night caps, pictures, pipes, tobacco boxes, garters, suspenders, fans, birds' eggs, a lady's switch, a pig's tail, and "Gift jewelry" enough to start an "Enterprise."

Stories used to be told of members of Congress who sent their washing home and had it returned to them through the mails, wishing to enjoy the franking privilege to the full extent. A specimen of this sort of enclosure would be interesting in these show cases, should it find its way to the Dead Letter Office. But one can scarcely believe that members of Congress would condescend to such small cheats, when so many larger and grander enterprises are open to them.

I was astonished to see so incendiary an article as *nitro-glycerine* here, thinking of the

probable consequences of an explosion, to mail cars, mail bags, and mail agents.

One memento upon these shelves touched me deeply. It was a hair brooch, exquisitely wrought; the shining, silvery hair of age, the glossy, jetty locks of womanhood, and the soft, golden floss of infancy intermingled in a most graceful and artistic shape, and bound together by tiny bands of purest gold. I thought of the tender hearts whose love prompted this sweet gift, and of the disappointment of her for whom it was designed. Upon a second visit I looked for the lovely hair brooch and saw with pleasure that it was gone, hoping that the rightful owner had it, at last, in loving possession.

## CALIFORNIA PICNIC STORIES.

STORY OF MOLLY BREEZE.

BY MRS. H. L. NEALL.

Let me see, said Molly Breeze, I think I began "Once on a time," but I might say twice or thrice on a time, for, as long as I can remember, I used to swing on gate bars to think the best of my thoughts. Especially at sunset, I would climb the cross-piece of father's great gate, and wonder what little girls were made for; and what good children could do in the world. There were so many of them, and mother so often said, "*No person or thing was made without a purpose, in God's creation.*" Then I used to look up at the stars and think and think. I guess my thoughts were a good deal tangled up, for when I came to tell them, I could not very well make them understood. And Bertie Hooper said she guessed I was a poetess, as I didn't seem to be of any use in the world. That is the way some people talk about poets. I only wish they could know mother's noble friend, John G. Whittier; his life tells such a different story.

I was swinging away, as usual, one evening, when Uncle George came up, and, passing by me, sat down by mother and the rest of them, on a rustic bench, not far from the gate; saying, as he did so, to her,

"Mary, what is that girl ever going to make? Seems to me she spends all her time swinging on that gate."

"A butterfly," said Mr. Stearns, "like all the rest of them. That is all they ought to aspire to; for I tell you, this thing of expecting anything practical or useful from growing girls is all nonsense. Their minds don't hold anything solid."

I waited to hear what Uncle George said, but he only laughed.

Mother, in her beautiful, mild way, remarked that she thought Mr. Stearns must have seen poor types of womanhood in full flower, if he held the germs in such light esteem.

I swung to and fro, and had some very indignant thoughts. I tried to write them down, before I went to bed, and commenced a diary in a little blank book mother gave me. I don't mean to tell you many of the things in it, though, for that is not going to be my story.

"Just tell us how it began," said Will Madcap.

"O, yes, do, Molly," they all cried, quite urgently.

Well, it began this way:

"June 4th, 18—. I am just ten years old."

to-day and I want to make a good, noble, doing woman."

"Why didn't you say active, instead of doing?" said Charlie.

No matter, I don't write so now, but you asked me how it began, and I am telling you.

"Go on, Molly."

"Mr. Stearns says, women are only fit to be butterflies. I here write, that the very first chance I get, I shall show that gentleman that he is mistaken. I will, with the help of God, live to some purpose."

That is how it began, and that is all I am going to tell you about my diary.

The days went on and trouble came to us. Father lost a great deal of money, and dear mother looked sadly. But after some weeks, and when we heard how many people were going to California, father came home one day and said, "I have struck a wave of opportunity, at last," and that was the wave that brought us all out here. I shall not tell you about our coming out, just now. But you may be sure it was a great change from our luxuriant home, when, after staying a few days in San Francisco, we went up to a little mining town in the mountains, and settled down for a few months in a tent, till father could "prospect," and see whether it would pay to stay. I thought I never heard such uncouth names in my life. "Yankee Jims," "Dutch Flat," "North Fork," "Devil's Cañon" (pronounced canyon,) and some worse still.

"I don't think any of them were as bad as that the Central Pacific Railroad folks gave to a place we passed on the route to Truckee, last summer," said Charlie. "It was awful wicked."

"Why, what was it?" questioned Julia.

"Jehovah's Gap."

"But public sentiment was so much against it," said Flory, "that they changed the name. Papa said even the members of the legislature were opposed to it."

"You talk as if they were the wickedest people in the State," said Charlie, "and my father is a member, please to recollect, Miss Flory."

"So is mine, too," said witty little Flory; "but it takes more than two righteous men to salt the California or any other modern State legislature."

"Do hush, girls," said Julia, "or Molly will never get a chance to feather in a word. I know she is going to tell us about Digger Dick."

Yes, that is just what I was going to do, when I said, "Once on a time." Mother and I had a good deal of leisure, after the morning's work was done, and we read and studied just as we used to do; and I still planned a good many ways to be useful. There was so much disorder and drunkenness, and so many gamblers, and profane men in the little mining town near us, that I sometimes thought I would form a "Don't Swear" society. But mother said we were so isolated we must depend on individual effort; and that is, I suppose, what gave me the idea of teaching Digger Dick.

O! what a shudder crept over me when I first saw Dick. He was so dirty and almost naked, and he was eating a nasty mess of grasshoppers and acorns, pounded together, and said, "*um wau—au wau*," every time I spoke to him. He had a bow, rudely made,

and some arrows tipped with quartz in his hands, and two cotton-tailed rabbits, which he kept holding out to mother. At last she managed to understand that he wanted "two bits" for them. Just as she gave him the money, Captain Tom and his squaw came along, (though I did not know Captain Tom then,) and they were also disgusting looking. They each had short, black hair, as thick as a window mop, and nearly as coarse as sea grass, cut square over the eyebrows, and fairly settled with vermin. Their eyes looked as if they were set in caverns, so deep, and sunken, and overshadowed by the heavy hair. The squaw had on one side of her face, something that looked like a mixture of tar and mucilage, and was black and sticky, like pitch. Her long, skinny claws were like bird's feet, and her own bare feet and miserable, old blanket, made her the most repulsive-looking human being I ever saw.

"I know what that stuff on her face was, Molly."

"What was it?" said Julia.

It is rather unpleasant to speak of, replied Molly, yet, as this is a true story, I might as well explain that it is a universal custom, among the Diggers, when one of their tribe dies, to burn the body, kindling the fire with fir and pine cones, from which the resin exudes and mingles with the burning corpse. While the fire burns, the Indians, especially the squaws, stand around and stir up the fire with long, pointed sticks, howling and jumping all the time. When these sticks become heavy with the fatty matter, they smear it all over their faces and hair. I have seen a dozen in mourning thus, and I often used to wonder whether they were not the lowest type of human beings God ever created, and whether they really had souls. I found out, through poor Dick—for, you see, he got to coming often after that, and Captain Tom, seeing mother one day lifting a heavy bucket, said,

"Me go catchee fish way up; me makee you plesant Dick; you takee him, ~~me~~ work."

Mother said no. She did not want him, and shook her head. But sure enough, next day Dick came, and brought his bow and arrow, and an old tin can full of grasshopper mush, and a dirty blanket, and sat himself down by the tent, just as contented as could be.

"What *shall* I do with him?" said mother, when father came home. "I'm sure I don't want the filthy creature, though I pity him sincerely."

It was then I stood looking on, and the thought flashed into my heart to teach Dick something about God.

"O do keep him, mother," I urged, while father laughed, and said,

"Yes; Molly can make a convert of him. She is always wanting to be a missionary, and here is the savage at the door."

Mother needed a great deal of persuasion to consent, but at length, with another "What *shall* I do with him?" yielded.

Father looked at him in a puzzled way, and then a bright idea struck him.

"Wash him," he said.

Girls, perhaps you will think it strange, but as sure as I live I heard a voice, deep down in my heart, say, "Wash him and make him clean," and it was just as if I saw his poor little soul all crusted over with

something that, once off, would leave the soul as pure as a white child's, who had Christian parents to take care of it.

A gentleman called just then, and, seeing Dick, he said,

"Hello Dig—Molly, there's a chance for you now, to make a drudge of that little, unregenerate savage. Vamose, Dick—trot, go, decamp;" while to mother he said, "Mrs. Breze, don't have those things about. The only art of civilized life they know is stealing. They are of no more value than that sparrow yonder, that I am going to shoot."

And, so saying, he leveled his gun, and brought down the dear little bird.

I was a little angry and a good deal hurt at him, but I just thought to myself that one human soul was of more value than many sparrows, and that not one of them "fell to the ground without our Father's notice."

It was weeks and weeks, long after we got our cabin built, before we could make him talk much, though he *understood* very easily. He was kind, and helpful to us in many ways. But his mind seemed like something sealed up. I used to point to the stars, and try to teach him in that way, that some object was above us, that we could not reach. But how to tell him that the great Creator of the world was above us, and yet with us; that His spirit was far from us, and yet with us, was the study of many a long hour. He would watch mother, and follow her round, when she was doing anything he thought he could learn, and was delighted with my books. CAT and DOG and the pictures of them he soon learned, and began to speak short sentences. But I despaired of teaching him to read. One day father was watching me and said,

"Molly, I'll get you a black board. I think that will do."

And I did succeed at last in teaching him his letters, and how to put them together, so as to spell DICK. Then I taught him to spell GOD. O! girls, I was so anxious to make a Christian of him; you cannot think how I prayed for it. He was very docile, and all that summer and autumn was a great help to us. He had his hair cropped short, and we dressed him decently, though he could not bear shoes and stockings. Mother said his heart was ripening every day, and that she believed her little daughter would be able to make him comprehend that God loved him, at least.

But Julia, dear, perhaps you are the only one who did not know the tragic fate of my poor, little, Indian pupil.

The rainy season came on. The ravines and small streams were swelling, and from the hills, and on all sides, the water just poured down in torrents. But the intermissions of sunshine were sweet. Though the cold days were not as pleasant as those in the east, for the snapping frost was wanting to complete the winter picture. But higher up in the mountains the snow piled in great heaps, and from our windows we could see the white peaks of the Sierras. The tall pines moaning in the wind made us feel very lonely, and I scarcely know what I should have done, without the occupation that teaching Dick gave me; for, except the men who worked the claims, and who lived near us in cabins, cooking for themselves,

we seldom saw anyone. It was very desolate in those early days, and I wondered how mother could be so cheerful, when I looked back to our Philadelphia home.

Toward February, the hills were all in bloom with wild flowers. I never saw anything half so beautiful; and Dick would climb to the top and bring them in by basketfuls.

One morning he went out after a heavy rain, and stayed so long that we became very anxious, thinking perhaps Captain Tom had come to reclaim him. Afternoon came and no Dick, and father was just starting out to hunt him up, when the gentleman who had warned mother against keeping him, came running down the hollow in a very excited way, with,

"Hello! hello! Here, Breeze, bring a rope—come on," and dashed off without another word. Father ran out, and we soon saw them returning with something heavy, carried on a board between them. Alas! alas! it was poor Dick. He had, in trying to get down the slope, slipped on the wet grass, and fallen, just below the foot bridge, at the bottom of the hill, where the waters ran fearfully swift. A jagged branch had caught him in the eddy, and his head was bruised and cut.

"O! Dick," I said, "look at Molly." He opened his eyes, fixed them on me, and, as if he was spelling, said, "Suffer little child to—come—" and then he was dead.

Molly bowed her head and wept bitterly, while the girls and boys of the picnic circle kept respectful silence.

### THE CHICKADEE.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

As I rambled along, on a frosty day,  
Some one spoke to me up in a tree;  
I lifted my eyes, and there he stood,  
And he said, "Chickadee-dee-dee."

He was moving about with his head on one side,  
As if he were trying to see  
What sort of a person, or goblin, or sprite,  
Had dared to come under his tree.

"Good morning, my blithe little friend," I said,  
"How chilly your feet must be;  
The bough that you stand on is cover'd with ice."  
He only said, "Chickadee-dee."

"And what do you find to eat, up there.  
For breakfast and dinner and tea?" [say,  
You'd have thought he had something wise to  
But no, it was "Chickadee-dee."

"I've a snug little cage at home," I said,  
"Will you come now and live with me?  
It has every convenience for water and seed."  
He said nothing but "Chickadee-dee."

"I will hang it up high, out of pussycat's reach,  
Though perhaps you would like to be free;  
If it is so, then tell me, I'll say nothing more."  
He still replied, "Chickadee-dee."

"My lively young friend," I said to him then,  
"You certainly can't expect me  
To talk to you long on this frosty day,  
If you only say 'Chickadee-dee.'"  
But I thought, as I saw him so careless and gay,  
That I'd like to live in a tree,  
With nothing to do but to flutter about,  
And to say "Chickadee-dee-dee."

Tho' I knew at the time 'twas a foolish thought,  
For what would they do without me?  
And who in the world would take care of the  
If I were a Chickadee-dee? house,  
Then I said to myself, "It is all for the best,  
His place is to hop in a tree,  
And mine is to keep my home cheerful and bright,  
So goodbye, little Chickadee-dee-dee."

### A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The dreary November rain was beating against the windows, and pouring in a little cataract over one corner of the eaves, where the dead leaves had choked the spout. Barbie and her mother, with their chairs drawn near the window to make the most of the dull, gray light, were busily sewing on Davy's winter clothes, while the youngster himself stood by, with his hands folded behind him, watching their progress with a great deal of interest.

"I fink I might have s'penders," he remarked, in an injured tone. "Johnny has s'penders, and I don't like dresses to my pants, like a *old girl*."

This isn't a dress," said Barbie: "it's a blouse—a boy's blouse; and they dress Johnny like an old grandfather."

Barbie and Davy never agreed on the subject of suspenders, and it was not likely they ever would, so Davy consoled himself by taking a sly nibble at his mother's lump of beeswax, a forbidden luxury for which he had a peculiar relish.

Nathan was sorting and labeling a lot of garden seeds, in his precise, orderly way, which was so like his father's. Whatever Nathan thought it worth while to do at all, was sure to be done in the best possible manner. Occasionally he appealed to the "schoolma'am" to make sure of the right spelling of a label—Nathan was a little lame in his spelling—and Barbie, glancing up at him with a smile, could not help thinking how much Nathan had improved in the past year. He certainly was a great deal handsomer, and Barbie had been in the habit of thinking it was because he looked more delicate since his summer's sickness. But now she thought more of it, she saw plainly enough that it was all owing to the fact that Nathan had grown into the habit of paying attention to little things that he used to fancy were not worth caring about. His hands were as large and his face as brown as ever, but his clothes were more carefully and neatly worn, and his bushy hair kept back from the broad, noble forehead it used to half conceal. Nathan's face would always be grave and quiet, but now it seldom wore the troubled, dissatisfied expression that used to be so often seen there. He had learned self-control, too, and even when Davy's meddling, little fingers spilled his seeds and mixed them together, there was not a tone of the old, impatient spirit that used to flash so quickly into anger at small provocations.

"Nathan's a real Christian," thought Barbie to herself; "he's always in earnest when he undertakes anything, and he does it so much better than I do. I meant to be a Christian, too—I thought I'd try; sometimes I think I am, but little things put me out so."

A fresh gust of wind dashed the rain against the windows, and Nathan looked up to say,

"It rains harder than ever. I don't see why father didn't let me go to the Corners for him, if anyone must go in such a storm."

"He expected a letter from Uncle Marston," said Mrs. Phillips, looking out uneasi-

ly; "and it might be necessary to send a reply at once by the noon stage to Dudley."

Nathan looked at his mother as if he was just going to ask a question, but he only said, "Do you spell *paranup* n-e-p, Barbie?"

"N-i-p," said Barbie, laughing. "I knew it was sure to be some outlandish way," said Nathan, dotting his *e*, to make it right; "why couldn't they say *n-u-p*, and done with it?"

"Children," said Mrs. Phillips, smoothing Davy's new pants across her lap, "I want to talk to you about this business of your father's. Of course you must have known something about it, and I have been pleased and glad that you did not ask any questions."

"It was all Nathan," said Barbie, hastily; "he wouldn't even let me talk to him about it."

"It is all an uncertainty," said Mrs. Phillips; "and your father and I have seen so much trouble and suffering come of such hopes and such disappointments, that we did not want to lay anything of the burden on you. But now it will be decided so soon, you may as well know—I don't see but you *must* know."

She stopped a moment, and stroked the new pants more rapidly with her hard fingers, then she went on.

"Uncle Marston thinks there is coal on this farm—an inexhaustible vein of the most valuable kind. He thinks there can be no doubt about it, and he has offered to let your father have the money to make experiments and work the mine, if it proves to be there."

Nathan's gray eyes shone like two stars, and Barbie grew fairly pale with excitement, as their mother went on speaking.

"You are both of you old enough to understand what this will do for us, if Uncle Marston is right. We shall have enough, and more than enough—we *shall* be rich. That is pleasant enough to think of, though I don't know what I could do with riches; but, on the other hand, see what we have to fear."

Mrs. Phillips rose softly and shut the door into the little room where grandma was dozing in her chair.

"Your grandfather thought he had discovered coal on this farm, and he got terribly excited over it. He mortgaged the land to raise money to mine for coal, but it only proved to be a shallow seam that ran out in a few rods, and he lost his money, and was so broken down by the excitement and disappointment, that he had that stroke of paralysis that left him helpless all his days. Your father was young and hopeful, then, and we were just married; but he gave up everything, and just set himself to pay off that mortgage; and your grandmother does not know to this day that she was ever in danger of losing the home she loves so much."

"Dear father," murmured Barbie, with her eyes full of tears, "it was just like him to give up everything for others."

"You can see, now," said Mrs. Phillips, "how much reason I have to dread seeing your father become absorbed in such a speculation. But Uncle Marston insists that it was only the ignorance of the engineer that caused the failure, and that they struck the wrong side of the ravine. Well, we shall know soon, and in the meantime I can only hope and pray."

There was very little talking after that in the big kitchen; Mrs. Phillips was anxiously watching for her husband, and Barbie and Nathan were thinking over the new prospects so suddenly opened before them. Nathan, in his matter-of-fact way, was making allowance for the chance of failure, and trying to calculate how long it would be before the coal mine, if there really should be one, would be available as a means of living. But Barbie went at once to building splendid castles—every wish of her heart, that had seemed so impossible before, seemed now to be within her reach, and it seemed to the little princess as if, all at once, she had found the gate to the king's palace, and was just going to enter in. There would be rest and comfort now for the dear, patient, self-denying father and mother. Nathan could be spared from the farm to study the mechanical arts that his heart delighted in. Davy would never have to work as Nathan had done, and wear shabby, old-fashioned clothes; and as for herself, Barbie hardly knew what to choose, but she thought of books and music first of all. There did come to her, for one instant, a dreadful thought, "What if, standing so near, the door should all at once be shut in our faces! How much harder and more dismal our old lives would seem!" But she put the suggestion quickly away. She was determined not to think of it unless she must.

Davy was quite sobered by the idea that something important was going on, and that it concerned him as much as the rest, since nobody thought to send him out of the room while they talked about it. He pondered the matter after a fashion of his own, and in the meantime stood by the window watching for his father, and *squeaking* his finger against the damp panes. He was the first to hear the rumble of the wagon over the bridge below the hill, and caught the first glimpse of his father as he drove in, with the rain pouring in little streams from the brim of his slouched hat. He drove straight to the barn and put the horse away, declining Nathan's help and waving him back when he came to the door. It seemed to Barbie her father was never so deliberate in his movements, and she waited with a beating heart while he hung up his wet hat and overcoat in the back shed, and came at last into the kitchen. Mrs. Phillips only laid her work on her lap and looked up at her husband. He smiled at her questioning look, and laid an open letter in her lap, then, stooping suddenly, he took her thin, faded face between his hands and kissed it tenderly. Barbie never remembered seeing her father do that before, for he was a silent man and seldom made any demonstrations of affection. Even Mrs. Phillips was surprised, and she turned the letter nervously in her hands.

"It's all right, dear," said Mr. Phillips; "the engineer will be here with his men next week, and we shall soon know either the worst or the best. Only now that it comes so near I begin to feel cowardly, and realize how much I depend on success, and what utter ruin disappointment would bring to me."

"Don't say that," said Mrs. Phillips; "don't think of it in that way. We shall only be where we are now, and we can work and be thankful, as we have done for years and years."

"Years and years," repeated Mr. Phillips, slowly; "hard years they have been, too. I don't care so much for myself, but I should like to save my children from a portion of what you and I have been through."

"I love my children," said Mrs. Phillips, softly stroking Davy's head, as he leaned on her lap, "but I never felt as if I was wise enough to choose their lot for them. They must take what God sends, and make the best of it. The necessity for hard work is no misfortune to anyone."

"It isn't the work I want to save them from," said Mr. Phillips. "I want to help them to work in the way their tastes and inclinations point out; I want to be able to fit them for their work so they may not be obliged all their lives to do it at a disadvantage, and I *should* like to spare them the wearing anxiety of being compelled to take constant thought about food and clothing and the bare necessities of life, as you and I have done."

Mrs. Phillips took up her sewing, saying, cheerily, "Come, Barbie, we are not rich yet, and Davy will need his clothes to wear."

"Won't I have any clothes, when we get rich?" asked Davy, in alarm.

"You shall have suspenders then," said Barbie, lightly, "and a long-tailed coat with brass buttons, if you want it."

"O goody!" shouted Davy; "and I'll give all my old clothes to Tommy Ward to wear to Sunday School."

In a few days the miners made their appearance, and the work was commenced at once under the superintendence of a competent engineer. Great was the excitement and astonishment among the people, far and near. When they met at the post office, or at the grocery at the Corners, nothing else was talked of but Mr. Phillips's new speculation. Cautious old men shook their heads doubtfully, and declared no good would come of it—it would be the ruin of him, as it was of his father before him; while a few ventured to express confidence in his success and to dream secretly of similar undertakings on their own farms. A week settled the matter beyond dispute. Coal of fine quality had been found, and the engineer declared the supply inexhaustible. Some of the old men still shook their heads, but nobody paid much attention to them.

Uncle Marston came, after the first report, and went back and forth from the mine to the house, with his handsome face lighted by smiles of delight. Some people seem to find immense satisfaction in saying "I told you so," whenever things turn out badly; but one may surely be allowed to feel pleasure in saying it when his prophecies were for good. He came in one day and found Barbie sitting alone, with a pair of Davy's ragged, little trowsers spread out before her on the table, gazing ruefully at the size of the holes.

"What is the little woman thinking of now, I wonder?" he said, laughing; "building air castles, I'll warrant, and trying to decide whether she will have her new silk dress gold or purple."

"O, Uncle Marston," said Barbie, half sighing, "I was wondering whether, after all, there would be any silk dresses? I don't mean quite that, but how soon our new fortune would be of any particular use to us. Look at these pants, now; and they have to

be mended, just the same as if we hadn't found a coal mine, though I don't see how," and Barbie turned the pants over and surveyed them critically.

"I should think as much," said Uncle Marston, looking at the ragged things with an amazed face. "Do you really mend such things, Barbie? has it been as bad as that?"

"Just as bad," said Barbie, gravely.

"Then you are not going to do it any longer," said Uncle Marston, suddenly rolling up the trowsers, and throwing them across the room, while he marched out to talk to Mr. Phillips.

When he was gone, Barbie picked up the poor things and mended them as well as she could. She knew so much better than Uncle Marston that there was no other way just then.

It was a good thing, no doubt, to own a coal mine, but so far as putting any money in the pocket was concerned, it was a very *useless* thing, unless one first had a pocket full of money to work it with.

"There is only one way," said Mr. Phillips. "I must sell a half interest in the mine to some one who has plenty of capital to invest in working it, and then I must wait until it can be made profitable."

This did not suit Uncle Marston, and he vainly petitioned to be allowed to lend the money that was needed.

"I have neither son nor daughter," he said, "and you are Lucy's only brother; I have a natural right to help you and yours."

But Mr. Phillips constantly refused to let him risk the money, so he could only help him by finding him a customer who agreed, for a half interest in the mine, to undertake the expense of opening it, and putting it into operation.

"In the meantime," said Mr. Phillips, "we are just as rich as we were before, and we will try to wait quietly, and see whether we have profited by the hard lessons we have had to learn."

"Shan't I have my s'penders," said Davy, dolefully, "nor my tail coat, neither?"

"Not this winter," said Barbie; "you must wear these clothes out, first."

"They never will wear out, 'cause you patch 'em and patch 'em," said Davy, spitefully working his fingers under the corner of a patch on his knee.

Mr. Phillips took Davy on his lap, and gravely explained to him what was necessary to be done at the mine—how a road must be made down Garnet Hill to the canal, that the coal cars might run down, and a small engine put at the top to draw them up again; how the miners must have houses for their families, and how many expenses must be met before the mine would bring them any money.

Some of this Davy understood, and some he did not; but he was pleased to hear it explained, and he waited afterward like a philosopher. Only he never forgot to put a petition in his prayer for the prosperity of "our coal mine," and whenever he visited the store at the Corners, he looked carefully at the array of fanciful, striped suspenders hanging over a line above the counter, and was always undecided whether he preferred brown with pink edges, or white with blue.

[To be continued.]



## THE NARROW WAY.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

Far from my heavenly home,  
With young and careless feet,  
Thro' life's bewildering ways I roam,  
Where sin and pleasure meet.

I love the narrow way,  
By holy pilgrims trod;  
Nor ever, willingly, would stray  
From duty and from God.

But oftentimes, alas!  
In my unthinking hours,  
Beyond the sacred bounds I pass  
To pluck forbidden flowers.

And yet, full well I know  
Sharp thorns those flowers conceal,  
And tears of penitence must flow  
Before their wounds will heal.

And oftentimes I creep,  
With slow and painful tread,  
Along some bare and rugged steep,  
Whence every joy seems fled.

And yet full well I know,  
That angels round me throng,  
And should my footsteps backward go,  
'Twould sadden their sweet song.

Thou who wert once a child,  
Where'er Thou leadest me,  
O'er flowery slope or rugged wild,  
I still would follow Thee.

No earthly joy can charm  
If far from Thee I rove,  
And not an ill my soul can harm,  
When sheltered by Thy love.

## HENRIETTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY KATE A. JACKSON.

"Miss Henriette, when will you stop repeating all you hear? One would really think you took delight in making people quarrel!"

Thus spoke the nurse of Henriette Paquin, and it was not the first reproach of this kind that the little girl had brought upon herself. She was in the habit of repeating all that was said in her presence, without ever asking herself whether she was giving pain or pleasure to those to whom she carried her reports, and caused more trouble with her tongue than can be easily imagined. Besides, as often happens to children, she did not always understand the conversation of older persons, and sometimes gave it a sense quite different from that which was intended. For instance, the fault for which her nurse reproved her, was this: She had just said to the cook,

"Don't eat any of the apples mamma bought this morning, for she counted them."

Whereas her mother had simply said, "We have less variety for dinner to-day than usual, but I *count* upon the apples, of which the children are so fond."

The washerwoman, who came every week to the house, was thoughtless enough to complain of one of her employers in the presence of Henriette.

"Madame L.," she said, "imposes on me. She makes me stay an hour longer than I ought, every time I wash for her."

Henriette hastened to repeat these complaints to Madame L.'s little girl. The consequence was that the poor woman lost one of her best employers.

How much harm she did in the school she attended; how many quarrels she occasioned by repeating words laughingly uttered, or in a moment of vexation, and which often did not convey the real sentiments of the speaker.

In this same school were two little girls, Laure and Emma, who had long been friends. The former was accustomed to pass the summer at her father's fine country seat, while the latter would have been obliged to stay in the hot, dusty city, had not her friend invited her to spend the summer vacation at her home. Emma took great delight in these yearly visits, and was waiting expectantly for the usual invitation. *Emma*, I am sorry to say, was indolent, and often asked her school-mates to aid her with her lessons. One day, a short time before the vacation, finding her task more difficult than usual, she begged Laure to assist her with her English exercise. Laure, who was fond of teasing, translated the sentence, "Power is fatal to the character of man," thus: "The dog is the friend of man;" and made several other absurd translations, so that the professor, after having glanced over the exercise, made a zero at the bottom of the page, to signify extreme disapprobation.

Emma, very much surprised, took the trouble to examine the lesson for herself, and was angry enough, when she found what a trick had been played upon her. She not only reproached Laure, in the strongest terms, for her deception, but was indiscreet enough to make a confidant of Henriette, saying to her, as they walked home from school:

"Laure is a heartless girl, and has deceived me shamefully. If my father knew of this, he would forbid my going to the country with her."

Henriette, charmed with this new opportunity for gossip, said to Laure, that Emma's father had declared she should never accept another of her invitations, as he did not like her influence over his daughter.

"I am glad to know it," replied Laure, "and shall trouble her with no invitations in future."

The result of the benevolent interest manifested by Henriette in the affairs of others was that the two little girls ceased to be friends, and Emma spent a sorry vacation in the city.

As for Henriette, upon whose miserable habit this unfortunate result produced no check, she was soon to receive a costly lesson.

Madame DeHaye, a particular friend of her mamma, had recently lost a little son, who strongly resembled Henriette's youngest brother, who was of the same age; and the sight of him was extremely painful to her, as it so vividly recalled her late bereavement. One day, when Henriette and Blanche, the little daughter of Madame DeHaye, were playing together, Henriette told her that her mamma was preparing to spend a month in the country, at B., with herself and brother.

"O, how nice that will be!" exclaimed Blanche; "mamma has formed the same project, because she suffers so much since my little brother died, and has need of repose."

Henriette, delighted, ran home in great glee, to tell her mamma that Mrs. DeHaye

was going to the country, too, and would be with them.

Her mamma seemed more troubled than pleased by this announcement; and that evening, Henriette overheard a conversation between her parents, in which it was decided not to leave the city as was at first intended. Angry at this disappointment, she did not listen to these closing words of her mamma,

"The sight of our little boy makes so sad an impression upon Mrs. De Haye, that if we were there together, all her pleasure would be destroyed. So I prefer to wait till she returns."

The next time they met, Henriette said to Blanche,

"We are not going now. We shall wait till you come back. My parents do not wish to be there at the same time with your mamma."

Henriette did not observe the impression made by her words upon her friend; but Blanche repeated them at home with a swelling heart, at the thought that anyone should wish to avoid the society of her dear mamma.

Madame DeHaye was more grieved than angry; but her husband, who had a very violent temper, declared that Henriette's father should repent an insult so little merited. Some time before, he had lent a large sum of money to Henriette's father, who was a merchant. He now demanded that it should be immediately returned.

Deeply wounded by this sudden lack of confidence on the part of his neighbor, and although it was very difficult for him to pay so large a sum on such short notice, he did so, rather than ask a favor of one who had treated him with such unkindness. But this embarrassment produced a crisis in his affairs, which, a few months later, caused a failure in his business.

What news was this for his wife and little ones! In a few days, they left their beautiful home, and rented humble lodgings in an obscure part of the city. How Henriette mourned over so many privations, little dreaming that she had brought them all upon herself. She has no servant, now, to dress her and arrange her hair; no more pleasant parties with her little friends who live in the fashionable quarter of Paris. She plays alone, and often leaves her toys to think on her past happiness, and weep. One day, her mother, who had just received a visit from an old friend, called Henriette to her room, and the little girl was struck with the severe expression of her countenance. Taking her hand, she said, with deep sadness,

"My child, do you know to whom we owe all our misfortunes? to whom is due your father's careworn face?"

"Indeed, I do not know, mamma," replied Henriette, with an astonished look.

"It is to you, unhappy child. It is to your fatal habit of repeating all you hear," added her mother, sadly.

"O mamma, it is impossible!" exclaimed the child.

"Did you not tell Blanche, some time ago, that I had decided to defer my visit to the country until her mother should return? And do you not understand, that in failing to mention my motive for so doing, you gave the family a false impression? In truth, I have just been told that it was only to show his resentment, that Mr. DeHaye

treated your father so unjustly, and thus caused the loss of his fortune."

At these words, Henriette threw herself on her knees, and exclaimed, with tears and sobs,

"Oh! what trouble I have caused? Can you ever forgive me? Will papa ever forgive me?"

"I do not know, my child, that your father will ever pardon you for having brought upon him this terrible misfortune."

"Ah! how miserable I am! I cannot endure it!" cried the unfortunate child, whose grief became so violent that her mother, in pity, took her in her arms and endeavored to console her.

"My child," she said, "I forgive you, for your punishment is great; but a repetition of your offense I could never forgive."

"O mamma, do not fear, I shall never need another lesson!" replied Henriette.

When the child's father learned who had been the cause of all his troubles, his distress increased. For several days he could not bear to see his little daughter, nor even to hear her voice.

The regrets of Henriette were so sincere, and she suffered so much at the thought that her mamma had been wrongly accused, that she begged permission to explain the whole affair to Mrs. DeHaye, who was deeply touched by this confession, which proved the disinterested friendship of Henriette's mamma.

Mr. DeHaye, on his part, was filled with regrets and self-reproaches, but it was now too late to repair the wrong he had done to his old friend.

Henriette is greatly changed. One would hardly recognize the little gossip of former days, in the thoughtful, womanly girl, who is her mother's helper and her father's consolation. She has no heart for play, now. Often, in the midst of conversation with her doll, or a game with her little brother, she turns aside to weep, when thinking of the pleasures of the past, which a few careless words uttered by her destroyed.

### BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

BY PRUDY.

Come look at the dainty darling!  
As fresh as a new-blown rose,  
From the top of his head so golden,  
To the dear, little, restless toes;  
You can tell by the dancing dimples,  
By the smiles that come and go,  
He is keeping a wonderful secret  
You'd give half your kingdom to know.

Now kiss him on cheek and forehead,  
And kiss him on lip and chin;  
The little red mouth is hiding  
The rarest of pearls within.  
Ah, see! when the lips in smiling  
Have parted their tender red;  
Do you see the tiny, white jewel,  
Set deep in its coral bed?

Now where are the sage reporters,  
Who wait by hamlet and hill,  
To tell to the listening nation  
The news of its good or ill?  
Come weave with your idle gossip  
This golden blossom of truth—  
Just half a year old this morning,  
And one little pearly tooth!

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE, No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1869.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the Magazine is received.

WHEN POSSIBLE, send money to us by Post Office Money Orders. No other way is so good or so safe. We hold ourselves entirely responsible for all money sent in this way, even if it should be lost. Your Postmaster will explain to you how to procure the P. O. Money Order. See "How to Remit," in another place.

### NOW WORK FOR CLUBS!

#### NEW VOLUME!!

Now for One Hundred Thousand!

Our Premiums are beautiful—our Magazine is the most popular in America, and better worth the price than any other magazine ever published. Our subscription list is larger than that of any other Juvenile Magazine in the world.

We can certainly have a list of a hundred thousand more, if all take hold now and work. You will see that we now give

#### TWO NUMBERS FREE.

All new subscribers for 1870, whose names and money are sent to us before the end of November, will receive the November and December numbers of this year (1869) free, being fourteen numbers for One Dollar. This applies to all, whether sent singly or in clubs.

This will help you to raise a club and earn a premium.

Let every reader begin to work on the day this number comes. Send us a club of new subscribers, and we will pay you for your time and trouble. Every family should have THE CORPORAL, whether it has children or not. It is the Great Magazine for children, and for all people who have young hearts. It will make every family happier, and enable them the better to give pleasure and entertainment to visitors, whether young or old. The fact that it has already, when but a little over four years old, a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world, is proof of its great acceptability.

Everybody needs it; it will be easy for you to raise a club. And remember, too, that when circulating THE LITTLE CORPORAL you are not only earning a premium, but doing good, enlisting others in the great fight "against the wrong, and for the Good, the True and the Beautiful."

Begin now, and work until you win!

### OUR POCKET SCRIPTURE ATLAS

Is a republication of an English work, by William Hughes, F.R.G.S., and is the most beautiful and convenient set of Bible maps we have ever seen. See the advertisement of the work, on cover of this magazine.

CLUBS FOR THE LITTLE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different post offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

## NOW! NOW!!

### Strike Now for the EXTRA Prizes!

Some time ago we offered an extra premium to the one who should send in the largest list of subscribers before the first of January.

We now repeat: The one who shall send us the largest list of subscribers for THE LITTLE CORPORAL before the first of January, shall not only have all the regular premiums called for by the list, but will also receive either a Cabinet Organ, a Velocipede, an American Silver Watch, or \$100.00 worth of books, whichever of the four they may choose. The one sending the next largest will receive an American Silver Watch or \$50.00 worth of books. The one sending the next largest list will receive \$30.00 worth of books. The books to be selected by the winners from any American works in the regular trade.

All these premiums will be in addition to the regular premiums, which all competitors will receive. Begin now. Very few names have yet been received on this offer.

Remember! all who send names in competition for these prizes must say in every letter sent that they "are competing for the extra Prizes," as well as for regular premiums.

Names for "The School Festival" may also count in these lists at the rate stated elsewhere.

### THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

We announced in our last number that we would soon begin the publication of a new Quarterly Magazine, to be devoted entirely to School Festivals, Exhibitions, Entertainments, Tableaux, etc.

We are now receiving a great many letters from teachers and others, hailing the announcement with evident rejoicing. All agree that the publication is much needed, and will do a great deal of good.

Our call for contributions has been responded to by some of the brightest minds, and our first number, now nearly ready, will be a gem. It will contain something for each, from the youngest pupils to the oldest—something for both week-day and Sunday school; and it will be hard to conceive of a brighter collection of original dialogues, recitations, tableaux, etc., than the collection with which we are filling the pages of the first number of "THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL." This first number will be mailed within a week or two after this (November) number of THE CORPORAL is mailed.

The price of "THE FESTIVAL" is FIFTY CENTS a year. Single or sample copies fifteen cents.

Premiums for clubs same as for THE CORPORAL; two names for THE FESTIVAL, at 50 cents each, count in clubs same as one name for THE CORPORAL, at \$1. Names for THE CORPORAL and FESTIVAL may both count in same club at above rates. THE CORPORAL and FESTIVAL will both be sent for \$1.25, but cannot then count in club list. They may both go to same address or not, but must both be ordered at one time to be secured at \$1.25 for both.

Address,  
ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers,  
Office of THE LITTLE CORPORAL,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Dec 69," OR "Dec 9."

All who see either of the above marks on the printed colored direction label on their papers, will know that the time for which they have paid expires with our December

number. Please renew early, for the next year, so that we need not change our list except to alter the "69" to "70." By attending to this, you will save us a great deal of trouble, and secure our thanks.

### OUR PICTURE PREMIUMS.

#### THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

Our Premium for a club of three subscribers, the superb steel line engraving of The Heavenly Cherubs, from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is very much admired by all who see it. It is one of the finest and best steel engravings ever executed in this country, and sells for two dollars. It is sent by mail, postpaid, on a strong roller, for a club of three subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, at the regular price. Though we have offered this picture as a premium for three winters, it has grown more and more popular every year. The original has been loved all over the world for four hundred years, and we are not much afraid, after that, that such a beautiful engraving of it as ours will soon grow unpopular.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
CHICAGO, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company.

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your institution may give to the west more like this, which must gladden every lover of art. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO, OF RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming Chromo of Mr. Beard's great painting is giving great delight.

We might give many extracts from notices by prominent editors, but content ourselves with one by Dr. W. W. Patton, editor of *The Advance*. In an editorial article, among other things, he says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *rac mirable* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Prang's ten dollar chromos, and is for sale at the office of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars!"

We send the Chromo by express, mounted, varnished, and ready for framing, for a club of fourteen subscribers. The cash price is ten dollars. As Dr. Patton says in the above extract, it "would be cheap at fifteen" dollars.

Where anyone prefers to send a partial club, and pay the balance in money, we send the Chromo for nine subscribers at \$1 each, and two dollars besides. Send on the clubs, and secure this superb work of art.

Our other picture Premiums are all choice. Paul Revere's "One Hundred Years Ago," is valuable chiefly as a curiosity. "Martin Luther" will be admired by all who honor the old hero who was such a mighty instrument in the Great Reformation.

"The Babe of Bethlehem," and "From

Shore to Shore," are both fine engravings, and will ornament any home.

"Sunshine and Shadow," just added, is very beautiful, and exceedingly cheap at three dollars.

We give further particulars in our special circular, describing all the premiums, which we will send to any who will write for it, enclosing a stamp.

### THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

Mrs. Miller's new book is now ready, and is being loudly and rapidly called for. The *Western Christian Advocate* says of it:

"We have read the Royal Road from the first line of the first chapter to the last line of the last chapter. Few persons write with such purity of thought and diction as Mrs. Miller. Her lessons are of the most wholesome type. The hero of the book is Jimmy Marvin, whose father and mother died while he was too young to know their names or faces. Wandering about from one family to another, in the country, he at last accompanied a farmer to the city, and began life on his own account as a crossing sweeper; next he rose to be one of a party of chitloners, or rag pickers; he then joined the great regiment of news boys and boot blacks. Accumulating, by economy and industry, quite a little sum of money, he went west, and, after various vicissitudes, joined himself as a 'hand' to an Ohio farmer, Mr. Warren, near Shelby. The farmer was a man of benevolent heart and Christian principle, and finally made such an arrangement with Jimmy as to enable him to become owner of a fine farm in Iowa. He married Alice, one of the daughters of Mr. Warren, and in process of time attained to the highest moral and social position in his own community—all from his following the Scriptural injunction, 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' It is well enough to say that Mrs. Miller is assistant editor of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and that she has in preparation other volumes for the 'young folks,' all of whose tastes she so thoroughly comprehends."

#### The Decatur Republican says:

"THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE."—A book bearing the above title, being No. 1 of the "Little Corporal Library," has been received from the publishers, Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago. The author is Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, associate editor of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, the best and most popular juvenile periodical in the country. Unlike so many of the books imposed upon the youth of the land, this work has a moral which must commend the story to every one of sound judgment. Containing nothing flimsy or trashy, but being the simple history of a poor boy's struggle for a place in the drama of life, it possesses a charm which makes itself felt by older hearts than those of children. Every boy in the land would be the better for reading the story of Jimmy Marvin's life.

We shall take due pains to induce dealers to order this book so as to supply their customers, as it is a work that will have a large sale, but if they do not have it, you have only to send to the publishers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, by mail, the price (\$1.50) with your order, and it will come by next mail, post paid, with the corners protected from damage by our new patent "Guard." With this "Guard" a book will carry in the mails from the Atlantic to the Pacific without the corners being broken.

### REED'S DRAWING LESSONS.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL's new Drawing Book is a very popular volume, and is having a good sale in both the East and West. In its beautiful English cloth binding, (price, \$1.50) it is the cheapest and best complete Drawing Book in the market. To meet the demand from schools, we are now preparing a school edition, which will contain the same matter as the other edition, but be issued in less expensive style—stiff board covers, good school-book binding, and will sell at eighty cents. This edition will be ready in December. All orders will be promptly filled. Both editions will be sold by booksellers, or sent by mail, on receipt of price, by the publishers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Eastern dealers may be supplied by Nichols & Hall, Boston.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY. By the late M. FREDERIC BASTIAT. A translation from the Paris edition of 1863. Price \$2.00. Western News Co., Chicago.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, with a Secret History of the Confederacy. By EDWARD A. POLLARD. National Publishing Co., Chicago.

While the writer disclaims all personal hostility to Jefferson Davis, he yet, to use his own words, "feels impelled by the reasonable logic of history, to make him, as it were, a head and center of responsibility in the late war, and to gather around him the causes of the failure of the Southern Confederacy."

LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS. Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher, by EDWARD PAXTON HOOD. Published by M. W. Dodd & Co., New York.

CHILDREN WITH THE POETS, is the title of a volume of selections of poetry suited to juvenile tastes, edited by HARRIET B. McKEEVER, and published by Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The selections are for the most part quite good, and the author has shown her good taste by taking fourteen extracts from THE CORPORAL, giving in every case honorable credit to both poet and paper.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES, by Miss ALCOTT, were most, if not all of them, originally published in the Atlantic Monthly, but are now issued by Roberts Bros., in uniform style with their edition of Little Women.

Hospital Sketches will touch thousands of hearts, as the record of experiences so many devoted women have gone through without having the genius to depict them. The best of these, "My Contraband," can hardly be surpassed for tragic power and interest.

From the same publishers we have, also, MOPSA, THE FAIRY, by JEAN INGELWOL; one of the most charming little fairy stories imaginable.

We had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Hodder, of the firm of Jackson, Walford & Hodder, London, who laid upon our table some books of their own publication. WASHED ASHORE, by Wm. H. G. KINTON, and SILVER LAKE, by R. M. BALLANTYNE, are juvenile books of wonderful adventure, very elegantly and substantially gotten up. THE LAND OF THE GOSPEL is a translation of the author's manuscript of notes, by EDMOND DE PRESSENSE, appearing simultaneously with the French edition. The author says of his book, "I have not made the smallest scientific discovery. But this Land of the Gospel has given me a new intuition of the glorious past; to me, as I trod that consecrated ground, it became all reanimate, and He who fills for us the past, the present, and the future, lived again, as in the ancient days, in all the reality of His divine humanity; He came forth from the cold mists of metaphysics, and the gilded clouds of legend, and showed Himself to me as He was seen by Peter and St. John, by the woman who touched His garment, and the sinner who wept at His feet!"

From J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, we have an interesting little volume, entitled OUR OWN BIRDS, which is a familiar natural history of the birds of the United States, by WILLIAM L. BAILY.

M. Campbell, Chicago, publishes a "Self-Instructor in the Art of Hair Work," giving full directions, accompanied by diagrams and illustrations, whereby all kinds of hair ornaments may be manufactured. The work seems to be practical, and sheds light on a good many things that were always as mysterious to us as how the hole got inside of a jug. Price, \$3.00.

### ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., OCT. NO.

No. 13.—French Charade.—Chat, Cat; Eau, Water; Chateaux. Chateleine, wife of the keeper of the chateau. No. 14.—French Enigma.—Jérôme, Fountain; Vierge, Cow; Vieux, Calf; Elephants, Elephants; Allah, Allah; Lune, Moon.

By learning my French words you plainly can tell This proverb: "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." When you learn the French proverb in English to handle,

It means that "The play is not worth the candle."

No. 15.—Latin Enigma.—Dis; Europa; Milo; Aleto; Castor; Epous; Admetus; Mars; Iris.

This is the Latin sentence we low and gently say, While decking our heroic graves, in lovely, blooming Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. [May it be sweet and honorable to die for one's country]

No. 16.—Decapitations.—1. Scup; Cup. 2. Trout; Rout. 3. Base; Ass. 4. Herring; Erring. 5. Pike; Ike. 6. Cod-fish; Odd-fish. 7. Clam; Lam(b). 8. Herring.

## KITTIE AND WILL.

BY MRS. M. B. BURKE.

There's a hush in the noise of the playroom,  
The laugh and the carol are still;  
Have they left me, my own little darlings,  
Sweet Kittie and mischievous Will?  
Have they flown to the garden or highway,  
In quest of some wonderment sweet?  
For I hear not the quick, restless patter  
Of their—yes, their *eloquent* feet.

That is surely the word to embody  
The music a mother may hear,  
As the footfalls on threshold or stairway  
Reach the heart through the listening ear.  
As I peep through the half-parted curtains,  
The breath of a blissful surprise  
Stirs the pulses of love in their fountains,  
And tears fill my wondering eyes.

Little hazel-eyed Will in the corner  
Is kneeling and whispering low,  
"O my Father who ruleth in Heaven!  
Please send us the beautiful snow;"  
While my sweet, patient Kittie is watching,  
From her lookout, the large arm chair,  
For the fall of the winter's first snow flakes,  
To answer their undoubting prayer.

Still it comes not, yet never a shadow  
Steals over Will's bright, sunny face,  
While the watcher soon glides from her station,  
And finds by his cushion a place.  
"Please, our Father," dear Kittie is praying,  
(The Kingdom of Heaven is of such,)  
"You will send us the snow, won't you, Father?  
We want it, indeed, very much."

But the sun stoops behind the far hill tops,  
The shadows grow heavy and deep.  
"God will send down the snow, I am certain,"  
Will whispers, "when we are asleep."  
With light hearts to the nursery chamber  
My little ones silently creep.  
Surely God heard their trusting petition;  
His messenger came while they slept,  
For the morning woke regal in ermine,  
And thrilled them with wildest delight.  
"We will thank God—He heard us," they murmur,  
"He answered our prayer in the night."  
Ah! the lips of my babes have taught wisdom,  
No creed can be purer than this:  
Trust God amid life's disappointments,  
And thank Him in moments of bliss.

## TOMMY'S BALLOON.

FOR THE WEE ONES.

BY PRUDY.

There never was anything half so wonderful. Tommy sat on the parlor floor, and held it fast with his fat, dimpled hands, and drew his fingers softly over the smooth, round sides, and was almost afraid to breathe, lest it should float away from him. Uncle Jim had just brought it from the city. He bought it on Clark street bridge, where a man stood with a dozen of them, fastened to little strings, and tossing up and down in the air, like beautiful, great, red, soap bubbles. When Tommy got tired of holding it in his arms, and tried to lay it on the floor, up it went to the white ceiling, and hung there, all shiny and glistening in the lamp light. Tommy pulled it softly down by the string, and then for a long time he played with it, until mamma came with the little white nightgown and took him away up stairs to bed. It was funny then that he couldn't lay his balloon away anywhere, but only let go of the string, and let it go up to

the ceiling, right over his bed. He watched it as long as he could see, while mamma carried the lamp away down the long hall, and when she went down the stairs, the very last bit of light that came in over the top of the door shone straight on the balloon. Tommy meant to keep awake, so as to see it again when mamma came up to bed, but by and by he shut his eyes a little, just to rest them, and then he forgot all about the balloon until morning, and there was the sun peeping in at the balloon, and the balloon peeping out at the sun, and looking more like a great, red soap bubble than ever.

They had milk toast for breakfast, but Tommy hadn't any appetite; and before the rest were half through eating, he was out on the gravel walk in the front yard, looking up at his red balloon, with his round face fairly solemn with excitement. He only let it go a very little way, at first, but after a while he let out the slender, silk thread, and it floated about just above the top of the silver maple by the gate. Tommy sat down to watch it. He played he was in the balloon himself, going right up to see the man in the moon. He couldn't see the moon anywhere, but he felt sure it must be up there somewhere. Then he thought he would ask Uncle Jim to put a longer string to the balloon; he wanted to see how it would look away up among the lovely, little, pink clouds that were floating about the east. So he pulled it down and held it fast in his chubby arms and started for the house. He started, but he didn't get there; for he stubbed his poor, little foot against the wheel to the baby's wagon, and down went the bright, little face on the gravel walk, and out went the little, fat arms in the air, and, O dear! it almost makes me cry to think of it, away went the beautiful, round, red, shining balloon, straight up toward the pink and white clouds in the east.

Tommy picked himself up quick enough, and then looked around for the balloon; but of course that did not wait to be picked up—it was above the top of the silver maple. Tommy screamed, first for *mamma*! then for *Uncle Jim*! and they both came running out. So did Susy and Robert, and so did Biddy the cook; but if all the Grand Army of the Republic had been there, it wouldn't have done any good. The longest ladder in the world would not have reached half way to the sky, and so the balloon floated airily away, while Tommy wailed and sobbed, and his mamma tried to comfort him, and Uncle Jim promised to buy him another balloon.

They all went in at last, and Tommy sat down on the grass and watched his balloon till it was only a tiny speck in the distance, and then he went mournfully in to his mamma. He laid his head on her lap, and asked her, in a sorrowful, little voice, where she supposed his dear red balloon would go to? Would it go away up to heaven, and would the little angels have it to play with? and would he find it when he went there to live?

So his mamma laid down her work, and took the little boy on her lap, and told him this story—and it might have been true—

"Once there was a little boy that lived all alone with his grandmother in a little, old, dingy, brown house. The little boy was lame, so he never could run and play, and he was poor, so he had no nice things to amuse him; but every day, when his grand-

mother was at work, he limped out under the tree in the little, narrow yard, and lay there looking up at the sky. He liked to watch the clouds sailing over, and fancy they were ships and castles, and sometimes beautiful, white angels. One day he saw away up in the sky a little, dark speck, and as it came nearer and nearer it dropped lower and lower, till it shone like a great, red star in the sunshine. The little boy sat up and watched it eagerly. Nearer and nearer it came—past the steeple of the church, past the tall chimney of the factory, right over the roof of the academy, almost touching it by this time. He stood up, leaning on his crutch, and saw it coming, always a little lower, right across the old, bare common, and over his grandmother's yard. He limped a step or two toward it, caught at the trailing thread of silk that hung from it, and sat down, all trembling with delight, with the strange, beautiful thing in his hands. He did not know that it was a balloon that a little boy had lost, and that had come down because the gas had slowly escaped from it; he thought it was something God had sent him straight out of heaven. And he took a great deal of comfort with it, and kept it till it slowly lost its pretty, round shape, and even then he loved it."

"That was a nice story," said Tommy. "I'm glad I know what 'came of my b'loon."

## PRUDY'S POCKET.

Such a basketful of letters that came out of the Pocket this month! I'm afraid the Corporal will not give me room enough to answer half of them. Here's the first one. Isn't it nice!

"*My Dear Prudy*: I am sick with the measles, and have to stay in a dark room; but my Cousin Carrie stays with me, and she has been reading the letters from Prudy's Pocket in my CORPORAL. I like them so much I want to send one, too, and so I asked her to write it for me. I have just had eight weeks' vacation, and I want to tell you how I want to spend the day with my Aunt Libbie, who lives right by the side of Cayuga Lake. I had a sail across the lake in a little skiff. It made me sick at first, but I soon got better, and Frank let me try to row. I have taken THE CORPORAL ever since last January, and just as soon as I finish reading one, I go every day to the post office to watch for another. I am a great hand to play with dolls, but I like to read THE CORPORAL better than to play with my dolls. I think 'Riverside Farm' is the best. The funny things that the little boys and girls say, make me laugh. I have a little brother who says funny things, too. What else have you got at your house that isn't a girl, and is the 'sweetest, smartest, and funniest baby in the world?' Did you ever have the measles? I think they are very troublesome, but I like the *milk punch*. I have just upset mine, and it has gone all over the carpet. Now I must go to sleep."

Did I ever have the measles? To be sure I did, Nellie, and they didn't give me a drop of milk punch, either. I don't believe I should have liked it. But I remember drinking *saffron tea*, to make the measles "come out;" and being told by my older sister that I "needn't feel grand because I'd got the measles, for other people had them besides me." What have we got at our house? Why, a *boy*, of course. A baby boy, with six little, pearly teeth in his little, red mouth, and if he isn't the "sweetest, smartest, fun-

niest baby in the world," somebody must be mistaken, for he has been told so every day of his life.

California bids fair to be the banner State for subscribers. Every month brings in large clubs from our friends there.

*Martinez, Cal.* "Enclosed you will find fourteen recruits for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, all mustered by Eva Lander, who has been a reader of its pages for two years."

*Pottersville, N. Y.* "If you were here in the flesh, LITTLE CORPORAL, I should apologize, hat in hand, for not sending this dollar on receipt of the back numbers, for they came all right, and looked as natural as life, and made my little girl's face beam with delight, as I brought them from the office. Please find the money enclosed, and send THE CORPORAL for the balance of the year, as we miss the visits of our friend."

*Prairie Pond.* "I am twelve years old, and have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL for three years. I think it is a very nice magazine, but I wish it came every week. How much does one of those books, about Jimmy Marvin, cost? If you will send me a subscription paper, I will try and get some subscribers."

Now is the very best time to work for clubs, before the old volume closes. We have already offered some new premiums, and shall have others, that will repay any one for all the effort necessary to get subscribers.

*Delaware, Ohio.* "I must tell you that today is my dearest friend's birthday, and I am going to give her the *cutest*, little white kitten that ever was, just as white as snow, for a birthday present. I tell you if you could see her, you would love her at first sight. She is fifty-two years."

Whom are we to love at first sight—the friend or the kitten? And which is fifty-two years old, Mollie?"

*Prairie Station, Miss.* "Enclosed find one dollar to send your valuable monthly one year to a worthy family who nursed me in my late illness. Wishing you success in your laudable enterprise, I remain, etc."

Our circulation at the south is rapidly extending. We should be very glad if some of our friends there would send little items of information in regard to natural points of interest—peculiarities of the animal and vegetable world, of which we at the north have very little idea. We received a letter, recently, from a gentleman residing at Cedar Keys, Florida, containing some very interesting information in regard to the manner in which Sponge and Turtle are collected, which we hope to lay before our readers soon.

*Havana.* "I have been wanting to write to you ever since I have taken your good paper. We all love it, and are impatient to see it come. I want to tell all the little girl readers that I am making a patch-work quilt. I will give the pattern, and I should like to have some of my little friends try a race with me. My little sister, four years old, is making one, too. I cover some of the papers with light calico and some with dark, and sew the light ones around the dark one, making a very pretty rosette."

We cannot give Jessie's pattern, but if the little girls who want to try it will cut a bit of stiff brown paper an inch square, and then cut the corners off to make six equal sides, they will have one like it.

*Rockford, Ill.* "We enjoy THE CORPORAL, from its cheerful front to the 'Pilgrim's Knapsack,' and love the editors, because they are live, earnest workers—truly friends of the little folks, and know just how to tell us about 'the good, the true, and the beautiful.'"

*Blue Grass, Iowa.* "You will please excuse us itinerants for asking you to do more for us, occasionally, than is set down in the bond. We have to move, but we cannot do without our LITTLE CORPORAL, so you will act Bishop with THE CORPORAL, and move him, too. We have had him ever since he was born, and he must go with us as long as he right manfully fights for the good, the true, and the beautiful."

THE LITTLE CORPORAL is always ready to follow the fortune of his friends from sea to sea. Only remember, in asking for change of address, to give the *old* address as well as the new, and you will not find him slow to obey orders.

*Bedford, Ohio.* "I send my dollar for THE CORPORAL, and wish it was published every week, for I wait so anxiously for the month to come around. I have to deny myself some things I would like, to pay for it, but I would rather spend my money for THE CORPORAL than for torpedoes and fire crackers for the Fourth of July. I should like to give some papers away to poor children, if I could afford it; but I am getting older, and shall be able to earn more after a while."

We venture to say that the children who pay for the paper by their own work, prize it more highly than any one else can do. A little boy once showed Prudy a box full of pennies, and pointed out one among them as the one he earned by holding a big skein of yarn for grandma to wind. "How can you tell which one it is?" asked Prudy. "Seems to me they all look alike." "Ho!" said he; "can't you tell? Why, *that one is the biggest!*"

*Moscon, Mich.* "Last year I sent THE LITTLE CORPORAL as a present to a household band of nieces, and this year, on visiting them, I found it had been such a well-spring of delight, that I felt constrained to renew the subscription."

*Darlington, Wis.* "I am a little girl nine years old, and I love THE CORPORAL very much. I have got five subscribers, which I send you. My little sister, two years younger than myself, loved to read THE CORPORAL very much. Her name was Flora. She died about four weeks ago, one Sunday morning. I expect to see her in heaven."

That last sentence of your letter, Nellie, made us think of a sweet, little poem—one of the gems that live through all years. Here is the last verse for you:

"We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's home in the skies—  
Where the hopes of our souls shall have no blight,  
Our love no broken ties;  
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,  
And bathe in its blissful tide;  
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be  
The little child that died."

*Romney, West Va.* "My little boy sends a dollar for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, which he earned by selling apples. He loves THE CORPORAL, and hopes this letter may reach you safely."

*Westford, Wis.* "Here at last is one dollar to renew my subscription to THE CORPORAL, which ran out in June. I have always taken it, and cannot think of giving it up now, but

of course I could not send you the money till I got it, could I? This is my birthday, and I could not think of anything I would like better than THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

"Yours, 11 YEARS OLD."

*Brighton, Ohio.* "I am a little boy nine years old, and my brother is seven. This is the first year of our acquaintance with THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and we think it is just about right. We like the Picture Stories best. We thought Nimble Dick was dead, after his big fly from the tree, and are glad to know he is alive. We would like to know if it made him sick, so he could not appear last month? We have the Drawing Book. Mother got up a club and got it for us. We like it very much."

Accompanying this letter was a sheet containing specimens of drawings from the book. Some of them are very creditable. Prudy would like to receive some more specimens from her little friends.

*Warsaw, Wis.* "I am a little girl, ten years old, and I am trying to get money to send for THE CORPORAL, for a friend of mine who cannot pay for it herself. My mother takes it and reads it to me, and I am picking berries every day for her, and she gives me ten cents a quart. When I get enough, I will send it. I do like THE CORPORAL very much. We all watch for it every week until it comes. The mosquitoes are very bad where I pick berries, but I try not to mind them, for I think how pleased my friend will be when she gets the paper."

Prudy thinks little Rosa is a friend worth having.

*Akron, Ohio.* "The July number of THE LITTLE CORPORAL has failed to reach me, but I forgive it, because it is the first time he has proved unfaithful. I am anxious to know whether Barbie has reached the king's house. I am sure she will, for all reach it who fight for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful."

That is right, my little princess. The king's house is open to all who seek it in the right way, and those who find it are the ones who "By patient continuance in well doing seek for glory, and honor, and immortality."

Here is one more scrap, and then the rest of the letters must wait for next month:

*Bethlehem, Pa.* "I have a class of little girls in Sunday School, and last Sunday was trying to teach them a hymn, when little Jennie looked up with her sweet smile, and said, 'I can't talk hymns—I must sing them.' 'Well,' I said, 'can you sing one, Jennie?' In a clear, sweet voice, she sang—

"Open the door of your heart,  
And let the good angels come in."

The dear child had indeed opened the door of her heart to the good angels, and I wished all the children, like Jennie, would love to praise God with their sweet voices.

## SILVER BELLS,

THE CHEAPEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

This little book, containing the words of a choice selection of some of the best hymns in The Singing Pilgrim, and Bradbury's Golden Trio, of which we have sold 40,000 copies, has for some time been out of print. It is so much called for that we have issued a new and revised edition, and it can now be had by mail, post paid, at \$2.50 per hundred; \$1.50 for fifty. A sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Address, ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
Publishers, Chicago, Ill.





## THE PILGRIM'S KNAPSACK.

## A PICTURE.

One of THE LITTLE CORPORAL's correspondents vouches for the truth of the following:

At one of our neighbor's houses was a very bright, little girl. It chanced once that they had as a guest a minister, an esteemed friend. Little Anna watched him closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you drawing, Anna?" asked the clergyman.

"I see makin' your picture," answered the child.

So the gentleman sat very still and she worked away earnestly for awhile. Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little head.

"I don't like it *much*," she said. "'Tain't a *great deal* like you. I dess I'll dess put a *tail* to it, and call it a dog."

"Fancy his feelinks." What a likeness it must have been!

## No. 19.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventy letters—

My 1, 9, 13, 8, 36, 40, 65, 35, is a plant mentioned in the Bible.

My 6, 12, 3, 31, 7, 10, 37, 48, 58, 62, 60, was a king of Assyria.

My 11, 41, 34, 30, 15, 50, 63, was an ancient tribe.

My 15, 37, 61, 2, 64, 50, 67, 65, 9, 20, is a Bible wood.

My 16, 70, 56, 38, 60, 17, 28, 8, was a king of the Jews.

My 17, 14, 55, 44, 68, 49, 56, is a Bible bird.

My 19, 22, 27, 32, 28, 69, 25, 15, 4, 6, was an ancient tribe.

My 21, 4, 60, 59, 24, 7, 56, was an Israelite woman.

My 26, 9, 39, 66, 37, 12, 18, 41, 46, was a ruler of the Synagogue.

My 29, 51, 54, 43, 38, 23, was a judge of Israel.

My 47, 53, 37, 33, 42, 5, 55, 57, 14, was an ancient tribe.

My 52, 33, 39, 56, 66, 47, was a queen of Persia.

My whole is one of the Proverbs.

*Isola.*

## No. 20.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

- My letters four describe a waning cheek;  
Transposed, the clangor of a funeral bell,  
Or boisterous laugh, or thunderburst as well;  
Transposed again, what cunning lawyers make;  
And yet again, the pulse's joyous swell,  
The waters' fearful plunge into abysses fell,  
The bound of joyous antelope into the bosky dell.
- My letters three a plural verb appear;  
Transpose them, I am singular, 'tis clear,  
And mark an age, a cycle, or a year.  
Again transpose me—through my winding halls  
Wander all sounds and symphonies—  
All discords and all harmonies—  
There loudest thunder crashes and the faintest whisper falls.

*Paul Peregrine.*

## No. 21.—ORTHOGRAPHICAL PERVERSIONS.

- Bee in dust try us an deacon O Michael!
- Prack phthysic on O my!
- Bean ought crew well two any mals.
- Cull tie vat eh a bit so free din gan dove thin king.
- A maul way sat Thebes tin con duck tandem e'en or.
- C hid 'em isle lithe 'er ring.

*Paul Peregrine.*

## No. 22.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



*P. P.*

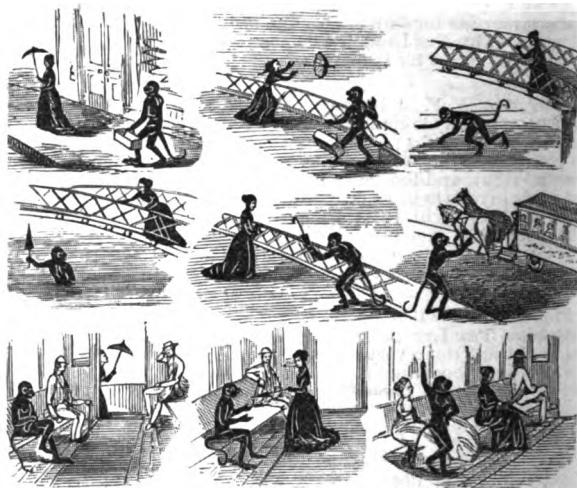
## No. 23.—WORD PUZZLE.

What word of four letters, beheaded three times, will you use when kitty gets on the tea-table.

*M. B. C. S.*

## No. 24.—A PICTURE STORY.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.



Reading to be given in next number.

*W. O. C.*

## No. 25.—A PICTURE STORY.

ROVER'S DISOBEDIENCE.



There was an enemy in the barnyard. John went out one day to look for eggs and saw a dead hen lying under the hen-roost. He went back and reported the case to his father. "Set the steel trap, and see what you'll catch," said his father. So, that night, John set the steel trap. John knew that Rover would smell the meat on the trap, and might get his nose in the trap; so he tied him up. By and by, Rover heard the dogs barking, and saw them chasing a wild deer over the hills. "I don't see why I'm always tied up here," thought Rover to himself. "Other dogs have fun, and why can't I?" So he gave a spring and snapped his chain, and was off with a bound. It was a moonshiny night, and he thought he had a grand time, barking and running on the trail. Before morning, he came home very tired and hungry. While looking around for an old bone to gnaw, he spied the trap and smelt the meat on it. It smelt good, and seemed refreshing. So he took a hasty bite. You can all guess what Johnny caught in the trap, and how the sharp teeth felt. Rover had his fun, but he wished afterward that he had staid at home, and been a good dog.

*W. O. C.*

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 17.—OCTOBER NUMBER.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."—Poor Kitty had no home. No one cared for her—no one loved her. When she went around mewing for her breakfast, people drove her from their doors. The boys stoned her in the streets. Poor Kitty! One day, as she was running along, hungry and faint, she saw Polly, the parrot, eating a cracker. Polly cried out, "Kitty want a cracker?" So Kitty came, and looked up wishfully into Polly's face, as much as to say, "I am really very hungry." So Polly bit off a large piece and let it fall, and Kitty thought it the best of anything she had eaten for a long time. One day Kitty was quite fortunate, and caught a nice, fat mouse. Then she thought of the good parrot that had been so kind to her in her distress; and she said to herself, "Perhaps Polly is hungry herself to-day, and would like this fine, fat mouse." So she ran and carried it to her. But Polly did not like mice very well, and she only smiled when she took it, and said, "You are indeed very kind, Mrs. Kitty." "One good turn deserves another," said Kitty, as she ran away.

*W. O. C.*

FOR ANSWERS TO CHARADE, ETC., IN OCTOBER NUMBER SEE PAGE 77.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sowell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## BIRDIE AT THE WINDOW.

BY PRUDY.

Floating through the twilight,  
Drifting softly down,  
Fall the fleecy snowflakes  
On the meadows brown.

Birdie at the window,  
Looks with laughing eyes,  
Full of baby wonder,  
Full of strange surprise.

Only one sweet summer  
Birdie has been here;  
Did you know that winter  
Kills the roses, dear?

Did you know the swallows  
All have flown away,  
And the songsters vanished  
From the greenwood gay?

Darling little Birdie!  
Nothing can she know  
Of the summer glories  
Hidden by the snow.

Still the heaven she came from  
Shines upon her dreams,  
With its fadeless blossoms,  
And its cloudless gleams.

Still the angels whisper  
In her listening ear,  
Songs whose wondrous music  
Birdie smiles to hear.

VOL. 9. }  
No. 6. }

Chicago, Ill., December, 1869.

## FRED'S SPEECH.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

"Where's mother?" said Fred, bustling in from school one afternoon, at dusk, and finding Louise and Ella by the stove, book in hand.

"Gone to Chicago," replied Louise, without looking up.

"What is she doing there?" exclaimed Fred, with disappointment in his tone. "When will she be back? what made her go?"

"Which of your questions do you want answered?" laughed Louise.

"All of them," returned Fred, impatiently. "Well," said Louise, "what she is doing there I cannot say, inasmuch as I cannot see twelve miles down a railway. When she will be back I am not able to ask her, as I cannot just at present make her hear my voice, and what made her go I don't know, as I was at school when she left."

"O dear!" groaned Fred; "Ella, cannot you tell me when mother will be back?"

"O," said Ella, "I expect her every minute. She only went to do some shopping, and said she would be home as early as possible. Hark!" said she, "there's the door bell; I shouldn't wonder if she had come now."

"Good!" exclaimed Fred, as he rushed to open the front door. Sure enough, there was mother, who came in looking very smiling and very cold. Behind her was Cousin Will. Both were well muffled up, but the peculiarly biting air which precedes a snow storm on the prairie, had chilled them through.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Boylston, shivering, as she advanced into the sitting room, "how good and warm it is here."

Ella quickly drew an arm chair to the stove, while Louise ran to the kitchen and soon appeared with a cup of warm tea. Mrs. Boylston sat by the fire and sipped the tea, while Ella took off her bonnet and wraps. Meanwhile Fred was taking care of Cousin Will.

"Where's Kissie?" said the latter.

"I told her she might visit the Chatfield children while I was away," said Mrs. Boylston. "Frederic, you had better go for her."

So Fred went for Kissie. Meanwhile, dear Grandmother Boylston, having heard the bustle, came over from her bedroom, back of the parlor, and joined the little circle. She looked so peaceful and sweet as she came in, and her face seemed to beam with such a

light of love and gentleness, that Louise thought to herself,

"I had no idea an old lady could be so handsome."

Sometimes we thus take in a new view, as it were, of those whom we know the best and see the oftenest.

"Grandmother," said Louise, springing up, "take this chair."

Grandmother sat down in the comfortable place thus offered her, and said, "Thank you, my darling," in such a tone that Louise felt as if she never could do enough for her; and she thought to herself,

"I will try to be as lovely as grandmother when I am an old lady. How beautiful it is."

Just then Kissie and Fred arrived, glowing, laughing, and chattering. Cousin Will spoke to the little girl, and she stood a moment at his side. Then she ran over to her mother and tried to peep into the shopping bag, which laid on the floor by her side.

"What did you get, mother?" said she.

"O," said Mrs. Boylston, "I got home."

"Yes, and you got cold, I fear," said Ella, taking the bag.

"Didn't you bring me anything?" pouted Kissie.

"O yes," returned her mother, "I brought you Cousin Will."

"He isn't anything," said Kissie.

"Why, Kissie!" said Cousin Will, "to think that you should say I am not anything! after all my lectures, too!"

"Then let us have another lecture," said Kissie, instantly.

"You ridiculous, absurd, little sister!" said Ella. "You had better offer him some supper first."

"Yes," said Mrs. Boylston; "tell Bridget to bring in tea for Cousin Will and me—you have all been to tea, I presume," she added, looking around.

"All but Fred," said Louise. "He had just come in as you arrived, and was almost crying for you when he heard you were not at home."

Mrs. Boylston looked at Fred affectionately, and he gave her hand a private little squeeze.

Just then Biddie brought in the tea, and Ella directed her to place it on a small table, which she had drawn up to the fire close by her mother.

"And sure I knew ye'd be shtarved with the cowl," said Biddie, hurrying to and fro on the little canter that she generally adopted when very much in earnest with her duties.

"Is it going to snow, I do' know? Here are some warrum biscuit."

Then Biddie removed the tea things again, while they all gathered closer to the fire.

"Ugh!" shuddered Mrs. Boylston, "it seems almost as though I shall never be warm again! Frederic," she asked, turning to her son, "was there any special reason why you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, mother," laughed Fred, "there were two special reasons. In the first place, I am such a baby that I never like to have you away when I come home from school. It always seems so dismal—as if the whole house was empty. And in the second place, I have got to speak a piece to-morrow, and I wanted you to help me select it."

"Ho! that is easy enough. Take the September Gale, or The One-horse Shay," said Louise, who doated on what she called "Holmes' Pomes."

"No. I want a speech; not poetry," said Fred.

"How do you like the speech of Pitt's, commencing, 'The atrocious crime of being a young man?'" said Cousin Will. "I used to deliver that with great zest when I was a boy."

"Or this," said Louise, "after the manner of the Yankee schoolboy:

"Now is the winter of our discontent,  
Made glorious summer by the sun of York,  
Now air our brows bound with victorious  
wreaths,  
And all the clouds that lower upon our house."

Everyone laughed. "All our speeches for to-morrow have to be from American authors," said Fred, good naturedly.

"Speak this, then," said Louise.

She sprang up, threw herself into an awkward attitude, jerked her head forward, and at the same moment scraped her right foot backward, to represent a bow, and recited through her nose Webster's speech beginning:

"Venerable men! you have come down to us this day from a former generation." That is as I have heard boys speak it," she said.

The resemblance was so perfect that no one could resist laughing. Louise dropped in her chair again, quite satisfied with the "fun" she had made, and Mrs. Boylston said,

"I always admired those grand speeches of our Revolutionary orators very much. There is the one by Otis, commencing, 'England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the steps of freedom.' And this by Adams, delivered in the Continental Congress: 'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.'"

"Or, finer still, I think," said Cousin Will, "that grand speech of Patrick Henry's, commencing, 'It is natural for men to indulge in the illusions of hope.'"

"O yes, yes," said Fred, "I like that speech. I will learn that. It is in my Speaker."

This point settled, Kissie, who had been looking from one speaker to another as the conversation turned upon Revolutionary times, suddenly interposed.

"Now, Cousin Will," she said, "let us have a lecture."

"Kissie," said he, laughing, "you will make me lecture this family to death."

But Kissie was not to be put off, especially as the rest of the family looked their approval.

"At all events," pleaded Cousin Will, "you will not expect me to be funny, will you; for, to tell you the truth, the cold outside and the fire inside have made me uncommonly stupid."

"No," said Kissie, "if you do not want to be."

"Well," began Cousin Will, "our last lecture ended with a muss between the English soldiers and the Massachusetts people, and the wise men of the country holding a meeting to see what it was best to do about it. This meeting was made up of men from all the colonies. It took place in Philadelphia, and was called the *first Continental Congress*."

"Grandmother," said Kissie, at the mention of Philadelphia, which she knew was her grandmother's birthplace, "were you in Philadelphia then?"

"No," said grandmother, "it was before my time."

Kissie looked astonished. She had an idea grandmother was so old that scarcely anything could have happened before she was born.

"Now," continued Cousin Will, "I shall not tell you much about that war. It was called the War of the Revolution, and that you know already. We fought to free ourselves from England, and that you know. The reason we wanted to be free was because we would not submit to taxation without representation, and that I have explained to you. George Washington was our general. We fought several years; we finally conquered, and ever since we have been a nation governing ourselves, instead of a number of colonies governed by England. All this you know; so I shall not tell you about the war."

"Hm!" said Kissie, "what *shall* you tell about?"

"Well, I thought you might like to know something about the way we concluded to govern ourselves, after England gave up trying to govern us."

"O yes," said Kissie, "tell about it. I know something about it already," she added.

"What do you know?" asked Cousin Will.

"I know we didn't have a king," replied Kissie.

Fred laughed. "Kiss," said he, "makes me think of the Yankee boy who said, 'when yeou see that are boss yeou don't see no caow.'"

Mrs. Boylston shook her head at Fred. Cousin Will took no notice of his jest but replied to Kissie, who looked a little abashed, "That is true. Can you tell me, Kissie, what sort of a government it is called which has a king at the head of it?"

Kissie did not answer.

"Now I will tell you and you must learn the word. It is called a *monarchy*. Say it, Kissie."

"A *monarchy*," repeated Kissie.

"And our government is a *republic*. Can you say that?"

"A *republic*," echoed Kissie.

"And what is a monarchy?" reiterated Cousin Will.

"A government that has a king," said Kissie.

And what is a republic?" said he.

But Cousin Will did not expect Kissie to answer that question, so he turned to Fred. But Fred had already found out the difficulty of giving a definition, and he replied, in

answer to Cousin Will's look: "No you don't! No conundrums for me, I thank you."

"Suppose we each define the word," said Cousin Will, "and thus clear up our own ideas on the subject."

"The new and wonderful game of definitions," said Fred, "with mother and Cousin Will for umpires. Good! Well, then, a republic is a government which has a president for its head."

"Good as far as it goes, but not complete. Colleges and railroad companies have presidents, but are not, on that account, republics."

"You try, Louise," said Fred.

"Well," said Louise, "a republic is a country where they have no king and no title."

"You are getting nearer to it," said Cousin Will.

It was Ella's turn next.

"O," said Ella, "I can't give a good definition. Well—a republic is a country where everybody votes."

"That is the exact point," said Cousin Will. "A republic is a government in which the power to make the laws belongs to the people. So it may be truly said that a republic is a country in which the people govern themselves."

"Now you can see, Kissie, that to govern one's self is a very noble thing, provided one does it rightly. The difference between a monarchy and a republic, is the difference between being made to do right and doing it of one's own accord—between being governed and governing one's self. It is the same difference that there is between a boy whose father tells him to go here, go there, do this, do that, and the same boy grown up and doing what he pleased. If he only *pleases to do what is best and right*, then it is a nobler state than if he were always told what to do. But suppose, Kissie, he turns out a bad man and chooses to do wrong, *then* he will be a great deal worse off than if he had staid under the control of his father, and been a boy always."

"Well, Kissie, a republican government is what our fathers chose for us."

"Please to begin back, Cousin Will, about the Continental Congress," said Fred.

"There were two such," said Cousin Will, "and they are called the First and Second Continental Congress. They both met in Philadelphia, and one came right after the other. The first one met in September, 1774, and lasted only a few weeks. The second one met the following May and lasted nearly through the war."

"Now you must remember," said Cousin Will, "that the colonies had no thought, at first, of independence—all they wanted was that England should treat them fairly and give them their rights. And they kept saying so. All through the first congress they said so, and the first thing the second congress did was to appoint a fast day, to implore a blessing on their king, and the return of peace which should be a just peace to the colonies."

"And so the first congress put out what they called a Bill of Rights; that is, a statement of what they considered to be their rights as Colonies of Great Britain. But the second congress, when it had been in session rather more than a year, put out a paper

altogether different, a wonderful writing, a writing that made us what we are—a great nation. Do you know what I refer to?"

No, Kissie did not know. "Freddie?" No; Freddie was not sure, and he shook his head. Even Louise looked doubtful.

"It was the Declaration of Independence," said Cousin Will.

"Ho!" said Kissie, jumping up, "that is the Fourth of July."

The action was so sudden and so odd that no one could help laughing.

"That!" exclaimed Fred, "why I have heard that read once a year ever since I can remember, but I always thought it was dreadfully dull."

"And so did I," added Louise.

"That was because you did not understand it," said Cousin Will. "That little writing contains truths which all the poor of Europe long to realize, and envy us for having been able to weave into our government."

"And when you come to recite your speech, Fred, you will do so with far more feeling and effect, if you think of Patrick Henry and the rest of the Revolutionary patriots as they felt when they gave such speeches utterance. Of course they feared and doubted. It was a terrible thing for a few people to go to war with a mighty nation like England. And England was their home; Englishmen were their brothers. Could they fight their way to freedom if they would? Ought they if they could? Over and over and over again they debated these terrible questions. And when, at last, they concluded upon a declaration of independence, those who signed it knew that they did so at the risk of their lives, and that, if they failed in the war, each one of them, if taken, would be hung. A good many of the colonists, too, opposed the war, and it was necessary to go forward under that kind of discouragement besides all the rest. It is said that when the first Continental Congress came together, all sat looking at each other in a sort of dismay; and that at last Patrick Henry rose and spoke. He always faltered at the beginning of his speeches, and did so in this instance, growing bolder and grander as he proceeded. You can perceive something similar in the speech which you have chosen."

"But dear me," said Cousin Will, "if I do not stop I shall find myself lecturing in earnest, so Kissie, I guess this will do for to-night."

Grandmother spoke; a flood of memories came with the mention of the Continental Congress; memories of what she had heard from her mother.

"She was a girl of about twenty, then," said grandmother, "and I have often heard her tell of the many men of mark who came together in Philadelphia at that time. She was a 'Friend,' or Quaker, you know, and she was especially struck with the brilliant appearance they made as to dress. John Hancock, who was president of the Congress, wore a scarlet coat and a cocked hat. Jefferson wore a scarlet coat and vest, white breeches, and a cocked hat with a black cockade."

"It seems to me," said Ella, "that they dressed a great deal more in those days than now."

"The men did, certainly," said grandmother, "that is, the gentlemen, unless they were Friends."

"Why!" said Louise, "did the gentlemen wear a dress different from other men?"

"Of course they did," said Cousin Will. "You must remember that as long as we were English Colonies we recognized all the differences in rank that prevail in England to this day. In the colonial days 'a gentleman' was not simply a man who behaved himself."

"No, indeed," said grandmother, "he was somebody quite superior. Shopkeepers, or 'tradesmen,' as they were called then, such as shoemakers, tailors, etc., were in the habit of going to people to take measures and receive orders, instead of expecting people to go to their shops."

"How odd!" exclaimed Louise.

"What *did* the ladies do when they could not go shopping?" ejaculated Master Fred. "I suppose if they wanted a pair of shoes they—"

"Sent for their shoemaker," said grandmother, "and had him take their measure. You could tell a tradesman as well as a gentleman by his dress."

"What did they wear?" asked Fred.

"Who? tradesmen?"

"Both, grandmother," returned Fred.

"Well, tradesmen and workmen wore leather aprons and breeches of sheepskin and buckskin. A club of tradesmen in Philadelphia, was called the 'Leather Apron Club,' named from this part of their dress. Gentlemen wore a very fancy dress; wigs, cocked hats, coats whose full, plaited skirts hung stiff with buckram and padding, shirts ruffled down the bosom and at the hand, and the ruffles trimmed with lace, very wide coat sleeves with deep cuffs slashed to the elbow, to show the ruffles and the buttons at the wrist, knee breeches and long silk or worsted stockings with knee buckles, shoes and shoe buckles—they looked as gay as paroquets."

"And the ladies; please tell us how they looked, grandmother," said Ella, much interested.

"Well, really," said grandmother, "they dressed not unlike what they do now, with hoops and high-heeled shoes, and gored dresses, and hair on the top of the head, frizzed or curled in front."

"Yes," said mother, "when I see a young lady dressed for a party I am often struck with her resemblance to some old picture."

"Did you know that gentlemen carried muffs in old times?" said grandmother.

"Muffs?" exclaimed Fred; "They made muffs of themselves, I think."

"Ah!" said Louise, "Fred's wit is pungent."

"Muffetees, these muffs were called," said grandmother, "and were just large enough to cover the hands and wrists, and as sleeves were cut short to show the ruffles and plaits and sleeve buttons, muffetees were really needed."

"And what did the ladies wear that was odd?" said Ella.

"O, a good many things," said grandmother. "If you will go to my room and look in the large upper bureau drawer, in the front right-hand corner, you will find a little advertisement which I saved for you the other day in looking over some old papers. You will see by that how many things were worn then of which we can form no idea."

"Let me go," said Louise.

"I would rather not, my darling," said grandmother; "Ella never tumbles up my things."

So Ella went and found the paper. It was an advertisement of articles of dress, and read as follows:

"Tandems, isinghams, nuns, bag and gullix, quilted humhums, turkettees, grassetts, single allopeens, children's stays, pumps, and bodice; allibanies dickmansoy cushloes, chuckloes, cuttanees, crimson dandador, chain'd soosees, lemonees, byram-pants, moree, naffermamy, saxlingham, prunelle, barragons, druggets, florettas." No one could form an idea of but few of the articles mentioned.

"Did I ever tell you," added grandmother, "of the contrivance which the ladies wore in winter to keep their faces warm? It was a black velvet mask, and they kept it on by means of a silver mouthpiece, which they kept in their mouths."

"How queer!" said Louise; "they could not have talked much, I should think, with that on."

"Perhaps," said Cousin Will, slyly, "that is why it went out of fashion."

"O fie!" Cousin Will, cried Ella, "that from you!"

"It was a small specimen of a cheap kind of wit," he replied; "and to punish myself for it I will go."

"O no! no!" cried Kissie, who had listened with pleased attention, and knew that the breaking up of the party would be the signal for her to go to bed. But Cousin Will's goodnights were said so suddenly, and finished so soon, that she had no time for further protest.

When she was sent to her room, which happened soon after, she left Fred studying his speech, and repeating, over and over, "It is natural for man to indulge—it is natural for man to indulge—in the illusions of hope—in the illusions of hope."

## COLD WATER.

BY MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE.

The sunbeams may dance o'er vineyards of France

Or vinehills of Malaga's daughters;  
But ne'er shall their ray beam on all their glad way,

Upon anything pure as spring water!  
O water! cold water!

The bright and the sparkling spring water!  
Fair wine may deceive, but ne'er will you grieve,  
If you only drink water, cold water!

And gay is the song, the valleys along,  
When maidens, the ripe clusters bringing,  
Bid wine-presses shine with the juice of the vine;  
But thy worthier praise we are singing—

O water! cold water!  
The bright and the sparkling spring water!  
Fair wine may deceive, but ne'er will you grieve,  
If you only drink water, cold water!

For sorrow and sin sometimes will lurk in  
The cup where the red wine is glowing;  
But safe is the draught, from the pure fountain quaffed,  
Where the sweet, living waters are flowing.

O water! cold water!  
The bright and the sparkling spring water!  
Fair wine may deceive, but you never will grieve,  
If you only drink water, cold water!



## THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES OF PARIS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"The daily journals of you Americans are like your daily dinners—all on one plate, and the greater the mixture, the better its taste," said a French lady of my acquaintance, as she glanced over the variegated columns of the *Chicago Tribune*. She spoke unfairly, of course, as persons always do who give opinions without investigating.

Let us hope that an American's judgment of the children's magazines of Paris may be more just, if equally unflattering. At all events, it was not formed so hastily as that which has been quoted.

Wishing to know if *THE CORPORAL* and *Riverside* had any Parisian rivals, I questioned several little friends as to their favorites, but finding them either uninformed or without enthusiasm on the subject, I looked into the "Directory," and found, to my surprise, that Paris published nearly thirty juvenile magazines! I then visited one of the principal newsdealers, supposing that upon his counters I should find the said thirty, all in a row. He smiled politely at my ignorance, and, with a matchless shrug, informed me that I must go to each office of publication, as the magazines were to be had nowhere else.

Many amusing incidents might be related of that tour among the publishers, whose quiet quarters, usually at the bottom of a shady court, were tenanted by many a buzzing "bluebottle," and a few mild-faced gentlemen in spectacles. The idea that any one, and above all a foreigner, had conceived the project of calling to ask for "specimen copies" of their journal, seemed to strike them as oppressively original. One benevolent old gentleman, evidently the editor, eyed me carefully, hesitated, shrugged his shoulders in an apologetic way, and said: "Will you permit me to ask why you can possibly want a copy of our magazine?"

I frankly told him, and, though he still seemed puzzled, he handed me the "specimen," and refused my offered coin, saying, "If it is for America, never mind that." Well, I have examined with care my collection thus gathered. It lies spread out before me as I write, in its variety of colors, white, yellow, red, blue, and gray. There is very little of beauty in the exterior, whatever the contents may afford. French taste was certainly napping when these covers were designed. Let us look at the names; these, certainly, cannot fail to be pretty and poetic:

"The Journal of Young Girls," "The Magazine of Education and Recreation," "The Children's Friend," "The Museum of the Children," "The Model Doll."

Dry enough this list, with the exception of the last name, which is at least curious, and the journal that bears it merits a separate paragraph further on.

Somebody must patronize these publications, for one of them is in its forty-fifth year, another in its twenty-first, and almost all number from five to fifteen years.

They are all printed on excellent paper, in large, clear type, and illustrated with fine engravings, and they usually appear twice every month.

Thus much for the husk; let us proceed to taste the kernel. Open the forty-five-

years-old "Friend of Youth," published by "the editors of the 'Almanac of Good Counsels,'" and glance over its Table of Contents. I fear that, to a "constant reader" of our young *CORPORAL*, this bill of fare would not seem particularly inviting.

1. The Siamese Twins.
2. The Chamber of a Sick Child.
3. Brussels.
4. Sunday at Home.
5. The Emigration to the United States in 1868.
6. The Rattlesnake.
7. The Desert of Sahara.
8. "Varieties," (or brief paragraphs.)
9. The Mud of Paris.
10. The Protestants of Palestine.
11. Livingstone, Member of the Institute.

The articles are, like the subjects, excellent, sensible, and useful, no doubt, but *dry*. It seems strange that the French, who are so witty and so wise—who have so many charming books and papers for grown people, should deal with their children in a manner so serious; should forget that whatsoever things are true and gentle, and of good report, have the best right in the world to be told in the most cheery, attractive way imaginable. When John Wesley, or some other equally sensible man, said, "Good people can't afford to let Satan have all the beautiful tunes," and proceeded to use many that had been thought "too worldly," setting them to sacred, Christian words, he was a sort of prophet, foreseeing the days that have come—in our own land, at least.

These French magazines, about which we are talking, remind me of "The Youth's Cabinet" and "Merry's Museum," that I used to read in my childhood, only the latter were much superior. They were, indeed, almost interesting, with their bits of natural history, and geography, and "barn-door flights of knowledge," generally; but they would be obliged to bestir themselves vigorously to keep pace with the new school of children's journals, which take so much for granted in their readers, and remember that now-a-days we have "object lessons," and Dr. Hooker's admirable "Child's Books," in our common schools.

But it would not be fair to give the impression that all the magazines we have examined are as unexceptionably dull as the "Friend of Youth." Glance, for a moment, at that of "Education and Recreation," one of whose editors is Jean Macé, whose "History of a Mouthful of Bread," and other books, have been translated and received with much favor by American readers. The French Academy, an association of the most distinguished men of the nation, who always wear, and are very proud of the little red ribbon, which is their badge of membership, has "crowned" this publication, which, being interpreted, means that these celebrated gentlemen have, in their august councils, agreed that it is worthy of "Beautiful France," and its rising generation. It is a pretty pamphlet in gray, its title page decked out with angels, little and big, bearing a scroll, on which are written the "good word" spoken in its favor by the Academy, its own common-place name, and its terms, two numbers per month, at three dollars per year. Above this statement are two pretty medallion heads, labeled "Science" and "Art."

Opening the number that lies nearest me, I find, as the "leading article," "Adventures of a Young Naturalist in Mexico—Continued," as almost all the stories are, which is a good "exception," doubtless, but a poor "rule." Several excellent engravings illustrate this rather mature, yet very readable contribution. Next comes "Chemistry for Girls—No. I.—Theory of Combustion!" This sounds formidable, but reads quite well, though it is not, as the French say, "entraining," which is just what it ought to be to benefit its readers. Following this is a good moral story about "Miss Me," a dreadfully selfish little girl, who, after numerous trials and tribulations, became a pattern of generosity; the only fault here being that the "moral" is too much "tacked on," and not enough "worked in." Then comes a series of "to be continued" anecdotes from history, entitled "Morality in Action," and meant to illustrate the admirable qualities of "courage, intrepidity, and devotion," which, in a Frenchman's eyes, are the crowning virtues of character. Most of these illustrations are taken from the lives of soldiers who have courted death upon the numberless and bloody battle fields, that are the "glory" of France, and one is of an American volunteer, who, in the revolutionary war, took three men prisoners by his own unaided efforts, and when asked by his general how he did it, replied, Yankee-like, "Why don't you see, I just surrounded 'em!"

There is one droll little contribution in this Magazine, entitled "The Commandments of Grandpapa," which I will translate, and submit to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* "management," to use or not to use, as shall be wisely decreed in its secret tribunal.

But the "Model Doll" is the most Parisian of all the Paris Magazines for little folks. To appreciate its popularity, it must be known that to a French girl her doll is a personage of the first dignity and value. Her health (for she is very often indisposed,) is a subject of constant anxiety; her amusement (for she is very gay,) is studied carefully, and her wardrobe (for she is arrayed like those who dwell in king's houses,) forms the chief pride and care of her little mamma. French girls are famed for their skill with the needle, and it is the ceaseless demand for doll's clothes that makes them thus accomplished. All their thoughts cluster around the curly-headed beauty, whose willing slaves they are. It is not the little girls, but the little dolls, that have toys given to them. Fairy-like watches and jewelry; diminutive dinner sets; tiny lace-trimmed beds; lilliputian parasols, fans, mirrors, brushes, and combs—I was going to say toothbrushes—go to make up their "outfit," and the proud little mammas spend no small share of their time in attending to the elegant necessities of their spoiled and petted favorites.

So you see "The Model Doll" is naturally the "Queen of the Monthlies," with its handsome, colored fashion plates, illustrating the "latest styles; its little patterns for embroidery, and monograms for ornamenting the linen of the young aristocrat; with tiny, tinted cards of invitation, to be filled up and sent out to the doll's friends, when it pleases her to give a ball or dinner party, and besides all this, with amusing plays,



which can be acted by the dolls, which are made to move about like puppets, while some one stands behind the scenes, and, changing the voice, does their talking for them. As if this were not enough, there are games, enigmas, and stories, in this curious Magazine, and a long list of "Answers to Correspondents," in which the editor addresses his young subscribers in a familiar and amusing way, telling them how to mend broken arms, and replace dropped-off noses; how to "do over" worn-out curls, and where to send in Paris "for the most perfect *poupées* (dolls) in existence," most of these answers being addressed to correspondents in the country, "a real Parisian" needing little instruction on any of these points. "The Model Doll" is the only genuine child's paper that we have found at Paris, and would be a real curiosity to American readers. It has already reached its sixth year, and is in the full tide of its success.

### TO THE NORTH WIND.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Blow, blow, North Wind, blow,  
Sweep the meadows, strew the snow;  
Roar among the forest pines,  
Freeze the flowers and vex the vines.

Blow, blow, North Wind, blow;  
While the streams refuse to flow,  
By thy bitter breath congealed,  
Yonder shining fetters sealed.

Blow, blow, North Wind, blow;  
All things wither where you go;  
While you roam o'er hill and shore  
Summer birds can sing no more.

Blow, blow, North Wind, blow,  
Fling your sleet and strew your snow—  
Sing your songs of stormy strife—  
Storm feeds summer, death feeds life.

Blow, blow, then, North Wind, blow;  
Here is still the hearthstone's glow—  
Life and warmth, and summer cheer,  
For you cannot enter here.

Blow, blow, North Wind, blow;  
Rule your realm, but well we know,  
Sometime, from across the sea,  
Sweet the South Wind's breath will be.

Blow, O North Wind, bravely blow!  
We shall live more blessed so,  
Round our firesides, warm and bright,  
In the windy, wintry night.

Learning more, the while you blow,  
Of the fair delights that flow  
From the love no storm can blight—  
Love that knows no death nor night.

### LITTLE BOPEEP.

BY H. M. HUNT.

Little Bopeep,  
Come play with me;  
Let's guess riddles—  
What do you see?

Two small puff balls,  
Soft as can be;  
Pink like sea shells,  
Can you tell me?

Ten small handles,  
Guarded with pearl,  
All a plaything  
For our wee girl.

Little Bopeep,  
Come, whisper low,  
"Baby's footies;"  
Who told you so?

### NELLY OF MOUNT VERNON.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In my story of Arlington, I told how the Custis children came to be adopted by General Washington. The first mention I find of this famous little boy and girl, is in an account of a great dinner party at Mount Vernon, in September, 1781, when, at the request of Washington, who dearly loved children, they were brought into the banquet hall, with the dessert. Among the guests who dandled them and praised their beauty, on that evening, were two brave and noble French officers, the Count de Rochambeau and the Marquis de Chastellux.

There were also two little sisters, two years older than these baby children, who came in for a share of the caresses and praises, and what was of more account, of the nuts and sweetmeats, and who took their turn in clambering on to grandpapa's knee, for his good-night kiss.

This was the last time that a happy, united family circle met around the table at Mount Vernon; for, but a few weeks later, Mr. Custis, the son of Mrs. Washington, and the father of these four pretty children, died of camp fever. The widow remained for some time in the old home of her husband, and when she removed to a home of her own, she took only the eldest children; the two youngest were, as I have said, adopted by General Washington.

George Washington Parke Custis, familiarly called "Washington," was the especial pet and darling of his grandmamma, and indeed was nearly spoiled by her fond indulgence. Eleanor Parke Custis, always called "Nelly," was her grandpapa's favorite; but he never spoiled her, though he dearly loved her. She was an extremely pretty child, and grew to be a very beautiful and brilliant woman.

When Nelly was about four years old, her grandpapa came home to Mount Vernon to stay, he said. It was Christmas eve, and a blessed time, for the war was over, and the General was to lay aside his battle sword and his military dress, and rest from his hard and perilous labors. For four or five years, the good man remained in retirement on his estate, attending to his plantations and fisheries, to his gardens and forests, to his horses, cattle, and negroes—entertaining his many visitors, and instructing the little boy and girl, whose innocent gaiety made brighter the summer days and merrier the winter evenings at Mount Vernon.

Ah! those were happy years for the children—great times for them to remember. Among the visitors whom they loved best, was a charming French gentleman, who spent several weeks at Mount Vernon, who was always ready to play with them, and whose pocket held an inexhaustible supply of delicious *bon-bons*. This was the Marquis de Lafayette.

After this great Frenchman returned to France, he sent General Washington a valuable present—at least, so he thought it. This was a pack of stag hounds, large and powerful creatures, but which, as Washington had given up hunting the deer, proved to be far more plague than profit, at Mount Vernon. They would occasionally break out of their kennel, and make a raid on the

kitchen and larder, scattering the black servants right and left. Once, old Vulcan, the biggest and fiercest of all, stole a large, boiled ham, which was just about to be carried to the table, and made off with it, nobody in the kitchen daring to oppose him. Little Washington screamed with boyish delight, at beholding the bold thief scurrying across the court, with a whole ham in his mouth; but little Nelly was shocked, thinking it an act of high treason, at least. General Washington laughed, but Mrs. Washington was so indignant at the loss of her ham, and at other depredations, that the whole pack of French hounds had to be given away.

In the winter of 1789, when Nelly Custis was about eleven years of age, the pleasant home-life of Mount Vernon was broken up by her grandpapa Washington being elected to the Presidency. He was inaugurated in April, at New York, which was then the seat of government; but Mrs. Washington did not leave Mount Vernon to join him, until May. She set out in her traveling chaise, with Nelly and little Washington, accompanied by a small escort on horseback. The journey took as many days as it now takes hours, though they made very good time. At every point on the road, they were received with honors, and Washington met them at Elizabethtown Point, New Jersey, with a splendid barge, on which they were taken to New York. This was a famous journey for the Custis children, though little Washington would like to have met with an overturn, or a robber or two, by land, and Nelly was disappointed that she saw neither a whale nor a mermaid, by sea.

The next year, Philadelphia was made the seat of Government, and after a few months' stay at Mount Vernon, the Washington family removed to that city. They traveled in the President's large, yellow, English coach, drawn by four fine, bay horses.

Washington's Philadelphia house was a very handsome and commodious mansion, for that time. It stood on Market street, near Sixth. I am sorry to say that at this time not one brick remains upon another.

That was a gay winter in Philadelphia. The President and Mrs. Washington gave full-dress receptions, stately affairs, I assure you, and there were parties and routs in all the best houses. But Nelly Custis was too young to go into society, and saw little of the pomp and gayety of the great folks. Sometimes she was allowed to come into the drawing room, after dinner, but she was never expected to do more than to sit still and upright in her chair, and to reply briefly and politely to an occasional question. She wore simple, white-muslin dresses, with her hair hanging in smooth curls upon her shoulders. She courtied on entering and leaving a room. She had great respect for her elders, and blushed modestly when strangers addressed her. She was such an old-fashioned, little thing, you see.

Still, Nelly was child enough to love play as well as any of you, and did not at all enjoy being kept at work or study, hour after hour. So tired did she get of her sampler, her embroidery frame, her writing and spelling books, that she was made very happy by receiving from her grandpapa, Washington, an English harpsichord. This instrument, shaped somewhat like a grand piano, but very much smaller, cost a thou-

sand dollars, and was greatly admired. Nelly was in raptures with it; she looked upon it as an elegant plaything, but she soon found that the play must come after hard work. An accomplished master was provided for her—a foreign gentleman, with *such* a temper!—and her grandmamma, who believed in thoroughness in everything, compelled her to practice four or five hours a day. Her brother used to tell of her musical troubles, and how she grew to abominate that thousand-dollar harpsichord. Through the long, bright, morning hours, she would play and cry, and cry and play, and there was no let up nor get off. Her strict but placid grandmother would be in and out, on her household affairs, or sit near, with her knitting, always watching to see that the hated task was performed. When I saw that harpsichord at Mount Vernon, a few weeks ago, I felt a sort of spite at the squeaky, old thing, for Nelly's sake.

In the spring, the President's family returned to Mount Vernon, where they spent another happy summer and autumn.

One evening, General Washington rode home rather late from a visit to Georgetown, and Nelly heard him say to her grandmother, at supper,

"Well, dear, we have fixed upon the site for the new National Capital."

"Ah! indeed; what is it to be called?"

"That I do not know, my dear; many names have been suggested."

It was called WASHINGTON.

Nelly went many journeys, back and forth, between Mount Vernon and Philadelphia, for her grandpapa was reelected, and so for eight years was President. The family generally traveled in the large, yellow coach, drawn by four (some authorities say six) bays, with postillions and outriders; but sometimes only Nelly and the maid rode in the coach with Mrs. Washington, while little Washington and big Washington drove in a smaller carriage, called a "sociable."

Nelly, as a young lady, was gay enough to like town life, but she was always glad enough to go home to dear, old Mount Vernon. She loved the river, the beautiful lawn, the gardens and summer houses, and was fond of the old servants. Years after, she used to tell a beautiful story of Washington.

"When I was young and romantic," she said, "I was fond of wandering off alone, along the wooded shore, by moonlight. Grandmamma thought it unsafe, and made me promise never to go about at night without an attendant. But one lovely moonlight night, I was tempted to stroll into the woods, and rambled on and on. I was missed, sent for, and brought home. Grandmamma was in the drawing room, seated in her great armchair, I remember, and as soon as I came in, she opened upon me and scolded me soundly. I had no excuse to offer, but owned I had done wrong, and said I was sorry. Then, as I was about to leave the room, I heard the General, who was walking up and down with his hands behind him, (a way of his,) say to grandmamma,

"My dear, I would say no more; perhaps she was not alone."

"I turned at once, went up to him, and said, 'Sir, you have brought me up to speak the truth, and as I told grandmamma I was alone, I hope you will believe I was alone.'

"At this the General made a low bow, and said, 'My child, I beg your pardon.'"

Nelly Custis had many admirers, but she chose from them all the one who most resembled the greatest and best man she had ever known. This was Major Lawrence Lewis, the beloved nephew of General Washington. She was married at Mount Vernon, on Washington's birthday, 1799.

At this wedding, which was a very brilliant affair, Nelly set herself to coax her grandpapa to wear the splendid, new uniform which the other generals of the United States army had adopted. But he shook his head, saying,

"No, Nelly dear, not even for your sake and this great occasion, can I bedizen myself with tinsel and feathers. You must take me in my old continental suit of blue and buff, and make the most of me."

The young people were to reside at Mount Vernon. Happily passed the spring, summer, and autumn, then came the winter; but even that seemed pleasant, for General Washington was no longer President, and all were to remain at home.

About the middle of December, while Nelly (Mrs. Lewis) was temporarily confined to her chamber by illness, there came a cold, stormy time, and one evening, Mrs. Washington, as she sat for a little while by her bedside, said, anxiously,

"Your grandpapa has taken a severe cold, but he makes light of it, and will have nothing done. He has a sore throat, is very hoarse, and I feel troubled."

The next morning, she came in hurriedly to say that the General was very ill, and that she feared they were bleeding him to death. Mrs. Washington was always a sensible woman.

Poor Nelly passed a sad, anxious day. She was unable to leave her room; her husband and brother were just then away from home; all the household were in tears; and every hour brought more alarming tidings from the chamber of the dying Washington. About eleven o'clock at night, when all hope had long been over, she lay awake, weeping bitterly, and clasping her little baby to her heart, for comfort and companionship in her grief, when the door opened gently, and Mrs. Washington walked calmly in. She put her arms about her granddaughter, and said, in answer to the piteous, questioning look in Nelly's eyes,

"Yes, my child, he is gone!"

Then the two grieving women—the saintly, aged widow and the lovely, young wife—wept and prayed together.

How sweet it is to think that all tears have been wiped from their eyes these many years; that the loving family circle of Mount Vernon has been reunited in one of the "many mansions" of the "Father's house."

Eleanor Custis Lewis remained with her grandmother till that dear lady's death, which occurred on the 22d of May, 1802. Then she went with her husband to his home. But she was always "Nelly of Mount Vernon." It was the home of her heart, and there, when she, too, fell asleep, in her beautiful old age, her children laid her to rest, close by the tomb of her grandmamma and General Washington.

To be good, and yet be disagreeable, is a thing very hard to accomplish.

## THE VAIN WOODPECKER.

BY JULIA A. EASTMAN.

"Ho, fellow Woodpeckers! Now listen to me!" A Redhead piped out from the top of a tree; 'Twas a leafless old tree, quite apart from the rest,

And its hollow sides sheltered full many a nest.

So every blithe longbill stood still on his perch, As quiet as though the tall tree were a church; And Redhead's black coat, and his snowy-white vest,

Like a parson, put up there, to preach to the rest.

"Now, brethren and sisters, pray why do you wear

Such dingy, old garments, as yours, ev'rywhere? There is one ugly gray, and another dun brown, Like a dried leaf picked up, and put on for a gown.

"Look at me, if you please, with my gay, scarlet hat!" (Here the silly, young coxcomb perked this way and that.)

"The land and the water have nothing so bright Flashing out, like a flame, in the clear, morning light!"

"Now look!" and the boaster, to let them all see,

Took two or three turns round the leafless, old tree;

And a dozen young birds, in gray plumage and white,

With envy were well-nigh devoured at the sight.

For brighter carnation there never was seen; Not the cardinal flower, as it nods by the stream; Not gorgeous October's most glorious dyes, Nor tints of the sunset in soft evening skies.

"Ah! dear mother Gray!" a young woodpecker said;

"Why did you not borrow one egg from Red-head?"

Just think of the beauty and grace of your son! The glory that he would most surely have won!"

"Looks are nothing, my child, if you only behave!"

A red cap would be a disgrace to a knave!" And sage mother Gray fluttered off to her nest, While Redhead yet chattered away to the rest.

And now as the brown coats were picking about, Of a sudden the clang of a rifle rang out, From aloft, in an instant, dropped heavily down Our gay feathered friend, with the bright scarlet crown.

The brown of their feathers, the brown of the tree,

Left each of the others as safe as could be; But the poor little Redhead, all stained with his blood,

Lay still on the grass in the edge of the wood!

## A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. C. A. MEANS.

Dear birdie, I love you,  
So blithely you sing;  
Now perched on the treetop,  
Now soaring on wing.

You never seem weary,  
Though swiftly you fly.  
So far—far away  
Through the beautiful sky.

Sometimes how I wish  
That I could fly too!  
That I could soar upward,  
And find the bright blue.

But no wings I have,  
So on earth I must stay,  
Contented to watch you  
Along your bright way.

And then mamma says,  
Some day—when I die—  
My soul shall have wings,  
And I'll find the blue sky.

## JACK PLAYNE'S STORY.

"THE BEST OF ITS KIND."

REPORTED BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.

This story is not about myself at all, though it is written as if it was going to be. I am a man that knows the boy the story is about. I am only Jack Playne. He was a very different sort of a fellow from me.

His mother was the Widder Hennings. His father had been dead six or seven years, when this story begins. They came to Greenbush for a good many summers before he died, and after that the widder made up her mind to stay there. You see, Hennings didn't leave much—just a couple of thousands on a life insurance, and the cottage and acre in Greenbush. All the rest was used up in settling the estate.

But you'd never guess, not from her talk, that she didn't own a private bank. She'd talk about the conveniences of a fixed income: "One could calculate so exactly how far it would go, and never be disappointed." And she would groan over the income tax, when, poor thing, it never come nigh her.

You see, she came of an excellent family. In early times, one of her ancestors was governor, and a great uncle had been a senator, before it was "low" to be a senator. That is, *she* used to say so. I don't know about it. I've always had to work hard and live plain, and there was always the taxes, hot and heavy, whatever else happened, and "senator" always looked high enough to me. And in most all the families of her connection, the boys went to college, and the girls to boarding school and spoke French and played the piano. Not that I ever heard of there being much money in the family, but they paid their way, and studied hard, and got to be lawyers, or doctors, or preachers. Never none on 'em downright worked with his hands for a living.

One reason the widder stuck to Greenbush, was the school. The teacher was excellent, and as it cost nothing, nothing could be better for her son Horatio, ("Rash," for short,) "until," as she'd say, "he is ready to prepare for college."

Seems to me as if I could see her now. The same black-satin dress, winter and summer. In winter, a threadbare, black cloak; in summer, a net shawl, darned in some places very nicely, and black mitts, and the same black-satin bonnet, made over and over, once a year, through it all. She had some lace she would put on when she went out to tea to the doctor's or the squire's, and a set of jet and gold ornaments, which were very old, to fasten the lace, and swing in her ears. And the Widder Hennings was a splendid woman! tall, straight as an Indian, and head set well back on her shoulders. I've often watched her go up the broad aisle, and thought I'd like to have tested her with a plumb line! she was so straight. But Eliza always says I'm forever carrying the shop with me. Then she'd a wonderful, high, hooked nose, and eyebrows that arched over her black eyes like the front door of the old mansion house; and hardly a gray hair in her head. Must have been an awful cross for such a fine-looking woman to give up dress, and all the pomps and vanities of this world, to live in such a plain way in Greenbush!

Dear heart! she never kept no help, only once a fortnight, Betty Doolittle did out the heaviest of her washing. The little things, such as handkerchiefs and collars, she did herself, and called it her "fine wash." It looked like a doll-baby's washing day.

The cottage itself was a cheap-built, plain-finish affair, with common woodwork; but I often found time to do little jobs for her in slack times; and what with the garden, and the interest on the life insurance, and the water-color and wax-flower lessons she gave to the squire's wife, and the doctor's daughters, she got along.

She often made presents of embroidery to the brides and babies, and presents were made to her. Once she got a barrel of potatoes, once a barrel of winter apples, and often a bushel of pears, or the like of that. On the whole, she got along. She never exactly worked for her living, but she made a good many pretty trifles, which helped along. If anybody came in while she was making her crocheting, or her tatting, or her embroidery, (not an inch of which was ever used at home,) she would talk about how much more ladylike it was to have nice underclothing and plain dresses, than "outside show and rags." Eliza used to say that the things on her clotheslines was mended till they were real curiosities. However, they were better than debts, and didn't tangle her steps like mortgages, for the place was clear and her own. For my own part, I never could see the sense of such a common sort of a person as Queen Victoria living in such style, and such a natural-born queen as Widder Hennings working so hard and faring so plain.

But as for Rash. Not but what he was the best of sons, ready to help in everything she wanted done. And didn't he put into lessons, when he found how his mother's heart was set on his learning! And how good and patient he'd listen, while she'd tell of the old governor, and the senator, and the preachers, and the teachers, and the professors, and how anxious she was to have him study hard! She'd been well eddicated herself, and taught him some Latin and French, and he wasn't a bad scholar.

But, wherever he got it from, it didn't seem to be exactly what he'd choose. He'd study hard, and keep up in his classes; and every spare minute he got, he'd be fussing round in my shop. He'd pick up bits of half and quarter-inch stuff, and notch and whittle and carve and fit, and turn out the neatest little toys, chairs and tables and such like, that ever you saw. He gave one to my little Bess, the winter she broke her leg—she's got it yet! It's like a chair I once saw in a church—carved gothic back and arms, and a table to match. Sometimes it has been all I could do to get him to give enough attention to his books, he'd be so busy with his work. I kept a strict lookout for that. I've got such a little learning myself, that I know its value; and he never missed a lesson on *my* account. I'd seen too many make a love of whittling and talk, a mere excuse for idling away precious time, and, after all, there wasn't no genius of any great account.

I'll tell you how to tell a genius. When a fellow wants to do a thing so much that the very thought on it is meat and drink, and the thought of giving on it up is torment, and no discouragements prove any real hin-

drances, then that fellow has got real genius, and it's best to let it work, for he's clean spilt for anything else. Now, I couldn't be anything else than a carpenter and joiner. I am no great genius, however. I've got my trade, and I'm used to it, and it's all I know. Rash was a genius. I *never* see no neater work, in a small way, than he used to turn out o' them bits of half and quarter-inch stuff.

Horatio was getting to be a tall boy, when some connection died and left him a matter o' five hundred dollars. It was to be used at his mother's discretion, either kept till he was twenty-one, or spent on his eddication.

Mrs. Hennings, she decided at once that it should help him through college. She could help out the balance, somehow; and it seemed like the good old days of the governor and senator come again, when she could talk about "colleges," and so forth.

So one evening, as he was setting by her, reciting his Latin to her, she just began the subject, and Rash told me all about it next day. Rash said he *never* saw no one so beat as his mother was, when he told her he shouldn't touch that money, but just as soon as I thought him old enough, he was going to learn a trade.

"A trade! And what trade?"

"Why, a carpenter and joiner, to be sure. I love that sort of work, and Jack Playne says I'll do well at it."

"But, my dear son, what ever made you think of learning that trade? There never was a carpenter in our family; and, in fact, I don't think that they ever amount to very much."

"Why, my dear mother," said Rash, "you forget; wasn't our own Saviour one? and don't that make the craft honorable forever?"

"True, my dear child. Yours is a just reproof; and yet our Saviour did not choose his humble calling. It was a lesson of obedience which he taught by submitting to his parents' necessities. His work had been fixed and fitted for him before the foundation of the world. But for you, my dear boy, I had hoped to see you in the chair of a professor."

"I'm afraid, dear mother," said Rash, quite humbly, "that I'd rather make the chair than sit in it. I know it is not so great a work, but it is *my* work, which, after all, is the important thing. And if I make the chair strong and well, and handsome and easy, I don't see why I am not just as respectable a fellow as he is. It's my work to build a pulpit for another man to preach in; and we may as well accept the facts. But, mother, don't you want to see some of my work? things I've done odd spells?"

For his mother had bowed her head on her hand, and her face was growing set, and her lips only showed a white thread. She wasn't one of the crying sort. I hate a weeper; but they don't begin to be so unmanageable as the stony-eyed sort, that neither speak nor cry.

In a minute or so, Rash came down out of the woodshed loft, with his arms full. There was a set of toy bedroom furniture, and a ship, full rigged. And best of all, was a work box for his mother, inlaid with different kinds of wood, with a raised oval of apple-tree wood on the lid, carved out into a wreath of the finest fern leaves, enclosing her initials. It was just as neat work as if

one of the best New York or Boston men had done it; and Rash was just a boy, and altogether self-taught in the way of carving.

"It's most a pity I had to show this tonight. I was going to keep this for your birthday, day after to-morrow, but somehow it seemed only right and natural to show it now, when we were talking the thing over."

Now, sot as Mrs. Hennings was against Rash's learning a trade, she couldn't help admiring his work, for it was all so neat, not a botch anywhere. For one day, when he was making of it, says I to him,

"Now, Rash, whatever you've got in hand, don't you stop to think if you can afford to do it just so well for the money you're to get for it. There's one thing you *can't* afford, and that is, to bungle. It hurts you more than them you work for. Don't ever do anything that you can't warrant, 'pon honor."

And I'll never forget how his eyes sparkled; and he told how the cathedrals of the middle ages were built by men who made a religion of their work, and built as if they were worshipping, and dared not cheat the Lord, and that in them the back of an ornament or statue is finished, though nobody can see it without the greatest pains, with just as much neatness as if it was to show in the public square, and that that was the way he meant to work, and to live. As I said, the widder was pleased, in spite of herself.

"And where did you get this pretty design?" says she, pointing to the fern wreath.

"Why, I wanted a pattern of some sort, and just then Bessie Playne came along, and she'd got just such a wreath as this twisted round her hat. I thought it was none the worse for being so near at hand, and so I just draughted it off, and whittled it out. See—here is the draught."

And with that, he took it out of the box.

Now the widder, though she's as proud as Lucifer, is nobody's fool; and she sees plain enough that there was more than a common jack of a carpenter in her boy; for she could draw and paint in water colors, herself, and was called a good hand at it.

So the long and the short of it was, that she give her consent to Rash going into my shop to learn my trade, at the end of the school term. And then she sent Rash up stairs with his treasures, and went to bed.

And what a sick headache she had, next day! Rash got his own breakfast, and come over after sister Eliza to stay with his mother, and that's how he told me all about the talk. She had a blind, sick, stupid headache, all that day. She got up when the sun went down, and she didn't really feel like herself for a day or two. And I consailed her hair was never quite so black and glossy again, as it had been.

Eliza Playne, my sister, went over and staid with her a day or two.

But, how Rash did work! never alighted the least thing—faithful, early and late. I tell you, one don't get such 'prentice work often! And such work holds forever, in more senses than one.

When Rash was about eighteen, and pretty near out of his time, Squire Porter came home. He'd been traveling in Europe several years, and buying worlds of pictures, books, and curious things generally, and the next thing was to fit up his house. I had the job, of course; but in his library, he wanted extra work—alcoves for his books,

gothic carving, and what not; and of course it needed an extra-good hand.

"I've just the hand for fancy carving like that," says I; "and if you'll trust him with it, he'll go at it like training day."

"Who is it?" says the squire. "Mind, I don't want it botched, and I ain't afraid of my money."

"Not a bit of it," says I. "It's young Horatio Hennings, son of the Widder Hennings—she who lives in the cottage by the big willow."

"Dear, dear!" says the squire, "I knew her folks, and it must have cost her a struggle to consent to have her boy learn a mechanic's trade."

So then I just sot down and told the squire the whole story, how the boy wouldn't be kept back, though he wasn't unmindful of his book; but that he had such a hankering after tools, that he'd have stolen his chance, if he hadn't been allowed; and what excellent work he turned off, and all about it. And the squire, he listened and laughed, and listened and laughed, and says he—

"Send him on. I don't know him, nor he me; but take care he don't spoll it all."

Just as I expected, the job was just to Rash's mind. He got up them alcoves in first-rate style, and threw in a lot of fancy carving. There was an alcove for the "English classics," as the squire called 'em; and Rash built it out of the best of oak, and carved a wreath of oak leaves and acorns over the arched cornice. The one for Greek and Latin, he ornamented with laurel leaves; and the big one for the histories, had a center piece of armor and banners and shields, and what not. But for the one for American authors, he carved the finest thing you ever saw. Over the top was a mass of water lilies, magnolias, and golden rods, and dropping down the sides were vines of the "trailing arbutus," he called it, but for all the world, our own May-flower. Why, the library was just a picture before anything went into it! It's years ago, and folks haven't done wondering at it yet. I'd not have done it for ten thousand dollars!

When it was all done, and the chips all swept out, the squire invited a party to see his improvements. Not a large party, but some choice friends from Boston and New York, and some acquaintances he'd made in traveling, and an Englishman (who had written books himself) who was staying with him. And the best of it all was, he invited Rash and his mother, too. He did, now, *really*!

Rash, he went to Boston and bought her a new black silk, a good one, and a dress cap, (a widder's cap, they call it,) and a new suit of clothes for himself. (He'd had good wages for overwork a good while).

It was wonderful bright 'moonlight, that night, and as I sat by my door, smoking, I saw them pass. Mrs. Hennings had on her new black silk, open from the neck to the waist in front, and some fine, old, yellow lace in the neck, fastened with her little, black pin, and her ear rings on, and her widder's cap and her netshawl, and new laylock kid gloves on her hands. Shapely hands, too, if she did work; and in one of 'em a fine, old, Japanese fan, which her grandfather had brought home in some of his voyages.

And Rash! He'd grown to be a tall lad—almost a young man, (and really out of his time, now,) with rosy cheeks, and black,

curly hair, and just a shade on his upper lip. And his clothes fitted as close as if they were wet and clung to him. I tell you, as he stepped along with his mother, Rash looked "good enough to eat." So Eliza said.

Next morning, he told me all about it, in the shop. After supper, the squire brought 'em all into that wonderful library, to have coffee, or ices, or something. Whatever it was, it was a mere excuse to get them there. Then he began to show his alcoves, and explain them; and after they'd seen all the taste and judgment he'd shown in picking out his flowers and leaves and vines, to somehow match the kind o' books, and everybody had admired it, and the English author, in particular, was specially struck, the squire brought in Rash, and introduced him as "the artist," and introduced him and his mother to everybody; and he got one order from a New York man right on the spot; and the Englishman said to him, that "one who could house books so royally, must do it for love of them, as well as love of his work." And he said something Rash didn't tell, (but his mother did,) I 'most forget, about it being a wonderful country where even its artizans had the manners of gentlemen. At least it was either artists or artizans, I don't know which.

As Rash handed his mother a cup of tea, (she was too thoroughly a New-England woman to take coffee,) he said, in a low voice, "Now, mother, isn't it better to be a first-rate carpenter, than such a poor professor as I should have made?"

"I don't think you would have failed at anything," she answered.

But the squire heard her, and laughed.

"I don't know about that," says he: "many a good mechanic is spoll'd to make a poor professional man. It's far better to be sure the work is your own work, and that it is the *best of its kind*, than to be notional about the sort of work. And, by the by, Horatio, here's a bit of spending money for you, and I'll come round to-morrow and get a receipt in full."

So ended this royal evening. Next day, the squire called round, and proposed that Rash should go to New York, and study with an artist friend of his, who was also an architect, for a year. Didn't he jump at the chance? As for the envelope, it had a check for a thousand dollars; (the work was dog cheap at that—I'd not have done it for twice that, if I could have done it at all.)

So now Rash's fortune was made. He made lots of money with his designs and carvings, and now he's married to the squire's daughter? and lives in Fifth avenue? Not a bit of it. He came back and married little Bessie Playne, my little pet, and has a pretty place at Yonkers; and the widder lives there, too.

I guess they get on pretty well. Both the women think that Rash is perfection, which is the main thing. Sometimes I go up there for a day, but the widder, she has so much to say about the governor and the senator, and blood and gentility, that I'm mostly glad to get home and stretch my legs by the kitchen fireplace, and smoke my clay pipe. She has a great deal to say about genius in the blood; and though I don't doubt genius helped Rash, I guess it was as much grit as genius. However, I don't know much about it, but am now as ever, JACK PLAYNE.





WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.—BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Four little eager children keep  
 Watch by the kitchen fire,  
 To see when the good old Saint will bring  
 The treasures their hearts desire.

Twelve o'clock! they are fast asleep,  
 While in their rosy dreams  
 The merry face of Saint Nicholas peeps  
 From the firelight dying gleams.

Ah! little children, wake and see,  
 Close by the door she stands,  
 The sweetest saint of the household dear,  
 With your stockings in her hands.



## A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## CHAPTER XII.

The sun was going down behind Garnet Hill, and the short, winter afternoon was almost ended. The oaks along the side of the hill kept their leaves bravely, in spite of wind and frost; they clung in masses of reddish brown to the sturdy limbs, and though they were dead and dry, they lighted up the slope, and showed finely against the sombre green of the firs and hemlocks, where the first heavy snow of the season lay in shining masses. Out at the barn, where Nathan was throwing down hay for the cattle, the icicles hung in glittering rows from the eaves, falling now and then with a sharp crash, which told how the wind was rising.

Barbie stood at the window, drumming idly with her fingers to the time of a quaint, old tune that she half remembered hearing Aunt Lucy sing:

Somewhere under the starry skies  
Waiteth for me a victor's prize!  
Waiteth a crown that I may wear,  
Waiteth a scepter I may bear!  
When shall I lay my armor down,  
Find my kingdom and take my crown?

"I declare," said her father, suddenly looking up from the almanac, "next week is Christmas? Where has this month gone? I had not realized it was so late."

Barbie looked at her mother with a little smile of amusement. They had not forgotten how near Christmas was, and right under Mr. Phillips' eyes, they had been working on a nice, warm dressing gown, cut by Uncle Marston's pattern. To be sure, it was not quite new. The soft, brown merino had seen a good many years of service as a dress, but turning, and sponging, and pressing, had done wonders for it, and the lining of crimson and black brightened it up, and made it altogether such a handsome affair that Barbie was only afraid her father would think it too gay for practical use.

"Ho!" said Davy, who lay upon the floor, trying to poke the cat out from under the lounge; "I knew it was goin' to be Christmas long ago. It always comes Christmas every year, don't it, Barbie?"

"Every year," answered Barbie, rolling out the supper table, and humming, as she spread the cloth—

"Somewhere under the starry skies."

"Did we have snow last Christmas?" asked Mr. Phillips.

"O, yes, father," said Barbie; "don't you remember that heavy snow that blocked the river road for nearly a week? Nathan and I went over to Cousin John's on New Years, and there were some bad drifts there."

"And Johnny broke my new sled wid a hammer," put in Davy. "I should flnk I would'n't forget that."

"Roxey was always tender of Johnny," apologized grandma, from her corner; "he has the croup awful, and the doctor thinks there's something the matter with his heart. He told Roxey they must humor him, because it was dangerous for him to get excited."

"Mother spans me when I get excited," remarked Davy, meditatively. "P'raps there's somefin the matter of my heart, I shouldn't wonder."

He put his little, red hand over his heart,

and sat awhile taking note of its beating, till Nathan came in, and Barbie set the steaming loaf of hot, brown bread upon the table. Whatever was the matter with his heart, it was plain his appetite was all right.

After supper, Nathan sat down, with his books, as usual, and Davy went and leaned upon grandma's lap, and asked about Christmas.

"What would you rather have for a Christmas present, if you was me, grandma?" he asked gravely.

"O, I don't know," said grandma; "a pair of new boots would be nice, or a nice, warm, striped tippet."

"I don't mean any of them fings," said Davy; "I mean fings that are reg'lar presents, and ain't good for anything else."

"Your father can't afford to waste money," said grandma, reprovingly shaking her head at Davy.

"Ho!" said Davy; "we ain't poor now! We're got a coal mine!"

"And much good may it do us," said grandma, who was rather provokingly faithless on the subject; "such unsartain speculations was the ruin of your poor grandfather, and I always mistrusted there was more and worse come of it than he ever told me. There's solemn warnings in the Bible against making haste to be rich."

Grandma's remarks were delivered over Davy's head at the whole family, and Nathan answered pleasantly:

"I don't see how we can make much haste, grandma. The coal mine is frozen up and buried up for the winter, and doesn't seem likely to make us rich very fast."

"Ah! but you know it's there," said grandma, "and it's just like knowing you're goin' to have a fortune left you sometime—keeps you all the time res'less and uneasy, and you desire to pick up the bits that come in your way."

Mrs. Phillips looked up from the worn cloak she was trimming, to Barbie, darning the sleeve of her best dress, and her husband carefully mending his old harness, and smiled at the idea of their having grown wasteful and careless. There was small chance of waste at Riverside.

Nathan leaned his chin on his hand, and sat for sometime looking into the fire, until Barbie asked, "What are you thinking about, Nathan?"

"I am just wondering," said Nathan, "what I should do if we really were rich—now, *this minute*, I mean, and had all the money we wanted. What would you do, Barbie?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Barbie, hesitating; "there are so many things—"

"Tell one, then, right off, without stopping to think," urged Nathan.

"Well, then, I'd have a silver thimble," said Barbie, taking off the old, brass one, and looking gravely at the dents that hurt her finger.

"How extravagant!" said Nathan, laughing. "What would you like, mother?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Phillips, deliberately; "just at this moment I don't think of anything I particularly want but a new broom."

"Ho!" said Davy, "le' me tell! I'd have a pair of red skates, an' a live pony, an' a drum, an' a blow horn, an' a 'cordion, an' a free-bladed jack knife, an' a bushel of

peanuts, an' a store full of raisins and striped candy, an' wear my new boots every day, an' have shiny buttons on my meetin' clothes, an'—"

"That'll do," said Nathan; "it would take a couple of coal mines to support your extravagance, young man; but I don't see as the rest of us are in any distress for money. I'm rich enough myself to buy the new broom and the silver thimble."

Nathan began carefully to sharpen his pencil, and Barbie took up her sewing again, humming softly the tune that ran up and down in her brain:

"When shall I lay my armor down,  
Find my kingdom, and take my crown."

Davy lay on the floor, kicking his heels in the air, and watching the crackling flames, as they lapped around the great hickory backlog in the fireplace.

"Barbie," said he, suddenly, "you never told me the rest of it."

"The rest of *what*?" asked Barbie, stopping her work.

"Why, don't you know? About the princess, and how she got to the king's house. I b'lieve it was you told me, or else grandma—once't, when I was a little boy; great while ago. Don't you 'member it, Barbie?"

Davy got up from the floor, and came close to Barbie, in his earnestness.

"I remember something about it," said Barbie.

"Well, then, tell it to me," insisted Davy; "begin to the beginnin', and tell it all frew."

Barbie laid down the sleeve she was mending, and told the story to Davy just as she had told it often to herself; and just as she had written it in the little green-covered book that held her most precious thoughts.

This was the story of the Princess:

"Once, in a land away over the sea, there was a cottage on a hillside. The cottage was very old, and on the roof was gray moss, so thick it covered all the shingles. The cottage had two little windows, long and narrow, but very clear; and one looked towards the east, where every morning the sun came up through beautiful, rosy clouds; and the other looked towards the west, where every evening the sun went out through gates of gold. In the cottage lived a little princess. All summer she tended her sheep, leading them down to the green valley in the morning, and bringing them home to the fold at night. All winter she sat by the hearth, and spun the finest and whitest of the wool, to sell at the king's palace; and as she spun she sung, and was very happy; for she did not know she was a princess. But one day a beautiful woman came to the cottage, and said, 'Do you know you are a king's daughter, and why do you sit here and spin? You should wear a silken robe, and have pearls for your hair, and sing to your harp in the king's palace.' Then the little princess was troubled, and for a few days she forgot to keep her window bright where the sun shone in at morning. And she tried to find a way over the mountains to the king's palace, until her feet were very tired, and her hands torn and scratched with the brambles. But at last she fell asleep, and dreamed that she came to the king's garden, and it was full of all manner of delights. And she knocked at a golden door,

and said, 'Let me in! Let me in!' And the man that opened it asked, 'Are you the king's daughter?' And she said, 'Yes; I am the king's daughter, and I want my robe, and my crown, and my kingdom.' So the man opened his book, and showed her where it was promised that the robe, and the crown, and the kingdom, were only for those who sought them 'by patient continuance in well doing;' and he shut the golden door, and the little princess awoke. Then she went straight back to the little cottage on the hillside, and said to the beautiful woman, 'If I am a king's daughter, my father knows I am here, and when he wants me, he will send for me, and I shall be sure to go.' And then she brightened up her windows, and went on spinning and tending her sheep, and was happy and contented."

"And then, Barbie," said Davy, as she paused a moment, "and then what?"

"And then the windows grew every day taller and clearer," went on Barbie, "and the princess sometimes saw wonderful things through them; and the little cottage grew to a great pleasant mansion, and the birds from the king's garden came and sung in the trees about it, and one day—after a long time—the king sent for the little princess, and as she came to the golden door, the harpers were singing the same words she heard in her dream, 'To them who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life.'"

Davy drew a long breath of satisfaction, as Barbie finished, and Mrs. Phillips hastily wiped her eyes with her apron.

"La!" said grandma, "you're a real genius, Barbie. 'That sounds most like 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but I'm afraid Davy don't understand much about it."

"I understand every speck of it," protested Davy, indignantly; "needn't think I can't understand fings; I can read in the 'First Reader.'"

"Patient continuance in well doing," repeated Mr. Phillips, taking off his spectacles, and slowly polishing them with his handkerchief. "I can remember when that used to seem to me like a very simple, easy thing to do, and a very slow way to seek for glory and honor. I have learned, since then, that there is nothing in this world so hard as this patient continuance."

"That means to wait for fings, and not keep teasing," said Davy, nodding sleepily at the fire; "I guess I haven't got much patient continerance, 'cause I never can help teazin'."

The room was so still you could hear the rush of the flame up the chimney, and a shrill, clear singing from the heart of some stick that the fire began to penetrate. The grim, old clock ticked away in its corner, and the ruddy moon, on its face, really looked as if it were ashamed of itself for not being able to keep sober. Barbie always had strange fancies about the ticking of the old clock. It seemed to her like a real human voice, that changed with the tone of her own thoughts. To-night it said, just as plainly as could be, "work! wait! work! wait!" and as Barbie listened, she could not help looking around at the rest, to see if they heard how the clock was talking. Nobody seemed to notice, and presently her father went slowly across the room, and wound the clock, as he had done every

Saturday night for twenty years. Her mother folded her work, and laid it away, and Barbie took up her candle, to go up stairs, raising it for an instant, as she passed the clock, to look in its face. It kept on just the same with its hoarse ticking, "work! wait! work! wait!"

"Work and wait!" repeated Barbie, to herself. "I can do that; and I know it must be the way to the king's house."

I have given you the record of a year at Riverside Farm. A year of toil, and sacrifice, and self-denial, yet a year of gain, and not of loss; since honest striving after the good and the true must always meet success, and patient self-sacrifice is never wholly unrewarded.

Perhaps some of you are thinking about the "king's house," and expecting to hear how the little princess reached it, and you will say, in closing my story here, I have left the best part untold. It may be so. The best part of everyone's life should be when heart and hands are trained and cultured, and ready for work—that work which is not finished in a day, or a year, but goes on and on, until, by and by, it makes our rest sweet and blessed. I think Barbie and Nathan will do their life work well and bravely, but before we leave them, I will give you one more glimpse of Riverside.

It is the pleasant twilight of an autumn day, and the air is full of the moist, spicy odor that comes from the woods when the leaves are ripening to fall.

Garnet Hill wears its autumn glories as serenely as if an army of dusky miners were not digging and tunnelling its heart away, while right through the hemlocks, on the North Ridge, the loaded cars go gliding down the sloping track to the level of the canal below.

The low, red farm house has been raised, and beautified, and painted a soft light tint, that seems to harmonize finely with the grand, old trees about it, and already the woodbine has locked its delicate fingers in crack and crevice, and hangs its festoons of green and scarlet from the very eaves.

Inside, the rooms are greatly altered. There is the same broad, cheery kitchen, where a pleasant-looking girl is busy preparing supper. But the great, stiff parlor, and the little bedroom at its end, have been thrown together, to form such a family sitting room as few houses can boast; windows to the east, west, and south, opening onto pleasant verandahs, let in the earliest morning sunshine, and the latest gleam at night. The room is plainly furnished, but it is fragrant with flowers, and in one corner stands an open piano—Barbie's piano, for that dream of her life, at last, has been realized; and if she is not a brilliant performer, she can, at least, bring music from the keys that gives a world of delight in the loving circle of home. The old grandmother keeps her easy chair in the corner, and Mrs. Phillips, growing younger every day, as the worn, weary look vanishes from her face, sits near her, with her sewing idle in her lap, while she reads to the aged pilgrim one of Bonar's exquisite hymns:

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Safe pillow'd on thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm  
Until I sweetly rest."

She lays down the book as the light grows

fainter, and Barbie, coming into the room, goes to the piano, and sings the hymn her mother and grandmother both love best:

"Sun of my soul! my Saviour dear!  
It is not night when thou art near!"

Barbie is nineteen—tall, womanly, and dignified, with a beautiful face, that fairly glows with health and content. She has been away at school for three years, and now is spending a short vacation at home before taking her place as a teacher.

"There's no need of your teaching school, Barbie," says grandma; "and I think you might be contented to stay with mother and me."

"I'll always come when you need me, grandma," says Barbie, cheerfully, "but I do want to see if I am good for anything. Just look at me, grandma. I'm dreadfully healthy and strong for a young lady, and I need some real hard, practical work, to keep me from going to waste."

A sharp click of the gate, and in a moment Davy comes marching in, holding up a letter triumphantly.

"It's from Nathan," he says, eagerly; "let me light a lamp, so you can read it right away."

Nathan is in Philadelphia, hard at work in a machine shop, making himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the business in which he hopes to win fame and success.

"It seems hard, sometimes," he writes, "to spend day after day in doing what any drudge can do, but then I try to remember what father has so often told me, that there is a *best way* to do everything, and it is always worth while to find it out. I work at my models in the evening. Uncle Marston has fitted up a little workshop in the furnace cellar for me, and he helps me sometimes himself. He says that a man who makes a useful invention, is of as much value to the country as a great statesman. So I have some hopes of making you all proud of me, and really being of some use in the world."

Mr. Phillips listens to the letter, and then puts on his spectacles, and reads it over again to himself. It had been the secret hope of his heart that Nathan might choose to go through college, and follow the profession from which hard necessity had shut him out. But when he saw that all his tastes and inclinations ran in a different line, he was wise enough to yield his own preference, and let Uncle Marston select for Nathan a school where, for three years, he had been thoroughly drilled in mathematics and the natural sciences, and now he had been entered as a regular apprentice in a machine shop. Aunt Lucy objected a little, and could not see the use of sending Nathan into those greasy shops. She wanted to make a gentleman of him.

"Make him as much of a gentleman as you please," said Uncle Marston, "but I'm not going to see him spoiled. He has a fine mechanical genius; but if it is ever of any use to him, or to the world, he must be a practical worker, as well as a scholar. People don't dream out inventions, or blunder into them very often."

I think Uncle Marston was right. At least he had his own way, and, perhaps, some day, you and I may read the history of some great invention, and learn that it was first planned

and modeled in the little workshop in the furnace cellar.

"But what of the Princess, and the king's garden?"

The king's garden, O children, lies beyond the hills of immortality, and we all are children of the king. He has given us each one some work to do, just such work as pleased him. If we do it faithfully and well, be sure he knows and does not forget us, and some day he will send for us to dwell in his beautiful garden, by the river called Peace.

#### GODS OF THE DAKOTAS.

BY A. L. RIGGS.

##### IV.—The Sun.

When the Dakota looks up into the sky, and sees the sun, it seems to him a mighty god; for from the sun come light, and heat, and life. When he rises, he scares away the night and all its terrors. The enemy who have been lying in wait, and hoped to have killed him in the darkness, now dare not come near. Now he can go out to the hunt, and get food for the hungry ones at home in the tent. He can go out with his traps, and catch the fox, the muskrat, the otter, or the beaver, and then sell their skins to the fur traders for blankets, and calico, and paint. Or he and his friends can go out on their swift horses, and chase the buffalo, and bring home their juicy meat and warm robes. Thus the hunter is glad, and worships the sun who shines and makes the day. The sun also sends down his heat. He fights with the winter. He melts the ice and snow. The brooks and rivers run again. The lakes are full of ducks and geese. The trees are glad, and their new leaves dance and glisten in the warm sunlight. The poor, lean horses no longer have to nibble at the willow twigs, or gnaw off the bark from cotton-wood poles for food, but grow fat and frisky in the rich, green grass. The cornfields grow and ripen; and the naked urchins run here and there, among the hills of corn, yelling at the too friendly blackbirds. There is plenty of corn and beans in the pot, and roasting ears all the day long. The young women braid their shining, black hair, and put on their bright, new calico short gowns. The young men paint their faces, and go visiting. They dance and sing, and have plenty to eat; and for all this they thank the good, bright sun. They worship the sun. They worship him in their hearts, when, as has just been said, they think of him as giving all these good gifts which they enjoy. They worship him, also, when they call on him to witness that what they say or do is right. They say: "Sun, look upon me; this is true!" This is the way they have of making a solemn oath. The Indians do not swear until civilized white men teach them how. The more shame to the swearing white men.

But the sun is worshipped chiefly in the *Sun Dance*. This they come to undertake in several ways. A man may *dream* of the sun in such a way that he thinks it is a revelation that he should dance the Sun Dance. The Dakotas believe a great deal in their dreams. Or a man may vow to dance it when sick, or in great danger. Then, as soon as he recovers, or comes out of his trouble safely, he performs his vow. Or it may be that he is wishing to start out on some perilous

journey; perhaps a war party, or it may be to steal horses from another tribe, where he will either get some horses, or else some bullets through his skin. He, therefore, wishes the help of the sun god, and performs the dance to gain his favor. The Sun Dance, as will be seen, is a *self-sacrifice*. The sun god is not worshipped because of fear as much as are the other gods. He has the best character of them all. But it is thought that the exhibition of great courage and endurance is pleasing to him, and so the worshipper inflicts on himself most horrible torture. In so doing he proves himself worthy, and the god accepts him henceforth as his follower, and he becomes *wah-kan*, or divine.

When one would "make a Sun Dance," as they say, a large half circle tent is pitched, open to the south. At the center of the circle is the place of the dancer, while under the canopy are the musicians and singers, who accompany him with their drums and rattles, and sing as a chorus to his song. All around outside stand the spectators, for it is a great thing to see a dance to the sun. His body is gaily painted in streaks and colors. His friends now further prepare him by thrusting their scalping knives into his breast and back, under the muscles and flesh, just as a butcher would cut a slash in a ham, by which to hang it up. Into these gashes they put some of the sacred red swan's down. If the victim wishes to make his sacrifice more complete, and has the courage for it, they run sticks, the size of a pencil, through these gashes. Sometimes one end of a horse-hair rope is fastened to those which are in his breast, while the other end is fastened to the top of a high pole. Then, as he dances, he throws his weight forward on to the rope. Or, again, ropes are fastened in like manner into his back, and to them are hung several buffalo heads, just touching the ground, but, with each step in the dance, they go jerk, jerk, jerk, until they have torn themselves free. But this is getting ahead of the story. When all is ready, the dancer fixes his eyes on the blazing sun, and does not take them off while the sun is above the horizon. When night comes, he turns to the moon, which is called the night sun. Thus, without food or water, he dances on through the day, through the night, and again through the day, and so on sometimes for three days. He is faint with hunger, and burning with thirst. His wounds become inflamed, increasing his fever and thirst. The weighted ropes tug away at his torn and bleeding flesh. But still he dances to the sound of the drum, until the ropes are torn quite away, or he falls down utterly exhausted. And while he is suffering his most intense agony of pain and thirst, the singers cry out to him, "Do you want water?" "Do you want water?" This is for the purpose of testing his fortitude to the utmost. Now he is a man. Indeed he is more than a man; for he has heard the voice of the sun god, and he has accepted him as one of his sacred family. Henceforth the power of the sun is within him and over him, his strength and his defence.

Let us be thankful that we may worship the Sun of Righteousness, who is the true God, and that we may give ourselves to Him without such horrible tortures; and may, also, become His children, to dwell in His light forever.

We have now talked about four of the Dakota gods, or four families of gods. They have other gods, such as the *Motion god*, the great *Storm god*, and the *god of the Woods*, but their story cannot be told now. What has been told will give an idea of them, and the worship the Dakotas pay to them. And let us not forget, while we are amused with the strange pictures the Dakota makes of his gods, and the big stories he tells about them, that they are to him real, living gods, having terrible power, and keeping him in continual fear, until the true light shines into his soul. Some of the Dakotas have received this light, and now rejoice with those of other lands and language in the knowledge of the one God and Saviour.

## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,  
AND FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE  
YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OFFICE, No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1869.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

WHEN POSSIBLE, send money to us by Post Office Money Orders. No other way is so good or so safe. We hold ourselves entirely responsible for all money sent in this way, even if it should be lost. Your Postmaster will explain to you how to procure the P. O. Money Order. See "How to Remit," in another place.

## NEW VOLUME! 1870!!

Renew Now, and Send a Club!!!

ELEGANT PREMIUMS!  
Many New Kinds!

See the New Premium List.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL will be made better for 1870, than ever before. We have already a larger list of subscribers than any other Juvenile Magazine in the world, but we want, and can easily have, if all work properly, *One Hundred Thousand new names*. We still offer

### TWO NUMBERS FREE.

All new subscribers for 1870, whose names and money are sent to us before the first of January, will receive the November and December numbers of this year (1869) free, being fourteen numbers for One Dollar. This applies to all, whether sent singly or in clubs. This will help you to raise a club and earn a premium.

Let every reader begin to work on the day this number comes. Send us a club of new subscribers, and we will pay you for your time and trouble. Every family should have THE CORPORAL, whether it has children or not. It is the Great Magazine for children, and for all people who have young hearts.

It will make every family happier, and enable them the better to give pleasure and entertainment to visitors, whether young or old. The fact that it has already, when but a little over four years old, a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world, is proof of its great acceptability.

Everybody needs it; it will be easy for you to raise a club. And remember, too, that when circulating *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* you are not only earning a premium, but *doing good*, enlisting others in the great fight "against the wrong, and for the Good, the True and the Beautiful."

Begin now, and work until you win!

## NOW! NOW!!

### Strike Now for the EXTRA Prizes!

Some time ago we offered an extra premium to the one who should send in the largest list of subscribers before the first of January.

We now repeat: The one who shall send us the largest list of subscribers for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* before the first of January, shall not only have all the regular premiums called for by the list, but will also receive either a Cabinet Organ, a Velocipede, an American Silver Watch, or \$100.00 worth of books, whichever of the four they may choose. The one sending the next largest will receive an American Silver Watch or \$50.00 worth of books. The one sending the next largest list will receive \$30.00 worth of books. The books to be selected by the winners from any American works in the regular trade.

All these premiums will be in addition to the regular premiums, which all competitors will receive. Begin now. Not many names have yet been received on this offer. The largest club competing for the extra Premiums is from Oregon, and any active canvasser, with anything like fair success, could easily surpass this largest club by a few days' work. We shall expect to see some large clubs competing for the extra offers. They will be given to the largest club, if the largest club is only a small one; but we hope to see some clubs of two or three hundred names each.

Remember! all who send names in competition for these prizes must say in every letter sent that they "are competing for the extra Prizes," as well as for regular premiums.

Names for "The School Festival" may also count in these lists at the rate stated elsewhere.

## SILVER-PLATED WARE.

### NEW ARRANGEMENT.

See an advertisement, facing the front page of this number, in relation to *Silver-Plated Ware Premiums*. We have a fine arrangement for all kinds of Plated Ware. Send stamp for a circular giving all particulars, and a list of the goods, with price. All prices named are manufacturers' regular catalogue prices, with nothing added for freight or other expenses. We have a discount from them, which enables us to offer the inducements we do.

"Dec69," OR "Dec9."

Watch out for the above marks on your direction label. If you see Dec9 or Dec69 on the label after your name, you will know that the time for which you have paid expires with this number.

Renew at once, so that we need not alter the list for your name.

Last year we sent the January number to many of our old subscribers. That will not be done this year. Unless you renew, this will be the last number sent to you. So please renew at once.

CONTRIBUTORS will please take notice that the second number of *THE FESTIVAL* will be issued about the first of February, and articles for it should reach us before the first of January.

## ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

The children are delighted with Mrs. Miller's new book. Besides the notice given in our last number we have many others, but have room this month for only the two following:

"A beautiful, helpful volume, written by a well-known and gifted lady. Boys who abhor namby-pamby stories will be fascinated and strengthened by this book, and will be encouraged to seek the 'Royal Road' that Jimmy Marvin trod. If you want a good book to give a growing boy, buy this one. If you want a valuable addition to your Sunday-school library, here it is; and we hope that good Mr. Sewell and his worthy editress, Mrs. Miller, will rapidly fill up the 'Little Corporal Library,' so auspiciously commenced by the present volume."—*Vincent's "Sunday School Journal."*

"It forms one of the most attractive and valuable books for our young folks which we ever read. Mrs. Miller, as a writer, has few equals. She writes with such ease and naturalness. She never puts into the mouths of children words or expressions that do not belong to children, nor does she put them to doing things that every reader knows no child ever did. And, with the fascination of the incidents, she drops in so much of instruction, and such sweet moral lessons, that the book cannot fail to do good."—*Mrs. Clark's "Mother's Journal."*

See advertisement, and if your bookseller does not have it, send the price (\$1.50) to the publishers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and the book will come by next mail, post paid.

It will make an admirable holiday gift.

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING,

And you will want to give presents to your friends. The best way to earn them is to raise a club for *THE CORPORAL*, and secure some of the valuable premiums offered—pictures, plated silver ware, books, etc.

Of course, all the children want *THE CORPORAL* and *The Festival* for next year.

## WEBSTER'S DICTIONARIES.

Our readers will notice that we offer Webster's Dictionaries as premiums. Everybody needs one. See item No. 16, Premium List.

## THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

This beautiful little original Magazine is now ready. It is devoted entirely to school exhibitions, recitations, dialogues, tableaux, charades, etc., and is destined to have a great popularity. It is the only magazine of the kind we know of, has been greatly needed, and meets the want. It is full of good things for the large as well as for the smaller children—all original, and all first class. We quote only one exercise as a sample. Send for the Magazine, and enjoy the whole of it. It is published quarterly, by the publishers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, Chicago, and costs only FIFTY cents a year. Single copy fifteen cents.

When you send for a sample copy, be sure to enclose the fifteen cents. A sample copy of *THE CORPORAL* will be sent free to anyone who will try to raise a club, but sample copies of *The Festival* are only mailed when the price is sent. But here is the sample exercise from *The Festival*:

### CHOICE OF TRADES.

#### A RECITATION FOR LITTLE BOYS.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

This recitation should be accompanied with appropriate action. Thus, the farmer should make the motions for sowing, reaping, plowing, binding, and pitching away; the carpenter for planing, hammering and sawing; the mason for brick laying and smoothing; the smith for blows on the anvil, and the shoemaker for sewing shoes, etc.

*First Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
I'll be a farmer if I can—and I can!  
I'll plow the ground, and the seed I'll sow;  
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;  
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,  
And pitch it up, on the mow away!  
When I'm a man!

*Second Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
I'll be a carpenter, if I can—and I can!  
I'll plane like this, and I'll hammer, so!  
And this is the way my saw shall go  
I'll make bird houses, and sleds, and boats;  
And a ship that shall race every craft that floats!  
When I'm a man!

*Third Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
A blacksmith I'll be, if I can—and I can!  
Clang, clang, clang, shall my anvil ring;  
And this is the way the blows I'll swing.  
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight;  
Then I'll trond round the square to see if it's right,  
When I'm a man!

*Fourth Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
A mason I'll be, if I can—and I can!  
I'll lay a brick this way, and lay one that;  
Then take my trowel and smooth them flat;  
Great chimneys I'll make; I think I'll be able  
To build one as high as the Tower of Babel!  
When I'm a man!

*Fifth Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
I'll be a shoemaker, if I can—and I can!  
I'll sit on a bench, with my last held so;  
And in and out shall my needles go.  
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear,  
Till nothing is left but my stitches there!  
When I'm a man!

*Sixth Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
A printer I'll be, if I can—and I can!  
I'll make pretty books, and perhaps I shall  
Print the stories in *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*!  
I'll have the first reading; ah! won't it be fun,  
To read all the stories before they are done?  
When I'm a man!

*Seventh Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
A doctor I'll be, if I can—and I can!  
My powders and pills shall be nice and sweet;  
And you shall have just what you like, to eat!  
I'll prescribe for you, riding, and sailing, and such;  
And, 'bove all things, you never must study too  
When I'm a man! [much!]

*Eighth Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
I'll be a minister, if I can—and I can!  
And, once in awhile, a sermon I'll make,  
That can keep little boys and girls awake.  
For, ah! dear me! if the ministers knew,  
How glad we are when they do get through!  
When I'm a man!

*Ninth Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
A teacher I'll be, if I can—and I can!  
I'll sing to my scholars, fine stories I'll tell;  
I'll show them pictures, and, well—ah! well,  
They shall have some lessons—I s'pose they ought;  
But oh! I shall make them so very short!  
When I'm a man!

*Tenth Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
I'll be a school committee, if I can—and I can!  
'Bout once a week I'll come into school,  
And say, "Miss Teacher, I've made a rule,  
That boys and girls need a great deal of play;  
You may give these children a holiday!"  
When I'm a man!

*Eleventh Boy.* When I'm a man, a man,  
I'll be President, if I can—and I can!  
My uncles and aunts are a jolly set;  
And I'll have them all in my cabinet!  
I shall live in the White House; and I hope you  
all,  
When you hear I'm elected, will give me a call!  
When I'm a man!

(All in concert, or if they cannot be trained to speak it in concert, so as to make every word understood, let the best speaker step forward and repeat alone, in a distinct voice.)

When we are men, are men,  
I hope we shall do great things, and then,  
Whatever we do, this thing we say,  
We'll do our work in the very best way,  
And you shall see, if you know us then,  
We'll be good, and honest, and useful men;  
When we are men.

## OUR POCKET SCRIPTURE ATLAS

Is a republication of an English work, by William Hughes, F.R.G.S., and is the most beautiful and convenient set of Bible maps we have ever seen. See the advertisement of the work, in this magazine.

**NEW BOOKS.**—Quite a number of new books were received just as we were closing this number; of course, too late for review. We hope to be able to do them justice in our January No., in time for the holidays.

**CLUBS for THE LITTLE CORPORAL** may be made up from as many different post offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Music by JAMES B. MURRAY.

JOYFULLY.

1. Ring out, merry bells in the steeple, Sing loud, happy voices, to-night! And join with each kindred and people  
 2. Oh, nations that wait for the morrow. Rejoice! for the dawn is at hand - Oh, captives who pine in your sorrow, The tongue of the dumb shall be loosened, The eyes of the blind shall be opened, The King in his beauty to see; And join with each kindred and people  
 3. The eyes of the blind shall be opened, Sing loud, happy voices, to-night! And join with each kindred and people  
 4. Ring out, merry bells in the steeple, Sing loud, happy voices, to-night! And join with each kindred and people

Chorus, FF.

In anthems of praise and delight! Good will from the Father a - bove, Good will to his children be - low!  
 The Savior shall sever your bands! Good will, &c.  
 To ut - ter its prais - es to thee! Good will, &c.  
 In anthems of praise and delight! Good will, &c.

How glad was the morn when the Savior was born, To ran-som our souls by his love!  
 chil-dren be - low, the Father a-bove, his

## GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

BY MARY LORIMER.

## EMERALD AND BERYL.

These beautiful stones were formerly considered as two distinct species, but are now arranged as varieties of the same species. The points of difference seem to be in color chiefly, the emerald including the rich green, transparent specimens, and the beryl comprising paler shades of green and other colors.

The emerald is a stone delightful to the eye, of vivid, pure, exquisite green. It is also of great hardness, and very precious, ranking next to the ruby in value. It is employed in the most beautiful and expensive jewelry, often surrounded with small diamonds, and sometimes set upon a black ground like diamonds.

Among the wealthy Peruvians, there is a charming fashion of having clusters of artificial flowers made of gems, the green sprays being emeralds, upon stems of golden wire. Crystals of emerald are sometimes found twelve inches in length, but the large ones are not as perfect as the smaller. The most intensely colored emeralds are found in Peru; they are found also in France, Siberia, Egypt, and Ceylon, and in the United States; beautiful ones of a vivid green, not inferior to the Peruvian, have been found in Connecticut and in Maine. What is called the Oriental Emerald is a sapphire.

The beryl takes in the equally beautiful and transparent, but paler tints of sea green, bluish and yellowish green, greenish white

and pale yellow. Some crystals have also been found of a rosy red, and different colors frequently meet in the same stone. A variety of the beryl is the Precious Beryl, or Aqua-marina, as it is called, that lovely, transparent crystal of pale sea green, like that indescribably soft tint which we see curving under the snowy crest of the ocean wave before it breaks upon the beach. The beryl is found in China, Siberia, Sweden, France, and Brazil; and in the United States, in Maryland, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine.

## CHRYSOBERYL.

This mineral ranks next to the sapphire in hardness. The color is generally green, of varying shades, from deep to the palest greenish white, though some specimens are brown and yellowish. It is more or less transparent, and exhibits a remarkable play of bluish light, which seems to vibrate in the very heart of the crystal. It is brought from Ceylon and Brazil, and is found in Connecticut, United States.

## TOPAZ.

A very interesting gem; the colors are varied shades of yellow, from the brilliant and fiery orange to pale straw color. These tints are often tinged with red, green, gray, white, and blue. The topazes employed in jewelry are distinguished by their colors. White topaz is found in New Holland, Brazil, and the Ural Mountains; blue is brought from Brazil and Siberia; straw yellow from the Ural Mountains; wine yellow from Saxony; deep yellow and pink from Brazil. The topaz is so abundant that it is less expensive than many gems. It is found in

pebbles, in crystals, and in masses. Large bags of topaz pebbles are brought annually from Brazil and New Holland, and very rich specimens have been found in Cairngorm, Scotland.

## ZIRCON.

A crystalline mineral of various shades of gray, green, yellow, blue, red brown, and white. It is employed in jewelry, and the white is sometimes sold as diamonds. Found in Ceylon, Scotland, and Norway.

*Hyacinth*, a variety of zircon, of the color called hyacinth-red, where the red is more or less tinged with yellow and brown, passing into reddish yellow. From resemblance in color, certain sapphires have been called Oriental Hyacinth, and certain topazes, Occidental-Hyacinth, but the name applies strictly to the bright-colored varieties of zircon, and to a variety from Ceylon, which is of a smoky tint.

## CHALCEDONY.

Chalcedony is found in small veins, or in the cavities of other minerals. It is usually of a cloudy, milky white, or gray color, shaded with blue, yellow, green, or brown. It is semi-transparent, and the colors appear in clouds, stripes, veins, circles, and spots, some of which take a blood-red tinge in certain lights. Chalcedony is sometimes found in small globules, which, on being broken open, are found lined with beautiful crystals of amethyst. It takes a fine polish, and is used for articles of jewelry, and other purposes. It is found in the Faroe Islands, Iceland, England, France, and many of the United States. Its name is derived from Chalcedon, in Asia, where it was originally found.



*Carnelian*, or *cornelian*, is a variety of chalcedony, generally of a deep red, pink, flesh color, or yellowish white. It is sometimes spotted and striped, and the colors shade softly into each other. In ancient times it was much esteemed for engraving, and at present is used for seals, bracelets, and other ornaments. The deep red color is most valued. It is found in Arabia and Siberia, and also near Lake Superior. The Oriental *Carnelian*, or *cornelian*, of Cambay, is the finest variety, and much prized.

*Sardonyx* differs from *carnelian* in the arrangement of the colors only, the name being applied to those *carnelians* whose colors are in alternate bands of red and white, and which resemble the flesh seen through the finger nail. It is sometimes found of an orange, or yellow, with brown tinges.

*Plasma* is another variety of chalcedony, of grass or leek-green color, marked with dots, spots, and clouds of white and brown.

### PRUDY'S POCKET.

*Cannonsville, N. Y.* "I am a little boy, eight years old. I have taken *THE CORPORAL* three years, and I like it ever so much. I do so want to know what becomes of *Barbie and Nathan*. Isn't it a splendid story! Will you send me the rest of it right along?"

That letter has just turned up from the very bottom of Prudy's Pocket, where it has been waiting patiently since July! I wonder what these old settlers say to the new comers, as they come tumbling in on top of them. I should not wonder if there were some funny dialogues. Just imagine a letter from Maine, nestling down into the corner beside one from California, and talking together over their long journeys!

*Franklin, Vt.* "Enclosed find one dollar for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. We have taken it from the first, and like it much. We think *old children*, as well as young, may be benefited and interested by its teachings."

*Butteville, —* "DEAR MR. CORPORAL—I was eleven years old last July. I try to help my mother all I can, and I would like to help *THE CORPORAL*, if the children in this village did not take it. Mother has a great many books and magazines, but the Good, the True, and the Beautiful is better than all the rest. Please, may I join the *Corporal's Life Guards*?"

The Corporal gladly receives you, Effie.

*Winona, Minn.* "DEAR PRUDY—I wish I could see you, for I think you must be Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. I thought it would amuse the children to find what verse in the Bible has every letter in the alphabet but one. I think Prudy's Pocket is the most pleasant part of *THE CORPORAL*, and I like *THE CORPORAL* better and better every year."

Some very beautiful specimens of autumn leaves have been sent in, with directions for preserving them. The most satisfactory method we have ever tried, is to gather the leaves in a dry day, and iron them on the under side with a warm (not hot) iron. Then varnish with any clear, white varnish. They keep their color perfectly, and do not curl. Branches of maple and sumach, prepared in this way and placed over pictures upon the wall, form a beautiful winter ornament; the oak branches are also very fine, and may be

gathered when the leaves are spotted with green and dark red. These directions will be too late for this year, except in the more southernly portion of our country. As I write them the woods are in their glory. *THE CORPORAL* asks me to mention the following names as those from whom he has received the prettiest collection of leaves: Henry M. Fuller, Chicago; May Colton, Kansas; Minnie E. Phillips, Wisconsin. To each of these, and to all the many others who have been so kind, he returns his thanks.

*Foochow, China.* "Our thanks are due for so kindly sending us *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* for the past year. The grown people like it as well as the children. We have four children, and we are glad to get books or papers that instruct them so much as *THE CORPORAL*. We wish to order all the back numbers in bound volumes. I am sure every missionary who receives *THE CORPORAL* has the heart to thank you for it. In this heathen land, we are obliged to depend largely upon books and pictures to cultivate the taste for the good and the beautiful in our children."

A little friend in Montgomery Co, Missouri, sends two conundrums for Prudy's Pocket, but, as she forgot to give the answers, Prudy cannot use them.

*Erie, Kansas.* "DEAR LITTLE CORPORAL—I have taken you about two years, now, and I mean to take you as long as you are published. I am a little girl, eleven years old. I am very much interested in *Barbie Phillips*, and I hope she will some day get to the king's palace, and hear the birds sing. I think we have the sweetest and cunningest baby in the world at our house. She is eight months old, and her name is Mabel. If Jessie is the smartest baby in the world, I know Mabel is the sweetest."

Who else has got that "sweetest baby?"

*Pittsburgh, Pa.* "Please send *THE CORPORAL* for 1868 to my address. I want it for a bright little Irish boy, whom I met a few days ago. He wanted the numbers containing the story of Jimmy Marvin, to read and to keep for his own. I should not wonder if the reading of them might be the means of making a good, bright man of him. *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* brings us a store of cheer to "drive dull care away," and helps us older boys to see the bright spots in life."

*Decatur, Mich.* "I am eleven years old. My father was a soldier, and was killed in battle, five years ago. I have read *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and I like it. I think if you will send me a circular, I can get subscribers enough to get me an organ, which I want very much. At any rate, I would like to try."

Success to you, Minnie. Something always comes of trying.

*Fayette, Mich.* "Seeing in *THE CORPORAL* how many boys and girls were earning money themselves, Carrie and I thought we would try it. So mother said we could have some yarn, and knit socks to sell. We have got two dollars by knitting, which we will send in this. One dollar is for a copy of *THE CORPORAL* for 1867, and the other is to send a copy to some freedman's school."

"ALVIRA C. G."

There is a good example for the little girls to follow. Prudy remembers very well when she knit her first pair of socks, and received for them a silver half dollar from her father, who was very proud of what his little girl had done. That was a great deal better than any half dollar she has seen since.

*Perry, Ill.* "My little boys have been carefully saving their dimes and half-dimes, in order to get the *Coeff Books*, and they have just rushed into my study with the announcement that "by going into company" they have enough. So please find enclosed the amount, and send the books."

*Woodville, Miss.* "We have only nine children, some of them getting to be not so small, after all. We take several other periodicals besides *THE CORPORAL*, and if their editors could always know the hearty welcome, earnest perusal, and thorough digesting they receive in the thousands of family circles they visit, I feel sure they would take courage in their labors, and be very mindful of what they say. The thoroughly Christian morality of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* makes both parents and children glad to see its green cover in the bundle fresh from the post office. We hope it may long point to the good, the true, and the beautiful."

*Parkersburgh, West Va.* "Enclosed find five cents for one copy of *Silver Bells*. This five cent piece is a little discolored in consequence of a fall it had. I had it in my hand one day, when I went down cellar, and I lost it, and could not find it for two weeks; but it is good, anyway, for when my papa gave it to me, it was new and shiny."

The Corporal sees a good deal of money that looks as if it might have been lost in the cellar. He makes wry faces at it, sometimes, especially when it smells strong of tobacco; but he takes it all the same, and pays it out to some tobacco user as soon as he can.

*Auburn, N. Y.* "Has the name of 'The Orphan's Friend' been crossed from the exchange list of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*? I trust not, for the month does not seem complete when we do not read it. The children at the asylum greet us with 'Has *THE CORPORAL* come?' and we older children welcome it just as warmly."

*Wellington, O.* "Please change the address of *THE CORPORAL* from this place to Sacramento, California. My little boy thinks that even a residence in the Golden State cannot compensate for the loss of his dear *CORPORAL*, and we all, old and young, hope to meet the next number in our new home."

*Lenoir, —* "I am but thirteen years old. My father and mother are both dead, and I want to gain a livelihood by writing for papers and magazines. Please look over these pieces and correct mistakes, if there be any. Please have them placed in the October number of *THE CORPORAL*, if not rejected."

We have a few friendly words to say to the writer of this letter. In the first place, editors never "look over articles and correct mistakes." They take it for granted that nothing is fit for publication which needs any such correcting, and the very first mistake that meets the editor's eye will send your article to the waste basket without further examination. In the next place, boys of thirteen may possibly, after a good many years of hard study and training, be able to write with profit to themselves as well as others; but the chances always are that they would gain a livelihood more easily by any honest trade to which they might devote themselves. Your articles, friend John, are very passable for a boy of your age, but we do not advise you to think of authorship at present. Read, study, make a man of yourself, and you may be sure you will find plenty of work to do in the world.



## THE PILGRIM'S KNAPSACK.

## No. 26.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-five letters.  
 My 1, 5, 19, 35, 3, 26, is a musical instrument.  
 My 7, 14, 12, 30, 4, 11, 32, is a Bible flower.  
 My 10, 23, 4, 5, 35, was a city of the Philistines.  
 My 15, 5, 35, 31, 7, 28, 14, 22, was a town of Judah.  
 My 16, 4, 8, 14, 28, was an officer in David's army.  
 My 24, 6, 18, 33, 28, 34, 9, 17, 20, was an ancient article of food.  
 My 29, 13, 21, 4, 25, 27, 2, is a Bible bird.  
 My whole was a miracle.

## No. 27.—BOTANICAL CHARADE.

My first through my second wandered  
 In quest of game;  
 And in my last my whole was blooming—  
 Guess my name.  
 I am fair as a snowdrift to look upon—  
 White and fair;  
 But may your true love never bind my flowers  
 In her hair,  
 For of "indifference and a changed heart"  
 I am the token,  
 For I speak only of a vanished love,  
 And promise broken.

Paul Peregrine.

## No. 28.—PUZZLE.

The autumn eves, and all night long  
 Are vocal with my cheery song;  
 And yet I neither sing nor talk.  
 I've legs, yet neither jump nor walk.  
 Four feet I have on parlor floors,  
 And six when I am out of doors.  
 To say I never jump is right,  
 Still I am jumping half the night;  
 Yet stand by grandam's cosy seat,  
 To warm her toes and rest her feet.  
 You seldom see me in the day,  
 And yet, where jolly youngsters play,  
 By day they find me their delight,  
 And never see me in the night.  
 Ask Dickens where I am on earth,  
 He'll say he left me "On the hearth."

M. B. C. S.

## No. 29.—BOTANICAL CHARADE.

My first glowers at you with wicked, cunning eyes,  
 Or, before the hound and huntsman, across the heather flies  
 A lady throws my second to her true and gallant knight,  
 Lets him conquer for her sake, or perish in the fight.  
 Her hand shall crown the victor, and his whispered words shall be  
 The language of my whole: "Not for myself, but thee." P. P

## No. 30.—A PICTURE STORY.



Reading to be given in next number.

W. O. C.

## TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 24.—NOVEMBER NUMBER.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—Nimble Dick had never heard of "women's rights," though he was naturally polite. One day he was passing along the streets of a city, and a lady with a parasol walked before him. As they crossed over a bridge, there came a puff of wind and whirled the parasol over the railing, into the river. Nimble Dick, as a matter of course, sprang over after it. The water was deep, but the precious thing was fished out and brought safely up to the lady. Dick thought he had some reason to hope for a smile, which always repaid him for any trouble, but he didn't see any. Afterward, Dick hailed the driver, and jumped on board a horse car. He proposed to have a nice ride, and see the city. When he had been seated a short time, the door opened, and the lady with the wet parasol came in. She came straight to where Dick was seated, and asked him to get up. Dick was somewhat astonished, but rose to his feet and stood up, holding on as well as he could. It was all right, of course; only Dick did not understand the ways of the world, having lived so long in the woods.

W. O. C.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, ETC., IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 19.—Biblical Enigma.—Wormwood; Sennacherib; Kenites; Thynnewood; Rehoboth; Ostrich; Girsagites; Rebekah; Sosthenes; Glendon; Dehavites; Vashiti. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. No. 20.—Transposition.—1. Pale, peal, plea, leap; 2. Are, era, ear. No. 21.—Orthographical Pervertisons.—1. Be industrious and economical; 2. Practice economy; 3. Be not cruel to animals; 4. Cultivate habits of reading and of thinking; 5. Aim always at the best in conduct and demeanor; 6. Chide mildly the erring. No. 22.—Illustrated Rebus.—Beak on elder eight (Be considerate). No. 23.—Word Puzzle.—Scat; cat; at; t.

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME IX.

	Page.
A Bird Sermon.....	Julia F. Snow. 21
About some Little Friends.....	Grace Greenwood. 10
A Brave Little Boy.....	Alta Grant. 42
A California Picnic.....	Hattie Ray. 22
A Child's Faith.....	M. 10
A Fateful Day.....	Abby Sage. 37
A Glimpse and a Hint at a Museum.....	Frances E. Willard. 11
A "Good-Night" Story.....	Clara W. T. Fry. 6
A Little Gentleman.....	S. 43
A Schoolgirl's Revenge.....	Julia F. Snow. 50
A Strange Professor.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 33
A Year at Riverside Farm.....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, 7, 24, 41, 53, 73, 90
California Picnic Stories.....	Mrs. H. L. Neall. 71
Careless People.....	S. 29
Cat and Rat.....	Roy. 43
Children's Magazines of Paris.....	Frances E. Willard. 84
Crystal Mountains.....	Emer Birdsey. 58
Dead Letter Office at Washington.....	L. M. D. 70
Editorial.....	12, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92
Ellen Mooney's Story.....	Mrs. L. K. Becker. 55
Fred's Speech.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 81
Gods of the Dakotas.....	A. L. Riggs, 46, 69, 92
Gems and Precious Stones.....	Mary Lorimer. 94
Henriette—From the French.....	Kate A. Jackson. 75
Hide and Scrap's Fate.....	Thos. K. Beecher. 14
History of a President's Note.....	Geo. E. Patten. 61
How a Tyrant lost one Slave.....	Faith Latimer. 49
Humming Birds.....	Aunt Florence. 62
Jack Playne's Story.....	Julia F. Snow. 87
Letter from China.....	Sarah L. Woodin. 59
Little Emma.....	Alta Grant. 23
Minnie's Dream.....	Uncle Edward. 28
My Little Boy.....	Mrs. J. F. S. 20
My Little Parisians.....	Frances E. Willard. 55

## CONTENTS OF VOL. IX.—Continued. Page.

Nelly of Mount Vernon.....	Grace Greenwood. 85
Of Dakota Doctoring.....	A. L. Riggs. 14
Opal.....	Mary Lorimer. 26
Pet's Idea.....	Aunt Laura. 21
Pilgrim's Knapsack.....	16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96
Private Queer's Letter to Little Pilgrim.....	44
Private Queer's Letter.....	61
Prudy's Pocket.....	13, 30, 46, 63, 78, 95
Roll of Honor.....	44
Sapphire.....	Mary Lorimer. 6
Saving the Fragments.....	M. 39
Shrewd.....	H. 7
Smuggled Finery.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 3
Something about Coal.....	Allis Walden. 29
Stevie's Surprise.....	Lucia Chase Bell. 37
Story of Kob.....	Fishie Reed. 17
Story of Molly Breeze.....	Mrs. H. L. Neall. 71
Story of the Good Giant.....	Annie Moore. 65
Tea and Paper.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 67
The Breakfast Shawl.....	Hannah Thirstin. 27
The Cat and the Goldfish.....	Frank Church. 26
The Little Weatherman—From the German.....	Kate B. Paine. 58
The Month of Beautiful Leaves.....	S. 63
The Orphan of the Nile.....	Erwin House. 1
The Snake in Lee Swamp.....	Emer Birdsey. 5
The Story of Arlington.....	Grace Greenwood. 36
Tommy's Balloon.....	Prudy. 78
Poetry—	
A Boy on Broadway.....	Geo. W. Bungay. 53
A Child's Thoughts.....	Mrs. C. A. Means. 86
Ask Mother.....	George Cooper. 1
Baby's First Tooth.....	Prudy. 76
Birdie at the Window.....	Prudy. 81
Bird's Proverbs.....	Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. 3
Bobby's Bedtime.....	M. E. N. Harbaway. 49
Cold Water.....	Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. 83

## CONTENTS OF VOL. IX.—Continued. Page.

Foolish, Cowardly and Wicked.....	Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw. 70
Freddie.....	Cousin Ada. 22
Kittie and Will.....	Mrs. M. B. Burd. 78
Little Bopeep.....	H. M. Hunt. 85
Little Chicks.....	Prudy. 14
Little Dump-l-ty May.....	Eva Alice. 28
Love Crowned.....	Mrs. E. M. Olmsted. 17
Lullaby.....	M. H. K. 41
Morning and Night.....	Mrs. E. M. Olmsted. 5
Morning Song.....	George Cooper. 20
Mother's Choice.....	George Cooper. 50
Song of the Swallow.....	10
Summer Wind.....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 10
Sunset.....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 28
Tag.....	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 33
"Tell us a Story".....	George Cooper. 30
The Birds' Picnic.....	M. H. K. 69
The Chase.....	George Cooper. 26
The Chickadee.....	I. T. H. 66
The Lost Wolf.....	Annie Moore. 73
The Narrow Way.....	Alta Grant. 39
The Vain Woodpecker.....	Julia M. Thayer. 75
To Live.....	Julia A. Eastman. 80
To the North Wind.....	Emer Birdsey. 10
Watching for Santa Claus. Illustrated.....	Luella Clark. 85
	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 89
Music—	
Our Refuge—Words by Emily Huntington Miller;	
Music by James Harrison.....	30
Summer Evening—Words by Emily Huntington	
Miller; Music by J. R. Murray.....	40
Land of the Blest—Words by Emily Huntington	
Miller; Music by O. A. Mayo.....	50
Christmas Hymn—Words by Emily Huntington	
Miller; Music by James R. Murray.....	94



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Northern District of Illinois.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

## THE OLD YEAR.

BY PRUDY.

Last night, when all the village  
Was lying white and still,  
With starlight in the valley  
And moonlight on the hill,  
I wakened from my dreaming,  
And hushed my heart to hear  
The old clock on the steeple  
Toll out the dying year.

They say that when the angels  
The blessed New Year bring,  
The souls that wake to listen  
Can hear them softly sing  
The same melodious anthem  
Of peace and love on earth,  
That told to Judah's shepherds  
The dear Redeemer's birth.

No sound came through the silence,  
But waiting there, I thought  
Of all the gifts and blessings  
The year to me had brought:  
And something sang within me,  
"O happy heart! to-day  
Remember all who sorrow,  
And wipe their tears away."

So, in that solemn morning  
When first thy feet shall stand,  
Where dawn in light unshadowed  
The years of God's right hand;  
These words of benediction  
Thy welcome home shall be,  
"Thy deeds of love and mercy  
Have all been done to Me!"

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. 10. }  
No. 1. }

Chicago, Ill., January, 1870.

## WORKING AND WINNING.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### CHAPTER I.

An artist might have made a pleasing picture out of the group that was gathered around the table in Mr. Shepherd's dining room. Four children with eager faces, and eyes shining with excitement, pressing close around their elder brother, who was carefully fastening a band to the wheel of a curious little machine.

"Don't crowd so, Sammy," says the boy, "you can see just as well without smelling of it."

Sammy laughs, and takes his inquisitive face a full inch further off.

At last the band is fastened, a weight adjusted to its place, and, O wonder of wonders! the wheels begin to turn, and the little triphammer rises and falls with a rapid stroke on its tiny anvil.

"O, it goes! it goes!" shout the children, fairly tumbling over each other with excitement. "Father! father! come and see Nelson's machine! It's a-going, really and truly."

Mr. Shepherd, in dressing gown and slippers, was reading his newspaper very comfortably by the sitting-room fire, and his wife, near by, was rocking the cradle with her foot, and wondering if the baby ever meant to go to sleep.

Noisy little Jenny came rushing into the room and shouted out the news as if her father and mother were both stone deaf. "It's going, father, just as if it was alive, and nobody touching it at all!"

"—Sh!" said Mrs. Shepherd, warningly; but baby had keen ears, especially at bedtime, and the great white head popped up from the pillow, and the big blue eyes opened their very widest. So there was no way but to pick up the baby and take her along to see the wonderful machine.

"There!" said Jenny, triumphantly ushering her father and mother into the dining room, "didn't I tell you so? goes as reg'lar as a telegraph machine. I s'pose it'll go that way forever, won't it, Nelson?"

"Of course it won't," said Sammy, eagerly, "only till the weight runs down; I understand all about it. You see this wheel with the teeth on the edge—"

"Don't touch it, Sammy," said Nelson, warningly, holding back the little, brown, sinewy hand.

"I wasn't going to touch it," said Sammy,

with a shade of impatience in his voice; "seems to me you're mighty choice of your old machine."

Mrs. Shepherd's soft hand was laid gently on the rough head of her fiery little boy, and a quick flush rose in his cheek, as he smiled faintly at his mother. Sammy had a hard time with his quick temper, but he was fighting it bravely every day.

"Nelson can get a pat'n on that, and sell it for lots of money, can't he, father?" said Jenny.

Nelson looked at his father, and smiled, and Mr. Shepherd said, pleasantly,

"It works very nicely, Nelson; does it satisfy you?"

"I like to see it go," said Nelson. "I should have felt badly, if it had not worked all right. But I don't see, after all, as it's good for anything."

"I think it is," said Mr. Shepherd; "your ingenuity and patience have been exercised in making it, and you have had to put all your knowledge of mechanics in practice. I think it has been a very instructive kind of play, and boys need play as well as study."

Nelson looked a little disappointed. He had meant something more than *play* by his machine. He never had told anything of it, but all along he had been thinking that perhaps he should find out some way by which his mother's sewing machine could be made self-acting, so that the endless garments that were always being needed by some of the six children could be made without the wearisome tread of feet that were already tired with trotting "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." But, unfortunately, Nelson did not understand the principle of the sewing machine, and as his mother objected very decidedly to allowing him to take her machine to pieces, he did not seem likely to perfect his scheme very soon.

Meantime, mischievous little Fred had crept upon the table, and curled himself up as close as possible to the machine. Fred was capable of any amount of mischief that could be compassed by a five-year-old, but he carried a face of such unearthly solemnity, that it was impossible to suspect him of it. Every blow of the tiny hammer made him fairly ache with desire to put something under it and hear it smash. He thought for some time of trying one of his fat, chubby fingers, but finally gave that up, as he remembered a multitude of things on the what-not, which he felt sure would crash delightfully. Nobody knew when he got it,

nobody guessed what he had shut up in his hand, until there was a tinkle of broken glass, and something was jerked very quickly back from the machine. Everybody pounced upon Fred.

"What was it? What did he do?"

"O my dog! my beautiful, little, glass dog!" wailed Jenny, picking up the toy, from which the head and fore legs were missing.

"He's *all dead*," said little Frankie, his sweet, little face full of solemn concern.

"Ought to made him stouter," said Fred.

"O ho! he's *holter*, Jenny, he's *holter*! Ain't any inside to him 't all."

Fred was perfectly consoled, by this discovery, for the destruction of the dog, but Jenny was of a different opinion; and their mother took the little offender away for a little private conversation.

Mr. Shepherd went back to his paper, and the boys watched the machine until it ran down, and then Nelson packed it carefully away in an old raisin box, feeling pretty well satisfied with his experiment, after all. Afterward he and Sammy sat down to their books in the sitting room, while Jenny busied herself with putting her doll to bed, and Frankie crept into his father's arms, to be "brooded" a little before he went to sleep. Restless little Jenny chattered sometimes to her father and sometimes to herself, as she patted her doll's pillow and smoothed down the tiny sheets.

"This child must have a higher pillow—her senses 'll all run into her brains; father, do people dream with their heads?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Shepherd, who was planning a sermon for the next Sunday. "The mind is supposed to act through the brain, and there may be a state of semi-consciousness, when some of the faculties are only partially aroused."

The minister was speculating to himself, as he had quite a habit of doing, and Jenny was giving all her attention to her doll. Only Nelson was listening, with a thoughtful look in his eyes.

"O, my dear! she's going to have a croup," chattered Jenny, pinning a bit of flannel around her doll's neck; "her pulse is awful hot, and her breath smells of—of—*pepper-mint*. She might go into *spadms*, and lose her senses, like Mrs. Truman's baby. Then she'd be a *nidiot*. Father, do *nidiots* have any souls?"

"I suppose so; yes, of course," answered Mr. Shepherd, whose thoughts were deep in his sermon, again.

"Then I s'pose their souls go to heaven, when they die, same's anybody," said Jenny; "only I should think it would be dreadful *mottifying* to go to heaven among all the folks and not know any of 'em. 'Cause a *nidiot* can't ever learn anything about David or Paul or Samson, or any of the Bible people, you know. I don't s'pose they know their very own mothers. Father, what would you have done, if I'd been a *nidiot*?"

"Mr. Shepherd only smiled a queer, little smile, but Sammy looked up with a mischievous snap in his keen, black eyes, and said, quickly,

"Anybody would think, to hear you talk half an hour—"

"There, Sammy," said Mr. Shepherd, interrupting him, "I guess I wouldn't say that, would I?"

Sammy's brown cheek flushed a little, and just then the bedroom door opened, and Mrs. Shepherd came in, looking rather tired and anxious. She had done her best to make Master Fred feel that he had no right to try experiments on other people's property, but had failed to make any impression at all, and had put him to bed in despair.

"O mother," began Jenny, "is Freddy to bed?"

"Yes, he is in bed," said Mrs. Shepherd; "it is bedtime."

"Oh!" said Jenny, in a tone of relief; "I was afraid you put him to bed 'count of that dog; I don't care *that* much about it."

"Then you needn't have made such an awful fuss," said Sammy.

"Well," said Jenny, gravely, "tain't so much *that one dog*, but Freddy always is so 'ficious about my things. I never break *his* things."

"Good reason why," said Sammy; "he always breaks 'em himself before he lays 'em down."

"Come, Ellen," said Mr. Shepherd, "put the youngsters to bed, and then go down town with me. Mrs. Cole told me, to-day, that Lena Weising, her little Swede girl, had a sister at home, very sick. She used to be in your Sunday-school class, and we ought to look her up."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Shepherd; "her name is Hanne; I missed her last Sabbath."

In a very few moments, little Frankie was laid, half asleep, in the trundle bed with his brother, but Fred's eyes were as wide open as ever, and had a look in them that ought to have warned his mother. But what could he do in the dark? So she tied on her bonnet, wrapped herself in her shawl, and left him to his own reflections.

"Margaret has gone out," said Sammy, coming in from the kitchen with a hod of coal.

"Never mind," said Mr. Shepherd to his wife; "she'll be in presently, in time to put Jenny to bed."

"But if Baby should wake," said Mrs. Shepherd, hesitating.

"Baby never did wake in the evening, and if she does, Nelson can manage her," said Mr. Shepherd.

So they two went on their errand of mercy, and in the meantime Margaret was composedly chatting with her aunt, two streets away. If she had been there, it never would have happened as it did; for no sooner had the gate clicked after his father and mother, than Fred climbed over innocent, little Frankie, and came fumbling at the sitting-room door.

"Why, Fred'rick Shepherd," said Jenny, as a comical, little figure, in red flannel night drawers, emerged from the bedroom, "I'm perfectly 'stonished at you."

"Now, Fred, you go straight back again," said Nelson; "mother won't like it at all. She's gone to see a sick woman, and told me to take care of you."

"I ain't sleepy 't all," said Fred, climbing into a chair. "I didn't have my breakfas', neiver, and I'm real firsty."

If Margaret had been at home, she would have settled the whole matter by marching Fred away, for he stood in wholesome fear of Margaret. But, as it was, Nelson only coaxed him into bed with great difficulty,

and then had to compromise by leaving a light on the bureau.

Nothing more was heard from Fred. Margaret came home and took Jenny away up stairs, Sammy grew tired of his book and curled up on the hearth rug for a nap, and Nelson, after finishing his geometry, began planning a new machine, and finally fell asleep with his head in his book.

Away down in Grove street, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd found the sick girl in a poor, little cottage. The mother could not speak a word of English, but Hanne welcomed them with eloquent eyes, though she seemed to be suffering greatly.

"I missed you from Sunday school, Hanne," said Mrs. Shepherd. "Have you been sick long?"

"Two, tree week, I sink," said Hanne, doubtfully, looking at Lena, who was sitting by her.

"She has a high fever," said Mrs. Shepherd, laying her cool, soft hand on Hanne's head; "what does the doctor say about it?"

Hanne's questioning eyes sought Lena's face, who explained the question in her own tongue.

"He not know," said Hanne. "I sink I eats somesing doesn't becomes me."

"But what does the doctor say? Doesn't she have the doctor?"

Hanne shook her head. "First I has der homopatchey doctor—Mees Cole she sends him for me; den I has der alpacpy doctor. I sink he not know. Somesing pain me so mooch in mine body."

"I believe she has lung fever," said Mrs. Shepherd to her husband; and in her quiet, helpful way, she began to smooth the pillows and make the sick girl more comfortable.

"Bring me some warm water, Lena," she said. And the little girl brought it in a bright, tin basin. Then she took a clean napkin from her own little basket, and bathed Hanne's hot hands and feverish face, and brushed the thick, glossy hair smoothly back from her forehead. Hanne's grateful eyes never left her face, but she did not say a word. Then she prepared a cooling drink with the jelly she had brought, and showed Lena how to give it to her sister whenever she wanted it.

"If I only had a thick flannel to put a wet compress on her chest," said Mrs. Shepherd. "Do you think you could find me any, Lena?"

Lena shook her head. There was little hope of old flannel in that poor house. Then she said a few words to her mother, who hesitated, looked at Hanne, then at the lady, then opened a little wooden chest in the corner of the room, and took out a little square of heavy flannel, gaily worked on the edges with red and green. She held it out to Lena, and then hid her face in her apron.

"The little baby's," said Hanne, in a hoarse whisper. "He go die on der sheep, and dey bury him in der vasser, and mine fader, too. Ach! how mine mudder cry!"

Mrs. Shepherd felt almost like crying, too, but she hoped the poor little baby's blanket might be of use to Hanne, so she only said, as she folded it over her chest,

"Poor, little baby! that was sad for you all."

"Ach!" said Hanne, "I sinks it not bad for der baby, he so leetle. He cry when he be hungry, he cry when he cold. Peoples



not cry up in der heaven—have plenty up in der heaven."

Mrs. Shepherd wiped her eyes, and Mr. Shepherd said, gently,

"That is true, Hanne; there's plenty up in heaven; plenty of room for all of us, and we may be sure of a welcome if we only come in the right way. Do you know what the way is?"

Hanne fixed her eyes upon her teacher, and repeated, in her broken English, two verses from her Sunday-school lesson:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"By me if any man enter in, he shall go in and out, and find pasture."

"I shall see you again, soon," said Mrs. Shepherd. And with a smile for Lena and her mother, she went out.

As they came around the corner, they heard in the distance a cry of "Fire!"

"What a dreadful night to be turned out of house and home," said Mrs. Shepherd, wrapping her shawl more closely about her, for the fierce wind tugged and strained at it, as if it meant to tear it away.

"Come in here," said Mr. Shepherd, as they came to a brilliantly-lighted store; "I want you to look at this collection of paintings; there are some perfect little gems in water colors."

It was like summer in the elegant store, and the great beauty of the pictures completely absorbed Mrs. Shepherd's attention, until half an hour passed unnoticed.

Nelson, sitting by the table with his head resting in his book, heard, or dreamed he heard a cry of "Fire!" He started up half bewildered, and rubbed his eyes and his stiff neck, and tried to rouse himself and remember whether it was night or morning, and why the room seemed so stifling.

"Fire! fire!" There it was again; a half a dozen voices taking it up one after the other; "Fire! fire!" right there on the street, and then a hurried rush up the stone steps, and hands pounding at the door.

"Fire! fire!" they shouted, as Nelson threw open the door; "your house is on fire! are you all dead, or asleep?" and half a dozen excited men rushed past Nelson and burst open the bedroom door. Out poured the smoke in a blinding cloud, and the men started back for an instant.

"There are three children in there!" screamed Nelson, comprehending in an instant the awful peril, and pushing through the men into the room.

[To be continued.]

## CRADLE SONG.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

'Tis night on the mountain,  
'Tis night on the sea,  
Mild dewdrops are kissing  
The bloom-covered lea;  
Like plumes gently waving,  
The soft zephyrs creep;  
The birds are all dreaming—  
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

'Tis night on the mountain,  
'Tis night on the sea,  
Away in the distance  
The stars twinkle free;  
O'er all of His creatures  
His watch He will keep,  
Who guardeth the sparrows—  
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

## TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

BY RALPH G. LEONARD.

The incidents I am about to relate, happened more than seventeen years ago. Twenty-first of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, is the exact date. It is a date not likely to be forgotten along the valley of the Wissahanoe; it is cut into marble on a half a score of tombstones in the quiet graveyards; and many a winter evening, in the glow of ruddy firelight, the story of the great flood is told to eager listeners. I cannot tell the whole story; indeed, you would hardly care to hear it. I can only tell you how one boy won his heroism at that time of devastation and death.

The brightest things sometimes herald the darkest; so it was then. The day before the flood, dawned most bright and beautiful; a warm, south wind played softly over the north land, the sun glowed in golden heat upon it, and the ice broke up in the rivers and ponds, and the snow, that for months had lain heavy on meadow and hillside, vanished like a ghost from the earth.

It was noon at the school at Bradford's Mill, and the scholars were eating lunch.

"I tell you, boys," said Charley Stuart, "there is no use bolting our dinner, we can't skate to-day; this weather has done for the ice."

"Don't believe it," said Tom Weston.

"I bet you anything," returned Charley.

"The pond was soft last night, and it has all gone to pieces by this time. I saw it when I came to school; it is all broken up where the creek comes in, and cracks as big as your fist over the upper half."

"That's mean," said a little fellow. "I brought my skates."

"So did I," said another; and "I, too," came in quite a chorus.

"You might better try to skate on a plowed lot, it is about as smooth, and safer."

"Well, seeing is believing—or the other thing. Let us go and see."

Dinner baskets were hustled out of the way, and, after five minutes' walk, the boys reached the pond. They found the ice about as Charley had said.

"It is all over with skating," said Tom Weston, as they came up to the bank. "But I say, let's try it on a bender; that is more fun than skating, anyway, and this strip from here across looks just prime."

"It looks risky to me," said Park Cadwell, shading his eyes from the sun, and looking intently to the upper end of the pond. "I say it isn't safe; the ice is all slosh up there, and may go to chunks here any minute, and the water is deep."

"Of course it is risky, and that is the fun; I'm not afraid," said Tom Weston, "and here is the first run." As he said this he stepped upon the uncertain ice, and made a rush for the further side. The ice swayed under his feet as he passed over it; but he reached the bank safely, and, springing upon it, called out, "Hurrah for the bender! it is splendid. If we are lively, we can get two hundred and fifty runs before it smashes. Come over, boys, I say."

"Come over yourself, you better," called Charley Stuart. "I am in for a game if the rest are; but we'll choose up sides, and keep tally, and start fair, and do it regular."

"Hurry up, then. I tell you we've no time to lose," said Park Cadwell. "If we get any more fun on this ice, we do it in the next half hour; lively is the game."

"Lively it is, then," shouted some one.

"Park Cadwell and Tom Weston for leaders; all in favor of it say aye, and those that can't say it, sing it to the tune of Old Hundred."

"Aye—aye!" rang in a shout from the boys.

"Contrary minds say 'no,' and go home."

Nobody said "no," or went home; so the election was unanimous.

"I had rather some other fellow would take my place and lead," said Park.

"We can't do it—won't do it," said some one. "Just you wear the honors lightly, old Cad, or the ice won't bear up, and go on and choose up."

The choosing up was done in exactly a minute and a quarter; every boy was eager to be counted in, and they stood fifteen on a side, ranging from Park and Tom, the two tall leaders, to the little fellows of ten or twelve.

"Now, boys," said Park Cadwell, stepping out a little in front of his line, "if I am leader of this side—and I am—everyone in it obeys me—right sharp, too. When I say 'stop,' it is stop, and when I say 'go ahead,' it's go ahead; and there must not be but two boys from the same side on the ice at the same time, and the second one mustn't start till the first is half way over, and if a third boy starts, he loses his run, and it is no count."

"Same to you fellows," said Tom. "Go ahead; that's all the order I give you; you can stop when you are afraid to venture. The side that gets the most runs beats, and the last boy over is the best fellow. Three cheers for the championship! Hip, hip, hurrah!" Tom swung his cap, the boys cheered lustily, broke ranks, and the two leaders—Tom first—ran swiftly and lightly over the ice, and the game began with great spirit.

This was what we called "going on a bender" when I was a boy. I believe it was the origin of the slang phrase now in common use. We used to think it was great fun, but I don't advise you boys to try it; indeed, you'll not often get a chance. It is only when the ice happens to break up just right, and you happen to hit it at the right nick of time, and the powers in authority don't happen to find out what you are doing, and put a stop to it, that you would get a chance at this risky fun. But if any of you should try it next spring, and get drowned, don't blame me for putting it into your heads. I could not tell this story without saying how the boys, at Bradford's, spent their noon recess that day, so long ago.

The game was safe enough at first. It had been a hard winter, and the ice was thick, and, though it was full of cracks, the game did not get very dangerous till after the first hundred runs. The cracks widened and multiplied by that time, the ice loosened from the shore, and parted in the middle; there was an open space three feet wide to be jumped over, where the water was very deep, and this space was getting wider and more dangerous every moment. To make a run was getting to be quite a daring venture; the party spirit, too, ran high; the umpires stood on the banks, and called out the num-



ber of runs. "Seventy-one for our side!" "Seventy-five for ours!" and the boys all joined in yelling and cheering every time one of their side got over. The fun and danger were at their height, and the boys quite wild with excitement, when Park Cadwell called out at the top of his voice:

"I say, Tom Weston, it is time we stopped this, the ice ain't safe for another run; somebody will go under next we know. Let us call the game up."

"Call the game up now, hey? Swing off, will you? just as it's getting dangerous, and your side happens to be a little ahead. That's what I call mean. Go ahead, boys! Rush along, Will Eaton! That's you! Old Deacon Cad, this side don't give up."

"Then this side don't, either," said Charley Stuart.

"Yes it does," said Park, very decidedly. "I don't make another run, nor no other fellow on this side. It is getting too risky. Come back off the ice—you, little Rob Puffer! No skirmishing on your own hook; this side has made its last run. I don't want to carry you, nor any other fellow, home, feet foremost."

"That's what I call mean, breaking up the game in this way, Park Cadwell," said Tom.

"That's so," called quite a chorus. "There ain't one of us afraid—not one."

"Except the captain himself," said Tom Weston. "I say, Park, you look kind of white and scary round the mouth; but there isn't any danger, don't be afraid; just take one last run across with me; I dare you to it, Deacon."

Park hesitated a moment; he looked at the ice; he looked at the boys, who had all heard the insolent challenge, and had gathered about to see the result.

"I won't do it," he said, at last.

"Humph! spell 'won't' with a 'daren't,' and you'll get it," sneered Tom.

"Spell it anyway you choose, only so that you understand what it means," said Park, angrily, and he turned away, and started off alone for the school house.

"Spell 'coward' with a 'c-a-d,' and a 'w-e-l-l,'" called Tom, loud enough for Park to hear. "And that is what he is, too," he went on talking to the boys. "It is just sneaking mean of him to break up the game in this way, and pretend he is afraid some of the little fellows will get in."

"I don't believe he was afraid for himself, anyway," said Charley Stuart, who was Park's next friend.

"Then why didn't he run when I dared him to?" asked Tom; and this was a clincher.

"I tell you I wouldn't take a 'dare' from any fellow," blustered Rob Puffer.

"Nor I; nor I, either," blustered half a dozen other little red-faced boys.

"Good reason why," said Charley; "there wouldn't anyone bigger than a half-grown mosquito give you one."

"I don't care who gave it," said Tom Weston. "I say that no decent fellow would take a dare, and Park Cadwell is a coward and a giveup and a sneakout."

"That is what he is; and he'll never get in as leader again."

There was a good deal more of this kind of talk. The boys at Bradford's were about like boys all over the world; they had got all excited over the game, and the excite-

ment had to work itself off in some way or another; so they fell to telling of what they could have done, and were going to do; of how many runs their side could have got, if Park had not backed out just as he did, and Park was to blame for all they could have done, and didn't do; and Park had skulked off, so sullen and cross; and Park was a mean-spirited fellow, anyway.

But all their bluster could not alter the facts. Park Cadwell was not a mean-spirited fellow; he was not given to cowardly getting out of duty or danger. He was a steady-nerved fellow, brave enough to do an unpopular thing, when he knew it was right, and stand the consequences.

"I suppose the boys are all down on me," he said to Charley Stuart, when they had all come back to the schoolhouse. "I know they are, and it don't feel good, either; but it was time the game was stopped, and that was the only way to do it."

"But why didn't you run when Tom dared you to," asked Charley.

"Because I had said there shouldn't be any more runs made by our side, and I was not going to be the first one to break the order; it would have started up the game again, and there would have been no stopping it till somebody went under, and, ten to one, we would never have got him out alive."

"Why didn't you say so then?"

"Because I won't have any words with Tom Weston, when he takes to chaffing, as he did this noon. I heard him call me a coward; it is one of his miserable lies; I'm not a coward. I had rather have gone across the ice five times than said 'no' once."

"I believe you, old fellow! but I say, Park, you've got to just pitch in and lick Tom Weston; he always goes against you; he said all kinds of mean things to the boys about you. You see you are not a fighting character, and Tom knows it; but you'd better be for just once—just long enough to give Tom a good drubbing, and make him hold his tongue. The fact is, the high heroes don't go for district number five; you've got to do it on your muscle once in awhile; it is your only chance to right yourself."

"Well," said Park, "I shan't worry. I guess I can stand it."

But standing a tide of unpopularity is not an agreeable experience. In school or out, old or young, no one likes it. Still it is an experience that is likely to come to every life worth living. I don't know that there is anything better to do than to stand it. Take care to be right, and, for the most part, the *seeming* will take care of itself, and the chance to right yourself will come in God's good time. It was coming to Park even then, as he sat in his seat in the schoolroom brooding moodily over his open book. The wind that rattled the casement was bringing it; the dark clouds that obscured the sun, and the great rain drops that suddenly splashed against the window, were bringing it—that scene of devastation and death where the boy won his heroship.

The next day, at noon, the same group of school boys stood again on the banks of the pond. Eighteen hours of incessant rain had carried away the last vestige of ice and snow, and drenched the land; the swollen currents of rivulet and stream were pouring into the great pond, and the water stood far above its

usual level. Bradford's Pond was a beautiful sheet of water; it was nearly surrounded by rock-bound and steep wooded banks, and it was so large that it seemed like a small lake. The dam that barred in this bright valley of water, though not of great length, was high, and it was built across from one rocky promontory to another. These rocks, which rose far above the level of the water, were crowned with a group of fir trees, and their sides were green with lichens and moss. A natural fall of water could hardly be more picturesque and beautiful. The falls were magnificent that day; like a thing of angry life, the water dashed and flashed over the dam, then roared, and foamed, and hissed, as it struck the rocky bed of the current beneath. The boys were standing on the high bank, and on the bridge that spanned the stream, a few rods below the falls, was a group of girls. They had come from the schoolhouse to look at the falls, and were lounging over the side of the bridge, gazing half fascinated at the roaring, seething mass of foam, with not a thought of danger in their warm, young hearts.

That milldam was a wonderful piece of work. To be sure, timid people, who had seen the two old dams swept away, shook their heads, and "didn't believe a dam that would hold *could* be built across that place, and it was tempting Providence to try it." But the Boston capitalists could not sleep nights while such a waterpower lay idle. So the Boston engineers had put their heads together, and planned a masterpiece of strength and endurance—strong as the solid earth—the deluge itself could not shake it, they said; and, indeed, it had stood through the thaws and freshets of many a year.

But this day the waters had gathered themselves together in great power; from hillside and meadow, from black-winged clouds of heaven, from white snow drifts of earth, they came hurrying on, exulting in beauty and strength. On their face they laughed and sparkled whitely; but a demon of destruction was in their dark depths, and they throbbed and beat with sullen rage against the barrier that held them back.

"Ah, ha!" they shouted at last, for the foundation of the strong work tottered and trembled.

"Ah, ha!" they shouted again, when it cracked and groaned.

"Ah, ha!" they shouted, with the voice of thunder, for the milldam broke into a thousand fragments, and, like a foaming, raging, ravenous wild beast, the pent-up waters rushed forth. They swept off the bridge like a thing of straw; they carried a cottage off its foundations, and crushed it like a nut shell; then on went the flood, darkling and foaming, over the low lands, for a quarter of a mile on either side.

It was the work of a few moments—death and destruction are swift and cruel. The boys, who were on the bluff, were safe; behind them was the high ground; before them, in the valley, spread the waters. They saw the bridge crash into splinters at the onset; they saw the girls who stood there—their gestures of wild and swift despair, as the water leaped up and caught them in its cold embrace. They saw one little figure grasp the railing, and, clinging to it, go plunging and rushing down the mad current. They watched her till the waters

wrapped her in their cruel folds, and bore her down, down, out of sight.

"O God! that is Alice; that's my little sister!" burst in a cry of anguish from the white lips of Tom Weston; and the boys, with frightened faces, and hearts that beat audibly, could speak no word of comfort or hope.

"She will come up again; watch the place," said some one.

"She won't come up again in the same place in that current; it will be a good deal further down," said Park Cadwell. "Charley Stuart, go get Jake Ramsey's boat; go like lightning."

Two or three of the boys started off on a swift run, and the rest stood huddled gloomily together, their eyes intent on the waste of waters. At last some one cried out:

"There! There she is! That bit of red by the old willow; that is her cloak. It don't move, either! the timber has got snagged."

"Oh!" cried Tom, in a tone of sharp distress; "she can't hold long! How she swims to and fro all the time! Oh! she is such a little thing; she hasn't a bit of strength; she can't hold there much longer! Oh! why don't the boat come?"

"The boat can't reach her under twenty minutes, at the shortest," said Park, deliberately taking off his boots and heavy woolen outer garments.

"You ain't going to swim for her, are you, Park?"

"I ain't going to do anything else," answered Park, picking his way down the bluff, and plunging into the water; then he struck out with bold, strong strokes; on and on he went. The little red cloak was far away, swaying to and fro with the wash of the waters; but there still—his goal, his hope; the point to which all eyes were straining. The current was with the swimmer, and he made good headway; nearer and nearer he came; he could see distinctly the little white face and light floating hair, and the eager clutch of the small hands.

"All right, Allie!" he called, cheerily. "All right, I'm coming for you; hold tight, little one."

The child made no answer; silent and motionless she lay, clinging to the old beam till the splash of the water roused her. She looked up; a gleam of hope glowed in the little wan face, then faded quickly away; her head dropped helpless; her hands lost the power to hold, and she slid from the beam. Park caught the red cloak as it went under; he clung with one hand to the beam, and with the other he balanced the lifeless little form over his shoulder. He held her so, and tried to strike out with one hand. He made but little progress. He had hardly got a rod away, when the great beam loosed from its moorings, and swung round into the current. The end of the beam just cleared Park's head, and an iron spike made an ugly gash in his right shoulder. The blood gushed out, reddening the water all around. A feeling of faintness came over the boy; his head was dizzy; his limbs were numb; the weight of the child was dragging him down, down. It was a terrible moment. "O God, must we die?" groaned the boy, as the eddying water swept over his head. When he came to the surface again, he rallied his faculties for a last look at the chances

for life. Poor chances they were, too. The thought of deserting Alice never occurred to him; and to swim against the current, with his spent strength, his wounded side, and the weight of the child, was impossible. They say drowning men catch at straws; and the almost hopeless boy clutched, just then, at a wisp of willow that came floating by. A thought struck him. If he could reach the willow tree, a few rods off, he might cling to its branches until help came. The hope nerved him with new strength. He took Alice's dress in his teeth, and so held her head above water, and with his two hands made his way slowly to the tree. O, the long, yellow twigs, swaying there in the water, strength, hope, life, were in your touch! With a sudden, eager grasp, Park caught them. How his heart sickened when the branchlet cracked and broke. Once again he caught at them—a good, strong limb this time, and, clinging there, up to his neck in the icy water, the numb, wounded boy, and the child he had saved, hung desperately to life.

Agonies and ages it seemed before the boat came in sight. It was coming at last; with long, strong strokes, it sprang over the waters to the rescue. A sorry-looking couple were dragged into the boat, though Park would sit up in the stern of the boat, and said, in a hoarse, broken whisper, that it "was all right, and he felt well."

"It's all right, Tom," he said, as the keel of the boat grated on the landing, and the little, limp form of Alice Weston was tenderly lifted out. "It is all right; she's only fainted, you can feel her heart beat."

"O Park! you saved her! you saved her!" and poor Tom broke down in great sobs, and grabbed Park in both his arms with a frantic hug.

"Old fellow! dear old fellow!" said Charley Stuart, his arm steadying Park's shaky steps. "You are the bravest and best of all the world."

"That's so," the boys said softly, as, with glistening eyes, they pressed close to their pale, ghastly, and blood-stained schoolfellow. They did not cheer or shout; the old bluff that had echoed their taunts of cowardice yesterday, flung back no sound; noise and bluster died on the boys' tongues, and their quick, young hearts thrilled with reverence for the brave heart and strong arm that had snatched life from the jaws of death, for they felt, with a force beyond words, that the foolish daring that uselessly perils our lives, is insignificant and wicked; but the courage that, in a holy cause, manfully meets real danger, is noble and Godlike.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL knows a little boy, whose name we will call Eddie B. Eddie's father does not ask a blessing at the table, and when they went on a visit to his Uncle John's, he was much interested in observing the ceremony at his uncle's table. When they returned home, dinner, as usual, was begun without the blessing, when Eddie laid his hand on his father's arm and whispered, "Papa! papa! why don't you read off from the table cloth, as Uncle John does?"

Labor is the law of the world, and he who lives by other means, is of less value to the world than the buzzing, busy insect.

## THE LITTLE, OLD CRADLE.

BY M. H. K.

'Neath the attic's shingles brown,  
Where the light steals softly down;  
Drifting o'er the rafters old,  
Long, thin lines of trembling gold,  
There the little cradle stands,  
Silent as the silent hands,  
That have swayed it to and fro.  
In the summers long ago.

Days have come and days have gone,  
Till we count, by years, their dawn;  
And the little forms it held,  
The strong ranks of men have swelled.  
Here bright eyes first saw the light,  
Breaking on their startled sight;  
Little hands here first unclosed,  
Little feet here first reposed.

From it, stumbling and afraid,  
Life's first pilgrimage was made.  
O'er it fell a mother's tears,  
Mother's hopes, and dreams, and fears.  
Here her castles in the air  
Reared their fabrice, frail and fair,  
As she watched with loving eyes,  
Crooning bird-like lullabies.

Spring's first birds and soft perfume;  
Summer's leaves and perfect bloom;  
Autumn's skies that cloudless glow;  
Winter's fleecy depths of snow,  
Smile upon us and pass by;  
So the years unnoticed fly.  
Till at last the baby's hands  
Execute a man's commands.

Life calls to them, "Here am I,  
Put the foolish playthings by;  
Toys for children—deeds for men;  
Haste! I come not back again."  
And they listen and obey;  
Put the childish things away;  
Toiling with undaunted soul,  
Till they reach Life's promised goal.

Then the tired feet lagging go,  
And the hands are working slow,  
Till the Earth, in dreamless rest,  
Folds each tired child to her breast.  
By this cradle, quaint and old,  
This one truth is sadly told:  
Whate'er Future waits, at last,  
Lies behind us but one Past.

## "SOMEBODY'S SISTER."

BY A. S. MOFFATT.

"Lily Bertram! I'm ashamed of you! Let that dirty child alone, and come with me. What would your mother say if she saw you talking with a ragged beggar like that?"

"But, cousin Emma, I can't leave this poor thing standing alone here in the cold. She has lost her way, and is nearly frightened to death among this great crowd of strange faces. You need not wait for me. Mamma will not scold me; I shall tell her all about it, when I get home."

"And I shall tell her, too, miss, what a miserable little wretch you have picked up, just to parade through the street with, and make folks stare. I think too much of myself to be seen in such company!"

And Emma Rand, giving her dark curls a haughty toss, crossed to the opposite side of the street, not deigning another glance at her cousin and the poor, half-frozen child.

Lily Bertram and her cousin Emma Rand were on their way home from school, when the attention of the former was arrested by the sound of bitter weeping, proceeding

apparently from the doorway of a house they had just passed. Looking back, Lily saw a little girl, not more than three years of age, standing upon the lower step, her bare feet purple with the cold, her thin, calico dress soiled and ragged, her head and neck unprotected save by a thick mass of tangled curls, which the keen north wind blew across her face, and eyes already red and swollen with weeping.

Following the promptings of her warm, generous heart, Lily went back to the child and tenderly asked,

"What is the matter, little girl? What makes you cry so?"

"Tant find bub Zozef," lisped the little one, lifting her streaming eyes to Lily's face, and instinctively holding out both of her soiled, purple hands in perfect faith that she had at last found a friend.

"Zoo know Zozef?" she questioned, anxiously, clutching at Lily's dress.

"I'm afraid I do not," said Lily, taking the stiff, half-frozen fingers in hers; "but if you'll tell me your name and where you live, I will see you safe home."

"Lee bub Zozef's sis."

"Yes; but what is your real name? haven't you any other?"

"Zozef's dumplin' sis, I is;" the great, blue eyes lighting up at this emphatic confirmation of her identity.

"Have you got a mother?"

"Ess."

"What is her name?"

"Sissy's own mamma. And Zozef's mamma, too," she added, with jealous quickness, as she watched Lily's puzzled face.

Hardly knowing what to do, Lily walked slowly up the street, anxiously watching every poorly-clad boy she met, hoping to find the "bub Zozef" of the little, stray waif clinging so confidently to her hand, and prattling, in her baby way, of all the pretty things she saw as they passed the gay shop windows. After walking a long distance, and finding no one to claim her *protégé*, Lily retraced her steps toward her own home, confident that her mother, notwithstanding her cousin's threat, would willingly give the child a shelter till its parents or brother could be found. She was about crossing the street near her own house, when her eye caught sight of a policeman. A bright thought struck her, and she hurried forward, gently touching his arm, as she exclaimed,

"O, sir, please help me. This little girl has lost her way, and I can't find out who she is. She don't know her own name, but talks all the time about her 'bub Zozef.' So she's *somebody's sister*, you know, and maybe somebody is feeling dreadful sorry because she's lost, and is hunting for her this very minute. Do you know who Joseph is, sir?"

"I can't say I do, my little miss—this particular Joseph, I mean; but if you'll let me have the child, I'll do my best to find out. I'll take her to the station house, and look after her till some of her folks turn up. Like as not I shall run across some of them before the day is through."

"O thank you, sir, you are so kind! Good bye, little girl."

So Lily, with a lightened heart, ran home to tell her mother of her adventure, while the kind-hearted policeman took charge of the little wanderer.

Lily's act seems a simple thing to write

about, but to me there is a world of meaning in her touching words to the policeman, "She's *somebody's sister*, you know."

**SOMEBODY'S SISTER!** Yes, those few words give the real key note to Lily's true character, the crowning beauty to her benevolent act. By them were revealed the promptings of her generous heart, her unselfish, Christian spirit, overlooking the poverty, the untidiness, the rags of the little wanderer, and seeing only the friendless, bewildered child, needing her kindly aid and sympathy.

We are all brothers and sisters of one great family, with God for our Father, Christ for our elder brother; and none are so poor, so wretched, so lost, but we may take them by the hand and try to lead them home to God. And so, I trust, feels every member of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S** army—each one striving in some way to show his or her allegiance to the banner under which they fight against the wrong, and for the good and true, by extending to every poor, distressed, or wandering child of God, a helping hand of sympathy and love; remembering always the poorest outcast, the most erring fellow creature, is "somebody's sister," or child, or brother.

## GRANDMOTHER'S BREAKFAST.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

*Sally.* Grandmother, grandmother, what shall I do,

To make a breakfast, this morning, for you?

*Grandmother.* I'm faint, my Sally, and so you may

Cook something for me, without delay.  
I'm hungry, my child; now hurry and make  
Your poor, old granny a johnnycake.

*Sally.* Miller, give me some cornmeal, quick;  
For dear old granny is hungry and sick.

*Miller.* You must go to the farmer and bring  
me some grain;

And if you will make haste back again,  
My windmill the yellow meal shall make,  
And granny shall have her johnnycake.

*Sally.* Farmer, give me some corn, if you will,  
For miller to grind in his whirling mill.

*Farmer.* Go to the plowman, and bid him plow  
And harrow the ground, as he knows how.  
The golden kernels to plant I'll take,  
And granny shall have her johnnycake.

*Sally.* Haste, good plowman, harrow and plow,  
The farmer for you is waiting now.

*Plowman.* Go to the wind, and rain, and sun,  
And tell them 'tis time their task was done.  
The soil, for me, they must ready make,  
That granny may have her johnnycake.

*Recitation.* So wind, rain, sunshine, mellowed  
the soil;

The plowman hastened to do his toil;  
The farmer planted the shining grain  
All over the brown and furrowed plain;  
The windmill's wings went whirling around;  
The miller the golden kernels ground;  
And dear, little Sally made haste to make  
The sweet meal into a johnnycake.  
And grandmother said, "I'm faint, my dear!  
As soon as you could, you brought it here.  
But oh! dear me! how many it takes,  
To feed poor granny with johnnycakes!"

NOTE.—The original of this is, or used to be, years ago, in one of the children's little story books; a little paper-covered book. I think it was not in rhyme there; but I thought it nice to use it, for such a little piece to show how much has to be done before even a johnnycake can be eaten. A similar article, "Charlie wants a piece of Bread," arranged with music, and as a "Motion Song," may be found in the "Snow Bird," published by Root & Cady, Chicago.

## TOMMY'S CROSS SPELL.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

It was very bright and clean in the little kitchen that night after supper, because Tommy's mother had been scrubbing and scouring and polishing up things, from early dawn till dark. The glittering, old stove fairly shook with a great, rollicking fire, the little pine table had a shining, white spread, the old rugs around the stove were all neatly patched and tacked down, so they wouldn't be always tripping your feet, and there was Tommy's Geography, and his slate, and his Pilgrim's Progress, and a piece of foolscap, and a lead pencil, all ready for him on the little stand, with a little, delicious, sugar cake laid right by the foolscap.

But Tommy didn't care for all that. The other boys could go skating at night, and he couldn't. All the skating he knew anything about was on that miserable little strip of ice in front of old Mrs. Harper's barn across the way. So there he stood, on tiptoe, by the window, with his fat chin doubled up on the sill, and the hot tears running down his blessed, little, rough cheeks, while he looked out at the clear, early moonlight, and thought how glorious it must be to be big boys, and go hurrying off after supper, with your skates swung over your shoulders, through long streets and by dark alleys and down the railroad, till you came to a great, wide, frozen pond, shining like silver.

He heard the big boys telling about it at school. Ted and George and Harry were wonderfully careful not to mention what times they had many a night after Tommy was tucked away in bed, but you see he'd found them out this time, and he thought it was a "cruel outrage," because he couldn't go along, and he said so, too. He had a fashion of remembering all the strong words he ever heard, and it made Tommy's talk very disagreeable, sometimes. And he was so very, very cross that night, that he made up his mind not to move from that window once till the boys got home. He wouldn't even look back, he said to himself; he'd see whether mother'd always abuse him, and let the other boys have such good times!

There was a nice pudding in the oven, baking for next day. It had a beautiful fragrance, and the cakes were flavored with something good, too. He could smell the one on the stand. Puss was purring behind the stove in Tommy's warm corner, where he always curled himself up when he wanted to tell stories or hear stories told, or go to sleep before mother knew it, and puss hadn't been home for a long time. She often went away on a visit without mentioning it to anybody, and she never sent word when she was coming home; so everybody was always wild with surprise and delight when she did return. Tommy heard her purring. He thought he'd like to cuddle down behind the stove and play with her, but he "wouldn't," because everybody had been so cruel to him. Wasn't that a strange reason?

His mother didn't, coax him any. Only when she took the pudding out of the oven, she said, "What a splendid pudding this has turned out to be! It's a big one, too. And I declare I never tasted better cakes. I'm glad I baked such a big pan full."

Then she took her knitting and sat down

in her little rocking chair by the stand, and said, "I see Tommy's most through the Pilgrim book; I wonder what he read about last? It's been so long since I read it, I'm afraid I've quite forgotten it."

Now if Tommy loved anything in the world better than cakes or pudding or going skating, it was telling stories to somebody. *That* was one of the sunshiny spots in Tommy.

"I've read it 'most every bit," he muttered to himself. "I'd tell some to mother, if she wouldn't be so mean."

But Tommy was ashamed the minute he said that, because she was a sweet, loving mother, and he loved her dearly deep down in his heart, under all the bad, cross thoughts. Somehow he was angry with himself, just as he'd be with any other boy that had dared to tell him such a thing. But Tommy didn't want to turn right around bravely, and be good and cheerful all at once. So he muttered again,

"I s'pose I could tell some, if you liked me; but you don't."

His mother didn't say anything. She sat very quiet. And this time Tommy felt more angry with himself than ever. Pretty soon he said, just a little gently, not very,

"Want me to tell you some, mother?"

And then he looked around. His mother's face was turned away from him, but he could see great tears rolling down her cheeks, and then he went up close to her and fumbled with her hands that lay in her lap, and his round, hot face quivered all over, and he said, out loud,

"I didn't mean to make you cry, mother!"

Of course he didn't. Boys don't know how mother's heart aches, sometimes, when she is so patient and still. And it made the cross all die out of Tommy's heart to see his mother cry.

"Don't, mother," he begged. "I'm sorry I treated you so. It'll be nice to tell you stories."

And so his mother kissed him, with her face looking, O, so glad; and then Tommy had his sugar cake, and after that he cuddled down behind the stove, and "began at the beginning," and told her how Christian started for the heavenly city, and his little boys wouldn't go with him, nor his wife; and a kind man let him through a gate, and he came to the House Beautiful, and saw such beautiful things, and rested and grew strong before he started again. And a good while after he reached the City his wife and two boys came that same way, and rested in that very house, and slept in the wide, upper chamber, with the windows toward the sun-rising.

"I always think of the spare room at grandmother's, when I read that," said Tommy. "'Cause you know it's so broad and white and clean up there, and you can smell the sweetbrier, and the wheat out in the fields; and when you wake up in the morning, there's a long wing of sunshine stretched across the white wall, and if you keep real still, sometimes a bird comes sailing softly in through the open window, and it gives one short, glad chirp when it goes out again."

Then he told how Christian fought with Apollyon; and he got right out in the middle of the floor, and pretended a chair was Apollyon, and the way he beat and pounded

the wicked old dragon, to show how Christian did, was quite wonderful to see. But that was hard work; so he curled down behind the stove and talked about "old times." About the little dog and the pet pigeon he had once, that slept together in a shavings barrel out in the wood shed. About Joe Rogers, the little boy that he used to know when he was three years old and lived in Topton; how they ran away one Sunday morning in their nightgowns and went to church, and everybody at home thought they were only tumbling about up stairs, till Tommy's mother and Joe's mother went to meeting and saw two little tow heads, and two plump nightgowns, and four muddy, little bare feet on the very first seat in front of the preacher. And their mothers didn't know what to do, and so they just stood still with amazement, till the tow heads began to bob furiously this way and that, and there was a quarrel begun right in meeting.

"Didn't you hurry us out *then*, though, mother!" said Tommy, chuckling to himself. "But we went again, one time, only we had our clothes on, and there was a meeting that everybody could get up and speak that wanted to, and it made them happy to talk; and Deacon Hardy and Uncle Timothy, *they* talked both at once, and cried, and patted each other's shoulders. And we thought they were very angry, and we screamed and ran out into the street, and told everybody to run and part 'em. And I 'member, once you let us go 'way off on Saturday to play wherever we wanted to, only not down to Brown's mill. And we went and played on Mr. Slade's flax stacks, and dug holes in them for doors, and pretended they were our wigwams. When we got tired of that, we chased each other around, and then Joe stood on top of one and drove me down whenever I tried to come up, and we laughed till we felt weak clear to our toes. Did you ever laugh so hard? Only, mother, we just felt as mean and skulking as we could, because we knew Mr. Slade didn't want boys tumbling on the stacks. And what do you think! We saw Mr. Slade coming, by and by. There we were, right on top of the stack we'd torn up the most. You'd better believe we scrambled down in a hurry. We could hear our hearts beat, and we felt so faint we could hardly run. But we did run, through a great, rough, wet field, and Mr. Slade ran after us, and he kept coming nearer and nearer, and by and by we could hear him breathe. And then I thought about you, and wondered if Mr. Slade wouldn't beat us to death, and hide us under some of those ugly, old, half-burnt stumps, and nobody'd ever know, and you'd cry, and cry, till your hair got gray. All at once I felt a hand laid down hard on my shoulder, and Joe felt one on his shoulder, and we couldn't move a bit, nor look up, nor speak. And Mr. Slade chuckled us under our chins and made us look up; and he looked as ugly and cross as ever he could. But, mother, he just took two, jolly, big, red apples out of his pocket and gave 'em to us, and said, 'There, you little sinners, eat them up, quick!' He didn't say one word about the stacks. He marched away, whistling, and wouldn't wait for us to say anything. Wasn't he good? He knew how to make us stay off the flax."

It seemed like years and years ago, that

they did those naughty things. Of course, he wouldn't do anything so bad now, Tommy thought to himself, with a great deal of satisfaction. Then he told about Joe's little, bright-haired mother—how she used to bake tarts for them, and tell riddles, and play hide and seek with them.

But one morning the people were all going about with hushed voices and sad faces, and Tommy and Joe couldn't play cars in her sitting room; by and by they peeped into the best room, and it was all dark and still in there, and a narrow, white bed showed through the shadows—such a narrow, dreary bed, they thought—and then they saw two white, folded hands there, and soft hair shining on the pillow, and a sweet face with closed eyes, that was Joe's little mother's face. So they softly stole out doors and tried to play; but right in the middle of a game with their old mud marbles, Joe covered his face with his cap, and cried and cried; and Tommy cried, too; but they didn't say one word about what they cried for.

And a good many days after his mother's funeral, Joe's Aunt Susie was out in the garden, picking lettuce, with his mother's old sunbonnet on, and he came home from school and saw her out there, and thought his mother was home again. And then he set up a great, glad shout, and rushed through the gate and called out, "Mother! O mother!" But it wasn't her. And that night Joe cried himself to sleep.

Tommy kept quite still for a little while after he told that. But presently he said, with a little quiver in his voice,

"I don't like to think how Joe cried, that night, but somehow I *always* loved him better'n any other boy, afterward. Do you think this has been one of my real; awful, cross spells, mother?"

"No, I don't," said his mother; "it began *bitter* cross, but it's turned out to be a real precious, sunshiny 'spell.'"

And then it was Tommy's good-night time.

### "IT ISN'T FEDDERS."

BY AGNES MITCHELL.

One morning little Lula was playing on her mamma's bed. Standing up as stiff and straight as a Chinese doll, she would play that she fainted away and that some kind friend caught her "dust in time." Then she would fall back, and the soft pillows would stretch out their loving white arms to her, and down she would go, "dust as c-a-s-y."

Soon her mother came in, and seeing some little brown shoe heels mixed up among her snowy ruffles, pulled the fainting lady out.

"Get right off the bed, Lula dear," said she, as she left the room. But little Miss Gymnastica was by no means tired of the fun, and did not hesitate to keep right on. One more 'faint,' then another, and another.

"O, it's dust spendid! only if ma hadn't have came." (She never did care for grammar.) Pretty soon she threw herself down, as she had done twenty-three times before, but alas, instead of the soft pillows she fell upon the foot board and nearly fainted "for true," for she hurt herself badly. Hearing the cry she set up, her mother came in.

"O, mamma," she said, wofully, "after ou says *top it isn't fedders any more!*"

Little children, isn't it generally the case, that when you go right on after you are told to stop, it "isn't feathers any more?"

The Bible says so, I believe. Look in Proverbs, xl. 6.

## WHY?

BY EMILY J. BUGHES.

Why so eager, O, ye little children?

Going outward from the morning land,  
From your Eden, at whose shining portals  
Stands the angel guarding, sword in hand.

Why so full of haste? there's no returning  
To its careless freedom of delight,  
To its thornless paths of simple pleasure,  
To its peaceful day and restful night.

Stay your footsteps, cross not yet the portal;  
Linger amid your Eden bowers.  
In the coolness, where the garish sunlight  
Hath not drank the dew from off the flowers.

Where the sound of silver fountains playing  
Mingles with the birds and breezes there,  
And your angel, walking close beside you,  
Guardeth ever with the tenderest care.

We, who have passed outward long before you,  
Still with yearning hand would hold you back,  
Fain would keep your eager feet from pressing  
In such haste the rugged, life-worn track.

Fain would hold you still to our caressing,  
Guard your spirits from the fever pain.  
Keep your garments white from earth's polluting,  
Knowing well how deep and dark the stain.

All in vain the witching voices call you,  
And ye turn, with thoughts of careless glee,  
From your Eden land of white-robed pleasure,  
To grasp the fruitage of the bitter tree.

We can only lift unto the Father  
Prayers unceasing, that your angel guide  
May not leave you lonely in the mazes,  
But may follow closer at your side.

That amid the evil you may conquer,  
Acting well and nobly all your part.  
Wash the stain from off your earth-worn garments,  
Win the guerdon of the pure in heart.

## THE CRUSADES.

BY JOHN R. CRAIGNHOLM.

The Crusades were certain military expeditions which began about eight hundred years ago. They have been called the Holy Wars, because their object was supposed to be a very holy one. It was very much the fashion in those days, and for hundreds of years before, to make pilgrimages to Palestine, to see the sepulcher of our Saviour. All sorts of people went—good people who wanted to please God by doing something uncommon, and wicked people who wanted to earn forgiveness for their great crimes, and restless, weary people, who did not know what to do with themselves, and had got tired of their humdrum home duties. All these and many others, immense multitudes, every year, went thousands of miles to the Holy Land.

They went in all sorts of ways. Sometimes on horseback with a great retinue, sometimes afoot and alone, begging food and shelter from door to door; in pain, and hunger, and cold, they performed the tedious journey. Indeed, they often tried to make the pilgrimage full of hardships, for the more uncomfortable they were, the more pleasing they supposed it was to God. And pretty hard times they had of it, too, for after they had accomplished their weary journey, and had arrived at the Holy City, they were often abused and robbed and ill-treated in the most shameful way by the Turks. The Turks were a wild, fierce, and warlike people, who dwelt

in Palestine. But in spite of all troubles and dangers, thousands and thousands of pilgrims flocked every year to pray at the sepulcher of our Lord. It is to be hoped that they went home with their sins all forgiven and forgotten. Perhaps they did. We only know that they did not succeed in forgiving or forgetting the sins of others. Especially the sins of the barbarous Turks. The insults and cruel wrongs which they had inflicted upon the pilgrims formed the burden of all stories of adventure. You know they had no newspapers or telegraphs in those days, and no sensation stories; indeed, very few could read or write, and the only way they had to entertain themselves, after the fighting and hunting and work of the day were done, was to gather in groups in hall or castle, and tell stories or hear them. You may imagine the returned pilgrims were great story tellers, and everyone loved to hear them recount their adventures. There was hardly a fireside in all Christendom where the stories of the cruel Turks had not been recited. There was hardly a heart in all Christendom that did not hate the Turks, and burn to avenge the wrongs of the Christians. But nobody knew what to do about it, until Peter the Hermit came through the land preaching the first Crusade.

This Peter was a grave-looking old fellow. The thinnest, skinniest, hungriest-looking old beggar you ever saw was not so bad looking as this old Peter. He made himself look as bad as he could, too; he was dressed in old rags that only half covered him, and he carried a great, wooden cross on his shoulders. He went from place to place; great crowds came to hear him; he told them his wrongs; he showed his wounds and scars that he had received from the Turks; he implored and commanded in the name of God that all Christians should go and fight the Turks.

The Pope of Rome, seeing how the people felt, called a great council. From France, and Germany, and Italy, came prelates, and nobles, and princes, all dressed in grand robes embroidered in gold, and silver, and precious stones. A very great and solemn council it was. The Pope was a much greater man than he is to-day; he stood far above all kings and emperors; indeed, the people did not think he was a man like the rest of them; they thought he was a small god who had all power over Christendom, and even held the keys of heaven, and no one could get through the peacely gates unless he unlocked them. So when the voice of the great Pope was heard in the council, calling, in God's name, upon all Christian nations to rescue the sepulcher of our Saviour from the hands of the infidels, the council were moved, their hearts thrilled as if God had spoken from heaven, they all rose to their feet and called out with one voice, "Deus vult! Deus vult!" God wills it! God wills it! So the great council broke up, and prince, and noble, and priest went homeward, their hearts burning with holy zeal and enthusiasm, and the crusading spirit spread like wild fire; great crowds of people flocked together from all parts of Christendom.

Such a crowd as they were the world never saw before or since; robbers, artisans, peasants, priests, everybody. You see the great Pope had declared that he would forgive the sins of every one who went—not only all the

sins they had already done, but all they ever should do, and that he would take his great key and unlock the gates of heaven, and everyone would be sure of getting in there. This was a great piece of luck for the thieves, and murderers, and liars, and they made the most of it, you may be sure. Besides this, the kings had declared that all poor people who owed money should be forgiven their debts and let off from paying them; and this was a great piece of luck for that sort of people, too, and they were glad enough of the chance. Besides this, there were a great many good people, who had lived true and righteous lives, who thought it would please God if they went, and so they set forth gladly with this noble purpose in their hearts.

In the spring of 1096, there were gathered together many hundreds of thousands, and they began their march across Germany. Peter the Hermit marched at their head, lugging his old, wooden cross on his back, and all the rest of the men had a cross sewed on their left shoulder. This cross was red or yellow, or some other bright color. Some were coarse and common, some were of finest embroidery; but all meant the same thing—that the wearer was going to fight for the cross of Christ.

It is a little strange that this great throng did not think it necessary to make any arrangements for food by the way; but they supposed that God would be so pleased with this holy war that he would rain down beautiful loaves of bread and great chunks of meat out of the sky. But nothing of the kind happened, and the starving crusaders fell to plundering and robbing the inhabitants of the lands through which they passed. They were not afraid to do this, because, you remember, their sins had been forgiven before hand. But the people who had been robbed hated the pilgrims, and great numbers of them got together in great rage, and had a terrible battle with the crusaders, and killed many thousands of them. This happened many times on their long journey, and so hundreds of thousands of the pilgrims perished on the road, long before they got to actual war with the Turks. But they mustered, at last, seven hundred thousand men, on the plains of Arja, near Constantinople. The Turks, also, had a great army, and many strong cities with high stone walls about them. Peter the Hermit did not command the army when it came to the fighting part, for he was better at preaching and talking than at leading an army. There were some brave and powerful nobles, who, encased in shining armor and mounted on splendid war horses, went prancing out in front of the army and led them through the many horrible battles and sieges that now took place.

The chief of these nobles was Godfrey. He was a courageous man and a lucky one, for he had the good fortune not to get killed in any of these battles, though only one man out of twenty lived to see the city of Jerusalem; for they reached the Holy City at last, and, after besieging it for forty days, the gates were thrown open and the little army marched solemnly down its streets, and Godfrey was proclaimed King of Jerusalem; but for all his grand title and golden crown, King Godfrey had a hard time of it. He soon found that he had only a little kingdom, surrounded by enemies, and with no money or army to defend his conquest, for the crusaders had



gone home and left him to bear his empty but heavy honors. He could not hold out long, so the Turks got back the Holy City again, and everything went on just as it had before old Peter preached, and the Pope called his council, and a million people left their homes and laid down their lives to rescue Jerusalem.

The second Crusade occurred about fifty years after the first. It seemed to be essential to the getting up of one of these expeditions, to have one man or set of men to fight and another to preach. So this Crusade was preached by St. Bernard, a Roman priest who thought himself a very saintly man, while two great monarchs (the Emperor of Germany and the King of France) agreed to do the fighting. They mustered three hundred thousand men, and set off in gallant style. The steeds pranced, the trumpets sounded, the swords clashed, and the great army shouted the battle cry, "Deus Vult!" (God wills). Ah! well, I suppose God did will it, or else it could never have happened, the series of disastrous defeats which this brave army suffered; for, after all their grand setting forth, they met with only misfortune and utter ruin. The two kings came home safe and well at last, but the great mass of the army laid down their lives in a strange land, an unavailing sacrifice.

The third Crusade was the scene of some very brilliant military exploits. The three greatest monarchs in Christendom headed this expedition—Frederick, Emperor of Germany; Philip II., King of France; and Richard, the Lion-hearted, of England. These great kings all joined their forces together, a mighty host, and went grandly forth, and though there was a good deal of fighting done, and much bravery and spirit shown by this army, they accomplished no permanent conquests. The Turks, at this time, were commanded by a warlike leader, Saladin, a man of great courage and skill; and Richard of the Lion heart had the honor of gloriously defeating this great leader, in more than one battle. But long before this, the French king had gone home, sick. So Richard and Saladin agreed that they would stop fighting each other for three years, three months, three weeks, and three days, and then King Richard set forth for home. He thought it would be a nice adventure to go home afoot and alone, so he dressed himself in a long, black robe, and walked along as meek and quiet as if he had been a poor pilgrim, begging from door to door. But before he had gone a great distance, some of his enemies found out that it was the old Lion-heart himself, and they put him in prison for many years, and no one knew for a long time what had become of him; and his poor army either was killed off, or died, or got home as best they could.

The fourth Crusade, 1195, was led by the

Emperor Henry VI. The great leader, Saladin, was now dead, and the Christians gained many victories over the Turks, and no doubt would have gained many more, and done many wonderful things; but their emperor died suddenly, so everybody got discouraged and went home to Germany, and left the Holy Land to take care of itself.

The sixth Crusade was begun three years later. The Pope commanded it, and, as on former occasions, a great army was collected and went prancing grandly out of the gates of Christendom. But this Crusade turned out the most disgracefully of all; for the leaders fell to quarreling among themselves, and when they reached Constantinople, and found it a most luxurious city, full of deli-

he had stayed at home and governed his people, and taught them to be wise and good; but he did not see his duty in this light, so, in 1250, he gathered a great army of all the nobles and people who would follow him, and away they went. But a sorry time they had of it, for Louis was not much of a soldier. The Turks quite out-witted him; they surrounded him on every side, and finally took him and most of the nobility of France prisoners; and they would not let them go until they had paid a large sum of money. This money had to be paid by the poor people of France, and many a peasant family went hungry, and cold, and naked, to help pay the great tax for the army that never even saw the Holy Land, or the sepulcher of our Saviour.

The saint king went back to France a sadder man; but I don't think he was much wiser, especially on the subject of crusades, for, after staying at home saying his Latin prayers and singing psalms for twenty years or so, he raised another army and started out again, and he was in a fair way to be defeated a second time, when he died. Upon this his son, Philip the Bold, who was not at all like his father, took the lead. He dashed about quite gallantly, and fought quite fairly for a while; but finally went home without having done anything towards recovering the Holy City.

This was the last of the Crusades, those wonderful wars of the middle ages, when the millions of Europe and the millions of Asia stood in battle array against each other, contending to the death for the possession of the Holy Land, where Christ had lived, suffered, and died.

The world has never seen more sublime enthusiasm, or more lofty heroism, or more terrible disorders and excesses, than that of the crusaders. But the bases of their conquests were not permanent, their settlements melted away, and, except for a few years, the banner of the cross waved not over the towers of Jerusalem.



THE MORNING PRAYER.—(See Editorial Page.)

clous food and drinks, and beautiful houses, and exquisite clothing, the crusaders, instead of conquering their enemies, let themselves be conquered by the delights of luxurious living. Count Baldwin, the leader, even killed the man who was to be the king of Constantinople, and sat down on the great, gold throne, himself, and had himself crowned king; and there he stayed all the rest of his life, and never once drew his sword to fight the Turks. So his grand army of crusaders broke up and, one by one, went home.

The seventh and eighth Crusades were led by Louis IX, of France. He was such a very pious king that he was called Saint Louis, and he thought the most pious thing he could do would be to go on a crusade. I think it would have been quite as pleasing to God if

## MAMIE'S CHRISTMAS PLAYHOUSE.

BY JULIA F. SNOW.

"What shall we get for Mamie's Christmas present?" said Mrs. Husted, to her daughter Clara, one dull, November evening, when the rain was driving against the windows, and everything was as snug as possible indoors. Mrs. Husted was a snug, tight-built little woman, with a pink and white complexion, and wore a very jaunty, little white apron over a brown merino dress. She was making a shirt for Tom, aged fourteen, who was "pegging away" at a Latin lesson, on the other side of the table. Mr. Husted was reading the paper; and Clara was knitting a pair of comical little stockings, which could only have been intended for the bright,

eyed little Mamie, whose soft curls and bright eyes were soundly sleeping on the little frilled pillow, in the crib, up stairs.

Now, as Mr. Husted was not rich, only a very respectable and hard-working shoe dealer, with a none-too-large shop on Main street, and a growing family of little people, for whom he felt much affection, and a good deal of anxiety; and a small frame house in Nevada street, which he had just purchased, small payment down, mortgage for the rest, in two, four, and six years, it was an interesting question to him to get the largest amount of enjoyment out of life with the smallest possible expenditure of ready money.

"What shall it be?" said Mrs. Husted. "It is coming holiday time; and besides that, all the bills come in then; and yet I want the little thing to have a nice time, and something pleasant to remember her eighth Christmas by."

"I know that Mamie's heart's desire is to have a play house," said Clara. "She talks night and day of Jessie Graham's."

"I am sorry she has set her mind on anything so expensive as that. Why, it is quite an elaborate affair, built into the side of the house, with glass doors and furniture from Paris," said Mrs. Husted, despondingly.

"I think if I had a little help I could make her one," said Clara.

"Make one!"

"Yes. Not such an one as Jessie Graham's, but a little house, of one or two rooms, and fit it up myself. I have often planned how it might be done. I should want a little help—"

"And a good deal of money."

"No, not a great deal. It could be done inside of five dollars."

"Five dollars don't grow on every bush."

"Yes, but I should not want so much, perhaps."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"If papa has got a packing box, about three or four feet one way, and two by two the other, it will save something."

"How's that?" said Mr. Husted, looking up from his paper.

Clara repeated her plan.

"Well—yes, daughter, I think I have such a box, or I can get you one. We won't count *that*; go on."

"Then I want about three dollars in cash, and some help from mother and Tom."

"All right," said Tom.

"I'll do what I can spare time for," said mother.

So it was agreed. Next day, while Mamie was at school, the box came. It was three feet long, two feet deep, and two high. Four feet, which had been sawn off an old-fashioned bedstead, were screwed to its floor, so that it had something to stand on at once. Tom, who had a box of tools, added a peaked roof, with projecting eaves, and fitted in a gable end. It began to look "*housey*" already, said Tom.

It was decided, after much discussion, to leave it all in one room, and to furnish that room as a bedroom, or nursery, and another year, or, perhaps, on her birthday, to add to it a kitchen.

Then Tom and Clara went out shopping, with their three dollars. Their first purchase was a roll of granite paper, (cost twenty cents,) then two large sheets of

glossy, yellow-pine-colored paper, for roof and wood work, (cost ten cents). Next a carpet. They finally found some gaily figured, corded stuff, such as is used for gentlemen's dressing gowns. One yard of this sufficed; it cost them thirty-seven cents. Three yards of very narrow, gold-and-green border cost six cents. To this they added a neat little bedstead, about ten inches long, for which they paid seventy-five cents; and Tom and Clara trudged home with their parcels, happy and impatient to begin their work.

That very evening they commenced. After Mamie was in bed, a fire was made up in the spare-room stove, and the work all kept together there. The roof was covered with pine-colored paper, upon which, with the help of a ruler and lead pencil, a substantial coat of shingles was soon laid. Then the outside was covered with the granite paper, duly marked off into mason work. Next the inside was hung with a remnant of a roll of paper, of a very small pattern, which was left from papering the small hall bedroom, last spring. Clara covered the inside, walls and ceiling, very neatly with this, bordering it with the little green-and-gold border. "Windows were," as Clara remarked, "a hollow mockery—a delusion and a snare."

To which end, she cut oblong pieces of blue paper, (of the kind that crape collars usually come pinned to,) a foot or more long, by three inches wide, and pasted them against the back wall, leaving room for the bedstead and sofa on either side, and a space of four inches between them. It only took a few moments, and some tiny strips of white paper, to divide them into frames, and a broad strip of yellow paper to frame them. The gay-patterned rep was tacked to the floor; and the little domicile began to take such form and comeliness, that to work for it became the recreation and delight of all the older members of the family. It was easy to see that they all had something on their minds, but what it was, Mamie could not even guess, though she tried ever so hard.

To furnish it now became the care of Mrs. Husted and Clara. A family council was held, as to what disposition could be made of the space between the windows. Various opinions were advanced. Tom wanted to make a mantelpiece, and put in a grate, with red tinsel paper for fire. Clara wanted an elegant pier glass. But Mrs. Husted volunteered to make a toilette, which, though very simple, seemed to be an indispensable part of a bedroom.

She made it exactly like the "hour glass stands," (so fashionable a few years ago,) cut in two. She hunted up from the garret a small wheel, which had once belonged to a toy wagon. The wheel was about four inches in diameter, and Tom cut it in two for her with his saw. Then she bored a hole in each with a gimlet, and connected the two halves with an old pen holder, about four inches long.

This was covered with white dimity, and a row of dainty little pockets, trimmed with green cord, put round. She made the loveliest little pincushion of white silk, about an inch square, trimmed with a frill of green satin tusto, the width of a straw, which was still further embellished by half a dozen

tiny pins, which had come in rolls of tape or tusto. It looked cunning enough.

Then Mrs. Husted added a magnificent toilette glass, framed in solid britannia ware, but glittering equal to the best of silver; two candlesticks to match, with red wax tapers, (cost forty cents;) the effect was grand! It was almost regal!

Encouraged by her success in this essay, Mrs. Husted volunteered to fit up the bed. Now it was surprising into what consequence "unconsidered trifles" rose at once. Bits of linen, silk, muslin, cotton flannel, bedticking, ribbon, lace, feathers, cord, colored paper, fringe—anything, and almost everything, were considered wholly from a baby-house point of view.

Bridget became greatly interested, and contributed a large paper bag of feathers, the pluckings of many a by-gone fowl and pigeon, and begged that "the darlint's doll baby might have a rare elegant feather bed and pillows; good enough for the rare quality;" which was accordingly done.

The scrap bag furnished a piece of bedticking sufficient for the bed—ten by four inches—and for one large frilled pillow. The end of a long old-fashioned hemstitched (not too wide a hem, either,) linen pillow case, yielded about a foot of linen in good preservation, while the middle was consigned to the "hospital bag," with reference to prospective cut or bruised fingers. One of these little sheets was frilled with a bit of Coventry ruffling, a remnant of trimming used on some of Mamie's nightgowns, and the little pillows the same; the whole being done up, and exquisitely fluted, by Mrs. Husted's own careful fingers.

The "piece bag" further supplied a piece of flannel, about a quarter of a yard square, which she bound with a narrow rose-colored ribbon, (cost six cents,) which was for the bed blanket; and a remnant of Clara's summer marseilles dress did excellent duty as a bed spread. I tell you it was enough to make one yawn drowsily to just look at that cozy little nestling place!

Clara undertook the upholstery, and Tom the cabinet work, of curtains, stuffed chairs and lounges.

Repps & Co., were old friends of the Husted's; and to Clara's timid inquiry, as to whether they would sell her any remnants of their goods, the amiable proprietor took her to the loft, and bade her help herself.

So Clara came home with a large parcel of gorgeous remnants. A long strip, about three or four inches wide, and more than a yard long, of gold color and crimson satin damask, instantly commended itself for curtains, upon which Mrs. Husted produced some mechin lace, which had once trimmed a summer bonnet, for lace curtains. The cornice was made of heavy pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and secured by sundry brass-headed tacks, driven through curtain and all into the "wall."

The chairs and sofa were commenced by selecting one oblong and two square blocks from a quantity which Mamie had lugged home in triumph from a neighboring carpenter's shop, a few weeks before. Tom pronounced them just the thing, and spent some little time designing the legs, which he proposed to turn upon John Cary's lathe, with the consent and permission of the owner thereof.

By the time these were all turned, fitted, and glued in, Clara was ready to put them together; and even Tom was compelled to acknowledge, that "for a girl," and of only sixteen, too, she did extremely well. She had procured some heavy pasteboard and broken boxes from Kaliker & Bobinet, the dry goods merchants. This was for the frames.

These she cushioned with tow, winding them over with thread, to confine it to its place. Then the green rep was cut of the same shape, only larger, and caught over it, as one makes needle books and bachelors' cushions, by cross thread, and firmly nailed with eight-ounce carpet tacks to the square blocks. Then other pieces of lighter pasteboard were covered with the same, and sewed with strong green thread firmly to the frames which sustained the cushion. When finished, a few gimps tacks secured it to the seat, and the whole was surrounded with a neat worsted cord. The lounge was a trifle more difficult, but was mastered in the same way. One chair was crimson; the lounge and other chairs green. A pair of ottomans were made of a pair of ribbon blocks, covered with crimson rep, and stood at each window.

And now the furnishing was about done. Mrs. Angelina Serafina Clementina Fairweather was dressed in a new outfit, a neat white Marseilles Gabrielle, and a crimson bow at her collar. She was seated in the crimson chair, holding her china infant, (cost ten cents,) whose long robe trailed over upon the carpet, while one foot rested upon the rocker of a tiny cradle, (cost twenty-five cents.)

Papa, who had become greatly interested in the matter, contributed two lovely little pictures, in *paste partout* frames, which he hung up by long green cords, over the side wall and over the toilette glass, for the ceiling was of lofty and noble proportions, and fully admitted of that arrangement. They cost, when hung, fifty-five cents.

When Aunt Mary saw it, she was so charmed that she presented Mrs. A. S. C. Fairweather with a library of "Aunt Laura's" tiny books, upon a neat set of hanging shelves, made by her son, Jack. But we do not reckon these in the cost of furnishing the house, as it was an wholly unexpected addition to the furniture of the house. It was now time to pay up the bills, settle up accounts, and come into possession.

"And I want twenty-five cents," said Tom, "for my chandelier."

Clara gave him the money, and the next day he produced a marvel of ingenuity, of bonnet wire and crystallized alum, the six wire tips of which were surmounted with acorn saucers, and red wax candles. When this was suspended from the ceiling, it was universally agreed that nothing could be finer!

Clara balanced her books as follows:

CLARA HUSTED in acc't with Mr. JOHN HUSTED.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Granite paper.....	\$0.30	By Cash.....	\$3.00
Pine-colored paper.....	.10	Donation of pic- tures.....	.55
Gimp tacks.....	.08		
Green border.....	.06		
Bedstead.....	.75		
Toilette glass and candlestick.....	.40		
Red ribbon.....	.06		
China baby.....	.10		
Cradle.....	.25		
Cord for chair, etc.....	.25		
Tow.....	.06		
Total.....	\$2.51	Total.....	\$3.55
			2.51
Balance.....			\$1.24

**DONATIONS.**—Remnants of rep, Repps & Co.; Remnants of sundries, Pleece Bag; feathers, Bridget; love and labor of the whole family; Aunt Laura's library; Little Alice; Little George; Little Walter; pictures and cord from father.

Christmas eve, the wonderful play house was conveyed mysteriously into the front parlor, the fire made in the grate, and the gas lighted up; and just before Mamie was allowed to see it, the eight red wax candles were lighted; and the fairy spectacle burst upon her astonished vision.

It was too much! She could not speak; but she jumped, she squealed; she ran first to kiss one dear friend, and then another; and was in the highest state of excitement that a dear, good, loving, happy, and thoroughly surprised little girl, could possibly be!

It was an era in the Husted family life. It was a lesson in economy, in ingenuity—in love. It was worth a hundred elegantly fitted-up doll's residences, with Elizabethan wardrobes, and furniture beyond all price. It was full of "love and good works." A tender thought had gone in with every stitch; and when all was over, there were no crushing bills to more than balance the pleasure of the gift.

(This is a real, "truly honor" story, and the play house still exists.)

### TOMMY'S WEEK.

FOR THE WEE ONES.—BY PRUDY.

The first day, of course, was Sunday. Sunday always comes first in my weeks, though I have heard people say it came away down at the end, after Saturday. It came first in Tommy's week, but he didn't know much about it until he waked up one morning and found the sun shining very bright, and wondered why his mamma didn't get up and dress him. Then he crept out of bed and went to the window and stood there in his little night gown watching an old robin that was feeding her babies with worms for breakfast. The baby robins opened their mouths very wide, and seemed to relish their breakfast, which reminded Tommy that he wanted his own. But when he turned around from the window, he saw his new red trumpet lying on the floor, and he picked it up and blew it very loud indeed. It waked up everybody in the house. Bridget thought it was the milkman, and clattered out the door with one foot half way into her shoe; and Tommy's mamma opened her eyes very wide, and said,

"Why, Tommy Bancroft! didn't you know it was Sunday morning?"

And that was the first Tommy ever remembered about Sunday. After breakfast, Uncle Jim didn't go to the city, but sat and read with his pretty new slippers on, and Tommy was dressed up in his white linen clothes and buttoned gaiters, and had his yellow hair curled into queer little curls that didn't stay in very well, and went with his mamma to a great house with a bell on the top of it. They called it a church. Tommy's mamma told him he mustn't talk in church. There were a great many other people there, and nobody talked at all except one man in a kind of a box high up at one end, and that man talked all the time. Tommy thought perhaps he didn't know any better. There was a little girl in the next seat with a blue and white feather in her hat. She looked at

Tommy a good deal and Tommy looked at the feather. He wondered if it was a rooster's feather. He thought he should like to have a rooster with such feathers. Then the little girl's hat began to move about, then there were two hats and two blue and white feathers—Tommy saw them; then three hats, then four, then the whole air was full of them, and Tommy laid his head down in his mother's lap and didn't remember any more.

They must have gone home after a while, for Grandma Bancroft was there to dinner, and she had her black velvet bag with beads around the bottom. Tommy liked to play with the beads, and sometimes Grandma Bancroft used to open the bag and give him some caraway seeds, or red and white peppermint candies. This time she gave him two raisins, and asked him if he could tell her about the sermon.

"They didn't have any of them fings to my church," said Tommy, innocently.

He thought about it while he was eating his raisins, and then he said,

"Was that what the men passed around in the boxes, drama? I didn't take any of that. Wish't I had."

Grandma tried to explain about the sermon, and told the little boy how the minister was trying to tell the people how to be good. But Tommy didn't understand.

"He didn't speak to me, 'tall," he insisted; "kept talkin' to himself all the time. Course if he talked to me I should understood him; *what you s'pose?*"

But, by and by, mamma took Tommy on her lap and told him all about Samuel, the little boy that talked with God; and about David the shepherd boy that slew the great giant; and about Jesus, the dear Saviour, who lived and died to save just such little boys as he; and then Tommy felt very good and very loving, and meant to mind his mamma as long as he lived, and always let the baby have his red ball and his trumpet, and say please to Bridget, and not cry when his face was washed. He said his little prayer very earnestly and heartily, though he was sound asleep two minutes afterward. And after that, Sunday always came regular in Tommy's week.

### ENLISTED.

BY GEORGE COOPER

Only a willow tent,  
And guarded well;  
Only a soldier sent  
The thanks to swell.  
Only to learn the drill  
So strange and odd;  
Only a while to fill  
Life's awkward squad.  
  
Only a pair of hands  
The strife to meet;  
Only to wait commands,  
With tireless feet.  
Only a gallant fight  
While tolls the bell:  
Only to choose the Right—  
The soul's brevet.  
  
Only a march by day,  
In storm and sun;  
Only a brief delay,  
Then "halt" is won.  
Only an order sent  
For our release;  
Only a darksome tent,  
Then all is Peace!



## THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND  
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO.,  
ALFRED L. SEWELL, JOHN E. MILLER,  
Publishers and Proprietors.  
OFFICE, No. 6 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1870.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

WHEN POSSIBLE, send money to us by Post Office Money Orders. No other way is so good or so safe. We hold ourselves entirely responsible for all money sent in this way, even if it should be lost. Your Postmaster will explain to you how to procure the P. O. Money Order. See "How to Remit," in another place.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE CORPORAL waves aloft his bright, new banner, and, with his heartiest cheer, shouts, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR," to the many thousand happy homes where he knows his face is always welcome.

Wherever THE CORPORAL goes, he wants to carry a benediction with him. May his loved and loving children always find protection, and freedom, and peace, under our American Star-Spangled Banner, the most beautiful and glorious ensign in all the wide, wide world; and may our kind Heavenly Father shine into every heart by His love, and prepare us, more and more, every day, for our life-work.

AND NOW!—(We are proudly conscious that we are speaking to an audience of at least four hundred thousand readers.)—HANDS UP! *Goodbye, old 1869. Peace to thy memory, good, old year. And hail, all hail, jolly, young 1870. While THE CORPORAL waves his banner three times three, let ALL shout the Angels' song, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST; PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."*

### NEW VOLUME!

Now is the Time to Subscribe!

Send in Clubs Now, and during the  
Winter Months.

Our offer to send the November and December numbers of 1869 *free*, holds good till January 1st. As this number is mailed early you will still have time to use this offer to help increase your clubs, and try to gain the extra prizes. A good, active worker could begin now, and in one week gain the \$100, \$50, or \$30 extra prizes offered for the largest clubs sent in before the first of the new year, besides having all the regular premiums for the clubs sent.

After the new year begins, continue to work for clubs just as hard as ever. The regular published premiums are all continued just the same, and there are no better months during the year to raise clubs than January and February.

CLUBS for THE LITTLE CORPORAL may be made up from as many different post offices as you wish. They need not even all go to the same State.

### ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1870.

Our arrangements for the new year are most satisfactory. Mrs. Miller furnishes the serial, as usual, and will continue to give us her bright and sparkling songs and poems. We will have articles from Thos. K. Beecher, Julia F. Snow, Julia M. Thayer, Mary B. C. Slade, Lucia Chase Bell, Geo. W. Bungay, Ralph G. Leonard, Emily J. Bugbee, Edward Eggleston, Luella Clark, Alta Grant, W. O. Cushing (W. O. C.), Sarah E. Henshaw, Julia A. Eastman, Faith Latimer, Annie Moore, Paul Percgrine, Frances E. Willard, "Uncle Edward," George Cooper, Grace Greenwood, and many others of our old friends. Besides these, during the year we shall add new friends, as contributors, as we have always done heretofore. Those who have known THE LITTLE CORPORAL need not be assured that his table will always be loaded with the daintiest literary food that can be produced by the healthiest and best writers.

While we aim to entertain our friends, both old and young, we do not look upon entertainment as the only object in view. Our bill of fare shall, therefore, always contain articles for solid instruction, both of the mind and heart—nothing frivolous or silly, nothing heavy or indigestible, but all sparkling, crisp, and pure, healthy and edifying, ever remembering our motto, "Fighting against wrong, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful." Working by this rule has given us the largest list of patrons ever enjoyed by any juvenile magazine in the world, and we need not assure our readers that there will be no backward steps taken during the year we are just entering. THE LITTLE CORPORAL will be constantly improved; his course is onward and upward, and he does not fear but that the good and true people in all this goodly land will continue to flock to his standard and fight with him under his beautiful banner.

He is not only a fighter, but a sower. During the past year he has endeavored to sow *good seed* in eighty thousand homes. As the parents enjoy THE CORPORAL as much as the children do, each copy has no doubt had, on an average, at least five readers, so that we may guess our magazine has had *four hundred thousand* regular readers, besides those who have occasionally noticed it. THE CORPORAL's prayer is that the seed he has sown in these four hundred thousand hearts may spring up and bear such good fruit that in the last day we may see that the world has been *made better* by his labors.

"Do 69," OR "Do 9."

### PLEASE DO US A FAVOR.

Under this heading, we said, in our last number, among other things:

"Last year we sent the January No. to many of our old subscribers. That will not be done this year. Unless you renew, this will be the last number sent to you."

We meant just what we said when we wrote the above; but in making our arrangements for the new year, we find that, with our very large circulation, it will save us both trouble and expense *not to change our whole printed list at the same time*. By this means some of our old patrons will receive this first number of the new year, even though their renewals have not yet reached us. We deem this note of explanation due after what we had printed. Let all to whom this change in our plan shall bring this first number of volume ten, reciprocate the favor by sending us, at once, their dollars for 1870, and as large clubs as possible. Before our next number is mailed, we will be able to complete the change of our list, and all "69's" will be out. Please send your dollar as soon as this reaches you, so as to save us the trouble of doing more than to alter the list, to "70." Thus you will accommodate us, and there will be less danger of any mistake being made!

### MRS. MILLER'S NEW STORY,

"WORKING AND WINNING," will be continued through the year 1870. All may be sure that it will be a most interesting story. From the time Mrs. Miller began to write for us, her continued stories have been a charming feature in THE CORPORAL. This will be one of her best. No one who reads this first chapter should fail to read the other chapters. This story alone will be worth more than our subscription price.

### THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

This beautiful magazine, devoted entirely to School Exhibitions, Dialogues, Tableaux, Recitations, etc., is ready for January. All are delighted with it. It is just what is needed by every teacher and every scholar. See our advertising pages. When you send for a sample copy, enclose 15 cents. Published quarterly, at THE LITTLE CORPORAL Office, Chicago. THE CORPORAL and THE FESTIVAL both sent at same time for \$1.25 a year.

### OUR SCRIPTURE ATLAS.

This little book is one of the neatest things we have ever seen, and is especially to be desired by all Bible students. Sunday-school classes, teachers and officers, as well as any others who may wish to buy a dozen or more, at any one time, will receive a discount of ten per cent. from the regular price. Book-sellers receive a still larger discount.

### NINETY THOUSAND.

We begin the volume, for 1870, by printing on the *first* edition of our January number, NINETY THOUSAND COPIES, *full count*. Last year we had to print a second and a third edition. We hope the same may be needed this year, and that our January number may have a circulation of over one hundred thousand.

### THE EXTRA PRIZES.

After this number is mailed, there will still be several days in which our friends may work for the extra prizes promised for the largest clubs.

See the article in December number which describes these *extra* prizes.

"ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE."—Mrs. Miller's new book is selling rapidly, and is just the thing for a holiday present. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers, Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Little Corporal Office, Chicago. Of the many notices from the Press, we have room for only one:

"A healthful, helpful volume, written by a well-known and gifted lady. Boys who abhor namby-pamby stories will be fascinated and strengthened by this book, and will be encouraged to seek the 'Royal Road' that Jimmy Marvin trod. If you want a good book to give a growing boy, buy this one. If you want a valuable addition to your Sunday-school library, here it is; and we hope that good Mr. Sewell and his worthy editress, Mrs. Miller, will rapidly fill up the 'Little Corporal Library,' so auspiciously commenced by the present volume."—*Vincent's "Sunday School Journal."*

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON PATRONS can now claim Chromo Premiums for clubs. We have heretofore been unable to send them so far without a very heavy expense. We have now arranged with a friend in Marysville, Cal., and can ship them *from there*, by express. Now send on your names.

## MORNING PRAYER.

## ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL CHROMO PREMIUM.

We have the pleasure of offering, this month, a new chromo as a premium for clubs to **THE CORPORAL**. Our friend, E. H. Trafton, formerly belonging to the editorial staff of the Chicago Evening Journal, is preparing to publish a superb Chromo, which will be an exact copy of a beautiful oil painting by the eminent artist, John Phillips. The Picture is entitled **MORNING PRAYER**; size, 11x15 inches; will be ready a few days before Christmas. As we go to press it is approaching completion in the hands of Louis Kurtz, of the Chicago Lith. Co., who produced our "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." It gives promise of being one of the finest chromos yet published. The original is a most beautiful picture, and teaches a beautiful lesson. Price of Chromo, \$6. Sent for a club of twelve names to **THE CORPORAL**, at \$1 each, or for six names at \$1 each, and \$2 besides. The engraving on our ninth page is taken from this picture, but the wood engraver has not shown much more than an outline, having failed to convey an idea of the beauty and sweetness of the artless little child in morning prayer.

Agents and the trade can secure these chromos at a good discount by addressing the publishers of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**.

We also sell single copies.

## CLOTHES WRINGER PREMIUM.

We have added "Colby's Patent Clothes Wringer" to our list, for the sake of housekeepers throughout the country who desire to have, as a premium, some eminently useful article for home use. No family can afford to be without this great labor-saver. It makes the work of washing day lighter.

Many children, also, will select this premium, because it gives them such a large price—a \$7.50 Wringer for a club of TEN. The Wringers can be easily sold to housekeepers who need them, and club raisers can thus obtain large pay for light work. We are enabled to offer these unusual terms, because the manufacturers give us a large discount; and besides this, we pay for the Wringers in advertising in **THE CORPORAL**. On that we make a profit. We will send a circular, giving picture and full description of these Wringers, to anyone who will write for it, enclosing a three cent stamp. There is no better article of the kind in the market. It has taken a great many medals and premiums at State and county fairs, in competition with its most prominent competitors.

## EXCELSIOR FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

We will send by express the above-named valuable invention, price \$45, (see advertisement and engraving in our advertising pages) to any person who will send us a club of one hundred subscribers to **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, at \$1 each, or for a club of twenty-five subscribers at \$1 each and \$25 besides. Send a letter stamp for descriptive circulars.

## CLAIM YOUR PREMIUMS.

We send no premiums until you write, and tell us what premium you want, sending at the same time a duplicate list of the names you have forwarded, giving the post office and State in each case, so that we may compare your list with ours to see that all is right.

All premiums must be claimed within six months of the time the club is begun, unless we make a different special arrangement with you.

CONTRIBUTORS will please take notice that the second number of **THE FESTIVAL** will be issued about the first of February, and articles for it should reach us before January 1st.

## THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

The following note from our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Healy, shows what estimate is placed on this beautiful gem by one of the leading painters of our country:

45 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,  
CHICAGO, November 1.

C. Knickerbocker, Esq., Secretary of the Western Engraving Company.

Dear Sir: I have just seen a lovely work of art, "The Heavenly Cherubs," given to the world by your Company for Mr. Sewell, of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**. In point of merit, I think it will successfully compare with any line engraving our country has yet produced, and I rejoice that Chicago, I love so well, has the honor of it. Allow me to hope your institution may give to the west more like this, which must gladden every lover of art. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

See **LITTLE CORPORAL**'s premium list.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHROMO  
OF RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Our charming chromo of Mr. Beard's great painting is giving great delight. Dr. Patton, editor of *The Advance*, in an editorial article, among other things, says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country. It is a *par excellence* of the painting by W. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, and is the work of Chicago artists. It is 18 by 24 inches, or twice the size of Frank's ten dollar chromo, and is for sale at the office of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, price ten dollars when mounted. It would be cheap at fifteen, in our opinion, and the original, from which it would be difficult to distinguish it, cost one thousand dollars!"

See **LITTLE CORPORAL**'s Premium list.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

**THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF THE NORTHWEST.** A Record of Prominent Persons, Places, and Events, during eight years of unparalleled American History, (the late civil war). By STELLA S. COATSWORTH; with an Introductory Note by Rev. T. M. EDDY, D.D. With numerous fine steel Engravings. Price \$5.00.

The title of this book fully describes the contents. Mrs. Coatsworth is a vigorous writer, and has given us a beautiful book, that does her name no discredit. Recollections called up by the thrilling history recorded in this volume might prompt us to write many words, but we have at present only space for this brief mention. Sold by subscription.

We have received from Henry Hoyt, Boston, an elegant little volume, entitled **UNDER THE CROSS**; being a collection of sacred poetry and hymns, new and old, relating especially to the Cross of the Master, and the Cross of the Disciple. It embraces many choice gems. Price \$2. From the same publishers, **THE MUSIC GOVERNMENT**.

From Cong. Sabbath-School and Pub. Society, we have **THE GOSPEL AMONG THE DAKOTAS**, By STEVEN R. RIGGS, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. It was written at the request of the Synod of Minnesota, and will be found of interest by all who care to know anything of that most unfortunate of all heathen nations, the American Indians.

Dr. L. P. BROCKERT has taken the Woman Question in hand, and comes out with a volume entitled **WOMAN, HER RIGHTS, WRONGS, PRIVILEGES, AND RESPONSIBILITIES**. The absurd caricatures which disgrace the book are of the class already worn out in the comic papers, but the subject matter itself has a large proportion of sound, common sense. Leaving the suffrage question to stand on its own merits, and it has abundant merits, we fully agree with the author in endorsing the declaration of Gall Hamilton, that "the evils under which women suffer are very largely due to their own ignorance, indifference, or recklessness. Unques-

tionably they are suffering—unquestionably they have not the ballot; but the two do not stand in the relation of cause and effect." Published and for sale by Howe Subscription Book Concern, Cincinnati, O.

D. Lothrop & Co. issue two more volumes of their Prize Library, which we believe is now complete—**CONTRADICTIONS, and LIGHT FROM THE CROSS**. The first of these is unusually excellent of its kind, and we fancy more than one pastor will appreciate the parish difficulties of Egerton. "Light from the Cross" is also well worthy of its place, the whole series making a valuable addition to Sunday-school literature. Also, **THE PERFECT MAN**, a reprint of a series of Sermons on the Example of Christ. All for sale by Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago.

Lee & Shepard send out **DOTTY DIMPLE'S FLYAWAY**, a funny little puss, who twists her tongue and her ideas as oddly as Dotty herself. **HOW CHARLEY ROBERTS BECAME A MAN, and HOW EVA ROBERTS GAINED HER EDUCATION**, from the same publishers, strike us as capital stories, good in teaching and in style. Lee & Shepard also publish **THE SUNSET LAND**, by Rev. JOHN TODD, whose reminiscences of California are enticing enough to tempt us to try the Pacific Railroad at once. **THE BOY FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND**, by ELIJAH KELLOGG; **THE LAKE SERIES** of three books, by OLIVER OPTIC; **HESTER STRONG'S LIFE-WORK**, by Mrs. SOUTHWORTH; and **THE YOUNG DETECTIVE**, by ROSA ABBOTT, are all issued by the same publishers, and for sale by Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago.

From Roberts Bros., Boston, we have **NIDWORTH**, a story by Mrs. E. PRENTISS, whose name is a letter of recommendation to the credit of any book.

From Hurd & Houghton, **AMONG THE TREES**, a pleasant book of botanical gossip, by MARY LORIMER, though the wisacres pretend to find fault with its scientific niceties. Also, **STORIES FROM MY ATTIC**, by HORACE E. SCUDDER, whose genial style is well known to the readers of *Riverside Magazine*. All three for sale by Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago.

From S. C. Griggs & Co. we have received a copy of a very handsome volume called **THE WORLD AT HOME**, published in London, Edinburgh, and New York, by T. Nelson & Sons. It is edited by M. & E. KIRBY, and is a kind of encyclopedia of short, simple articles, touching objects of interest all over the world. It is handsomely illustrated, and will be of interest and profit to young folks generally. Price \$3.00. The same booksellers send us **GREAT HUNTS**, from the press of Charles Scribner & Co., New York, and **LEGENDS FROM FAIRY LAND**, by Mrs. ANNA BACHE, published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

From W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago, we have **JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALKS**, a series of homely talks on practical subjects, by a working man to his fellows. Written by Rev. Mr. SPURGEON, and published by Sheldon & Co., New York. Also two books which we wish specially to mention, **THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE**, and **FROM THE CRIB TO THE CROSS, IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE**. These books are both by Mrs. EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER, and published by George A. Leavitt, New York. They are illustrated in colors, printed in large, clear type, and deserve an extensive sale. *Pilgrim's Progress* was the fairy book of our childhood, and has never lost its old fascination for us. We have known a child of five to listen entranced to its pages, until the feverish glow of cheek and eye warned the reader to drop the book. These two books are also for sale by Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago.

## BOUND VOLUMES.

**THE CORPORAL** is now four years and a half old. We can send the whole, bound in one large book, stiff boards and embossed cloth cover, for \$5.50. Bound in two books, same style, for \$6.00. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.



## HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

SOLO.



1. Dear Lord, whose tender tho'ts for me In all thy dai-ly gifts I see, Thy love hath crown'd with new delight Each joyful day, each peaceful night!  
 2. For all the mercies, day by day, Thy hand hath scatter'd on my way, For all the joys that round me spring, Dear Lord, my grateful thanks I bring!  
 3. For all the ill my hands have wrought, For sinful deed, and sinful thought, In contrite prayer I come to thee, Thou Christ, the Lord, who died for me!

DUET



One by one my years are pass-ing, Pass-ing to re-turn no more; Soon my days will all be number'd, Soon my earthly life be o'er;

Chorus.

AIR.



Then for - ev - er may I stand With the saints at thy right hand; Then for - ev - er may I stand With the saints at thy right hand.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

## Prudy's Pocket.

Prudy remembers a little boy who, once upon a time, came to the honor of his *first pair of pants*. Funny little things they were, for his tailoress never learned her trade, and, as his little cousin Belle declared, "*the behind was be-fore!*" but the young gentleman was more than satisfied—he was delighted. He strutted about the room like a young rooster; he tugged at the legs to make them come down to his feet, like papa's; he nearly twisted his neck off, trying to get a full-length view of himself; but he finally thrust both his chubby hands into his empty pockets, exclaiming, "*Nuffin in my pottets! nuffin 't all. Din me a hankjiff, and a toof pit to put in my pottet!*" A couple of weeks ago, Prudy felt like saying, "*Nuffin in my pottet,*" but lately the letters have come in showers—some tip-top letters, too.

We wanted to commence the new year fairly, so we concluded to let the old letters all go, and only use the newest and freshest. The children are beginning to feel interested in Prudy's Pocket, and we depend on them from this time to keep it supplied. Write short, little letters, and tell us what you are doing, and ask all the questions you please.

Before we begin on the letters, here is Prudy's New Year's greeting to all the Corporal army, far and wide: "A Happy New Year" to the children, great and small, and to the older readers whose hearts are young enough to keep them in the ranks of the young forever. We have some such friends, that will never grow old. One lady writes, in sending her subscription, "I have heard some young misses complain that *THE CORPORAL* was too childish for them. Perhaps I shall think so when I grow older, but I am only *sixty-two* now, and it suits me exactly."

The very first letter in the Pocket chances

to be a tiny affair, in a dainty, little envelope, only two inches long. It comes from Falmouth, Mass.:

"Dear Prudy: I have just earned one dollar by picking cranberries, and I want to do something with it to make the colored children happy. Will you please take it, and send *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* to one of their schools for one year. Will it count one in my club?"

MARY E. KIMBALL."

Yes, it will count one in your club, and it will count one when the Master says, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me.*"

Another little girl writes from Homestead, she does not say in what State:

"I wish to add my mite toward sending *THE CORPORAL* to the colored children at the south. Enclosed you will find twenty-five cents. I hope you will not despise this small offering, for I am only a poor, little girl, here in the woods, and do not have much money."

MARY J. PIPER."

We publish these two as Roll of Honor names, and assure the little givers that we honor *both alike*, for it is the generous, loving spirit that makes the gift precious, and not its amount.

Here comes a little worker from Mill Rock, Iowa, who sends three subscriptions besides her own, and says,

"My little brothers and sister and I sold *melons* and *saffron* enough to pay for our paper this year, and we all like it very much."

That makes Prudy remember an old-fashioned garden where she used to go sometimes, when she was a little girl. The garden had great beds of rue, and thyme, and sage, and sweet marjoram, and a walk with gooseberry bushes on one side and a row of saffron on the other. Prudy liked the gooseberries, but she stood in mortal fear of the saffron, never having forgotten the tea she drank to make the measles "come out,"

and, as she told the lady confidentially, "*she's pected every time she went near it some more measles would grow out.*"

Some little girls in Athol, Mass., have earned their *CORPORAL* by staying at home from the fair. Prudy hopes the Corporal and Private Queer will see to it that they never repent of their bargain.

North Madison, Ind. "My Dear Prudy: Enclosed I send one dollar from my little six-year-old Mary, to renew her subscription to *THE CORPORAL*. She has earned nearly all of it by bringing in wood for mamma's cooking stove; and she wishes me to tell you that she thinks 'it is just the best paper that little children ever had.' For a long time, she wanted me to ask you to send her *Barbara's picture*; but the engravings in the June number satisfied her, and she is sure now she would know her or Master Davy, if she should meet them anywhere, especially if Barbie had on her 'green merino.' The story of 'Thanksgiving in Cricket Country' is still an unfailing source of delight. It has been read and reread to her, and she has spelled it out herself, until she has nearly worn the number out, but she never tires of it."

From Augusta, Wisconsin, some one sends us a funny saying of a little girl four years old. Seeing her aunt coming up the yard with a fur cape on, she called out, "Oh! grandma, here comes Aunt Meely, with a *moustache* round her neck!" Prudy thinks it would be a fine arrangement, if the gentlemen could contrive to wear theirs around their necks—but don't tell anybody she said so.

Here is another, from Enfield—

"Little Flora, the other evening, hearing her brother complain of headache, exclaimed, 'Mercy! *that ain't nothin'!* you ought to heard *my* head ache this morning!'"

A little girl in Waddington, N. Y., sends money for two subscribers, and says:

"I earned my own money by driving our

cow this summer. I wish you would send me a specimen copy, so I can go around and get subscribers soon, for I am only nine years old, and cannot go after the snow gets deep."

They have deep snow in Waddington, as Prudy knows; and in the next number she means to tell you a story of something that happened there to one of her own relations in early times.

Here is an enigma on the name of a celebrated artist, written by his two little nieces:

"I am composed of 15 letters: 13, 2, 9, is a beverage; 11, 6, 10, 4, 9, 15, 11, is what cities always have; 7, 4, 1, 5, is the name of an animal; 3, 8, 10, 14, is a pet in many families; 12, 9, 1, is a plant."

*Hamburg, Arkansas.* "I am a little boy, not nine years old, and I take THE CORPORAL, though, perhaps, you do not know it, for pa's name was sent instead of mine. Now, Fannie Harris gets her paper in her own name, and I want you to please send mine in my own name. I, also, send you a club for 'Tenny's Natural History.'"

We think a boy smart enough to raise a club ought to receive his paper in his own name.

*College Spring, Iowa.* "I am a little boy, eleven years old; and I have to work very hard for my living, for my father died about a year ago. I do not have very much money, but I hope, when I am older, I shall have more. I had a dollar given me by a friend, and I send it for THE CORPORAL."

*Auburn, Ind.* "I have been a reader of THE CORPORAL, and like it very much. I am very much afflicted. I am eleven years old, and obliged to walk on crutches, but with all this inconvenience, I am anxious to get up a club for the paper."

Prudy never had so many, and such nice letters, in her pocket before, and she hardly knows how to stop; but THE CORPORAL cannot spare any more room, so the rest must wait another month."

## A KIND OF RIDDLE.

BY MISS E. D. DUNNING.

*Katie.* Aunt Emily, what shall we play this evening? We have all had good lessons to-day, and it won't be bedtime for an hour, even for me. Won't you play with us, and think of something that will do for us all?

*Aunt Emily.* I will play with you, certainly, and this shall be the play. You may guess what I am thinking of.

*Edmund.* Tell us something about it.

*Aunt Emily.* It is something very valuable, and which you all possess.

*Katie.* What can it be? I guess it is a good home.

*Aunt Emily.* Everybody in the world has it, as well as yourselves.

*Grace.* O dear! everybody has not a good home; I wish they had. It cannot be that.

*Katie.* I am afraid if everybody must have some, I can have only a little mite.

*Aunt Emily.* You have as much as any one, little dear. To be sure some people have had more than you have; but at the present time, everyone has just the same.

*Katie.* All over the world, Auntie?

*Aunt Emily.* Yes, my dear, all over the world.

*Katie.* And how much does everyone have now?

*Aunt Emily.* All that there is.

*Katie.* O, that must be a great deal.

*Grace.* It must be very little, divided among so many millions of people.

*Edmund.* It is not divided; each one has the whole.

*Grace.* O dear! that puzzles me very much. I should not think anyone would feel as if it was his own, or take much comfort in it.

*Katie.* Does everyone want to have it?

*Aunt Emily.* O yes! no one would be without it on any account.

*Edmund.* Don't people ever get tired of it?

*Aunt Emily.* Very often; yet if they see any danger of losing it, they immediately begin to consider it the most valuable of all things.

*Edmund.* What can it be? Not the air, for everyone has the whole. Do we all have it at the same time?

*Aunt Emily.* Everyone has precisely the same portion, at the same time, all over the world.

*Edmund.* Can we all do what we please with it?

*Aunt Emily.* Not always; indeed some are very much restricted in the use of it. Still each one has the whole to use in some way.

*Edmund.* Is it solid like marble, or is it like air or water?

*Aunt Emily.* It cannot be perceived by the senses, like any of these.

*Edmund.* Perhaps that is the reason that we don't know we have it, for I am sure I cannot think of anything that I have, just as everyone else has.

*Aunt Emily.* O, we all know that we have it; and I was going to say, that though we cannot be sensible of it, in the same way that we can of solid bodies, or even of air, and water, and the lighter vapors, yet it can be as accurately measured as any of these things.

*Edmund.* Do we keep the same portion all the time?

*Aunt Emily.* No; it is continually slipping away from us, yet we can, at any time, ascertain the amount we have received.

*Grace.* And the amount we shall receive?

*Aunt Emily.* No. We can form no idea of that.

*Katie.* How does it look—is it pretty?

*Aunt Emily.* We cannot see it, dear.

*Katie.* Can we hold it in our hands, and keep it a good while?

*Aunt Emily.* We cannot hold it in our hands, but we can keep it all the time.

*Edmund.* We cannot see it, or hold it, yet it can be measured! There must be something, then, that can hold it.

*Aunt Emily.* No, there is not.

*Edmund.* How, then, can it be measured?

*Aunt Emily.* O, I cannot tell you that. There is, however, a very beautiful and wonderful arrangement by which it is measured.

*Katie.* Do tell me—what is it, Auntie?

*Edmund.* No, don't tell. What can we do with it, Aunt Emily? You say it is very valuable.

*Aunt Emily.* If you were to ask me what we can do without it, I could truly answer, "Nothing." We must have it in order to

engage in any pursuit, to perform any duty, or even to live.

*Edmund.* Is it breath? No; everyone has the same. Do we all know how valuable it is?

*Aunt Emily.* No, indeed; many people, finding themselves constantly supplied with it, waste it as if it were worth nothing.

*Edmund.* But then they know that they will have more.

*Aunt Emily.* No one is sure of having more. There is a limited quantity for every person; and whatever portion of it is gone from us can never be recovered.

*Edmund.* What are some of the ways in which it is used?

*Aunt Emily.* Some devote the whole of it to their own amusement or pleasure; which, perhaps, is well enough for very little children, before they are old enough to have any duties; and I think it is no harm for little Katie to employ a large part of it in having a good time, nor, indeed, for any of us to enjoy the use of it very much. Some are entirely selfish in their use of it; others appropriate much of it to the welfare of those whom it enables them to help; many use it for planning and carrying out schemes of business or ambition; others devote it to the improvement of the mind; but those who understand its highest value, make use of it in providing for that period when it will all have passed away.

*Grace.* But you said, Auntie, we could not live without it.

*Aunt Emily.* I should have said we cannot live in this world without it; and our whole future existence will be affected by the way in which we have used it here.

*Edmund.* O, I know what it is!

*Grace.* I don't yet. Tell me something more about it.

*Edmund.* Well, I will tell you how it is measured. By the revolutions of the earth and the heavenly bodies.

*Grace.* O, now I know!

*Katie.* But I don't. I think it is very hard to guess.

*Edmund.* Come here, then, and I will whisper it to you, little dear.

## THE OLD QUESTION AGAIN.

"WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO?"

WESTVILLE, CONN., 1869.

*Alfred L. Sewell, Esq.—My dear Sir:* Will you be kind enough to give me some information about "Wet Weather Plays?"

Very respectfully yours,

ANSWER.—THE LITTLE CORPORAL has, during past volumes, presented quite a number of articles, trying to answer this question. *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, away over in England, took up our question, "What shall the children do?" and gave two long and excellent articles in answer, which we copied; but still the call comes for "wet-weather plays." Will our dear contributors, and all others, heed this call, and send us "wet-weather plays" for children? The long, dreary winter is now here, when children have to stay in doors. Many of the very quick-witted ones can make their own amusements. Many others, who are just as wise and just as good, like to be helped. Who will help them? Our pages are open.



## THE PILGRIM'S KNAPSACK.

### A GOOD OLD PLAY.

The Pilgrim wants to propose an old play that the Corporal told him about the other day. He has never seen it printed, and thinks it is not common now-a-days. It may be played by two or more. It affords good amusement, especially where the company is large, and is a good thing to make one think of words quickly. The first speaker takes the letter A, and goes *rapidly* through with a formula like this:

"I love my love with an A because he (or she) is Amiable. I hate him with an A because he is Awkward. He took me to the sign of the Ape and treated me to Apples, and his name shall be Andrew."

You will notice he is loved for a virtue and hated for a fault; both of these, together with the animal which stands for the sign, the article or fruit to be eaten, and the name must begin with A.

The next person takes B, and goes rapidly through the same formula. "I love my love with a B because he is Beautiful. I hate him with a B because he is Bad. He took me to the sign of the Bear and treated me with Beech nuts, and his name shall be Benjamin." Thus you go all through the alphabet. When the person speaking hesitates, and cannot think of a word *promptly*, he or she must pay a forfeit, to be redeemed as the company shall decide. The whole formula must be gone through with for each letter, though the speaker may have to pay several forfeits. The second time the letters go round it is not in order to use the same words used the first time. The second and third times will be found quite difficult on some of the letters, and very amusing.

Try the play, and then write to THE CORPORAL and send him some of *your* old plays and games. He will print some of these for other children who are not familiar with them.

### No. 1.—BOTANICAL ENIGMA.

It is composed of 31 letters.

- 25, 30, 8, 13, is a fragrant evergreen.
- 5, 11, 25, 23, 15, 10, tree as straight as ever seen.
- 17, 6, 23, 20, 29, 7, 19, 3, fruit the merry robins love.
- 2, 12, 30, 9, 10, wood oft into baskets wove.
- 14, 22, 30, 23, Bible name for eastern wood.
- 16, 26, 27, 31, herb that seasons well your food.
- 1, 11, 18, 8, 16, wort to cure you when you're ill.
- 21, 7, 23, 23, is another good herb still.
- 24, 3, 6, tree that grows New England through.
- 29, 2, 16, 4, sweetest flower you ever knew.

In the letters that make up my answer is seen  
The name of a graceful and beautiful queen. *M. B. C. Stade.*

### No. 2.—FRENCH ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

It has 24 letters.

- 5, 9, 17, 12, is over your head.
- 22, 2, 12, 11, 14, 12, illuminates it.
- 12, 3, 16, 6, shines by night.
- 17, 4, 23, 14, 12, 11, 18, are seen in the dark.
- 15, 6, 10, 24, 6, is what you are on.
- 17, 7, 8, 21, 19, 11, 13, 24, goes around it.
- 20, 21, 12, 12, 21, 18, is a planet.
- 22, 21, 1, 8, 10, 16, 11, is another planet.

The whole is a French proverb.

*M. B. C. Stade.*

### No. 3.—CHARADE.

My *second* in my *first* doth dwell,  
To make it bright and keep it well.  
To be my *whole* is *second's* pride;  
Yet, oft, she wears me at her side,  
And my poor form she'll stick within,  
Stiletto, scissors, needle and pin.  
O, maidens, though, you pity me  
I hope my *last* and *whole* you'll be.

*M. B. C. S.*

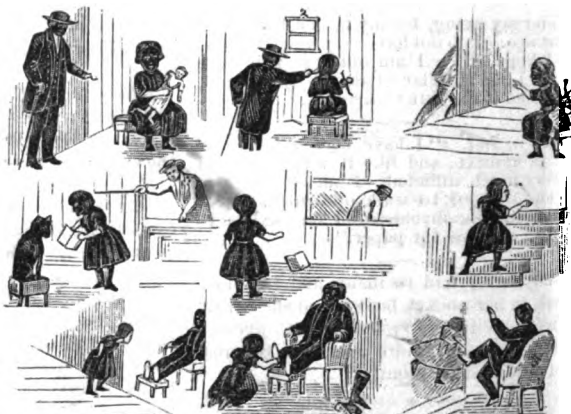
### No. 4.—A PICTURE STORY.



Heading to be given in next number.

W. O. C.

### No. 5.—A PICTURE STORY.



HOW LITTLE NORA PAID UNCLE NED.

One day Uncle Ned was passing by the door, and saw little Nora, all alone in the room, putting her doll to sleep. Uncle Ned was rather roguish, and he stepped up behind Nora and pulled one of her pretty, little curls. He did not mean to frighten her or hurt her, for that would have been wrong; but he only wanted a little bit of fun. Nora looked around quickly, but only saw a kind of shadow in the door, but she guessed who it was. One day she was teaching school in the dining room. Uncle Ned happened to go along past the window, and saw her. Kitty sat on a stool, and Nora was teaching her to read out of her papa's old account book. Uncle Ned reached in with his cane, and softly touched the little, brown curls. Little Brown Curls tossed up her head as quickly as she could. But she only saw the top of a hat through the open window. Pretty soon after, little Nora had something in her head, too. She climbed softly up stairs to Uncle Ned's room, and peeped in at the door. There was Uncle Ned, fast asleep in his easy chair. Nora crept in silly, and you can guess what she did to his feet that made him jump. Uncle Ned sprang, and meant to have caught the little rogue, but he didn't. *W.O.C.*

### TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 30.—DECEMBER NUMBER.

Santa Claus is out! See! his big leather bag is stuffed full of nice things for children. Each one of them would make your eyes shine to see it. A poor, ragged boy stands shivering, barefoot, in the snow. Santa Claus opens his bag, and the poor boy reaches in, wondering what it all means. He pulls out a nice pair of boots for his bare feet, and laughs and jumps. Then Santa Claus went on and stopped at the door of a neat, white cottage. Little Anna came to the door and said, "Who's there this cold morn'g?" Santa Claus opened his bag, and little Anna pulled out a nice, pretty doll with blue eyes. Then Santa Claus went into a house where there was a boy just three years old, and let him put his hand into the wonderful bag; and he got a horse that ran on wheels. So he went all round until his big, leather bag was quite empty. Then Santa Claus was so happy that he just laughed and danced for joy. And all the boys and girls flocked around him, and laughed, too, and jumped up and down. Everyone was as happy as they could be; and such a time you never saw, and such a noise! When we make others happy, it always makes us happy, too. *W. O. C.*

### ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, ETC., IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 26.—*Biblical Enigma*.—Tabret; Saffron; Gerar; Marcehab; Uriah; Wild Honey; Ostrich: The raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor. No. 27.—*Domestic Charade*.—Dog-wood; Language—Indifference and a changed heart. No. 28.—*Puzzle*.—Cricket; an insect; a game, and a footstool. No. 29.—*Botanical Charade*.—Fox-glove; Language—I am ambitious, not for myself, but thee.











DEC 29 1964

